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Picturegoer

The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

2^d
WEEKLY



Dat
PATERSON



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Dunlop Summer Shoes will again receive deserved popularity this summer amongst all holiday makers. Airy, cool and comfortable, these shoes are essential to every happy holiday.



3464 "CROSBY"
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2/11



7006 "DUNLOP"
A stylish hard-wearing Holiday Shoe, in tan speckled linen with sunburn trimmings and wooden heel.

3/11



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4/11

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by

Dunlop

There is a large range of Dunlop Shoes. See them at your Shoe Shop, or write for leaflet to:
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Anne meets her schooldays sweetheart and marries him



MOTHER, ALAN'S ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM—ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?



Anne didn't realise until she met Alan again how much harm five years in town could do to the complexion. Stuffy indoor atmospheres soon cause "tired skin" unless you take care to prevent it by using Knight's Castile. Knight's Castile is specially made for the face. That's why this mild, creamy soap acts upon the skin just as pure country air does, restoring lost vitality and keeping the complexion fresh and youthful. Buy a fourpenny tablet of Knight's Castile to-day.



Knight's Castile

TOILET SOAP



FROM The Lido to Malibu—from Paradise Beach to Le Touquet, the sun is shining on a new world of beauty. A world where ugliness cannot hide under flattering veils or shaded lights — where beauty must be skin deep — or stand revealed a charlatan!

Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that the House of Yardley is known in every smart, sunny corner of the world nowadays. And that our new Yardley preparations, perfected after 150 years of beauty culture, are chosen by the youthfully lovely women of every age you'll see in these settings — and

know by their fresh glowing skins. Gone are the lines, eye-wrinkles, roughness and leathery, reddened skins the sun once revealed so frankly. A few minutes a day,

with your Yardley kit, will banish them from your own life and face this summer, and replace them with a smooth, radiant complexion.

Ask at our Yardley Bond Street Salon just which of the lovely things below are meant for you. Or send for the free book, in colour, "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street," to explain the new Yardley method. Don't forget to add the twin guardian bottles:—Yardley's Sunproof Lotion (to shut out all unflattering tan) and Yardley's Suntan Oil (to brown you sweetly) for your holidays.

Our exquisite Yardley things are far from costly — and they are waiting for you at fine chemists, stores or coiffeurs. Find them — and join the most beautiful women under the sun this summer, beginning today.

Yardley's New Beauty Box, with complete skin-care equipment, 16/- (illustrated); Trial Beauty Boxes, for each skin type, 5/6; Yardley's Suntan Oil, 2/6; Sunproof Lotion, 2/6. FOR MAKE-UP: Face Powder, 2/-; Rouge Cream, 2/-; Lipstick, 3/-; Eyeshadow, 2/-.



BY APPOINTMENT



YARDLEY, 33, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Picturegoer-The Screen's Most Popular Magazine



A charming new picture of Carole Lombard, who will soon be seen opposite her ex-husband, William Powell, in "My Man Godfrey."

WHICH would you rather see—one long complete film, intact, together with several short subjects, or two long ones, one or both of which have been cut and hacked about to make them fit the programme?

That's the problem that's sitting on the chest of exhibitors as they sleep o' nights; that rides on their shoulders by day, giving them that bowed-down look; that catches them in the joints as they bend.

It's called the Great Two-feature Programme Problem; and you'd be surprised to know just how much worry and heart-burning it's causing at the moment.

By every mail letters reach this office from readers who have a complaint to make concerning the way films are cut; they read about some specific incident in the film as it appears in the West End, and then when they see the film in the suburbs or Provinces they find that the incident has been cut out altogether.

Also a great many people compare the running-time of the film as given by Lionel Collier with the time it actually does take to unspool.

Root of the Trouble

This is a highly unsatisfactory state of affairs, of course; because when you pay to see a film you want to see it *all*.

The difficulty dates back to the beginning of the talkie era; the early talkies were found to be shorter than the silent films, because a large

ALL THE GOSSIP

proportion of the latter (in some cases up to 30 per cent.) had been taken up with sub-titles, which were now dispensed with.

So, by cutting out the numerous "short items" which were then popular, it was found possible to squeeze two feature-length films into the programme, and thus give the customers better value for money.

Then talkies began to grow long, and exhibitors found themselves in a jam, for to get the two in meant whittling one or both of them down.

Hacking Blindly

In some cases that's not an unmixed curse. For instance, *Midsummer Night's Dream* was boiled down from two hours and ten minutes to one hour and fifty; I've never been able to discover where they hacked out that 2,200 feet.

But there are plenty of other feature films with the story more tightly packed together, out of which it would be impossible to get more than two or three hundred feet without altering the sense; and even that would have to be done by a skilled cutter.

But who cuts these films? A projectionist, without expert knowledge of the art of cutting; sometimes even the "re-wind boy," who hacks almost blindly? Or do they just leave out a reel or two?

No wonder picturegoers are sometimes dis-

appointed in films which the critics have praised.

Foster the "Short"

However, this whole question is due for earnest reconsideration, for not only have films grown longer—they're growing longer still.

Such "marathon" productions as *Showboat* and *Anthony Adverse* are practically an evening's entertainment in themselves; in any case, unless they are drastically cut they won't share a programme gracefully with another feature-length film; yet they are not long enough to stand by themselves.

So what to do?

The answer seems to lie in more and better shorts.

There is at the moment a very serious lack of good shorts; there is no encouragement for producers to make them, because for years exhibitors have been saying, "Our patrons would rather have two long films than one supported by shorts, however good."

Now they are saying, "We must give them two long films, because we can't get good shorts."

The wise distributor will encourage the production of good shorts; he'll need 'em soon.

Direct Action

On our cover this week you will already have observed the piquant features of the English girl who was born in Scotland and went to America to become French.

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

That sounds a roundabout way of doing things; but bless you, there's nothing roundabout in Pat Paterson's technique; the girl who at the age of 15 left home with 10s. in her pocket because her parents wouldn't let her go on the stage; the girl who later walked out of a job in a Bradford mill for the same reason; the girl who walked straight into a leading role in a British film at a few minutes' notice; the girl who went to Hollywood and became a featured player in a few weeks; the girl who fell in love with a star of the first magnitude—Charles Boyer—and eloped with him to Arizona; the girl who turned down a £5,000 job in a British studio because it meant being separated from her husband for a few weeks. . . . Now both she and her husband are under contract to that far-seeing producer Walter Wanger.

No, I wouldn't call her roundabout.

Castles in the Air

What's the use of pretending we're catching up with Hollywood?

It's all very well building castles in the air until we begin to live in them; then we find they're more unsubstantial than a seaside bungalow . . . even.

During the last year or two we've turned out of our studios perhaps half a dozen films that were up to Hollywood standard; and that's not quite enough to brag about.

I'm impelled to these mournful remarks by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's programme for the coming season; it consists of between forty-four and fifty-two features, and 196 "shorts."

Can we hope to approximate that in quantity?—quite apart from the question of quality, which, after all, is the crux of the whole matter. No, we can't.

Castles on the Rock

Hollywood's castles are built on a firmer foundation. Let's examine this one studio's schedule a little more closely.

They're already working on *Broadway Melody* of 1937, which is likely to be as great an improve-

PICTUREGOER GOLD MEDAL

Your Last Chance

WE have had an enormous response to our appeal to readers to record their votes in the ballot for those stars whose performances they considered to be the best in the 1935 releases. We have decided to keep the voting open for another week—until July 10—after which date no further cards will be eligible.

The reason we are doing this is because there is some very close voting for the lead. Take this opportunity to do honour to the stars who have given you the most pleasure in the past year. Just write the name of the actor or actress and the productions in which they appeared that seem to you to be most worthy of our gold medals. Address: Award of Merit, Martlett House, Martlett Place, Bow Street, W.C.2. Do it now, while you think of it.

ment on the 1936 pattern as the latter was over its original prototype. Eleanor Powell, Sid Silvers, and many others of the 1936 brigade will be in it.

Then there are Kipling's *Kim* and *Captains Courageous*; *Gorgeous Hussy* with Joan Crawford and Robert Taylor is already nearing completion; and *Born to Dance*, another Eleanor Powell vehicle (which sounds odd for a girl who can get about so well without a vehicle); and yet another for Eleanor, called *Easy to Love*—and isn't she, just!

Joan Crawford is to have Clark Gable to herself in *Saratoga*, and will also have *No Hero* and *The Great Canadian* all to herself—as far as starring is concerned.

After Him !

The long-awaited sequel to *The Thin Man* will soon be on its way, and just so that you won't overlook it, they're calling it *After the Thin Man*; naturally William Powell and Myrna Loy will be in it, and the same bright couple will be in *The Prisoner of Zenda*.

A Jane Austen novel is coming to the screen, for, I believe, the first time—*Pride and Prejudice*, with Norma Shearer starred; and Norma will also play the title role in *Marie Antoinette*, with Charles Laughton as menace—but just which menace of a particularly menacing period doesn't seem very evident.

Maytime, the follow-up to *Rose Marie*, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy co-starred, has already got under way.

Garbo and Marx

Greta Garbo and the Marx Brothers are to be starred—no, no, not together! Heaven forbid! The former will have Charles Boyer opposite her in *Beloved*; the famous brothers Marx haven't yet thought of a title silly enough for their new film.

Luise Rainer will be opposite William Powell in *Adventure for Three*, though who the third adventurer will be I don't yet know; and so far Luise is to be all by herself in *Maiden Voyage*, though she's pretty sure to have a whole passenger-list of fellow-voyagers before they've finished with it.

The Foundry will star Wallace Beery; and Paul Muni and Luise Rainer are already (as you know) working in a screen version of Pearl Buck's great novel of Chinese peasant life, *The Good Earth*.

The Real Thing

Speaking of this last, M.-G.-M. are going to infinite trouble to present an authentic Chinese atmosphere, employing, as far as possible, Chinese players.

Keye Luke is one of these; he is to play the eldest son of Paul Muni, a coveted role for which nearly a hundred players were tested.

Luke, born in Seattle, started his career as an artist, and for a time was employed in the advertising offices of the West Coast Theatres. His perfect English led to his being approached to play Oriental roles (presumably on the theory that all Orientals speak perfect English).

He made his screen debut as the Chinese doctor in *The Painted Veil*, and has appeared in *Mad Love*, *Oil for the Lamps of China*, *Charlie Chan in Paris*, and other pictures.

Another important role, that of the gateman, will be played by William Law, a wealthy Chinese insurance magnate of San Francisco, who will divide his time between acting and big business during production of the film.

Are You Alaskan ?

Colour films are going to affect the shade of one's hair a good deal; in fact, they're already responsible for a new hue—the Alaskan blonde, which appears to be something between a platinum and a brownette, with a hint of champagne and a suspicion of just plain mouse.

Actually it was named in honour of the first person to wear it—Terry Walker, the Paramount starlet, who was born in St. Petersburg, Alaska.

She makes her debut in *And Sudden Death* with Randolph Scott, Frances Drake and Tom Brown, but don't take it from that title that her hair has dyed suddenly. She's just a natural Alaskan blonde, and for all I know you may be too.

Anyway, if you're any sort of a blonde at all, it's pretty safe to say you are.

Getting the Breaks

Terry Walker is only one of the many young people who are getting their breaks in films at the moment.

The reason for this is that the first-flight people are making fewer films a year, and opening up the way for the new recruits.

For instance, Harriet Hilliard scored so heavily with her film debut in *Follow the Fleet* that Radio are putting her into the leading role in *Make a Wish*.

Owen Davis, jun., son of a noted American playwright, went to Hollywood last December, clicked in *Murder on a Bridle Path* and *Special Investigator*, and has now won for himself the title role in *His Majesty Bunker Bean*, which we should be seeing quite soon.

When Frances Sage left the Broadway stage for Hollywood, she walked straight into the second feminine lead in Ann Harding's *The Witness Chair*.

As the great American sage Artemas Ward



Would you have known the star of "Gorgeous Hussy" in her demure ringlets? It's Joan Crawford—still gorgeous, and still a hussy.

remarked, "It's an ill wind that blows nowhere."

All Colour

Speaking of colour films, we have all been (and very properly) worked up about them, for they are likely to cause the next big revolution in the film world.

But here is a colour film coming along which is of a different kind—but which is likely to cause quite as great a sensation in its way if you are lucky enough to see it. The Censor has, so far, refused to pass it.

It is in black and white, but the players are all "coloured"—that is to say, negroes.

It is *The Green Pastures*, a film version of the successful play which was acted on the stage entirely by negroes.

The story begins in a Sunday school, where a negro preacher is telling the piccaninies stories from the Old Testament.

We then see "De Lawd" in Heaven, surrounded by negro angels, including Gabriel. "De Lawd" visits the Earth, where he sees Cain killing Abel, Noah building his ark, and Moses leading the Israelites from Egypt—all of darkest ebony hue.

Their Own Heaven

This is the conception of Heaven as held by the Southern darkies. If you have ever read Vachell Lindsay's stirring poem, "The Congo," you will realise that the negro conception of an all-negro Heaven is sincere and absolutely natural, and strangely moving.

It always reminds me of Rupert Brooke's poem about a fish's idea of Heaven, ending:

And in that Heaven of all their wish

There shall be no more land, say fish.

Negro films have not been as successful in this country as some of them have deserved.

Hallelujah, for instance, although it was hailed by the critics as a masterpiece, was received in a very luke-warm manner by audiences; *The Emperor Jones* was also poorly received; but that was a comparatively poorly made film.

I'm hoping that *The Green Pastures* will be such a success that it will be followed by a screen version of *Porgy*—one of the most interesting stage plays I ever saw.

Hands Off!

Marc Connelly, who wrote the play *The Green Pastures*, made a contract with Warner Bros. by which he should write the screen adaptation, choose the cast, and direct the entire production without interference.

That sounds to me like making movie history. Interference has been one of the greatest curses under which directors and producers alike have laboured.

One of the first things he did, which shocked Hollywood's sensibilities profoundly, was to order a negro heaven without any white towers, or golden gates, or floors of glass.

He demanded grassy slopes and a pleasant stream flowing under trees; and clouds, white, light and fleecy, yet substantial enough to support hefty negroes.

These clouds were made of crepe hair, the material from which actors' whiskers are constructed.

Look out for those clouds.

New Chevalier Record

This month's releases for H.M.V. records include two numbers from the eagerly awaited *Vagabond Lover*. My colleague, Lionel Collier, has just been playing them over, and here is his report.

They are "Tzinga Doodle-Dey" and "You Look So Sweet, Madame," sung by Maurice Chevalier in his usual inimitable style on B8440. The tunes themselves are not remarkable, but get over on the star's personality.

Two well-known British singers have chosen songs from the films for their new recordings. Peter Dawson renders "There will be no South," from *The Music Goes Round*, admirably on B8436, and Derek Oldham puts a lot of feeling into "Rose Marie," the film's theme song, and into "Whisper in your dreams," from *Melody of My Heart*, B8439.

Hot Vocalising

Eric Hayes, on BD349, sings "The touch of your lips," from *Follow the Fleet*, and "Let



Gary Cooper, Madeleine Carroll, and a gun, in a tense moment in "The General Died at Dawn."

yourself go," a "hot" vocal number from the same film.

One of the best recordings is Paul Whiteman's rendition of "Make believe" and "Ol' man river" from *Show Boat* on BD 5066. They are both played in dance time and are brilliantly orchestrated. Just what you'd expect from the jazz maestro.

Finally, Eddie Duchin and his orchestra, on BD 5067, do justice to "A melody from the sky," from *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, and "Wake up and sing."

A Little Cheating

There seem to be a great many optimists in the world, and not the least among them lives in Moseley, Birmingham.

He or she seems to have hoped to put Erich von Stroheim at the top of the poll for the PICTUREGOER Award of Merit by the simple expedient of sending in a large number of cards with his name on them.

You thought each reader was allowed to send only one entry? So did our Moseley friend; that's why he (or she) adopted a disguised handwriting and the use of different-coloured inks.

Unfortunately for such hopes, the forgery is clumsy and the postcards (all of one pattern, by the way) have been put together for posting without being blotted, so that the ink has "slopped over" from card to card, establishing their common origin.

It seems a pity that anyone should imagine that a fine artiste like Erich von Stroheim is in need of cheating to secure him the recognition he deserves.

Inventor of "It"

Those of you who are old enough—you needn't be so very old—will remember the fever that swept the film world when Clara Bow was the rage. She had "It," that elusive quality, difficult to define, but which made men her slaves. The word "It" came into our vocabulary from the title of the picture written for Clara by Elinor Glyn.

This versatile and attractive woman has now compiled her autobiography under the title of "Romantic Adventure" (Ivor Nicholson & Watson, 15s. net).

A Friend of Chaplin

She tells of much that has happened in the world in the last fifty years, and not the least interesting are her experiences in Hollywood. She was one of the first writers to go there in the good old days of 1920, and she tells many amusing stories of the famous stars, directors and executives. Charlie Chaplin and Elinor were great friends from the moment they met.

Mrs. Glyn presents herself throughout the book as the high priestess of Romance, but she has humour. It all makes very interesting reading.

GUY BEACON.

Below, Jean Harlow as she appears in "Suzy," and, right, a war sequence from the film.



HARLOW will NEVER GROW UP

CONSIDERED by many the best-dressed woman on the screen, Jean Harlow has admitted, "I have never cared for clothes. Even as a little girl, I resented my mother buying new dresses for me."

She has recently signed a seven-year contract with M.-G.-M. It is the longest in existence.

Jean Harlow was born in Kansas City. The family name was Carpentier. She was christened Harlean, the nearest feminine approach to her mother's maiden name of Harlow.

The idol of millions, she typifies on the screen the young woman who will never grow up, whose capacity for pleasure is so vast there is no room for thought.

Nonchalant, charming, devil-may-care, her screen personality symbolises Hollywood on a June morning. She is a hoyden at a carnival—the callopie of the emotions. As brittle as glass on the screen and as easily seen through—she is neither evil nor unkind—merely uncomprehending.

High-spirited, with a pleasant nature, considerate to all, she is the most popular young woman in Hollywood.

Her work in *Dinner at Eight* and *The Red Headed Woman* established her as an actress of considerable ability.

Her vitality is enormous. In one quarrelling scene with Wallace Beery in *Dinner at Eight* she had such gusto that the powerful Beery left the set, saying: "It's like fighting a round with Jack Dempsey."

She was still a child when her parents separated.

Her more pleasant years were spent at her grandfather's home on the banks of the

Missouri River. She has never been without money.

At fourteen she entered a private boarding school, from which she left to be married two years later. Her wealthy young husband, whose name was McGrew, took his bride to California. Soon, after Jean's pleading, her mother joined them.

A young socialite with time and vivacity, and no particular interests, she attended many parties. At one, more memorable than the rest, she met another young bride who played in motion pictures. Her name was Lucille Lee.

As Miss Lee was late for a studio appointment, Jean volunteered to take her. She had never been in a studio before. After the director had talked to Miss Lee, he asked Miss Harlow if she were interested in films.

"No," was the indifferent reply.

His name is no longer remembered. He did, however, glance far into the future. He scribbled a note, saying: "Should you ever be interested—take this to the Central Casting Bureau."

She had nearly forgotten the incident when a bet with a friend that she could "crash the films" brought it to mind. Taking the letter to the Casting Bureau, she gave her name, age, colour of hair, and telephone number.

Within a week she received a call to report to

by JIM TULLY

Jean Harlow has a limitless capacity for pleasure, says the author of this article, which gives you several new sidelights on the star's complex and attractive personality.

the Fox Film Corporation. She would need a ballroom costume.

After working for several days, she was surprised to receive a check calling for fifteen dollars a day as "special atmosphere."

She collected the bet and tried to forget the incident.

It might have ended there had her face and figure not "stood out" in the "rushes," those portions of the film seen by the director and his staff within a day after being photographed.

Still one of the mysteries of the camera—certain people photograph better than others. Jean was among them. Unaware that she had "screen personality," she paid no attention to studio calls that continued to come.

An immense film actress, weather-beaten as a tree and calm as a mountain, was a friend of the family. She came to Jean's home.

"We owe a debt to others," the heavy woman said, after Jean had told her plight, "and no philosophy ends anywhere unless we pay it. This life is only a way station on a long road—and we need to be entertained while waiting for trains to come." She looked with benignant eyes at the handsome and volatile young lady.

"It seems to me that you're being drafted to entertain."

Jean was silent a moment.

"Some of the boys took me to see the rushes—you're going places, Jean, just as sure as my name's Marie Dressler."

The girl was overwhelmed.

"I'll talk to Hal Roach—you need comedy training—all actresses do," added Miss Dressler. She played in two comedies for Hal Roach, and was given a five-year contract.

Her youthful romance over, a separation came.

When all seemed serene, a frantic telephone call came from Kansas City. Her grandparents had seen her waltzing across a screen in "black lace teddies." They had revived one another with difficulty. Why did she wish to bring shame upon them?

She tearfully explained the situation to Hal Roach. That amiable gentleman cancelled the contract.

To appease her grandparents, she remained idle for several months. Unable to endure the idleness longer, she went to Marie Dressler.

"Why, the very idea!" blustered the mighty woman. "Leave it to me."

When the grandparents gave their consent, Marie said: "I knew I'd make them understand."

Jean next appeared with that vital hoyden of another day, Clara Bow. Following this film, she played in several comedies, and then signed for the leading role in *Hell's Angels*.

She made one of the sensational hits of screen history as the "platinum haired" girl in this story.

That Hollywood has pit-falls, even Jean was to learn.

Her work was so outstanding as the hard-boiled siren in *Hell's Angels* that she was "typed" for other films. Months followed with no other work. Upon the advice of Marie Dressler she left Hollywood for eighteen months on a "personal appearance" tour.

"I'll not let them forget you," Marie assured her.

During this time, fast-moving gangster films became the vogue. One was being cast by M.-G.-M. in which Wallace Berry and a rising young star named Clark Gable were to be co-starred.

The associate producer was Paul Bern, the most beloved, and in many respects the greatest man in Hollywood.

Marie Dressler called at his office.

Unknown to either, destiny was also in the room. "She only needs one thing," explained Marie, "let her change from a platinum blonde."

The interview was over.

Jean Harlow was signed as the dynamic young woman opposite Gable and Berry.

Lifting her role above the tawdry, she gave it allure and abandon. With Gable about at the

peak of his career, and Berry more forceful than usual, the film became one of the most popular of the year.

After appearing in one more film, she was listed among the four leading "box-office" players in the kinema world. She has since developed as an actress. Her position as an attraction remains the same.

As she acquires polish and poise, an effort will be made to cast her in more subtle roles. Still capable of development, she has yet to fail in any role assigned her.

Bern became, as he was to all in the kinema city, her friend and advisor. After three years they were married.

He gave her his beautiful hillside home as a wedding gift.

Jean was immensely proud of her husband.

One of nineteen children from the New York Ghetto, Bern went from a stenographer's desk to a hundred thousand a year.

At forty-two he was found with a bullet hole in his brain. He left a note to Jean.

Fearful of another scandal, Hollywood began its famous game of "covering up."

There was nothing to cover.

While the truth was not sensational, it absolved Jean Harlow.

She loved Paul Bern.

Innocent of design, she did not need him to further her career.

She had never known such a man.

There were moments when he was near to Christ. To the convict and the broken woman, he could say with Whitman—"Not till the sun excludes you do I exclude you." He would empty his pocket to the first beggar. The mantle of his understanding covered all.

Jean was youth to him. He fascinated her with his poise—his knowledge of art, literature, and the world. He deluged her with flowers and costly presents.

Super-sensitive, a victim of acute melancholia, he was, during the last phase, a mentally ill man who sought to avoid the ogre of futility that pursued him.

"Paul loved people and parties," said Jean, "the colour and gaiety of crowded rooms, music, laughter, and conversation."

If Jean failed to understand her complex and brilliant husband, in fairness it must be admitted he would have been a problem for Freud.

A sense of humour would have saved him.

When Jean was unable to bear the aching loneliness longer, her mother took her to Marie Dressler.

"She must go to work at once," said that imperiously sentimental woman. "Now that her heart is broken she'll find a little peace."

Paul had but few equals in Hollywood.

Marie Dressler was one of them.

Left, Jean Harlow at home. Below, with Cary Grant, her new leading man in "Suzy," and, right, with her favourite fox terrier.



Sydney Howard dropped in to see Ralph Lynn on the set of "All In" which Marcel Varnel is directing for Gainsborough. Maurice Ostrer, the administrative director of the company, is on the right.



Shots with Our Candid Camera

Right, Lucille Ball makes a smash hit—and she did well in her first featured role in "I Dream Too Much."

Left, A perfect human mascot. Eleanore Whitney the dancing starlet graces the prow of Kent Taylor's motor boat. Next to him is a glimpse of Elizabeth Russell.



These three pictures tell a sad story—at least it seemed sad to Edward Arnold. Rough luck, sir—very rough!

A CHINAMAN WHO ISN'T

EVERY kind of synthetic foreigner is to be met within the film world, but very few as convincing as the one here described

by E. G. COUSINS

I WAS born in the Orient, and for years I mixed with Chinese; I do not, therefore, subscribe to the general belief that (a) all Chinese look alike; (b) a Chinaman is merely a European with his eyebrows turned up at the corners like Mephistopheles and obscure villainy in his heart.

The latter theory has always been particularly repugnant to me. I can no more accept a European made up to resemble a Chinaman on the stage or the screen than I can take a "blacked-up" white man seriously as a negro.

And, like all rules, this has an exception—Oland the Swede.

I've known a mandarin who looked like Warner Oland and had exactly his deliberate courtesy of manner; I've also known a Chinese professor of philosophy who spoke very much as Oland speaks—not with quite the same ornate phraseology, but slowly, sententiously, with an abundance of imagery, and an underlying appreciation of the absurdity of life.

So strong is the resemblance that I have to remind myself (when remembrance is desirable) that he is a European.

And yet he came into movies as an opera-singer! Precious little chance he has had to sing, it's true, but it was opera that tempted him.

He had been touring in stock companies through America (whither he had gone with his father, mother, sister, and brothers as a boy of fourteen), but opera was his first love.

And when he was first offered film work in 1914—at a time when to suggest motion pictures to an actor was tantamount to saying he was a failure on the stage—he only accepted because the company was proposing to film grand opera!

Once in, however, the actor found that the new medium had a fascination of its own; and, although the opera did not materialise, he stayed.

For years we knew him as a black-hearted villain.

In *Old San Francisco*, *Chinatown Nights*, *The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu*, *Shanghai Express*, *The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu*—through all these pictures his ominous figure, ponderous, malignant, moved and struck terror to our hearts.

Then, suddenly, came the detective Charlie Chan, and we had a glimpse of a different Warner Oland—a man who could be as debonair as John Barrymore, as whimsical as George Arliss, as pleasantly impressive as Jean Hersholt.

And yet when Fox were searching everywhere for someone to fill the role of Chan, they tested twenty players before anyone ever thought of trying Oland.

And what a success he has been in the part! Charlie Chan may now be reckoned among the best assets of Twentieth Century-Fox; he goes on year after year at the rate of three or four films a year, gradually circling the entire globe, and running uncannily true to form.

Mr. Chan's sponsors take him very seriously—so seriously that they have actually drawn up a list of rules to be applied to his pictures.

This is a wise move, for many a well-known screen character has faded out because he or she has done something inconsistent with the public's idea of the probabilities.



Mr. and Mrs. Oland had a great time on the ship returning to U.S.A., playing with the souvenirs they had picked up in China.

Here is the "Charlie Chan Code of Fair Play," which is said to be the first formula for murder ever compiled:—

(1) The audience must have opportunities equal to those of Charlie Chan in solving the mystery. No special knowledge or clues shall be given to him and withheld from the spectator.

(2) The murderer must not be an obscure character who is seen but briefly in the picture.

(3) The murderer must not be a crazed person, nor one mentally incompetent.

(4) The murderer must not be a servant.

(5) It shall not develop that any detective is the murderer.

(6) The murder must not turn out to be a suicide.

(7) Physical clues must lead to the murderer.

(None of your "I saw it in a dream" stuff for Charlie!)

(8) The murderer must not be made to reveal himself by means of any form of hypnotism.

(9) The murderer must have a fifty-fifty chance to outwit Charlie Chan and escape undetected.

(10) Police officials and detectives must not be made to appear stupid.

(11) Charlie Chan must always solve his problems by mental agility, by outwitting his foes; never by physical force.

(12) In dialogue he must never be sarcastic; he must never ridicule.

(13) He is an ideal family man and deeply attached to Mrs. Chan and the innumerable Chan children.

(14) Charlie Chan must always be a regular fellow.

Imagine a British studio trying to produce a picture under such limitations! If it didn't come to grief on Rules 1 to 9 (which is extremely unlikely), it would certainly be shipwrecked on Rule 10.

To the British producer the British policeman is almost invariably a blundering, incompetent dimwit.

Anyway, this set of rules provides a good part of the reason why Charlie Chan is one of the most popular detectives in the world—not only in America and Europe, but even in the land of his screen adoption.

Warner Oland hasn't yet tackled the task of translating his Chinese fan mail, but he was delighted when Keye Luke, who played his son in *Charlie Chan in Shanghai*, deciphered an epistle from an admirer of Charlie Chan—in Shanghai.

It was in beautifully inscribed Chinese characters, and read:—

"Dear Chan Charlie" (as you may know, in Chinese the surname comes first),—"Although 6,000 miles apart, your voice is among us. Our minds are conscious of you. The parts you play make us admire you. I am one of those many admirers.

"Although you are not of the Chinese race, you have expressed in your acting the ancient Chinese civilisation. We are deeply appreciative of a man of your race to do anything like that for us.

"Hoping that you will make more pictures of that calibre, not only that it brightens our silver screen, but also a duty to educate the rest of the world.

"Wishing great success,—(Miss) Wang Pi Dack."

That's a pretty high tribute to a man who had never even been to China, and met few, if any, of the class of Chinese whom he represents—for, as a rule, the cultured Chinese do not settle in America—except the diplomats at Washington.

But Warner Oland—or Charlie Chan; they are practically one and indivisible—has remedied that omission.

He and his wife have just been, via Japan, to Hong Kong, and thence to China, where they visited Shanghai and Peking; whether he hopes to become even more Chinese in his next film, I don't know, but I don't see how he can.

And now that he is back he will make three more Chan pictures under his newly signed contract with Twentieth Century-Fox.

These will be the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth of the series—and he has already beaten all records for any motion-picture series. His twelfth is *Charlie Chan at the Race Track*, which has been temporarily held up by a poisoned foot.

Provided his sponsors keep to the rules they have laid down for themselves and keep faith with the audience, I don't see why Charlie Chan shouldn't go on solving mysteries in picture after picture for years to come.

And I hope I shall see them all.

RICHARD BARTHELMLESS is often described as a veteran of the films. Inasmuch as he has been a star for many years, I suppose the phrase is inevitable, but that word "veteran" seems to strike quite a wrong note as far as he is concerned.

It somehow seems to suggest grey beards, quavering voices and long-winded anecdotes starting, "When I was a lad." But there is nothing of the grave and reverend signeur about Mr. Barthelmless, believe me!

Indeed, when I descended upon him at the West End hotel, where he has been staying during his holiday in England, I found it hard to remember that this sturdy, broad-shouldered figure with an energy and agility men fifteen years his junior might well envy had actually played lead with Lillian Gish in the first picture of *Broken Blossoms* way back in 1919.

Of course, he started his career very young, but to be able to stand the strain of being a star for so many years without wilting under the effort is certainly a tribute to his physical and mental fitness! It is by no means the easy life some people would imagine.

Naturally, I asked him about the good old days when "mike" was but the name of an Irishman in a funny story, and "Then came the dawn" was as familiar to audiences as the roar of the M.G.M. lion is to-day.

"We are all rather too apt to treat the old days of the silent film with good-natured superiority," he said, in answer to my question. "Viewed from modern standards, the silent films may seem rather primitive affairs, but there was something to be said for life in those days.

"For one thing, there was much more romance about the work. The strain was not nearly so great as it is to-day, and there was more of the happy-family atmosphere about the units. Naturally, no industry can exist without financial backing, but now that the industry is so much under the thumb of Big Business with a capital 'B'—or rather two capital 'B's'—it is inevitable that much of its early free and easy camaraderie has gone by the board. Competition nowadays is too keen to allow of anything, but the sternest observance of business rules."

"Do you think that the standard of acting has suffered in consequence of the change to sound?" I asked.

He shook his head in an emphatic denial.

"Certainly not," he said. "Although it is difficult to draw a real comparison, for the two techniques are so vastly different. In the old days an actor had to be much more of a pantomimist than he is to-day. When you have to rely entirely on gesture to convey emotions it is, of course, essential to lend more emphasis to your actions than would be the case when the spoken word was present to supplement the story.

"Movement, and plenty of it, was the order of the day," he continued. "In many ways, it was much harder to put things across in the days of the silent film, which was one of the reasons for characters conforming more closely to accepted types than they do to-day. A heroine who was bizarre rather than pretty in the obvious, round-eyed, dimpled way was as unthinkable as a vamp who did not look sinuous, slinky and palpably passionate.

"In those days, the majority of players did not worry unduly about the lines they spoke when working in front of the camera. Dialogue was the last thing they considered and when the talkies came along many of them went to the wall. They just could not adapt themselves to the new requirements.

"For my own part, I always made a point of speaking dialogue which fitted the part and tried to lend the right intonation to my impromptu lines. It was not a matter of intelligent anticipation on my part," he added with a laugh. "I did so because I found that it helped me very considerably in my acting. It would have been impossible for me to play a scene without putting

The Screen's YOUNG VETERAN

by Bruce WOODHOUSE

RICHARD BARTHELMLESS played the lead in the silent version of "Broken Blossoms" in 1919 so his is a record of which he can deservedly be proud. He tells you here of his experiences and contrasts the screen of to-day with that of yesterday.

The first informal picture taken of Richard Barthelmless and his wife in 1935. They had been married a year then. Top, the star in character for "Broken Blossoms."

as much into the dialogue as I did into the gestures for it just would not have felt right.

"Anyway," he continued, "it certainly served me in very good stead when the talkies did come along for, unlike many of my colleagues, I found nothing strange about incorporating dialogue in my work."

"You think the talkies are a definite improvement on the old silent days, then?" I suggested.

He nodded.

"For one thing," he added, "they have attracted many really great stage stars who would never have contemplated serious film work were it not for the talkies. Such actors as Charles Laughton, for example, would never have been attracted by the silent films. But now that a new technique has developed and acting for the films so much more closely approximates with legitimate stage work, they find a new outlet for their talent.

"Of course, there is still a very wide gulf fixed between work on the stage and work on the set and many of our greatest actors and actresses cannot adapt themselves sufficiently to feel at home in the new surroundings. When you have been used to learning a part and then acting it in its entirety it is very unsettling at first to have to take it in disjointed scenes of only a few minutes' duration. But that is a thing which it is, of course, impossible to avoid.

"I do feel that there is one thing which the talkies are too prone to do, and that is to sacrifice action to dialogue. Movement is as necessary to the screen to-day as it ever was. That is why a picture such as *Mutiny on the Bounty* which is full of movement and action, is so outstanding a film. If only the powers-that-be would keep this fact in mind, I am sure the standard of pictures would be even higher than it is to-day. And that is saying a lot."

Naturally the duty of the films is to give the public what they want. But what the public wants to-day is so very different from that which



they enjoyed when Richard Barthelmless first began work, that I tackled him on the subject.

"There is no doubt that modern audiences are much more practical and sophisticated than they were in the old days," he said, unhesitatingly. "There was a time when a happy ending was absolutely essential and no matter how the probabilities might be strained in effecting it, the 'all's well that ends well' motif had to assert itself.

"Nowadays, however, I am glad to say that audiences will accept a sad ending if it is the obvious and inevitable one. Not that I am by any means an advocate of unhappy films—life is quite sad enough without going out of your way to harrow the feelings of others—but if a really good story calls for an ending of that description it is all wrong to ruin its value and balance by tacking on an ending which may be happy, but which entirely destroys the picture in the process.

"I remember," he went on, "when we were making *Dawn Patrol* someone connected with



A recent studio portrait of the star, and, inset caught by the camera with William Powell off the set.



the production was most anxious to insert one of those happy endings. The idea was that, after I had crashed in flames in my 'plane, I should not be killed, as was of course inevitable, but should merely be injured, and later come to in hospital with a pretty nurse bending over me, and the scent of orange blossom already struggling for mastery with the smell of the iodoform.

"Well, we jibbed at that. We had the horrid fear that if we were to make that scene it might accidentally be left in after the final cutting! And I am sure that all of your readers who saw *Dawn Patrol* will agree with me that had such an ending been introduced, it would have been a case of 'another good film gone wrong'."

"And what do you consider to be the essential qualifications for a successful film actor?" I asked.

"Undoubtedly, personality allied to ability,"

he replied. "The one is of little use without the other, but the two combined can carry their possessor to the top of the ladder. After all, it is no use having a striking personality if you can't put it to good use, any more than it is worth while owning a gold mine and not working it. And naturally the converse holds good. Talent without personality may get you a little way towards your goal, but it will not take you very far.

"The technical side, too, has advanced by leaps and bounds in recent years. The modern studios are wonderful places which are vastly different to the rather ramshackle places of the early days."

"Do you think?" I ventured, "that the



One of the roles which made Richard Barthelmess famous. As he appeared in the recent version of "Tol'able David."

American studios are far superior to ours?"

"Not a bit of it," he retorted. "I was out at Denham the other day, and believe me, America has got nothing quite as good as those studios."

"And what about our films? Are they in the running, too?"

"Some of your British pictures are unsurpassed. You must remember that in this country you usually see only America's best efforts. But there are hundreds of films—quickies and the like—turned out every year which you are mercifully spared from seeing."

That Richard Barthelmess believes in the advance of British films is amply proved by the fact that he is playing lead in Julius Hagen's new picture, *The Fall of an Empire* opposite Dolly Haas.

"When I saw the latest version of *Broken Blossoms* recently," he told me, "I was very impressed by the performance Miss Haas gave and I am looking forward enormously to appearing with her in the new film."

"And have you any other plans?" I asked.

"Well, I may be putting on a play in London during the fall."

"What is it to be?"

Mr. Barthelmess strolled across the room and gazed at the vista of green trees in the Park.

"I am enjoying myself enormously in England," he said quietly. "The climate suits me splendidly."

"About this play—"

"In fact," he went on, "I played a game of tennis recently with my friend, Clive Brook, and I've never been in better form."

"If you *do* decide to put on a play over here, I suppose—"

"And everyone seems so friendly," he went on, musingly. "I've run into many old friends."

"Very well," I retorted with as much dignity as possible. "We'll leave it at that. But if you are going to put on a play—"

"Your English climate—" he began.

But I waited for no more. I know when I am beaten, and when a man like Richard Barthelmess tries to fob the weather off on to one, it is time to give up the unequal struggle.

But I *should* like to know if the screen's most sprightly veteran is going to put on a play over here.

Or is he?



Dolores Costello Barrymore

THE beautiful woman who was until recently the wife of John Barrymore has made a very pronounced come-back to the screen as "Dearest," the mother in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," in which she gave a moving performance. She may be playing in British films at Denham before the year is out.

The Hollywood

NEWSREEL

SHOT BY PHIL
LONERGAN

RUDOLPH VALENTINO retained the love of women even after his death, and the same is true of the late John Gilbert.

A candle burns in front of several pictures of the late Jack, which stand on Marlene Dietrich's dressing-table, mute testimony of a love which seemed destined to end in marriage, if it had not been for his untimely passing.

This actor had the ability to divorce wives and still retain their regard. Leatrice Joy and Virginia Bruce, after separating from him, still cherished the greatest liking for their late spouse.

Eluding the Press!

When Fay Webb secured her divorce from Rudy Vallee, Alice Faye, at one time Rudy's "big moment," had her troubles.

Rudy was safely in the East, but Alice, working at a Hollywood studio, was near at hand, and the journalists, securing her unlisted telephone number, called her to get her opinion of the rift. So the cute little girl from the New York stage changed her telephone number!

Miss Webb, by the way, who desired about £200 weekly alimony from Rudy, had to content herself with £20 weekly, plus a cash settlement reported to approximate £5,000, also considerably less than the amount she asked for several years ago. She receives the weekly allowance for life, unless she re-marries.

Is Garbo Angry?

Hollywood is wondering how Greta Garbo will like *The Princess Comes Across*, in which Carole Lombard gives a very amusing imitation of the Swedish star, not only in appearance, but in accent as well.

Carole plays the role of an obscure American actress who journeys to Europe, pretends to be a Swedish princess, and thereby secures a contract from an American studio.

Whether this clever burlesque will affect the Garbo vogue is a question hard to answer.

Brave Lady

Scorned a "double" for the dangerous escape scenes in RKO-Radio's *Mary of Scotland*, Katharine Hepburn insisted upon racing pell-mell down a flight of stone steps, vaulting into the saddle of a horse, and riding full speed through a cobbled courtyard with a regiment of soldiers in pursuit.

To add to the difficulties of the scene, Miss Hepburn was clad in long velvet skirts, a long velvet cape, and wore high-heeled satin pumps.

The star only won permission to do the dangerous scene after a rider, who had been engaged to double for her, had failed several times to mount the horse in the voluminous costume worn by the Scottish queen.

A Watchful Mother

Mary Brian, demure young actress, greeted her first role as a villainess with glee, but her mother was slightly worried about the situation.

So worried indeed, that "mummy" has taken to baking cookies and other home dainties each morning for Mary to bring to the studio with her, just to preserve "the home influences."



A Great Surprise

Adrienne Ames has not been seen in romantic company since her return from New York. Consequently the news hawks were greatly concerned when she appeared at the Cocoanut Grove and other night spots with a stranger, a handsome young chap.

With great enterprise the seekers of truth found that his name was Walter McClure. But their hopes were dashed when another report elicited the information that the romantic one was her brother!

Adrienne further volunteered the information that she is Virginia McClure.

A True Son of Erin

Pat O'Brien, like all Irishmen, wastes no time when he wishes to gain an objective.

This actor of Irish lineage returned to his dressing-room to make a quick change of costume to find that his secretary had locked the door and disappeared.

Pat did not call for a pass key. A fire axe hung on a nearby wall. He seized the axe, smashed in the door, changed his costume and returned to the set!

Glorifying Romance

I hear that the famous love affair of John Barrymore and Elaine Barrie forms a portion of the story of *Sing Baby, Sing*, a Twentieth Century-Fox picture. Adolphe Menjou and Alice Faye enact roles which are said to suggest the romantic John and Elaine.

The picture will be previewed in the near future, and then I shall be able to tell the readers of PICTUREGOER whether the report is true.

Overseas Love!

Mary Carlisle declares that her romance with Paul Mitchell, wealthy Britisher, is very much alive.

Reports reached Hollywood that Mitchell had married an English girl, but he is now in Hollywood and going about with Mary.

So it looks as if Mary is still "tops"!

Odd Footage

Ronald Colman and Herbert Marshall are partners in a seaside resort near Santa Barbara, California.

Herman Bing, noted comedian, first came to Hollywood as assistant to the late F. W. Murnau, noted European director.

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are former vaudeville performers, as players on the halls are termed in the States.

Fredric March contemplates an early return to the New York stage.

Steffi Duna is the daughter of a wealthy wine merchant in Hungary.

John Beal is a clever artist.

Jean Parker contributes the feminine touch to a film of the hardy mounted police of Texas, "The Texas Rangers."



E. G. COUSINS COVERS

The BRITISH STUDIOS

IF someone offered to lend you half a million pounds worth of goods to help you make a film, I suppose you'd snootily turn up your nose at it—no?

No.

However, London Films have just declined such an offer, though not at all snootily.

A Mr. Katz, dealer in antiques in the Dutch village of Dieren, has lent to London Films a large collection of furniture of the period in which Rembrandt lived, moved, and had his being; to wit, the seventeenth century.

Now it so happened that Mr. Katz is also owner of a few little gewgaws in the shape of six original Rembrandts, and he thought London Films might just as well have these, too.

But, unfortunately, they are valued at up to £100,000 each, and the cost of insuring that packet would have been prohibitive.

True, Rembrandt portraits will not appear in the picture, but it would have been pleasant to have had them sprinkled about the floor, just off-stage, to encourage the players and steep them in atmosphere.

I have a feeling that, in spite of this deprivation, it will still be a good film.

To See Fair Play

Art-Director Vincent Korda has been combing Holland for months for "atmosphere," and to get the details of this production absolutely correct; and on the set Alex. Korda has the usual world authority to see that no one does, says, or

thinks anything not strictly in keeping with the period and locale.

In this case the "technical adviser (as he is always quaintly called) is Johann de Meester, a well-known connoisseur of Dutch art, who is also a film-director; so he will at least have a little sympathy with the difficulties of film-producers, which is a darn sight more than can be said for most "technical advisers," let me tell you.

You remember, you faithful few (actually there's a few hundred thousands of you, but I like to think of you as a little coterie gathered adoringly about my knee), that when I first saw Charles Laughton in his make-up as Henry VIII, I exclaimed that he was almost more like the famous royal widower than Henry himself was.

Well, he's gone and done it again with Rembrandt. Laughton thought, when he went to Holland to absorb atmosphere, that the long hair and moustache he had grown for the part would disguise him, and he'd be left alone.

It disguised him all right—as Rembrandt; and admiring crowds followed him about, hoping, I suppose, that their national idol would start to paint a picture on the pavement at any moment.

These are *The Three*—not *Musketeers*, but *Maxims*: Leslie Banks, Tullio Carminati, and Anna Neagle; a fine team.

While we're on the subject of London Films (and it's a pretty wide subject, mind you) we'd better have a respectful glance at Miss Marion.

Achievement

First name, Frances. Job, Associate Producer to Messrs. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in Hollywood. Achievements, writing the screen plays of *Anna Christie*, *The Road Song*, *The Sea Bat*, *Min and Bill*, *The Big House*, *The Champ*, *Dinner at Eight*, *Emma*, and now *Camille*, Greta Garbo's new picture.

Korda has lassoed her, and she's arrived in England to write the script of the new London Film production *Knight without Armour*, in which Marlene Dietrich and Robert Donat are to co-star.

I have an idea that this script will be a real script—that is, it will be a script from which a director can shoot his film. Besides Frances Marion has too good a reputation and too many successes to her credit to take any chances.

In addition this will be the first British picture in which Marlene Dietrich will play. You can bet your last penny that no effort will be spared to make this as good, if not better, than anything we have so far turned out and worthy to rank with any of Hollywood's Dietrich films.

In fact we've got to do it. When I say "we" I mean Korda and the British Film Industry.

I saw Jack Buchanan for a few minutes the other day, fit and tanned from his stay in America; he is just shoving off in *This'll Make You Whistle*, the new film which Herbert Wilcox Productions are making and Herbert Wilcox

himself is directing "in person"—though how anyone could direct a film otherwise than in person I have yet to discover.

Standing in the Corner

Look closely, chickabiddies, and you will perceive that your British Studio guide, philosopher, and drudge is wearing his well-worn sackcloth straightjacket and pants this week.

Apparently some weeks ago, by a misprint, I referred to Ellen Pollock as Elsie Pollock.

She has now written in indignant protest, pointing out that she would just as soon have been called "Flossie" or "Lizzie." I'm sorry for the pain and grief this must have caused her, and hereby send myself to Coventry for a fortnight without the option of a swishing.

Incidentally, I referred to Miss Pollock as "that clever actress," but she doesn't seem to have taken exception to that. . . .

Now may I take off this beastly sackcloth?

Changing the Bowler

And now, with that complete lack of continuity for which I am notorious, not to say well-known, let us talk about bowler hats.

What, you don't like talking about bowler hats? Well, on pages 1 to 15 and 18 to 36 of this week's issue of the PICTUREGOER you will find nothing about bowler hats. That should be plenty for you, unless you admit to being downright greedy.

Me, I'm going to talk about bowler hats.

And Richard Hearne, who bashes 'em. Poor bloke, he can't help it. It's his bringings-up you see. He was brought up as a circus clown, and that gave him a taste for bowler-bashing from which he has never recovered.

So if you are lucky enough to get into a studio where Richard is playing, don't leave your bowler about.

However, he may have got it out of his system during production of *Millions*, in which he has an important role. He had a wonderful chance in one scene, where Gerald's band played outside Gordon Harker's office, and Basher Hearne found all their bowlers laid down in a row. . . .

Harker and the Barge

Speaking of Harker, did I tell you that Gordon has been signed by Julius Hagen (Overlord of Twickenham, Hammersmith . . . yes, I see you know the whole litany) to take the leading role in *Beauty and the Barge*?

Anyway, he has. I'm afraid at the moment I haven't discovered whether he is to play *Beauty* or the *Barge*, but I daresay the information will be vouchsafed us in due course. (Publicity Department don't just send out dope nowadays; they vouchsafe information in due course.)

George (Mr.) Arliss is well into *The Nelson Touch* . . . oh, sorry, I believe I told you that last week. But what I didn't tell you is that Rene Ray, who has a prominent part in that Gaumont-British film, has just been signed on a year's contract by Criterion with options for renewals for three years.

I believe little Rene will make the grade yet; she won golden opinions all over the country with her portrayal of the boardinghouse "skivvy" in *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, and now she is to have the advantage which contract players possess of being "groomed for stardom," and may play opposite Doug. Junior.

This makes three people Criterion now have on long contract—Florence Desmond, Rene Ray, and Dorothy Oldfield, who, until recently was nurse-receptionist in a London nursing home.

The Robe is Red

Hullo, here's another name that I missed from the cast of *This'll Make You Whistle*. William Kendall, brother of Henry. Bill's a good actor, in the right part, and in these Buchanan films he generally *does* have the right part.

Did somebody mention Arliss just now? Oh, yes, it was me.

Well, that reminded me that we are soon to have a talking version of Stanley Weyman's famous historical novel *Under the Red Robe*. Not that Mr. Arliss is to be in it, but it is all about Cardinal Richelieu, and it will be interest-

CARL BRISSON WRITES FOR YOU

Next week the famous Danish stage and screen star, who has recently returned to England after two years in Hollywood, begins a series of exclusive articles dealing with his life in the film capital. He gives a vivid description of his experiences and of the many notabilities with whom he made friends. A fund of amusing anecdotes make this a series you cannot afford to miss. Place your order early in order not to be disappointed.

ing to see whether that great ecclesiastical statesman really looked the dead-spit-'n'-image of George Arliss.

Conrad Veidt and Raymond Massey have been signed up for this New World picture to be made at Denham, but I don't know yet what parts have been allotted to them, if any.

And the "fem angle," as they say in Hollywood, is to be provided by Carole Lombard, or Margaret Sullavan, or Dolores Costello Barrymore.

My own feeling is that it is most likely to be Dolores. I believe the other two are too heavily committed in Hollywood.

A Difficult Choice

Sir Seymour Hicks is most thoroughly in his element in the new British Lion production, *It's You I Want*, currently being produced at Beaconsfield.

He plays a gay middle-aged bachelor with a flair for flirtation. He tires of the life he is leading and decides to go to Scotland to fish; but like many another of us, he finds that associations are not as easily broken away from as he imagined.

The title suggests selection, and in this film selection must be frightfully difficult; in fact, I should have to do it with my eyes bandaged, or by the well-known Eeny Meeny Miny Mo method, for the choice includes Marie Lohr, Jane Carr and Kathleen Kelly.

By the way, I wish they'd give Jane a Cockney part on the screen now and then; they're always giving her American roles, which personally I don't think she does nearly so well as Cockney. I heard her recently on what this generation has

evidently agreed to call "the wahless" (I was taking a busman's holiday from movies), and thought she was swell.

This is the kind of thing that Seymour Hicks does supremely well, and certainly with three such charming leading ladies his technique as a squire of dames should have full scope.

Kathleen Kelly has been coming on a lot lately, and is rapidly developing into a really good bet.

A Famous Hoax

The cast of *It's You I Want* includes also Hugh Wakefield, Gerald Barry, Sydney Fairbrother, Henry Stoker, and Ronald Walters.

Ralph Ince is directing it, and that alone makes me anxious to see it, for he always gets an interesting angle into his work.

And now for another of those lightning changes of subject; yet not altogether a change, for it concerns broadcasting, which I mentioned a few lines back, if the printer hasn't dropped it on the floor.

Did you know that one of the greatest successes the B.B.C. ever had began as a leg-pull?

It was *Café Colette*, which was simply an imaginary Continental setting for a dance band, orchestra, and cabaret show, invented by some bright brains of the B.B.C.

However, the public leapt to the conclusion (as they were probably meant to do) that it was a real cabaret on the Continent, and wrote thousands of letters to the B.B.C., the French Post Office and the tourist agencies, demanding information about it.

Eventually, the hoax was exposed, chiefly because the French postal authorities found that 17,000 letters addressed to "Café Colette, Paris," was a little too much of a joke.

I Spy

Now the whole caboodle is to be filmed, with the addition of an exciting spy story with the café as a background.

It just shows you what rumours get about in this business when I tell you that I heard from various sources that the film was to be made in Devonport, in Hackney, and in the North of England.

Patient research, however, reveals the fact that it is to be made by a producer named Devenport Hackney, who comes from the North of England.

He will make it at Wembley; well, the North of England is reasonably accustomed to scoring at Wembley.

Let's hope it will again.



In order of smiles, these are Sonnie Hale, Jessie Matthews, Mack Gordon and Harry Revel. The two song-writers are trying over numbers for "Head Over Heels."



This picture gives a good idea of Director Thornton Freeland's informal manner as he discusses a scene on the set with Dolores Del Rio.

DRAMA and stark tragedy greeted "Picturegoer's" own cameraman when he visited Worton Hall this week, where the Criterion film "Accused" is in production.

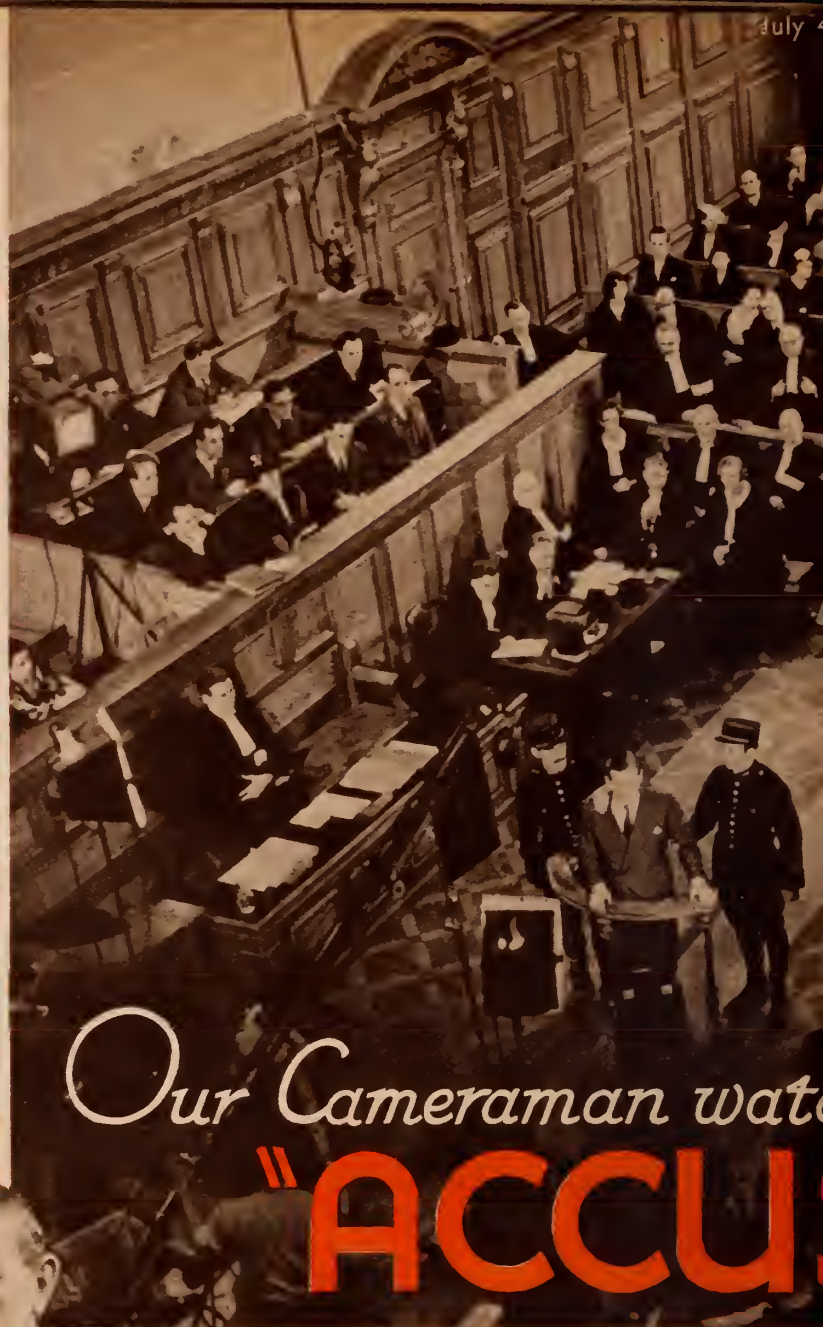
The adventures and misadventures of a young adagio dance-team is being vividly brought to the screen with all the resources which made the same company's previous picture, "The Amateur Gentleman," a noteworthy production.

The leading roles are played by Doug. Fairbanks, jun., Dolores Del Rio, and Florence Desmond, with a fine supporting cast.

Some interesting types have been selected to play the advocates in the great trial scene.



(Above) The strikingly realistic reproduction by Edward Carrick of the interior of the Palace of Justice in Paris, with Doug. Fairbanks, jun., in the movable witness-stand.



Our Cameraman watches "ACCUSED"





es SED " *being Made*



We shall see an altogether new Florence Desmond as the blonde seductress in this passionate triangle.



Above, Dolores Del Rio still further beautifies her lovely features.

Edward Rigby as an old actor and Tony Wylde as a chauffeur, a few seconds before the murder was committed.



The day's work ended, "Doug. Junior" relaxes for a moment.

THE STORY of the FILM by Marjory WILLIAMS

TO this day they tell in California of Joaquin Murrieta, the Mexican peon, whose wife was ravaged by fortune-hunting Americanos in the Sutter's Gold Rush of 1848. But few know of the profound consequences of the love he bore that wife who loved him with the trustful innocence of a child and the ardour of a woman.

Coming to himself in the farm kitchen, after a knock-out blow from Wilson, greedy prospector with a wall eye, Joaquin's first words were, "Rosita . . . Madre." He struggled in blood-stained shirt to his feet, remembering as well as his girl-wife, the blind mother who shared the once-peaceful home.

Bill Warren, supporting him, was ready with an answer. Bill Warren and his brother Johnnie, new arrivals to California, were Americanos too—but with a difference. Bill indeed could only recently have returned to the farm from a self-appointed mission to claim advice from Judge Perkins as to the best means of protecting the Mexican's property.

"Madre's all right," Bill assured. "We found her outside in the bushes. The guys from Sutter's Mill must have thrown her there. She'd fainted."

"Rosita . . . where is Rosita?" Joaquin found her in the next room unconscious, her dress torn, the dark hair in disorder. Wildly he raised her, imploring her to speak to him. Her eyes opened full of terror, then realising who it was who held her, she sobbed. Joy surging within him was overcome by grief as he felt her passionate clasp relax. He laid her upon the bed. Light from two guttering candles flickered over the tiny cross and slender chain at her throat. Her lips moved in anguish for the last time: "I'm so cold. It's growing dark. Put your arms around me, Joaquin."

Disregarding Bill's touch upon the shoulder, Joaquin stared as it were into the future and spoke: "I will kill . . . I will kill every one of them."

Hitherto Joaquin's life had been law-abiding. To love Rosita and the Madre and grow fine potatoes had been his major ambitions. He shaved his chin and wore the flowered blouse and forehead band tied at the back of the head, marks of the peon. He was gentle, ready to take the blame for other's wrongdoing and believed that men should live as brothers. But now, riding a dappled horse, a gun at his holster, Joaquin became Joaquin the bandit, Joaquin the killer with a price on his head. "Wanted, Joaquin Murrieta. Reward 2,000 dollars." Such was the notice which Joaquin tore down whenever he came across it pinned to a tree trunk. This not because he despised the title, so much as because it linked him with a similar notice, "Wanted, Three-fingered Jack. Reward 1,000 dollars."

Chance brought Joaquin in contact with this brave bandit. A roistering figure, his fine torso swathed in a striped, bright-hued



ROBIN HOOD of EL DORADO

blanket, a conical hat of gay straw above titanic brows, and mounted on a superb stallion, Three Fingers accosted Joaquin on the heights above a miner's camp.

"Gracias, Gracias, Amigo. I see you once before. The other day, in this very place, I watch you kill a man—Wilson, the Gringo. Good job—very good. But you leave me to take his gold. Why you no take it?"

"I am no thief. I only kill for justice."

"You hate Americanos, the Gringos, eh?"

"Not all."

"Well enough. Amigo, you very fine killer. I like you. But you are alone and there are ten of us. We like to make it eleven. If you no like gold we fix that."

A buffet on the jaw and Three Fingers had his answer. Joaquin, putting spurs to his horse, experienced a thrust of pain. For what should he kill save for revenge on the foul Gringos whose lust had killed Rosita? Each time he killed did he not visit the churchyard to

pluck flowers and lay them on Rosita's grave, hearing as he did so the echo of her last, anguished words: "I'm cold. It's growing dark, put your arms about me, Joaquin."

Bill Warren, for whom Joaquin had conceived a great liking, had an opinion on the subject of revenge. At the farm Joaquin listened to the Americano's argument.

"I'm not saying you hadn't a good reason for what you did," Bill contended, "But killing's against the law. There was a time when men down here ran things their own way. Now they can't. As a friend I advise you to quit here for a time till things are straightened out."

"But my farm, Bill. I worked so hard to get it."

"You can come back later when this is forgotten. Meanwhile I'll take care of things and keep in touch with you. Even your own people are against you, remember. The rich hacendados for whom you once worked contributed to the reward that's on your head."

Joaquin plucked flowers to lay on the grave of his beloved Rosita.

"Then maybe I do as you say. My brother Jose has a farm. I go there."

"Now you're talking sense."

"What about Madre? I cannot take her. She is not strong."

"Don't worry. Johnnie and I will see she's cared for."

Whereupon comfort stole into the heart of Joaquin. With a rope round his neck attached to the old-fashioned hand plough, a straw hat upon his head, and a beard upon his erstwhile shaven chin, he drove straight furrows on his brother Jose's farm. Under the shadows of the aromatic pines everything seemed at peace until one sundown when Joaquin ambled into town on a mule to buy fresh meat.

The township was new; sprung up to meet the needs of the gold prospectors. How different the single street of dull, timbered buildings from the white walls and red roofs of the adobe Mexican dwellings. Joaquin found them so as he rode on his mule towards the saloon from which issued a crowd of arrogant Gringos, having drunk their fill and ready to pick a quarrel with any man, especially a Mexican.

"Hey, what are you doing with my mule?" shouted Pete, a mouse-tailed miner whom Joaquin vaguely remembered to have had business dealings with Jose.

"This is not your mule. It belongs to my brother. I borrow it from him." The crowd round Pete, growing interested and full of menace, unceremoniously dragged Joaquin off the animal. Hastily he appealed to a miner to whom Pete was talking.

"Senor, senor . . . this is indeed my mule. My brother buy it. He is honest man."

"I ain't blind. That's my mule I tell you." A voice from the crowd shouted, "Of course it's your mule, Pete."

Thankfully Joaquin, recovering his balance among the crowd which did not hesitate to reinforce remarks with blows, saw Jose running up the street. "My brother, he will explain," he cried. To no purpose. Vainly Jose stated that he had bought and paid Pete for the mule. The crowd would have none of it.

"You're stretching hemp for being a liar and a thief," Pete stated, "and you Joaquin, or whatever you call yourself, can have thirty lashes and I'll lay them on myself."

With his arms tied to a tree trunk, Joaquin watched Jose, the hempen rope ready to tighten about his neck, swinging above him, speak his last prayer. Presently a whip was swung in Pete's hands and while the crowd cheered, lashed Joaquin's bare shoulders. Thinking of Jose, Joaquin bore the pain until he could bear no more. He fainted and never knew by whose hands his limp body was placed upon a horse and brought to sanctuary. Sitting under a rock some hours later, Joaquin by the light of a camp fire, scanned a circle of faces and turned to one that was familiar. "So this is what you call a bandit's camp, Three Fingers," he said. "Since you and these men

(Continued on page 22)



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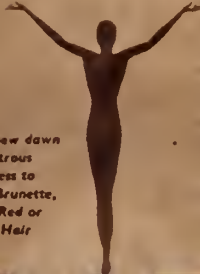
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have saved my life, who is leader here?" Gesticulating to his followers to be silent, Three Fingers heaved his powerful torso towards Joaquin. "That is just it, my friend. I am a very fine killer but we have no leader. Americanos have a thousand dollars on my head."

"They have two thousand on mine. I did not ask to come here, but since I am here, I am your leader. I want more men, two hundred, three hundred—and the best horses—plenty guns."

"It is good. Then we get plenty gold."

"I want more than gold."

"Sure we will kill men. We will kill them all."

"I'll do what they've done to me. From one end of California to the other they will wish they had never heard of Joaquin Murrieta."

Thus Joaquin, once the peon living under the protection of Ramon de la Cuesta, became the master bandit, the caballero with moustache, embroidered jacket and a white horse. From the day when, backed by Three Fingers, he rode to town and with the one word "Jose," shot Pete through the heart in front of the saloon, revenge was assured. The reward upon Joaquin's head was trebled. His settlement in Hidden Valley, far away among the pine-clad hills, was more than a mere camp. It was a stronghold with a touch of ancient Rome about its fortifications, a protected training ground for prowess with gun and lasso. Riding bareback, Joaquin's horsemen performed every trick known to the equestrian. The community was happy. The crack of the whip, the neighing of horses, the zoom-zoom of a bullet travelling to its practice mark, were mingled with the laughter of women, the notes of the guitar. Joaquin, adored by his bandits, proved himself a born leader, partly because he knew the art of praise. When Pedro the scout rode to Hidden Valley with news that the rich haciendados were to hold a secret meeting that night at San Juan mission house, Joaquin said at once: "That is good, Pedro. You are my best spy."

"Gracias, senior."

The San Juan meeting numbered some two hundred of the Mexican nobility. Joaquin, with a vague dislike of robbing those of his own race, was relieving the line of ladies ranged at command by the wall of their jewels, when a pale face challenged him from beneath a mantilla: "Joaquin!"

"Juanita de la Cuesta . . . Senorita."

"I thought you were a man, Joaquin. You were when you worked for my father. I thought as a peon you showed sparks of greatness. But now you are not even a Mexican. A Mexican has love of God, of country . . ."

"Enough, Senorita. For the moment I cannot defend myself, but some time I would have you understand why I make others suffer. Three Fingers, get your men out of here . . . all of them. Do you hear what I say?"

That night, Joaquin, riding from Hidden Valley, returned to the rancho where he had been brought up and where his marriage with Rosita had been solemnised. The house was deserted, desecrated by the horde of claim stakers. In a cabin, all that was left to her of home, he found Juanita before her altar. "Senorita," he pleaded, "I am a Mexican. I do not harm

ROBIN HOOD OF

people for nothing. I have to kill for Rosita and my brother Jose. I do not want to be a bandit, but I could not be a farmer. The Gringos would not let me. What else is there? I have to make a living."

"Yes, yes, you have a right. So have we. You fight the Americanos, then I wish to fight them too. My father died trying to defend the Mexican's rights. Let me join your camp. You have women helping your men."

"Not women like you."

"We are all the same now, Joaquin." He knew by the look in her dark eyes that she loved him, but he was neither elated nor responsive. Yet he took a fierce pride in showing her the gay, free life of Hidden Valley, even to her watching Three Fingers sharpening his favourite knife. The accomplishment was undertaken with infinite gusto and a long diatribe delivered in the owner's inimitable idiom on the weapon's lethal powers. "I have been wondering whether I should have come here," Juanita said after Joaquin had turned aside to receive a message from Pedro as to the arrival of the stage-coach from the border, timed for the morrow.

"Why you say this, senorita? Everyone is glad you are here."

"Not everyone. Joaquin, you still love Rosita, don't you?"

"Always, Senorita. For ever."

Juanita, the daughter of Joaquin's former employer, decided to join the outlaws.



EL DORADO—Cont.

"Do you think Rosita would want you to rob and kill? I never realised fighting the Americanos meant quite this. I blame myself. Joaquin, why can't you take your men to Mexico? You could farm there."

"Yes, but how do I get the money? Stay, senorita, I have idea. The stage coach arrives from the border to-morrow with plenty of gold, so much that soldiers are to guard it. We take the gold, but we do not kill. I order my men, 'No shooting.' There should be enough money for everyone to buy a farm in Mexico. You think this is right, yes . . . no?"

Pleased to have won Juanita's smile, Joaquin concocted his plans. The coach was to be held up by an induced landslide and the gold removed. On a less momentous occasion, Three Finger's comment on the strict mandate "No shooting" might have been comical. The black-browed bandit made the very rocks of Hidden Valley reverberate to his sarcastic ejaculation from the door of his cabin. "No shooting. That's good. That's very good."

There was a second reason why Joaquin wished the affair conducted peaceably. Johnnie Warren's fiancée was travelling on the stage. Too much kindness Bill Warren had shown Joaquin for him to wish anything but good to Johnnie's bride-to-be. Nothing marred the hold-up in its initial stages. The coach, drawn by six horses and escorted by United States troopers in their uniforms of blue and gold, came into view at a point where the road was flanked by rocky, precipitous slopes.

A torrent of stones and debris made progress impossible. "Whoever you are up there, show yourselves," the driver of the stage shouted. Joaquin, Three Fingers and some dozen men advanced down the slope. Joaquin saw that a girl had left the coach and was standing by the driver. He took care to shout: "We only want your gold. The little girl we protect. Now . . . no shooting, please."

Vain forecast. The driver had barely put hand to his gun, before Three Fingers, itching to respond to a challenge, whipped out his six-shooter and fired. The driver fell, wounded; not dead. Through dry lips Joaquin spoke: "You force us to do this. We do not wish to kill." Already the fight was up.

Outnumbering the troopers, Joaquin's followers made short work of taking charge. In lowering the box of gold from the luggage grid, a valise fell and broken open, its contents spilling at the feet of Joaquin standing close to Johnnie's fiancée. "My dress, my wedding veil . . . please be careful," she murmured, and collapsed on the heap of disordered tulle. "She's fainted," Juanita cried, bending over the prostrate figure. "Get some water, Joaquin." He knelt down and touched the girl's shoulder. "No, no . . . look, there is blood . . . this is no faint. What do you say, Three Fingers?" The big bandit looked troubled. "The bullet go right through the stage driver and hit the little girl. I'm sorry, Joaquin."

"That is bad . . . very bad. I drive the coach myself. I take the little girl to Johnnie Warren. Lift her in. Three Fingers ride beside me with my horse." The Americanos, with Bill and his brother to the fore, were playing the wedding march in front of the saloon as Joaquin drove into town. Leaving the horses to continue at full gallop, he sprang from the box on to his horse and with Three Fingers made light work of escape. That evening, mounted on a rock in Hidden Valley, he addressed the crowd beneath him, bandits and their womenfolk celebrating the successful loot of gold with wine, dance and song.

"Amigos, please. I do not want to spoil your celebration. You have good reason to be happy. I should be happy, too, but I cannot be. I can never be. We fight the Americanos. That is good. But to-day we kill one little girl. That is bad. To-day I hide outside town and wait for good news of her, but there is none. The little girl, she is dead. No . . . Three Fingers . . . it is not your fault. It is just something that happened. But I know now that what I have done was not right to do. I can no longer be your leader. Amigos, after to-night I go to Mexico where I have no right to command you to come. Yet I wish you would all come with me. Will you? Yes . . . no?"

Amid a hundred shouts of "Yes," a throwing of flowers and scarves into the air, amid the deep-throated acclaiming of men and the eager cries of women, came another sound, the sound of horses galloping towards the entrance to Hidden Valley. Already the look-out man, standing high upon the rocks at its head, had fallen under a Gringo's bullet. Joaquin heard and faced the company. "Three Fingers' men! The Americanos have found our stronghold. Get ready to fight."

To this day they tell in California of how Joaquin Murrieta made a bold stand against the force composed of Sheriff and posse, backed by Bill Warren and his brother, convinced at last that the Mexican must be put down. Of how the Sheriff's men, led by the wounded driver of the stage coach who discovered the Hidden Valley, subdued the bandits. Of how Three Fingers Jack died, refusing to put up his hands at the order of a Gringo. Of how Juanita was fatally shot while helping to bring ammunition to Joaquin from a log hut beside a stream. They tell of how Joaquin, Mexican Robin Hood, escaping from Hidden Valley at the last, was twice shot by Bill Warren and made a getaway on his horse. None but Bill, the Sheriff and a few of the posse, could tell of how Joaquin, the simple peon to whom the Fates were unkind, reached his El Dorado; how, dismounting at the churchyard, he staggered, plucking at flowers as he went towards Rosita's grave and fell upon it, uttering her last spoken words: "I'm cold. It's growing dark. Put your arms around me."

Freely based on the film, "Robin Hood of El Dorado," by permission of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures, Ltd. See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 26, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

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POND'S

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CRITICISMS of the LATEST FILMS

THE MOON'S OUR HOME

ONE of the best screen comedies since *It Happened One Night*. Margaret Sullavan discloses herself as possessed of a lively sense of humour and comedy characterisation, while Henry Fonda plays up to her with equal cleverness and subtlety.

While the production owes a great deal to its stars, it owes even more to the polished treatment accorded to it by its director, William A. Seiter.

Out of quite a slight theme he has developed a romance which is one long chuckle all through. It is full of good lines and well-turned situations; the only trouble is that he has evidently found it difficult to achieve an ending, and consequently when it does come it is rather in the nature of an anticlimax.

Margaret Sullavan interprets the role of a temperamental screen star, Cherry Chester, who has an equally temperamental grandmother who disapproves of her career, but loves her dearly. Their mutual admiration is usually expressed in the terms of quarrelling.

Grandmother's idea is to marry her to Horace, a very subdued and dumb childhood acquaintance.

Cherry's answer to this is to run away into the snow country to meet a man who had sought refuge in her carriage when pursued by a mob of women.

She had thought he was a thief, but actually he was a famous novelist, Anthony Amberton, who had a healthy contempt for film stars—he liked "simple women with small, high chests"—and luckily did not recognise her.

Both had tempers of a tempestuous order, so that their romance developed between storms.

Finally they married, but on the wedding night Anthony was overpowered by the smell of Cherry's perfume—he had a psychological complex which was stirred by anything with the smell of musk in it—and she, believing it revived memories of another woman, promptly ran away.

The papers had been full of her disappearance and her grandmother was overjoyed at her return, but would not believe the story of the marriage, and insists that she announce her engagement to Horace.

Meanwhile Anthony is searching vainly for Sarah Brown—Cherry's real name—and is asked by Horace to his eve-of-the-wedding party.

There husband and wife meet and decide to bolt for it, but learning that Horace is her fiancé, Anthony goes off alone in a temper.

Cherry announces her intention of going back to Hollywood, but Anthony, with grandmother's assistance, contrives to prevent her, and holds her in his arms—till the next quarrel!

Such a bare outline does not do justice to the plot, which relies on its excellent detail work and character drawing for its effect.

Apart from the stars who hold the stage, most of the time, clever supporting studies are given by Charles Butterworth as Horace, Beulah Bondi as Cherry's companion and Henrietta Crosman as grandmother.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL

IN three pictures Will Hay has proved that he is one of the best comedy acts in Britain to-day. He is not only an extremely funny comedian, but he also has a real sense of character, and in his interpretation of a broken-down solicitor in this picture he introduces a touch of pathos which makes the part human, even if the exigencies of the extravaganza cannot make it very convincing.

As a matter of fact, this is the funniest British picture we have had for some time. It has a certain amount of originality of plot, it is well constructed, and William Beaudine has seen to it that the gags—and they don't come out of the Ark—are well timed.

It is this "timing" which is usually conspicuous by its absence in our native-made farces.

Just to let you know that the chief character is Will Hay, the picture opens with him interviewing his unpaid and pert office boy.

As the plot proper develops we learn that Stubbins—that's the solicitor's name—has a pretty daughter who is being brought up by his sister-in-law and her husband on condition that he appears on the scene as seldom as possible.

Thoroughly broke, he goes down to see his daughter, who is engaged to the son of Lord Burbank, and disgraces himself by making the butler—and incidentally himself—extremely drunk.

He retires in disorder to his office where a fellow-boarder, Nick, introduces him to a gang of crooks as wealthy Americans who wish to unearth their ancestry. Actually, his office is above the bank, and they mean to cut through the floor and burgle the premises below.

Getting more money than he had ever had before, Stubbins shows off to his family, but by mischance goes to the office the night the burglary is taking place and falls through the hole in the floor, where he is promptly silenced by the crooks.

Later they convince him that he can't give them away because his are the only finger-prints on the safe, and the best thing for him to do is to hide-out in the country.

He goes to his sister-in-law and there finds some of the gang acting as servants. There is a general hold-up, but Stubbins manages to outwit the crooks and earn the gratitude of all concerned.

One of the most amusing sequences is the hold-up, which takes place on Christmas Eve. As it is taking place a squad of police officers arrive, and taking up their positions outside, break into—a carol.

Gina Malo is excellent as the gang's decoy girl, and the American crooks are admirably played by Eddie Houghton and Hartley Power, while Hal Walters is also very good as Nick.

H. F. Maltby is well cast as the pompous guardian of Stubbins' daughter, and Graham Moffatt is exceptionally good as Stubbins' office boy.

Barbara Stubbins is quite prettily rendered by Peggy Simpson, and Job Turnbull makes a convincing inspector.

Clever character cameos came from Sybil Brooke as a landlady, and Gibb McLaughlin as a butler.

SMALL TOWN GIRL

THERE is a formula dealing with the unsophisticated little country girl who marries a rich man without love, and eventually makes him love her desperately, that is unfailingly popular.

When it is as well presented and directed as it is in *Small Town Girl* it becomes first-rate entertainment.

Somehow Janet Gaynor never seems to grow up. Here she is playing the little unsophisticated country girl with all the old appeal of *Seventh Heaven*—and still with an accent that is inclined to grate a trifle on my ears.

Anyway, she is exceedingly good and natural, while she could not have had a better partner than Robert Taylor as the rich man who snatches her away from home and marries her while he is drunk.

He is cast as an irresponsible young doctor, Bob, who thinks more of skirts than surgery, and he develops the character in an interesting and wholly human manner.

Having realised he is married, his father urges that he carry the thing through and seek a divorce after six months.

Bob explains the position to both Kay and his ex-fiancée, Priscilla.

Kay and her husband go on a yachting honeymoon and gradually begin to become friends. When they return, Kay is violently in love with him and he begins to feel misgivings

about his fiancée. His parents hope that his marriage will last, since Kay's influence, as been all for the good.

After various complications that is what happens—only rather too abruptly for dramatic effect.

Kay returns home. The papers announce that her husband is seeking a divorce at Reno.

He suddenly drives into Kay's home town and picks her up in his car just as he had done when he swept her off her feet before.

William A. Wellman's direction is polished and his continuity runs smoothly to the conclusion.

Binnie Barnes scores a success as Priscilla, the woman who is so sure of her hold on her ex-fiancé and of her own attraction that she sees no possibility of a rival in Kay—even as a wife.

Andy Devine is exceedingly good as Kay's brother-in-law, and the doctor's parents are natural and convincing in the competent hands of Lewis Stone and Nella Walker.

James Stewart convinces as Kay's country lover and the whole small-town family are as excellently cast as acted.

BROKEN BLOSSOMS

TO me there is something very dated about this strong melodrama in which Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess scored such a success in the silent days. In retrospect it appears to me that I was much more impressed by the silent version, directed by D. W. Griffith, than I was by this one; and the reason is, I think, that it had no dialogue to expose its inherent artificiality.

Most of you probably remember the story of the enthusiastic young Chinese missionary, Chen, who comes to London to preach Buddhism and is so disappointed with what he sees that he starts a small antique shop.

One day he sees looking in at the window a pathetic but beautiful little face and he is fascinated.

The owner is Lucy, daughter of Battling Burrows, a drunken prize-fighter who hated her deceased mother and maltreats her.

When Burrows goes into a training camp for a week, Chen finds Lucy desolate, takes her in and cares for her.

At the end of the week Burrows wins his fight, and, having been informed that his daughter is living with Chen, goes to his shop and strangles her. Chen kills Burrows.

Dolly Haas plays the role made by Lillian Gish. She is certainly a pathetic little figure, but there is a feeling of artificiality about her performance which is enhanced by her speech, which is a mixture of Cockney and broken English. Arthur Margetson presents Burrows in a broad, melodramatic manner which entitles you to expect to hear the audience hiss at any moment as they would at the Lyceum. Donald Crisp interpreted that role in the silent version.

Bartholomew's part of Chen is taken by Emyln Williams, who is, to me, a trifle too Welsh for a Chinaman.

There is a certain sincerity and soulfulness about his portrayal, but he has not been able to make it convincing.

A good study of a woman of the streets is given by Dorothy Minto.

Technically, the production is very good and the camera work imaginative.

The opening Chinese scenes have a charm of their own and contrast well with the sordid and somewhat synthetic Limehouse locale which follows.

Lionel Collier.

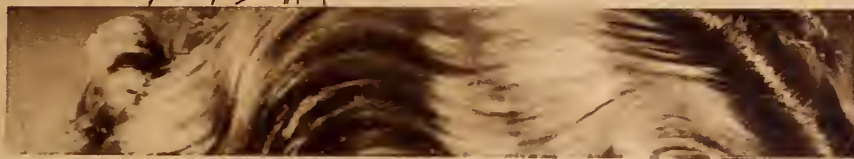


Dorothy Haas as she appears in "Broken Blossoms."

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Shirley Temple

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REVIEWS

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

***ROBIN HOOD OF EL
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**WE'RE ONLY HUMAN

*HERE COMES TROUBLE

*SUNSHINE AHEAD

I CONQUER THE SEA

***THE OLD DARK HOUSE
(Re-issue)

What the asterisks mean—

**** An outstanding feature.

*** Very good. ** Good.

* Average entertainment. c Also
suitable for children.

***ROBIN HOOD OF EL
DORADO

M.-G.-M. American. "A" certificate
Western drama. Runs 81 minutes.

WARNER BAXTER.....Joaquin Murieta
ANN LORING.....Juanita de la Cuesta
BRUCE CABOT.....Bill Warren
MARGO.....Rosita
J. CARROLL NAISSH.....Three Finger Jack
ERIC LINDEN.....Johnnie Warren
SOLEDAD JIMINEZ.....Madre Murieta
CARLOS DE VALDEZ.....Jose Murieta
EDGAR KENNEDY.....Sheriff Judd
CHARLES TROWBRIDGE.....Ramon de la Cuesta
HARVEY STEPHENS.....Captain Osborne
RALPH REMLEY.....Judge Perkins
GEORGE REGAS.....Tomas
FRANCIS McDONALD.....Pedro, the Spy
KAY HUGHES.....Louise
PAUL HURST.....Wilson
HARRY WOODS.....Pete

Directed by William Wellman. For story
freely based on the film see page 20. Pre-
viewed June 6, 1936.

One of the best early outdoor
talkies with which the mike
presented us was *The 'Cisco' Kid*
with Warner Baxter as the bes'
dam' caballero 'n all Mexico.

The star has a very similar role in
this excellently mounted and ex-
tremely well told story of a poor
peon who through the brutality of
the American invaders becomes a
desperate bandit.

The action is set in the days of
"Sutter's Gold," when men went
mad with lust of easy money and
brutality was at a premium. It is
founded on fact and the way it is
presented is both realistic and
extremely moving.

It may prove a little too brutal
for sensitive stomachs but its vivid
characterisations, colourful period
atmosphere and brilliant technical
qualities make it one of the best
Westerns I have seen for some time.

It is detail rather than plot which
keeps you absorbed. Baxter's
characterisation is a remarkably
strong one and he develops it with
sincerity and balanced artistry.

Margo, whom you will remember
for her work in Ben Hecht's and
Charles MacArthur's first solus pic-
ture *Crime Without Passion*, gives a
tender, appealing study of his ill-
fated wife.

Equally good is Ann Loring as
Juanita de la Cuesta, daughter of
the bandit's ex-master who finally

by Lionel COLLIER

brings him to a realisation of the
harm he is doing in the Mexican
cause.

Bruce Cabot is excellent as Bill
Warren, the only American settler
who is kind to the ex-peon, while
Eric Linden is effectively boyish as
his young brother whose wife the
bandit leader accidentally kills.

Comedy is introduced by J.
Carroll Naish as another bandit,
"Three Finger Jack," and an
excellent study he makes of him.

Scenic qualities are outstanding,
while the fighting and riding are
pictured in magnificent style.

***THE MUSIC GOES ROUND

Columbia. American. "U" certificate.
Romantic comedy with music. Runs 85 minutes.
HARRY RICHMAN.....Harry Wallace
ROCHELLE HUDSON.....Susanna Courtney
WALTER CONNOLLY.....Hector Courtney
MICHAEL BARTLETT.....Michael Bartlett
DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE.....Bishop
LIONEL STANDER.....O'Casey
HENRY MOLLISON.....Stephen
ETIENNE GIRADOT.....Brewster
WALTER KINGSFORD.....Cobham
WYRLEY BIRCH.....Josh
VICTOR KILIAN.....Marshall
DORA EARLY.....Eleanora
GENE MORGAN.....Nelson
FARLEY AND RILEY and Their 'Round and
'Round Music.

Directed by Victor Schertzinger. Previewed
January 13, 1936.

Extremely bright entertainment
which not only tells an original
little story well, but is also tuneful
and generally very well acted and
perfectly staged.

Harry Richman, who puts over
several song numbers exceedingly
well, is cast as Harry Wallace, a
Broadway star who, tired to death
of rehearsals, takes an unauthorised
holiday and arrives at the town of
Adamsville on the Mississippi, where
he comes across a show boat run
by Hector Courtney, an old trouper.

He assumes a name and is taken
into the cast of the melodrama they
perform nightly.

He falls in love with Courtney's
daughter, Susanna, but is so struck
with the comic possibilities of the
melodrama that he wires his pro-
ducer to come and see it.

He does so and books all the
players for his new revue without
giving away Harry's identity. He
segregates the show-boat troupe so
that they will take their work
seriously and on the opening night
takes them to the theatre, where
they are a riot.

It breaks Susanna's heart to think
that their humble efforts should be
the subject for laughter, and the
next night they return to the show
boat.

Harry pursues his advances and
finally Susanna's love for him over-
comes her feeling of resentment.

Harry Richman has personality,
although he can hardly be called
a handsome hero, while Rochelle
Hudson is delightfully natural
as Susanna.

Walter Connolly gives a clever
study of the owner of the show boat
and Lionel Stander is most amusing
as O'Casey, Harry's bodyguard.

The song number from which the
title is taken is "plugged," but only
at the end and then very ingeniously.
Even Michael Bartlett is induced to
sing in quasi-operatic style!

The burlesque melodrama on the
show boat is a riot and the show
includes some clever nigger tap-
dancing.

There is plenty of detail in the
plot, which brings out the charac-

teristics of the various players
admirably.

**BROADWAY HOSTESS

First National. American. "U" certificate.
Romantic drama. Runs 70 minutes.

WINI SHAW.....Winnie Wharton
GENEVIEVE TOBIN.....Iris Martin
LYLE TALBOT.....Lucky Lorimer
ALLEN JENKINS.....Fishcake Carter
PHIL REGAN.....Tommy Blake
MARIE WILSON.....Dorothy Dubois
SPRING BYINGTON

Mrs. Duncan-Griswold-Wembley-Smythe
JOSEPH KING.....Big Joe Jarvis
DONALD ROSS.....Ronnie Marvin
FRANK DAWSON.....Morse
HARRY SEYMOUR.....T.T.T.
Directed by Frank McDonald.

Wini Shaw, who scored a hit with
her "Lullaby of Broadway"
number in *Gold Diggers* of 1935, is
starred in this romantic drama,
which is not a very startling or
original story of New York's main
street. She herself gives an excellent
performance and her songs are put
over with all the appeal that made
"Lullaby of Broadway" so signal
a success.

There is more variety than
dramatic appeal in the story, which
deals with Winnie Wharton, an
unknown torch singer, who im-
presses Lucky Lorimer, a go-ahead
theatrical agent, with her talent,
and is thrust by him into the big
money. Winnie falls for Lucky, but
he has eyes only for Iris Marvin, an
upstage society girl. In his eagerness
to make money quickly, Lucky opens
a fashionable gambling saloon, but
when Iris's brother, Ronnie, loses



Wini Shaw and Phil Regan in
"Broadway Hostess."

everything, he frames Lucky on a
robbery charge. Winnie secretly
hands over bail money to a lawyer,
but he absconds.

Iris, grateful to Lucky for having
shielded Ronnie from the law, uses
her influence to get him out. She
and Lucky then marry, and later,
when he learns of Winnie's sacrifice,
he puts her in a show.

Following this, Ronnie shoots
Lucky, but he recovers, and Winnie,
realising at last that her love for
him can never be reciprocated,
wisely accepts the hand of her
accompanist.

Genevieve Tobin, on whom one
can always rely for a polished
performance, is attractive as Iris,
and Lyle Talbot makes the most of
the role of Lucky.

Allen Jenkins supplies light relief
in his own inimitable manner.

Good dance ensembles and spec-
tacular settings furnish a glamorous
background.

**THE LONE WOLF RETURNS

Columbia. American. "A" certificate.
Romantic drama. Runs 68 minutes.

MELVYN DOUGLAS.....Michael
GAIL PATRICK.....Marcia
TALA BIRELL.....Liane

HENRY MOLLISON.....Mallison
THURSTON HALL.....Crane
RAYMOND WALBURN.....Jenkins
DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE.....Morphe
NANA BRYANT.....Aunt Julie
ROBERT MIDDLEMASS.....McGowan
ROBERT EMMETT O'CONNOR.....Benson
Directed by Roy William Neill from a story by
Louis Joseph Vance.

Popular type of "Raffles" crime
drama, it is rather naive at
times, but direction is polished and
the action allows for plenty of
suspense as well as sentimental
interludes.

Melvyn Douglas plays the title
role in a natural and sincere manner.
His part is that of Michael Lanyard,
an international crook known as the
Lone Wolf, who gatecrashes at a
dance when hotly pursued by the
police, following a jewel robbery.

He falls in love with Marcia
Stewart, his attractive hostess, and,
deciding to reform, returns the loot.

Crane, a detective brought back
from retirement to catch the Lone
Wolf, believes in his reformation,
but other crooks, angry because he
will not play ball with them, steal
Marcia's jewels and pin the blame
on him.

Swiftly the Lone Wolf resorts to
subterfuge to clear himself, and it is
not long before he has the crooks
under lock and key. Crane then
shows his appreciation of the Lone
Wolf's good work by clearing up any
misunderstanding between him and
Marcia.

As Marcia, Gail Patrick shows to
advantage and Thurston Hall makes
a convincing detective.

Douglas Dumbrell is well cast as
the gang leader, while, in support,
two clever little studies are given
by Tala Birell and Henry Mollison.

Comedy relief is quite good and
the production is well staged with a
wide variety of settings.

**GIVE US THIS NIGHT

Paramount. American. "U" certificate.
Musical Romance. Runs 67 minutes.

JAN KIEPURA.....Antonio
GLADYS SWARTHOUT.....Maria
PHILIP MERIVALE.....Marcello Bonetti
ALAN MOWBRAY.....Forcellini
BENNY BAKER.....Tomasso
MICHELETTE BURANI.....Francesca
SIDNEY TOLER.....First Carabinier
CHARLES JUDELS.....Second Carabinier
WILLIAM COLLIER, SEN.....The Priest
JOHN MILTERN.....Vincenzo
Directed by Alexander Hall from a story by
Jacques Bachrach. Music by Erich Korngold
and Richard Whiting.

The combination of Jan Kiepura
and Gladys Swarthout pro-
mised more than it has achieved.
The reason being that both musically
and in story the material is not
worthy of the stars.

They do their best vocally to
amend matters, and succeed to the
extent of making the production
interesting to music lovers.

Jan Kiepura's pleasing personality
helps him rather more than his
histrionic ability as Antonio, a young
Italian fisherman gifted with a
superb natural voice, who resents
the painful efforts of Forcellini, an
established opera star, and pelts
him during the performance. He is
arrested, but Maria, the prima
donna, quick to appreciate his
talents, secures his release and
persuades him to take Forcellini's
place in the opera.

Soon Antonio falls in love with
Maria and she with him, but he
silently steals away when he wrongly
believes she is betrothed to Marcello
Bonnetti, the composer. However,
misunderstanding is cleared away in
time for him to appear on the opening
night, and his success puts the seal
to his romance.

Gladys Swarthout is unable to
make much of the role of Maria;
the supporting cast is quite sound.

The production is lavishly staged
and the romantic atmosphere suc-
cessfully achieved.

****WE'RE ONLY HUMAN**

Radio. American. "A" certificate. Gangster drama. Runs 68 minutes.

PRESTON FOSTER.....Pete McCaffrey
JANE WYATT.....Sally
JAMES GLEASON.....Danny Walsh
ARTHUR HOHL.....Martin
JOHN ARLEDGE.....O'Brien
JANE DARWELL.....Mrs. Walsh
MORONI OLSEN.....Inspector Curran
MISCHA AUER.....Berger
HAROLD HUBER.....Tony Tici
CHRISTIAN RUB.....Anderson
RAPAELA OTTIANO.....Mrs. Anderson
DELMAR WATSON.....Tommy
EFFIE ELLISER.....Grandma
CHARLES WILSON.....Morgan
JAMES DONLAN.....Casey

Directed by James Flood.

While the gangster element is predominant, this production also allows for some sincere passages of human sentiment and conflict of character.

It shows, too, the effect of a gunman's exploits on the mind of an ordinary middle-class citizen. Another interesting argument it adduces is that fear is a necessity in the make-up of a first-class detective.

The story deals with Detective-sergeant McCaffrey, to whom fear is unknown, who brings in single-handed, a public enemy, Berger, who, however, escapes on the way to Sing Sing. McCaffrey, whose partner, Walsh, is killed in an ensuing bank raid, declares with heat to Walsh's widow that he succumbed because of his timidity. This causes a temporary estrangement between McCaffrey and Sally, a news reporter.

Wounded in a further encounter with Berger, McCaffrey loses his nerve. Thus, when Sally discovers the whereabouts of Berger's hideout, McCaffrey is unwilling to join her in a single-handed attempt to round up the gang. Recovering his nerve, he dashes into the hide-out, kills Berger, and releases the mother of an eye-witness to one of the gang's many murders. McCaffrey and Sally become engaged.

As the detective, Preston Foster is definitely in character and gives a well-balanced performance.

Jane Wyatt gives charm and intelligence to the role of Sally, while James Gleason is excellent as Walsh.

Dialogue is forceful and the plot well developed.

***HERE COMES TROUBLE**

Fox. American. "A" certificate. Crime comedy-drama. Runs 61 minutes.

PAUL KELLY.....Duke Donovan
ARLINE JUDGE.....Margie
MONA BARRIE.....Evelyn Howard
GREGORY RATOFF.....Ivan Petroff
SAMMY COHEN.....Grimy
EDWARD BROPHY.....Crowley
HALLIWELL HOBBS.....Professor Howard
ANDREW TOMBS.....Adams
ERNIE ALEXANDER.....Harry Goodfellow
GEORGE CHANDLER.....Purser Brooks
FRANK HAGNEY.....Ox
CHARLES STEVENS.....Malay Mike
ROBERT HOMANS.....Mac Winney
GRANVILLE BATES.....Ship's Captain
WADE BOTELER.....Detective Lieutenant
STANLEY BLYSTONE, TOM O'GRADY.....Detectives

Directed by Lewis Seiler from an original story by John Bright and Robert Taylor.

Conventional story with a breezy, robust atmosphere which makes up in fisticuffs and action what it lacks in subtlety.

Paul Kelly puts over the rough stuff with suitable vigour as Duke Donovan, engineer on a liner, who gets fed up with the derisive wise-cracking of Margie, his manicurist girl friend, and is caught on the rebound by Evelyn Howard, seductive decoy of Professor Howard, a jewel thief.

When an emerald is stolen, Duke is tricked into smuggling it ashore, but he soon gets wise to the crooks, and after bringing about their capture, bounces back a more sobered individual into the waiting arms of Margie.

A good performance comes from Sammy Cohen as Duke's dumb

partner, while Arline Judge and Mona Barrie as Margie and Evelyn, are well contrasted.

Gregory Ratoff gives an excellent supporting role, as does Halliwell Hobbes.

Scenes on board ship are realistic. While there are no outstanding climaxes, the development avoids being tedious.

***SUNSHINE AHEAD**

Universal. British. "U" certificate. Radio variety. Runs 64 minutes.

EDDIE POLA. HAROLD RAMSAY at the Broadcast Organ. LEONARD HENRY. THE TWO LESLIES. EVE LISTER. HARRY S. PEPPER. DORIS ARNOLD and the SIX PIANO JAZZ SYMPHONY. TROISE and HIS MANDOLINIERS, and DON CARLOS. GEORGE BAKER. WEBSTER BOOTH. RUTH NAYLOR and CHORUS of FIFTY in *Faust*. SHERMAN FISHER GIRLS. BETTY ASTELL. RIOS AND SANTOS. HARMONICA BAND. VIVIENNE CHATTERTON, CHARLES MORTIMER, C. DENIER WARREN, EDGAR DRIVER, FREDDIE WATTS, LESLIE PERRINS, MAY HALLETT. JACK CLIFFORD.

Directed by Wallace Orton from the book by Ann West and Geoffrey Orme. Original music by Kennedy Russell and Reg Comolly.

The main attraction of this variety entertainment, which is entirely negligible in story value, is Jack Payne and his band, who put over a couple of excellent numbers with all their accustomed verve and enthusiasm.

The turns generally are good, Doris Arnold putting over an exceedingly sound piano number.

The excerpt from *Faust* is well done, too, and there is an informality about the whole show which makes it quite attractive of its type.

The general production, however, lacks polish, and the development is not as ingenious as it might have been.

I CONQUER THE SEA

Pathé. American. "A" certificate. Triangular drama. Runs 67 minutes.

STEFFI DUNA.....Rosita
STANLEY MORNER.....Tommy
DOUGLAS WALTON.....Leonard
GEORGE CLEVELAND.....Caleb
JOHNNY PIRRONE.....Pedro
FRED WARREN.....Sebastian
MADAME DELINSKY.....Mrs. Gonzales
OLIN FRANCIS.....Gabe
FRED PETERS.....Stubby
JIM HERTZ.....Tiny
ALBERT RUSSELL.....Josh
CHARLES MCMURPHY.....Zach

Directed and written by Victor Halperin.

Highly ingenious story set in a Newfoundland village, which relies for its attraction on two whaling sequences which are quite well done.

Steffi Duna puts a fair amount of vitality into her role of the heroine, and Stanley Morner is virile as Tommy, who sacrifices himself for her happiness. Neither, however, quite conquer the artificiality of the roles.

Douglas Walton is weak as Leonard, the man she really loves. Types in the village are quite well chosen.

Development is slow and monotonous, but brisks up a little in the whaling sequences.

*****THE OLD DARK HOUSE (Re-issue)**

Universal. American. "A" certificate. Runs 71 minutes.

KARLOFF.....Morgan
CHARLES LAUGHTON.....Sir William Porterhouse
MELVYN DOUGLAS.....Roger Penderel
GLORIA STUART.....Glady's D. Cane
ERNEST THESIGER.....Horace Fenn
EVA MOORE.....Rebecca Fenn
RAYMOND MASSEY.....Philip Waverton
BREMER WILLS.....Saul Fenn
JOHN DUDGEON.....Sir Roderick

Directed by James Whale from J. B. Priestley's novel. Adapted by Bevin Levy. Reviewed in our issue of January 28, 1933.

Like most of its type, this eerie thriller is somewhat vague and incredible and wholly fantastic, but there is this difference—it is exceedingly cleverly acted and characterised, and the direction is quite brilliant.

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Atmospheric dust, grease from face creams and make-up, choke the pores and enlarge them, preventing normal perspiration and the absorption of necessary oxygen.

Face Creams sink into the skin and stay there, causing further choking of the pores and making the skin spongy and saggy.

Tetlow's Swan Down Complexion Milk is the finest pore-cleanser and skin beautifier. Being a liquid, it seeps right into the pores, flooding out all the deposit and leaving the skin healthily clean. One application left for a few seconds and then wiped off brings away accumulated grease and dirt. Further use closes the enlarged pores and makes the skin clear, smooth in texture and velvet firm.

DOES NOT HIDE IMPERFECTIONS—IT REMOVES THEM!

Swan Down COMPLEXION MILK

★TEST

this remarkable pore-cleanser and skin tonic without risking a penny. Buy a 1s. or 2/6 bottle from any Chemist, Hairdresser or Store or direct. Use half the contents, then, if not really delighted with the results, return the half-empty bottle to us and we will refund your money in full. Start the test to-day and gain new complexion beauty.

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THAN ANY OTHER PERM."



"And," she might have added, "I find Superma makes my hair far lovelier." For Superma employs only pure water vapour and gently steams into your hair a luxuriant wave and a strong natural curl that is proof in its lustrous loveliness against wind, rain and sea water.

And Superma has this further advantage—it does away with the necessity for electricity or machines.

Insist on Superma—Superma cannot harm your hair. Superma Rapid Machineless Curls are guaranteed to last for at least six months, in unimpaired hair.

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PERMANENT

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NEVER BEFORE!

An **INDETECTABLE** one-shade Rouge that adopts your most becoming colour



Here is something new and different—Trava "Discreet" Rouge. To even the keenest eyes it is undetectable—yet its lovely natural blush cannot be overlooked. Whatever your colouring its subtle tints merge into the skin and assume the shade most suitable for you. You can intensify the colour as required, it still remains undetectable. **A HOLIDAY HINT.**—Trava "Discreet" Rouge is absolutely moisture-proof, and even swimming won't affect it. And remember, it is beneficial to the skin! But try it for yourself—NOW.

From Boots, Woolworth's, British Home Stores, Marks & Spencer's, Stores, Chemists, Hair dressers, or post free from Dept. 5

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52 MORTIMER STREET, W.I.

Listen! Girls!

He likes to see
A Smooth, Flawless Back.

Not a Pimply Horror



What man was ever thrilled by the sight of a pimply back? And how can you wear the latest and most fascinating swim suits and evening frocks if your back and shoulders disclose unsightly skin eruptions? So don't be ashamed and embarrassed—not when it's so easy to have a smooth, flawless skin from tip to toe—radiating health and beauty. All you have to do is to take a teaspoonful of Wex Grape Saline, in half a tumbler of water, each morning. Wex is the newest and most effective health salt, made from grapes. In a couple of days spots and pimples start to clear. Inside a week not a trace is to be seen. Spots, pimples, black-heads and similar skin imperfections are caused by poisons and waste accumulations which are impoverishing your blood, breaking out through the pores of your skin, and making you look awful. But Wex swiftly clears your blood of those harmful acids which cause your skin to erupt—in a few days your skin clears, takes on a new youthful beauty. At Boots' Branches, Timothy White's, Taylor's Drug, etc. Trial size 7½d. Bottles 1/6 and 2/6. Be sure to ask for Wex Grape Saline.

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Filtex RAPID NAIL GROWER

Grow them to fashion's length—quickly! While you sleep Filtex Rapid Nail Grower will bring you lovely long nails. Works wonders for nails shortened by typing. Try it! Just apply nightly—That's all! Testimonials daily. Month's supply 3/6 Post free.

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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

WHY NOT GIVE BRITISH PLAYERS A DECENT BREAK?

WHEN is the English actor Leslie Perrins going to get a really worthwhile break? Why must he always portray the part of a dirty 'dog, who always comes to a sticky end? The British Studios seem to have overlooked possibilities in him; for instance, why cannot he be hero for a change?

He has good looks, wears his clothes perfectly, and has the suave manner and witticism of the American William Powell.

I wish the studios would do something about it, for whenever I go to see one of his films I know I'm not going to see him in a happy ending, and it is really too bad when you are a—**Leslie Perrins Fan.**

[A number of other readers have written in similar strain about this popular player.—"THINKER."]



Leslie Perrins

How the Blind "See"

I am writing this at the dictation of a blind friend, who is a film lover in a certain degree.

There are certain films I "see" he says. The type with more dialogue, singing and music than action are popular with our class. We cannot observe the fine technique of photography and acting or directing, but we enjoy the "talkies" just as much as our normal brethren.

Now, I get my friend who is writing this for me, to read the synopsis or story of the film from the PICTUREGOER. This gives me an idea and I am able to follow the film.

I can tell the name of the regular writers in the PICTUREGOER by their style of writing; this is through hearing their articles regularly.

Opera brought to the films is certainly a boon to the sightless community, as the prices of cinema is within our means more so than opera-houses. The talkies are certainly a boon to us—but I often think of our deaf brethren. Silent films with printed dialogue would have their appreciation.

We sightless really appreciate the films whose wide scope practically caters for all classes and conditions of humanity.—**Joseph Eric Rushton** (p.p. A. Blind Film Lover), The Guest House, Bramcote, Nottingham, who is awarded the first prize of £1 ls.

Actors Are-Out!

An enthusiastic cinema fan, I not only keep my own records of films I see, but all clippings, criticisms, and stills I can get hold of. These are pasted into portfolios bearing the trade marks of the respective production companies, together with interesting facts and figures regarding film industry, censorship, technique, etc.

My annual average for the last few years was eighty full-length features. My reasons for attending a film are because it is—say—a Pommer production, because Clair directed, or Hecht wrote the scenario, or Perinal had the camera, or Wachsmann the musical score. Very few actors interest me.

My pet aversions are adapted plays, historical

films, background-music, film-cycles, publicity-stunts, the star system, Will Hays, Rouben Mamoulian, and American musical comedies.

Needless to say how sincerely I appreciate PICTUREGOER for its courageous and unbiased opinions.—**Claire Rothwell**, Lilac Ranch, Escondido, California, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Screen Caricatures

I should like to suggest Hulme Beame's creation Larry the Lamb as the subject of a series of British cartoons. The adventures of Larry in the imaginary Toy Town together with Ernest the Policeman and the Magician would, I am sure, prove highly successful and be very popular.

There is a wealth of material for the British cartoonist. Cartoon skits on famous British recurring events such as the Lord Mayor's Show, the Boat Race, the Assembly of Parliament, the Derby and November the Fifth, would be ideal subjects for really first-class films.

Then, who wouldn't pay the price of a cinema seat to see celebrities of all descriptions caricatured? The newspapers do it! Why not the films?—**Harry A. T. Double**, 16 Walnut Tree Walk, Stowmarket, Suffolk.

'Ware Flippancy!

Ever since that historic occasion on which the Powell tongue shot out at Miss Loy our films have been put through the now famous "Thinmanising" process. Love with wisecrack has taken the place of sugary sentiment, hairbrush spankings are all a part of to-day's film romances and crooks combine a passion for crooning with their crookery.

It has all been a welcome change. We have enjoyed this step of the kinema towards something more natural and seeing film types become human has been grand fun. Flippancy versus slush meant an easy win for the former.

There is, however, a real danger to the kinema if this vogue of the flippant should become a fetish. Scenes of deep emotional content can be spoiled by levity and really great films marred by "Thinmanising." We do not want a return to bathos, but true pathos and patter never really mix.—**May Godfrey**, 33 Meldon Terrace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 6.

Grousters, Please Copy!

I fail to see why so many filmgoers are dissatisfied with the entertainment which they get at their local kinemas.

It is logical that a manager cannot book a film which will satisfy the occupants of every seat in the auditorium, therefore the filmgoer should select his evening's entertainment carefully instead of just dropping into the nearest kinema and then spreading adverse publicity because the programme did not suit his taste.

This type of filmgoing is bad for everyone concerned, including the management of the kinema. Why does a non-admirer of Garbo always visit the kinema showing Garbo's films, and then complain to all his friends that he has never seen a worse show? If this gentleman only bothered to find a critic that he could rely upon, all would be well.

Personally, I find that by following Lionel Collier I always see a show that pleases me. Why don't all "grousters" follow suit?—**G. K. Dowbiggin**, 21 Thornfield, Lancaster.

"Ordinary Love" for 13

Films nowadays seem to be heading for love scenes all the time. Do we really need a love picture? I think that if occasionally one

(Continued on page 30)

LET YOUR SKIN EAT AND LOOK YEARS YOUNGER IN 28 DAYS

Daily Skin Menu



Predigested cream and oil .5 cc.
Biocel .1 cc.
Emulsified fats .1 cc.
Carbohydrate prepared 2 cc.

Predigested and specially prepared in steam jacketed autoclave

99 out of 100 women have undernourished skins—wrinkles, faded complexions and shrunken cheeks are sure signs.

The best daily skin menu is Biocel (the life of skin tissues) obtained from young animals, predigested dairy cream and olive oil (non-greasy), Emulsified fats (non-greasy).

All the above are now contained in Crème Tokalon—the best and most nourishing skinfood known. It will revive and refresh your skin almost beyond belief even in one night and in 28 days it will give you a new and permanently beautiful complexion. Thousands of women of 40 and 50 years of age have obtained skins and complexions almost like girls in many cases as the result of the daily use of this highly nourishing skinfood. Use Crème Tokalon ROSE COLOUR with Biocel at night, and Crème Tokalon Skinfood WHITE COLOUR (non-greasy) in the morning. The rose cream is the most nourishing to the skin, but the white non-greasy cream is best for morning use as in addition to being a skinfood it makes face powder extremely adherent and invisible. Successful results are guaranteed or your money refunded.

It's lovely to be SLIM..



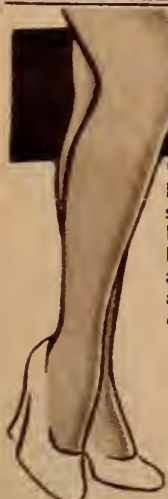
No Drugs : No Dieting

It's easy to dress smartly, to avoid fatigue, and to keep fit if you're slim. How, then, will you check a natural tendency to fatness? Not by drastic dieting, nor by excessive exercise, nor by harmful drugs—when there's a safe, pleasant way. Thousands of smart women, envied for their youthful figures, depend on Beechams Pills. Take Beechams Brand Pills. They turn fat into energy, improve digestion and regularise elimination. In 90 years the original prescription has never been surpassed for Constipation and all its evils.

BEECHAMS BRAND PILLS

Purely Vegetable Sold Everywhere

Worth a Guinea a Box TO WOMEN WHO WISH TO SLIM



NATURE'S STOCKINGS

Use NURONA and bask in the sun happy in the knowledge that your skin will quickly bronze without burning. NURONA keeps out the harmful burning rays while encouraging a natural glowing tan. Also a soothing application after over-exposure to the sun.

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SUN TAN CREAM

Non greasy—pleasant to use.

Also NURONA Sun Tan Cream without colour.

Of Chemists 1/- Per Bottle If your Chemist cannot supply, please send 1/3 to JAMES WOOLLEY, SONS & CO., LTD., MANCHESTER 3.

GNAWING PAINS BETWEEN MEALS

Of all the painful forms which stomach trouble takes, is there anything that is more depressing than the gnawing pain that makes its appearance like clockwork between meals?

Mr. A. B., of Scarborough, was a victim to these pains and was beginning to despair of ever being without them until one happy day. . . . But read his letter:—

"For the past 10 years I have suffered from terrible 'gnawing' pains in my stomach. 'These pains always occur between mealtimes. I tried scores of different medicines without result until I tried taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. From the first dose I felt a new man. Every time these pains come on I take a dose of Macleans and in a minute or two they have vanished. I am never without a bottle of your stomach powder in the house. Thank you for the great benefit I have received."

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder not only puts your stomach right—it takes a great load off your mind as well. If you are a sufferer, go straight to your chemist and get a bottle of the genuine MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. You will know it by the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN". You won't suffer again after taking that. 1/3, 2/- and 5/-, powder or tablets. Never sold loose.

The DUCHESS' RAZOR solves a problem

INSTANTLY removes unwanted hair with safety. Depilatories are often dangerous, and men's razors unsatisfactory. The "Duchess" Safety Razor is NEW! Designed for Women, with one double curved cutting edge for under-arm use and one straight edge for use on neck, legs, etc.

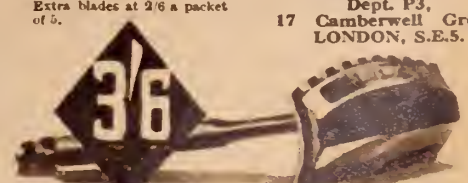
DUCHESS

BRITISH MADE. Packed complete with blade in a neat Leather Case, 3/6. A superior model may be obtained for 5/9. Extra blades at 2/6 a packet of 5.



Obtainable at Boots, Parkes, Taylors, and usual Stores.

DUCHESS RAZOR CO.,
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3/6

YOUR NAILS DO
LOOK NICE, HAVE
YOU DISCOVERED
A NEW POLISH?

IT'S GLAZO. EVERY-
ONE'S WEARING IT
—AND NO WONDER!



DOES IT STAY
LOVELY LIKE
THAT?

NOT ONLY THAT.
BUT GLAZO GOES
ON WITHOUT
STREAKING—AND
THE COLOURS ARE
FASCINATING!



The lovely smooth lustre Glazo gives to nails is praised by smart women everywhere. Glazo is always the same consistency. The specially designed cap prevents thickening in the bottle. Glazo goes on smoothly without streaking. The special oil in Glazo Polish Remover helps to keep cuticle rims soft and pliant.



Polish in 8 smart shades
Polish Remover, Cuticle Remover
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1/3 EACH

TRY THE NEW SHADE CORAL, OR
SHELL, FLAME, NATURAL,
COLOURLESS

GLAZO

GLAZO Ltd., Dept. P.24, 217 Bedford Avenue, Slough
I enclose 6d. for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid
Polish and Polish Remover.

Indicate shade of polish preferred ☐ Coral
☐ Shell ☐ Flame ☐ Natural ☐ Colourless

Name.....

Address.....

WHAT DO YOU THINK? Continued from page 28

film were shown—without love in it—it would please the older folk and the younger folk too.

I'm sure filmgoers will agree with me that it's rather aggravating to expect to see a good "picture" and find nearly a quarter of the time wasted, with the hero or heroine making loving remarks.

If we can't do without the passionate love scene, can we not cut a little of it out, and have the more "ordinary" type of love? Perhaps some day we shall!—(Miss) P. Green (age 13), 2 Collingwood Terrace, Gourcock, Scotland.

An Eloquent Plea

Better than *Cavalcade*, better, even, than the *Tattoo* at Aldershot, I suggest a picture based upon the history of Windsor Castle would be if well done, by British producers.

Not a blend of fact and fiction, but a straightforward sequence of thrilling events based upon actual happenings in this, the most majestic of the world's royal residences.

The history of the world's greatest Empire is epitomised here. The affection of millions of the world's greatest people, at home and abroad, is centred upon this Royal Home. Atmosphere, environment, tradition: all are typical of Britain at its best. Kings and Queens, Knights and Ladies, form part of the pageantry of the past here as, perhaps, nowhere else on earth.

But if, and when, such a picture is attempted, it must be essentially a "worthwhile" production: nothing loud, nor garish, nor alien to the spirit and story of this poem in stone, this store-house of Britain's jewels of race.

I wonder, after all, whether any studio in the world would be quite big enough to produce actors and actresses and a story worthy of "Royal Windsor"?—(Mrs.) Gertrude A. Rogers, 35 Villiers Road, Southall, Middlesex.

She Don't Know Nothin'!

I have never seen a press review or a studio, rarely visit a kinema more than once a week, and do not write film notes.

I have never met a star, nor do I possess a single photo or autograph.

I have never read a book on film production, and, less than twelve months ago, had never opened a film paper.

I have no gramophone, and though I once owned a Brownie, have never "snapped" a celebrity.

I missed *Calvalcade*, *Bengal Lancers*, *Evergreen*, *The Barretts*, *Blossom Time*, *Nell Gwyn* and *Henry VIII*; I have never seen Gable (true!), Harlow, Dietrich, or Del Rio; nor yet Gary Cooper, Sylvia Sydney, Laughton, Crosby, Karloff, Cantor or Cagney, and I once thought Hedda Gabler was a film star and the Hollywood Bowl a famous antique!

I never entered a film competition before 1936, and yet, since January, I have won two first prizes.

Mr. Edwards is right—one needs luck as well!—"Ignoramus," Wakefield.

Making Friends

Yesterday morning I was overjoyed to receive a letter from another schoolgirl from whom I have never heard before!

She lives in Malaya, in Seremban, and I thought you might be interested to hear how our worthy paper circulates.

It is almost thrilling to think that this little girl accidentally saw my name in the *PICTUREGOER*, and wrote to me as a result. So I have the *PICTUREGOER* to thank for another correspondent!—Kathleen H. Nicoll, 38 Lucan Road, Aigburth, Liverpool 17.

Cheap Vulgarly

May I make the strongest possible protest against the cheap vulgarity so evident in many of the British made films on view at present? Besides being extremely irritating, the scenes invariably have no connection with the continuity of the film.

Two films rankle. The part of the Frenchman in *The Last Journey* was unnecessary, apart from the vulgar incidents.

I was glad I was not accompanied by my

fiancée at the second film—*Two Hearts in Harmony*, in which a supposedly star male duo sang a song about "the man the women go to see when they go to see a man about a dog." I was disgusted.

Another incident in this film was the showing of risque story-telling by the gigolo among the men at the dinner table and by one of the "ladies" in the drawing-room.

I wondered whether this sort of thing was appreciated down south—it is not up north—but the kinema manager assured me it was deprecated all over the country.

I am no prude, but this sort of thing irritates me.—J. Stevens, 40 Broad Lane, Liverpool, 11.

Charging Overtime

With reference to people who stay in kinemas for more than one programme, what about this idea?

A machine could be installed in the box office to stamp the time when the person should leave, i.e., if the programme lasts three hours, it should stamp three hours ahead of the time of purchasing the ticket.

When the person comes out he surrenders his ticket to the attendant, and pays extra for any time over and above that printed on his ticket.

Also, when people have to wait in a queue, and then see only half a programme, they surely ought to be charged only half the price.—O. and B. Redwood, 66 Spring Road, Ipswich.

Forget Vienna

I felt I must write and express my feelings as regards a certain unpretentious English film, directed by versatile Monty Banks and starring Charles Farrell.

The only thing I can find fault with is its ridiculous title, *Falling in Love*, reminiscent of a hundred and one other so-and-so titles.

Let me draw a deep breath before I say a prayer of thanksgiving for a film with a charming natural English atmosphere.

I would like to take that film and shove it under the noses of every producer and director in England and say to them, "For the love of Mike, forget Vienna! Look at those scenes, that's what your public wants—scenes in a London park; Trafalgar Square; 'bus rides in London; boating on the Thames; barges on the river; delightful country scenery.

"Now, scrap your beer-gardens, give your Viennese waltzes a rest, and look around England for your inspiration."—(Miss) Lilian Bowen, Water Street, Youghal, Co. Cork, I.F.S.

A Good Recipe

Here is a recipe for an ideal film dish:—
Ingredients.—1 assorted bunch of stars; 1 Korda; 1 Franz Planer; half a Hitchcock; half a Capra.

Directions.—To get the best results only the first quality stars should be used: Laughtons, Loys, Powells, Donats, etc., are most suitable. Place these into a new story, leaving out any not required and pour over the resources of the Korda. Then work in the Franz Planer before using the "pan."

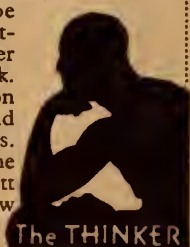
Place the lot into an M.-G.-M. studio, adding the half Capra and half Hitchcock and allowing them to mould, but letting the latter "dissolve" occasionally.

Put into cans when ready and serve hot with cold advertising. Sufficient for ten million persons.—Douglas G. Maitland, 29a Meldon Terrace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 6.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films.
Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 rs. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.



Who's WHO

Charles Bickford

BORN in Cambridge, Mass., on January 1st. Height, 6 ft. 1 in.; red hair; weighs 13 stone 3 lbs.; blue eyes. Hobbies, pig raising and dogs. Married. Two children. Claims Irish descent. Son of a coffee importer. He owns a lingerie shop in Los Angeles. Educated at Boston and Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Specialised in constructional engineering. Went round the world with Roosevelt's fleet as a stoker. Served in the war as lieutenant in Engineers. After the war embarked on a stage career and played for ten years in stock companies, and in New York. A play, *Outside Looking In*, won him fame. He was engaged to play in the film *Dynamite*. This was followed by *Scandal for Sale*, *Vanity Street*, *The Last Man*, *Thunder Below*, *No Other Woman*, *Song of the Eagle*, *Anna Christie*, *The Sea Bat*, *Hell's Heroes*, *Passion Flower*, *Earl of Borneo*, *This Day and Age*, *Panama Flo*, *Men in Her Life*, *White Woman*, *Red Wagon* (made in England in 1933), *Little Miss Marker*, *Wicked Woman*, *Under Pressure*, *Girl in Pawn*, *A Notorious Gentleman*, *The Farmer Takes a Wife*, *East of Java*, *U. S. Smith*, *Rose of the Rancho*.

Joan Blondell

BORN in New York on August 30, 1909. Height, 5 ft. 4 ins. Blonde hair and grey eyes. Weighs 8 stone 8 lbs. Married George Barnes. Hobbies, tennis and swimming. A property trunk was her first cradle, so that she has been on the stage literally from babyhood. She has played all over the world, she has also been a circus hand, a clerk in a department store—this last for fifteen minutes! She was educated while on tour and in New York. In the latter city she attended the College of Industrial Arts. She left for Australia and returned to New York when she was eighteen, and appeared in many stage productions. Her first screen appearance was in *Sinner's Holiday* with James Cagney. They had both been in the stage version, entitled *Penny Arcade*. Her pictures include *The Office Wife*, *The Steel Highway*, *Illicit*, *My Past*, *The Greeks Had a Word for It*, *Blonde Crazy*, *The Crowd Roars*, *Big City Blues*, *Three on a Match*, *Central Park*, *Her Reputation*, *Goodbye Again*, *Footlight Parade*, *Convention City*, *I've Got Your Number*, *Gold Diggers* of 1933, *Havana Widows*, *He Was Her Man*, *Hit Me Again*, *Dames*, *Kansas City Princess*, *Travelling Sales Lady*, *Broadway Gondolier*, *We're in the Money*, *Miss Pacific Fleet*, *Colleen*, *Sons of Guns*, *Bullets and Ballois*.

Elisabeth Bergner

BORN in Vienna, August 22, 1900. Married Paul Czinner, the director, who is always associated with her pictures. Brown hair and eyes. Hobbies, walking and reading. Famous stage and screen star on the Continent and conquered London with her acting in *Escape Me Never*. Her films include *Catherine the Great*, the first she had made for a British company, and *The Loves of Ariane*, a Continental production. She made her American stage debut in *Escape Me Never* (1935). Followed the film of the play and *As You Like It*.

Eric Blore

BORN in London, December 23, 1887. Grey hair and grey-blue eyes, 5 ft. 8 ins. tall. Weighs 12 stone 10 lbs. Educated at private school. Married Violet White (deceased), Clara Mackin (1926). He has one son. Went into the insurance business, but after nine years joined forces with G. P. Huntley. He then went to Australia and toured colonies with *Merry Makers*. Came back to England and appeared on the halls. Toured with musical comedies and acted in revues at the Empire. War service in infantry and Flying Corps. Later was in the cast of *The Gay Divorce* and went to Hollywood. His pictures include *Flying Down to Rio*, *Gay Divorce*, *Behold My Wife*, *Folies Bergere de Paris*, *Casino Murder Case*, *Good Fairy*, *Diamond Jim*, *Old Man Rhythm*, *Top Hat*, *I Live My Life*, *I Dream Too Much*, *Seven Keys to Baldpate*, *Two in the Dark*, *To Beat the Band*.

What's FRENCH for

Make up?



By thinking that "any old lipstick" will do these days, you are merely letting yourself *down* instead of letting yourself in for something exciting. And, if there ever was a fashion for "hard," exaggerated or exotic effects in make-up, there's none now. Paris, as usual, spoke the last word—and killed all such unpleasant notions stone dead—when her great colour genius, Louis Philippe, discovered the secret of a lipstick that matches the living colour of the blood itself: true to the principle that the *only* purpose of make-up is to make *you* look *your* best!

The Little Gold Box for lips and cheeks 2/-

The famous lipstick 4/6 (refills 3/6)



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Safe - Certain - Trouble-free!

You can obtain a complete depilatory set for 2/6 or a trial size is available at 6d. Full directions with each glove.

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HAIR REMOVING GLOVE

SAFELY REMOVES UNWANTED HAIR WITHOUT RAZORS PASTES OR DANGEROUS CHEMICALS

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Huge Success!



ZOO THE NATIONAL NATURE MAGAZINE

Now for No. 2. Just Out! No. 2 of "Zoo," the beautiful

new monthly magazine, is just out, on sale everywhere, price 6d. The first issue was an amazing success—No. 2 is even more thrilling—more interesting—more instructive than ever—it is taking the country by storm—delighting animal and nature lovers everywhere.

Just look at some of the wonderful features to be found in its 64 glorious pages—"War on the Whale," "Jungle Beasts from the Air," articles by Charles Elton, Frances Pitt, L. R. Brightwell and many others—striking pictures—thrilling stories, etc., etc.

No. 2, now on sale, is in tremendous demand—don't miss it—GET YOUR COPY NOW.



'Then my sister
told me about

Odo-ro-no — thank heavens

GOODNESS knows how long I'd have gone on thinking that good honest baths were enough to keep one from the sin of perspiration odour. But they are not!

Perspiration goes stale so soon, and becomes unpleasant. You don't notice it yourself—but others do. Now I play for safety—I use Odo-ro-no regularly.'

**Guards freshness —
saves clothes**

Perspiration ruins your clothes, too—one evening in a hot dance-place may spoil a good

dress completely, unless you use Odo-ro-no. Save your clothes—and save yourself, too.

Odo-ro-no was invented by a surgeon to stop his hands perspiring while he operated. His daughter immediately saw what a boon it would be to women to check under-arm perspiration. So when it had been proved *safe*, she began to use it—and now it has its recognised place in the toilet routine of practically every civilised woman. It both *checks* perspiration and prevents it smelling.

ODO-RO-NO

★ Try both kinds of Odo-ro-no. Send 4d. in stamps for trial bottles of both Instant (clear) and Regular (red) Odo-ro-no (with a sample of Depilatory Cream Odo-ro-no also). Use coupon.

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Let GEORGE Do IT!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

D. E. V. (Newport).—The music in *Break of Hearts* was specially composed for the film and is not published. (2) Brian Aherne b. May 2, 1902, King's Norton, Worcestershire, 6 ft. 1 in., blonde hair, blue eyes; hobbies golf, tennis, motoring and dancing.

M. G. (Aberdeen).—Birth dates: Jane Withers, April 12, 1927; (2) Gene Raymond, August 13, 1908; (3) Cora Sue Collins, April 19, 1927; (4) Helen Mack, Nov. 13, 1913; (5) Madeleine Carroll, Feb. 26, 1906; (6) Randolph Scott, Jan. 23, 1903.

B. B. (Radnorshire).—Tullio Carminati sang "Love Passed By" in *Let's Live To-night*. This tune published by Chappells. (2) We have not published a supplement of *China Seas*, but centre spread appeared in September 21, 1935, issue.

LOVESICK (Glasgow).—Robert Donat, b. March 18, 1907, Withington, Manchester; 6 ft., 154 lb., brown hair and eyes; mar. Ella Voysey, and has two children, Joanna and John.

P. S.—(1) Shirley Temple, b. April 23, 1929, Santa Monica, Calif.; fair hair and blue eyes. (2) Mickey Rooney, b. Sept. 23, 1921. (3) Cecilia Parker, b. April 26, 1915; 5 ft. 3½ in., blue eyes, fair hair. (4) Eleanor Powell, b. Nov. 21, 1913, Springfield, Mass.; 122 lb., 5 ft. 5½ in., chestnut hair and blue eyes. (5) Robert Taylor, b. Filley, Nebraska, Aug., 1911; 6 ft., dark brown hair and blue eyes; unmarried. (6) Robert Young, b. 1907, Chicago; 6 ft., dark hair and eyes; mar. Betty Henderson. (7) Fred MacMurray, b. Aug. 30, 1909, Kankakee, Illinois; 6 ft. 3 in., brown hair and eyes. (8) Herbert Marshall b. May 23, 1890, London; 6 ft., brown hair, grey eyes; mar. Edna Best.

M. J. (Cricklewood).—Frances Langford, b. Lakeland; 5 ft., 3½ in., 100 lb.; exotic type, raven hair and rather dark complexion; not married. Films include *Every Night at Eight*, *Broadway Melody* of 1936, *The Charm School*, *Palm Springs*, and *Rhythm on the Range*.

CURIOUS (Nelson).—Most film companies obtain their extras through agencies—the best known is Bramlins Ltd., 17 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

JACK BUCHANAN CRAZY (Reading).—Articles on Jack Buchanan as follows:—"We Set Out to Make an International Musical," Feb. 23, 1935, and "A Word of Advice to Jack Buchanan," Mar. 17, 1934. Art plate, Sept. 29, 1934, and Front Cover, Dec. 5, 1931. Back numbers obtainable from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catharine Street, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, post free.

D. E. D. (Somerset).—Yes, you should be able to see Fredric March very shortly. *Mary Queen of Scots*, *Anthony Adverse*, and *Road to Glory* are due over almost immediately. Watch our preview page for early news of these films.

ERROL FLYNN FAN (Bristol).—Errol Flynn, b. June 20, 1909, North Ireland; 6 ft. 2 in., 180 lb., brown hair and eyes; mar. Lili Damita. Centre spread *Captain Blood*, Feb. 22, 1936.

TERRY (Manchester).—Fredric March, b. Aug. 31, 1898, Racine, Wis.; 5 ft. 11 in., brown hair and eyes; mar. Florence Eldridge. Latest film *Mary Queen of Scots* in which his wife appears as Queen Elizabeth and Katharine Hepburn as Mary.

Will all fans of LESLIE BANKS please note that the Fan Club for him recently started by Trevor Tremeer have transferred their Club Room to the Arthur Morton School of Dancing, Market Street, Haymarket. All inquiries should still go to Mr. Tremeer at 8 Netheravon Road, Hanwell, W.7.

A new Fan Club has been formed for JACKIE COOPER. All who are interested should write to Jack Robinson, 67 Kemp Street, Oldham Road, Manchester, 4, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for full particulars.

Fans who are interested in Tom Brown are requested to write to Mr. A. Hawkins, 28 Aintree Avenue, E.6, London, for particulars of the TOM BROWN SOCIAL AND FAN CLUB. This Club is personally acknow-

G. E. M. (Finchley).—Centre spreads of *Private Life of Henry VIII* Aug. 12, 1933, and of *Count of Monte Cristo* Dec. 8, 1934. Back numbers, see preceding column.

G. E. (Birmingham).—In the film of *Beau Geste* Ronald Colman played the part of Michael Geste, Neil Hamilton that of Digby, Ralph Forbes that of John, and Alice Joyce was Lady Brandon. I regret that it is now impossible to obtain copies of Christmas No. 1934 as it is out of print.

D. D. (Finchley).—(1) Preston Foster, b. Oct. 24, 1902, Ocean City, New Jersey. (2) Films and leading ladies: *The Man Who Dared*, Zita Johann; *He Knew Too Much*, Peggy Shannon; *Hoopla*, Clara Bow; *Sensation Hunters*, Arline Judge; *Sleepers East*, Wynne Gibson; *Heat Lightning*, Ann Dvorak; *Wharf Angel*, Dorothy Dell; *The People's Enemy*, Lila Lee; *Strangers All*, May Robson; *The Informer*, Heather Angel; *The Arizonian*, Margot Grahame; *Last Days of Pompeii*, Dorothy Wilson; *Annie Oakley*, Barbara Stanwyck; *We're Only Human*, Jane Wyatt; *Love Before Breakfast*, Carole Lombard.

ARGUS (Brighton).—(1) Bernice Clair, b. Oakland, California, real name Bernice Jahnigan; 5 ft. 2½ in., dark brown hair and blue eyes, 116 lb. (2) George Curzon, b. Amersham, England, Oct. 18, 1898; 6 ft., dark brown hair and brown eyes.

A. T. (Westham).—Photographs of Charles Bickford, Tullio Carminati and Jan Kiepura obtainable from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.

TAYLOR EDDY ADMIRER.—(1) Jeanette Macdonald and Nelson Eddy co-star in *Rose Marie*. (2) Nelson Eddy, b. Providence, Rhode Island, June 29, 1901; 6 ft., 173 lb., blonde hair, blue eyes, uses own name for screen purposes, not married. (3) Robert Taylor, see P.S. in previous column.

CADET (Cheshire).—Addresses—Wendy Barrie—Paramount, and Margot Grahame—Radio.

GUY.—Heights: Ronald Colman 6 ft., and Fredric March—5 ft. 11 in.

A FILM FAN (Wood Green).—Addresses—Fred McMurray, Gary Cooper—Paramount; Robert Young—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Jessie Matthews—Gaumont-British.

BRIAN FAN (Essex).—Brian Lawrence, b. Adelaide, Oct. 13, 1909; dark, good looking, unmarried. *She Shall Have Music* is his only film so far.

H. W. (Haypark).—Write to Universal Films for details of the showing of *The Birth of a Nation* in your district.

A. G. (S. Norwood).—Joan Blondell was scheduled for the film *The Case of the Lucky Legs*. Patricia Ellis and Genevieve Tobin eventually played in this film.

C. H. (U.S.A.).—Jimmy Hanley's other films besides those you mention. *Boys Will Be Boys*, *Royal Cavalcade*, *Forever England*, *The Tunnel*.

CURIOUS (Manchester).—Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler appeared together in following films: *42nd Street*, *Gold Diggers* of 1933, *Footlight Parade*, *Dames*, *Flirtation Walk*, *Shipmates Forever*, and *Colleen*.

TWO FANS IN ARGUMENT.—Ross Alexander took the part of Sparks in *Shipmates Forever*.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

ledged by Tom Brown and members are requested to enclose a stamp for reply which is assured by return of post.

No. 267 (New Series) Vol. 6
July 4, 1936.

Edit. Offices: Martlett House,
Martlett Court, Bow St., W.C.2.

Adv. Offices: 57 Long Acre, W.C.2
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

Telegrams: Picturegoer, Southern-
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Mark colour desired: BLACK ☐ BROWN ☐ BLUE ☐

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The water looks lovely. You want to go in. Then you fear for your attractive new "perm." Will it be spoiled? It will probably be ruined. For even the best fitting helmets aren't watertight. But here is something that is! The "WATER-TITE" UNDER CAP. It banishes anxiety for cherished curls. "Perms" are kept just perfect when the "WATER-TITE" is worn under a bathing helmet. Hair just cannot get wet. No more limp, straggly ends all round the neck, for not a drop of water can "creep" beneath a "WATER-TITE" UNDER CAP, and never a curl can come out of place. It brings new joy to bathing, saves your patience—and your purse.

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There's a Cutex Lipstick to match or tone in perfectly with every Cutex polish shade.

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And you'll find the new Cutex Lipstick a grand value—creamy but not greasy—beautifully permanent, goes on easily. And only 2/-. Start this new make-up vogue today. You'll find the Cutex Lipstick and Cutex Nail Polish (1/6 a bottle) at your favourite shop. Made in Great Britain.

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Leave IT to ANNE

THERE are beauty problems of the summer as well as of the colder months. If you have such a worry, be sure to pass it to me. I am sure that I can help you. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a reply.

ALL things considered, I am inclined to think that a sun-tan make-up is better than real tan—that is as far as your face is concerned. It is very difficult to obtain that perfect brown without at the same time coarsening and drying-out your skin. There is a perfect sun-tan make-up for every type.

Shall we take the golden-haired girl first of all. I mean the natural golden hair that accompanies a pink and white complexion. First of all you need a liquid foundation that will give protection against the burning rays of the sun. You can get it in a pale golden shade, that makes a good beginning for the sun-tanned effect. A warm tinted powder and a little cream rouge to even out the colour in the cheeks; Clair is a suitable tint in both rouge and lipstick.

This make-up is delicate and suggests the hue of a ripe peach. It is faintly glowing golden and most becoming to a really fair girl. At night time she should use a warm peach tinted powder instead of the somewhat darker shade suggested for the day. This will lighten the make-up for the evening.

Platinum blondes are supposed to be out of fashion, but I still see a lot of them about, so it will not do to ignore them in our sun-tan list. In contrast to the pale hair, a really bronzed make-up on the darkish side looks well. A good, attractive gipsy effect may be obtained with a tan foundation cream. With this goes a mandarin lipstick and rouge to match (very little of the latter and that well smoothed in, or the effect will be too bizarre) and powder in a tan shade.

Brownettes were usually fair in childhood and in consequence many of them still retain the fair skin. This skin reddens and blisters in the sun just as readily as that of a true blonde, therefore it needs a protective cream as a powder base. There is a very good one made in sun-tan colour. Over this goes a cream rouge. The one I am thinking of is known as Blonde. All the same, it is most suitable for brownettes as well. It gives that clear, transparent tint, always desirable but positively adorable in conjunction with a sun-tan effect. It may be used for the lips, too, and will then prevent sun and strong sea air from drying and cracking them.

This series of cosmetiques provides two tints of sun-tan powder. The first should be used if the skin has a yellowish tint about it, but if it is pinky, ochre rose is a better choice.

Brunettes may decide to tan naturally, for many of them may do it without injury to the complexion. They have the facility for pigmentation and developing a natural protective tan, without the preliminary burning and reddening which is so harmful to the skin.

A famous beauty specialist makes special sun-tan preparations for brunettes who decide to do without the natural kind. For the creamy brunette without colour, there is a complexion balm which is really a liquid powder in tan, a powder rouge and a lipstick to match, the rouge used very sparingly.

The brunette who has a little colour of her own should begin with a tan-coloured cream and finish with a French rachel powder.

Red-heads are the most difficult girls to advise. Their skins are so

delicate and sensitive to light that they invariably freckle. For this reason they need protection. But a decided tan make-up does not suit the average red-head. Nature has stamped her so unmistakably as the type that never tans that an artificial tan make-up looks alien and unbecoming.

At most the red-head's summer make-up should be the tint of a sun-warmed peach. Let the foundation be a cream or a liquid of a rose rachel tint, according to whether the skin is normal or dry. This really is just an intensified skin colour, and if followed with a lightish ochre powder gives the warm, summery tint that is so becoming without actually getting near a sun-tan effect. Special red-head rouge and lipstick should be used.

To complete the effect, there is nothing like a sun-tan lotion or cream for arms and legs. It makes them a good, even tan, it is unaffected by the rain, it cannot be rubbed off, looks perfectly natural, and when you want to go all ethereal for the evening, it can be taken off with a cleansing cream.

If you would like to know particulars of any of the special preparations mentioned here, I shall be pleased to send them on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. Please be sure to give me your colouring, not a vague description, but a definite description such as platinum blonde, golden hair with pink and white skin, mid-brown, brunette or redhead. Then I can advise you to your advantage.

Answers to Correspondents

M.N. (Oxford).—You need the Darnot heel shield to stop those blisters and save your stockings. Price 6d. per pair.

E.S. (Exeter).—Use Reudel bath cubes to soften your bath water, you can buy them with lavender and pine perfumes now.

Talkie Title Tales

THIS week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Mrs. E. Harrison, White Hiel, Woodburn Moor, High Wycombe, Bucks, for:—

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Grand Slam
The Roof
Down Our Street

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:—

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Rendezvous
The Clock Strikes Eight
Where's George?

Miss M. Tiffen, Rotherlands, Military Road, Rye, Sussex, for:—

The Fleet's In
Just For To-night
No More Ladies
After To-morrow.

Miss Muriel Howe, 41 Rawcliffe Street, Blackpool, Lancs, for:—

Rolling Home
Street Song
Strictly Illegal
It Can't Happen Here
Harold Goode (aged 14), 62 Pinhoe Road, Exeter, Devon, for:—
The Blue Angel
The White Angel
The Dark Angel
Heaven on Earth

As you can see, the idea of Talkie Titles is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no other rules, except that I must insist that your "titles" are submitted on a postcard—and only one attempt on each card.

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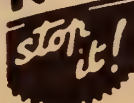
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SEE
PAGE
33

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because it gives her complete protection against sunburn, and she can lie out in the sun as long and luxuriously as she likes.

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No. 268 (New Series), Vol. 6
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.
July 11, 1936

Picturegoer

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Please send me a sample tube of Euthymol

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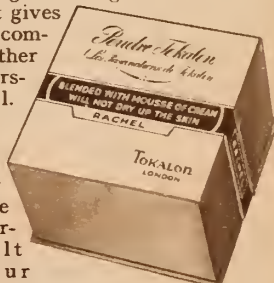
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Le Secret de la Femme Chic

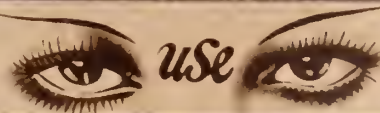


"What is the real secret of the charm and elegance for which the Parisienne is so world-famous?" I asked a well-known leader of French Society. We were at a thé-dance in a fashionable hotel. "Look at them," he said. "What is it you notice first? Not the robe or hat, but the complexion. So well cared for—so *soigné*. Every woman has such a smooth 'matt' skin, even in this hot and crowded room. Watch them in the morning in the 'Bois' or at the races in the afternoon—it is always the same."

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Don't sigh after Film Star glamour — get its magic in your own clothes!

PRETTY ALICE FAYE stars in "King of Burlesque." "I insist on Lux," she said, "for my stockings, sweaters and undies. They keep that 'brand-new' look so much longer with Lux."

"It's thanks to LUX," said Fox Films, "that the frocks in 'King of Burlesque' looked so enchanting after weeks of wear in the filming."

Quite half the delight of "King of Burlesque" is the dresses. And half the frothy freshness and chic of them is due to LUX.

Fox Films know that the most expensive gown lacks glamour on the screen unless it looks dazzlingly new and fresh. Tired frills, limp chiffons — these can ruin a picture. That's why, after every day's "shooting" on "King of Burlesque," costumes by the score were tossed into Lux.

Roya, Wardrobe Director of Fox Films, said, "Lux alone works this magic with costumes. It brings back their freshness in a twinkling, protects fine fabrics and subtle colours, and keeps silks, woollens and stockings new and lovely much longer."

Keep that "new" glamour in your clothes with Lux magic! Use Lux for your undies, stockings, and everything washable in the wardrobe. Lux is so pure and gentle, so simple to use, so thrifty, too. Sold in packets only, 6d., 4d. and 2d. Try it!

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS in beautiful frocks, lovely stockings on lovely legs, there's plenty of glamour in "King of Burlesque." Roya, Wardrobe Director of Fox Films, said, "Everything washable in the film — silks, woollens, stockings — had Lux care. It keeps that magic newness in things how ever many times they're worn during the making of a picture. We couldn't do without Lux here!"



doubles the life of stockings

Picturegoer-The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

ALL THE GOSSIP

I HAVE just returned from a visit to Denham. I have walked miles round the London Film Studios and seen much. But more of that some other time.

On the *Rembrandt* set I met Alexander Korda. I congratulated him on the studios and he replied smilingly, "Not bad for a dreamer."

Now it has become the fashion for some people to attack Korda and belittle him because he has had dreams that have not come true. It is the easiest thing in the world to attack and criticise anybody, especially in the film industry. Indeed it is easy to accuse most people of changing their minds whatever their business or profession may be.

But am I of less worth because, having decided to go to Paris for a holiday and having told everybody about it, I change my mind and go to Scotland?

Pin-pricks

And that actually is the burden of all this attack on Korda. He was to have made *Cyrano* (which, by the way, he has sold to New World Productions); he was to have made several other films which have not materialised.

So what? It is far better to drop an idea or a scheme or a partly-made picture if you don't believe in it, than to go on and finish something of which you are not proud and which is not worth screening.

It would be childish to set out a list of Korda's successes as an answer to these pin-pricks. If he had never made a picture and had just been the inspiration behind the creation of the Denham Studios, that alone would entitle him to a memorable place in the British industry. For it is Korda who has made it possible to compete with Hollywood.

Delivering the Goods

In addition he has a programme that is certain—as certain as anything can be in the film business—to add honour and prestige to the pictures made in this country; and I, for one, don't care if he changes his mind a hundred times.

I am sure he will deliver "the goods."

By a coincidence there has just come to my desk a cable from the New York office of United Artists, who recently re-issued *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, in America. It speaks for itself.

"Re-issue bookings of *Henry Eighth* being received most enthusiastically in dozens of key cities throughout America. Loews have booked this picture for repeat engagement throughout their entire New York circuit of sixty-five theatres. Loew Company feel that combined star value of Charles Laughton, Merle Oberon, Robert Donat, plus the entertainment value of the picture itself, will have greater appeal to-day than it did when the picture was originally released. This enthusiasm for Alexander Korda's great film is unprecedented."

And that, may I remind you, was due to the expenditure of a mere £60,000 . . . and Korda's dreams.

Carl, Man of Glamour

Those of you (and I believe you are in a majority) who hold that a film-star ought to look and behave like a film-star will thoroughly



"Look out, here I come!" Betty Grable is going to land right on Joan Davis' head if she doesn't keep it in—but, bless you, Betty won't care!

approve of Carl Brisson, whose portrait adorns our cover this week.

Carl is chockful of glamour, and typifies perfectly the he-man star combining brawn with charm.

We have no player who knows the business of being a film-star better than Carl; everything he does is spectacular, and dramatic, and, in fact, news.

When Carl, the Man of Glamour, met Hollywood, the City of Glamour, things were bound to happen. Beginning on page 8 of this week's issue he is giving PICTUREGOER readers his candid impression of Hollywood and a full account of what he did, saw, and heard there, in his own racy style.

Let me advise you not to miss any instalments of this story; it's good.

Benny's Pittance

If you are struggling along on a beggarly £5,000 a year—or, like a few of us, even less—it will probably break your heart to hear of the plight of Mr. Jack Benny, of America, who figured prominently in *Broadway Melody* of 1936.

Out of every pound Mr. Benny receives, he

has to hand over sixteen shillings to the United States Government.

That sounds extortionate, but it represents the level of taxation among the higher branches of the financial tree—and that's just where Mr. Benny is sitting pretty at the moment.

Benny is at present No. 1 radio artiste of America, and by a new contract which he has just signed he receives £3,000 a week for his single half-hour broadcast.

Fifty-two times that is £156,000 a year; and tax on that at 80 per cent. is £124,800; so all Mr. Benny receives for his labours is a bare £31,200 a year.

Still, as he only works half-an-hour a week, perhaps this may be considered adequate.

False Alarm

Eddie Cantor is another radio favourite who pays colossal amounts in income-tax, but Eddie employs several members of his large family, thereby lessening the incidence of taxation a little.

By the way, the tongues of gossips began to wag in Hollywood the other day—the day after

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

Eddie Cantor arrived in Hollywood to work on the script of his next film, *Pony Boy*.

Mrs. Cantor called at a restaurant to make arrangements for a party, to celebrate the twenty-second anniversary of their wedding; and suddenly Eddie rushed in, cancelled the arrangements, and hurried his wife away.

Gossip-writers, amazed, grabbed for their telephones to announce the end of the Cantor romance; but they were doomed to disappointment, for Eddie, suddenly conceiving the bright idea of spending the anniversary in Hawaii, had booked passages on a boat which left in two hours.

And the Cantor marriage-ties are as strong as ever.

Hushabye, Lullaby!

While we are on the subject of radio performers, it seems odd that a wisecracker should earn more than a crooner.

Bing Crosby has a very reasonable, not to say generous, remuneration, but he can't command quite such a figure as Benny.

By the way, it was recently announced that an American doctor used records of Bing Crosby's as a substitute for an anæsthetic in a dental operation.

But this was nothing to a thing that has happened since.

Bing crooned "Cuddles" to sleep . . . "Cuddles" is the two-ton Hereford bull that developed temperamental tendencies throughout the making of Bing's latest Paramount picture, *Rhythm on the Range*. Well, Bing had to croon "Roundup a Lullaby" to him.

As Bing crooned along, Cuddles' chin worked slower and slower on his cud. And, as he reached the end, Cuddles had just closed his eyes in slumber.

Vice-Prexy

I daresay you think that to pay Jack Benny such an enormous amount of money for such a very little work is the height of foolishness; but you "ain't heard nothen yet."

Here is the very summit, apex, acme, and apotheosis of folly, capping even the suggestion that the *Queen Mary* should be handed over to America in settlement of our War Debt.

A New York columnist, Ernest L. Meyer, has nominated Mickey Mouse for the Vice-Presidency of the United States.

Contending that "Mickey alone could lift the office of Vice-President from the obscurity that engulfed it," Meyer states that it would be a "shrewd political move."

The writer continues: "On my travels in distant places the natives looked at me blankly when I mentioned Garner (the Republican nominee), but when I spoke of Mickey Mouse they roared with joy and led me by the hand to the nearest movie palace to see Mickey Mouse in *Mickey's Grand Opera*."

Colourful

And in Mickey, you would have a colourful Vice-President, who would constantly get on to the front pages with his exploits. He can juggle stove lids, dive into chimney pots, glide gracefully on clouds, ride with perfect nonchalance on walrus, bottle-flies, and goldfish, and his hot-cha dancing would turn Gilda grey with envy.

Well, I've heard worse ideas; certainly Mickey can claim to be well known.

After two days of legal arguments, Walt Disney has won an action to restrain a Sydney firm from using his famous characters, Mickey and Minnie Mouse and others, in the production of toys.

Disney's counsel argued that Mickey is "almost a living personality" and that "there was scarcely a man, woman, or child in the wide world who did not conjure up Mickey's pictures upon hearing his name."

"Thank You"

Talking of *Rhythm on the Range*, in which Bing Crosby and his bull appear, this unit has been on location, and I just heard of an amusing incident that occurred while they were out in the wilds.

The chef of the camp strolled out of his

kitchen when he heard several of the cast approaching.

He took one glance at James Burke, the Irish actor, then walked back into his kitchen. A few minutes later, a delicious-looking plate of bacon and eggs was placed before Burke. Burke glanced at them in amazed delight, then looked up at the chef.

"How did you know I like them that way?" he asked. The other went into his bedroom and returned with a card which he handed to Burke. The card read:

"James Burke of Burke and Durkin, in vaudeville, would like to have bacon and eggs, the eggs well done on one side, the bacon medium; buttered toast, toasted light, trim the crust; coffee later. Thank you."

Burke used to carry a supply of cards when he was in vaudeville and would hand them to waitresses who came for his order. The waitresses would take them to the chef, who always laughed, kept the card, but followed instructions. This chef once served Burke several years ago and still had the card.

On Location

This is location-time in Hollywood.

I recently had a letter from a friend who is out with the 20th Century-Fox unit making *Ramona*, the all-colour film based on a novel of early days in pastoral California; and it made me envious.

Seventy miles from a theatre, forty miles from even a barber, Hollywood's actors and actresses have had to turn to the simple life. And most of them like it!

The company is quartered in the rustic cabins at Warner Hot Springs, where its several hundred members return every sunset tired and dusty after a long day in the meadows. From dinner time until bedtime the company is at leisure, but must choose simple ways of spending it. Even the city newspapers arrive a day late.

Routine

The routine is this:

Pile out of bed at 5.30, half an hour before sunrise. Breakfast and off to location by 6.15. Work until 12.30. Lunch on location. Work from 1 until 6. Back to the cabin by 6.30. The hour between 6.30 and dinner is most prized. A few minutes for cleaning up, and all are free to do what they like.

With Loretta Young, it is resting in her room, as she continues to seek full strength after a recent illness. Don Ameche (Fox's new discovery) heads for the swimming pool, as do most of the cast. Kent Taylor, Katherine DeMille, Pedro de Cordoba and J. Carroll Naish form a late-afternoon game of doubles on the resort's cracked and rolling tennis court. Pauline Frederick sits in a deep armchair in her shady porch and drinks jugs of orange juice.

I Won't Dance

Everyone shows up, clean, tired and ravenous at the sound of the old-fashioned supper bell and sets-to on hundreds of thick steaks and slabs of apple pie.

After dinner, there is an hour—or two at the most—depending upon individual hardihood—when everyone cools off and fights the insistent thought of bed. Usually the time is spent at the company's outdoor motion picture theatre, watching the rushes of the day before.

Though there are musicians in plenty, as well as partners, and plenty of room in the large lodge hall, there haven't been any dances. Everyone has been on his feet for twelve hours and "I Won't Dance" is the refrain.

It may be hard work, but I'd give a good deal to be there, doing it.

Wouldn't you?

Groucho for the Asking

This location business doesn't always pan out as fortunately as it did in the case of the *Yours for the Asking* unit, which has been



The two on the left are not twins, but Peter Lorre visiting his friend Lewis Milestone on the set of "The General Died at Dawn."

disporting itself by the blue Pacific wavelets on the white sands of Coronado Island.

Alexander Hall was on his way to the location to direct a bathing-beach sequence with George Raft and Dolores Costello Barrymore, when he ran into Groucho Marx and Charlie Ruggles, holiday-making on the island.

"We're just a coupla millionaires incog.," Groucho explained, "and if it'll help a poor boy to get along, we'll do a little background frolic for your scenes."

So wide-awake fans who go to see Raft, Miss Barrymore, Reginald Owen, Lynn Overman, Ida Lupino, and James Gleason, will get an added touch of comedy by Groucho and his pal Ruggles.

But what will their union say?

Too Much Love?

Do we, who are supposed to know what the film public wants, attach too much importance to Love?

My colleague "the Thinker" has recently been bombarded with letters suggesting that this is so.

Readers (and especially the younger ones) complain bitterly that altogether too much footage is devoted to love-making, and too many plots hinge on what novelists used to call "the tender passion."

They plead for action, and protest that, as soon as Cupid comes on, excitement goes off; they say, moreover—and this is a point worth special attention—that love-scenes are the least convincing of all, being merely the same two players in the same old clinch; whereas when you have a hold-up or a round-up or an arrest or a smash-and-grab raid there's usually a new twist to it.

So will producers kindly note? And will the rest of you kindly write to "the Thinker" and say what you think about it?



Above are H. B. Warner, Isabel Jewell, Edward Everett Horton, Thomas Mitchell, and Ronald Colman in a scene from Columbia's "Lost Horizon."

That'll teach him to unload his correspondence on to this department!

Link and Iodine

Contracts used to be signed in agents' or producers' offices; now the venue for engaging film-actresses seems to have shifted to nursing-homes.

Recently Douglas Fairbanks, jun. signed Dorothy Oldfield, a receptionist in a London nursing home, on a seven year contract. Now his example has been followed by Samuel Goldwyn.

Kathryn Marlowe, a twenty-year-old dance band singer, was visiting a sick friend in a New York hospital. Samuel Goldwyn, who was recovering from an operation, saw her, was impressed, and arranged for her to have a screen test. The result is that the fortunate girl has been given a contract and an important role in support of Walter Huston and Ruth Chatterton in Goldwyn's new picture, *Dodsworth*.

Much to Goldwyn's disappointment, he was unable to leave hospital to be in Hollywood in time for the first day's shooting on "Dodsworth," so the mountain was brought to Mahomet. Three thousand miles of telephone line connected the hospital to loud speakers in the studio, and Goldwyn was able to listen in from 10 a.m. until 5 p.m. to all the familiar sounds.

This is not everyone's idea of medical treatment, but, then, film producers are not as tender men.

The Garden of Babel

Hollywood is getting more and more cosmopolitan as the years roll over it, and fortunate is the inhabitant of the movie capital who knows one or two languages besides his own.

Certainly Joseph Schildkraut finds it handy; at then, Joseph is what Rudyard Kipling called "a kind of a giddy cosmopolouse," for, in addition to American-English, he speaks German, French, Hungarian, Italian, Greek and Danish.

He must feel very much at home while

working in the Selznick International Technicolor production, *The Garden of Allah*, for he can speak German to Marlene Dietrich, French to Charles Boyer, English to Basil Rathbone, Hungarian to Tilly Losch (who is Austrian, actually), and a mixture of Italian, Spanish and Greek to their director, Richard Boleslawski, who is a Pole.

That's what Polish sounds like to me, anyway.

Thrills!

What is the biggest thrill a film-star can have?

Most of us would say that the stars, with their varied experiences and huge incomes, have everything they want, and can't be thrilled any more; but an inquisitive fellow who has been making inquiries in Hollywood among the stars themselves tells a very different story.

Lionel Barrymore, I hear, considers that one of the greatest thrills is to be found in the give-and-take of a dramatic scene with a fellow-actor who understands the value of "timing."

Norma Shearer plumps for "the ghostly far-off sound of a fog-horn at night"; if she lived where I live, within earshot of the Pool of London, life would be one long thrill for her.

Soft rain in the Spring brings Joan Crawford her greatest thrill; but Freddie Bartholomew's is easier to appreciate—the first dip on a roller-coaster, which is American for switchback railway.

Babies

Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the veteran concert-singer, declares that a mother's first glimpse of her child is the world's greatest thrill; I wouldn't know about that, personally, but having seen some newborn babies I find it hard to believe.

I'd rather swallow Wallace Beery's—"landing on a fog-obscured aerodrome"—so long as I don't have to experience it.

William Powell's thrill is a little easier for most of us to experience, even if we don't agree that it's the greatest possible; he chooses "a suit that fits just so."

To Jackie Cooper, nothing in life holds a greater thrill than a hunting expedition in the mountains with Clark Gable; and there are probably a good many thousands of boys who would agree with him.

Clark himself owns up to being most thrilled

by watching an outsider which he has backed at long odds "bringing home the bacon."

Rustic

Few stars seem to "talk shop" when admitting their greatest thrill; that is to say, they chiefly, find it outside their work; but not so Nelson Eddy who votes for a "true sustained note."

He must find life thrilling, for his notes are singularly true.

Robert Montgomery is as rustic as Joan Crawford in his tastes; his reply is "the lowing of cows in the morning on a farm"; but Bob, of course, being a gentleman-farmer, has never had to milk the darn things.

There is undoubtedly a deep satisfaction in Jean Harlow's choice, though I don't know that I should describe it as a "thrill"—waking up to remember it's a holiday, and then going to sleep again.

She's human, is Jean.

And so is Jeannette MacDonald, who finds her greatest thrill in clearing a hurdle on a high-spirited horse.

Unsociable

Myrna Loy's reply is a little surprising, but quite typical of Myrna. She says, "My greatest thrill is walking barefoot on a lonely beach."

Well, it may be all right, but it sounds a little unsociable to me; and what about crabs?

Two leading men refer to the theatre in their answers; Leslie Howard says, "The terrible second before you step out on to a stage"; and Brian Aherne says, "Hearing a friend say of your play 'Don't worry, kid, its clicked'."

Three M.-G.-M. lovelies have widely divergent choice: Madge Evans says, quaintly, "Taking any train anywhere"; Jean Parker picks, "Your first ski jump"; and Rosalind Russell declares for "The party after the bores have gone home."

My experience is that the bores are generally the last to leave.

That's a pretty good collection of thrills; and now, just by way of having one yourself, read the announcement below!

GUY BEACON.

THE GREATEST FILM STORY EVER TOLD

Next Week's 32-page Free Film Supplement

An Achievement that Makes History!

THE supplements which have been presented free from time to time with the PICTUREGOER have always created great interest amongst our readers who value them as permanent souvenirs of the great pictures and stars.

Next week we present you with something startling, new, and absorbingly interesting. We are giving you free in every issue of the PICTUREGOER a thirty-two page inset lavishly illustrated in photogravure which is something right out of the ordinary. Apart from being double the size of our usual insets, it deals not with a single picture but with many. It can be described as a cavalcade of screen progress from the beginning of films—up to the present day.

In its fascinating pages you will meet people who have made history; you will read how their endeavours have built screen entertainment to the high standard which it has now attained.

Stars come and go in a glittering procession but there are many who stay and whose faces are as familiar on the screen to-day as they were yesterday. You will meet them in these pages.

This wonderful inset takes you from the first little Western drama and Keystone comedies up to the spectacular dramas and brilliantly set romances of the present year. It is a valuable compendium of facts and knowledge which will

appeal to the heart of every filmgoer, and which you will keep.

There is romance in every line. Our unique supplement is no mere dull recital of facts but a vivid and vital word-picture of the romantic beginnings and growth of the screen and of those who took part in forming the world's universal entertainment.

Do you know what some of the famous film stars were doing twelve years ago?—how they emerged from obscurity into the big lights? You will find out all about them in next week's inset.

There seems to be very little connection between deep-sea divers and the film industry, but it was a deep-sea diver who was responsible for helping the screen on its all-conquering way.

Our inset deals fully with men like him who mattered in the early day and who shake the destinies of the film world.

Scenes from pictures which have been mile stones on the road to progress provide another romantic chapter.

We are justly proud of this unique free supplement which is unparalleled in screen annals. The demand will be so great that we advise you to place your order for next week's PICTUREGOER now—otherwise you may meet with the disappointing reply, "Sorry, sold out."

MY TWO YEARS in Hollywood

by
Carl Brisson

THE famous Danish screen and stage star who has spent two years in Hollywood has much that is interesting to say about the centre of America's film industry and the players and executives he encountered there. In this, the opening instalment of his own narrative, he tells of his departure for Hollywood and his first impressions of the film colony.



Above, Carl Brisson in his dressing-room at the Paramount Studios. (Right) The Danish star with Victor McLaglen and Jack Oakie in a scene from "Murder at the Vanities."

It was one of the most thrilling tributes I have ever received, and it made me even sadder to have to say goodbye to this country where I had been so happy and so well treated.

There were no kinder people in the world than the British, I felt, as I waved goodbye to this crowd who had given me, a Danish actor, such a friendly reception during the time I had been on the English stage, and now came to wish me luck in a new venture.

America was a country I had never visited, and as we approached New York my curiosity grew. How would I enjoy this strange new world? And would its people like me?

I suppose that second question worried me more than the first, for on its answer would depend my success or failure in Hollywood.

After a hectic five-days voyage, we came within view of that most famous skyline, the island of Manhattan. And though much has been written about it, I have seldom seen anything so majestic or so thrilling.

The city of New York from New York harbour is a sight that I shall never forget.

A few hours later we had been through quarantine and had docked at the pier.

And then it was that I discovered quickly what an American welcome meant, and how right my friends had been when they described to me the American's idea of hospitality.

Paramount had done their work well. My picture was in all the papers, I was hailed as one of Europe's most successful matinee idols. Representatives of the company were at the dock to greet us and crowds of people stood packed outside the barriers.

After a hurried Customs inspection which was considerably accelerated by the party who had come to greet us, we were driven to our hotel.

Here I found our room a mass of flowers.

Baskets of flowers had been arranged in my wife's room, and telegrams and cables of good wishes and greeting awaited us from London and Hollywood.

I was overcome by all this kindness, and I took an immediate liking to these warm-hearted people who could show such kindness to strangers they had never met before.

But that night, as I tried to snatch a little sleep after our first hectic day in New York, I began to wonder what our arrival would be like in Hollywood, our ultimate goal, if London and New York had accorded me such a reception.

My journey from London was perhaps little different from that of any other film star, but I describe it to show the difference between Hollywood and the rest of the world. That little township is as far removed from London and New York in thought as the South Pole, and is about as interested in those cities as Mussolini would be in the activities of an Aberdeen minister.

After four days of New York, during which we scarcely had time to sleep, we were finally put on the train for the last lap of our six thousand miles journey.

The train journey from New York to Hollywood is a long and monotonous trip which drags on for four days and three nights.

But finally we were within a few miles of Hollywood, and started to pack our things, uncertain what our fate would be when the train came to a standstill.

Many of the tales that are told of this little town are grossly exaggerated; but after the fuss in New York, I was uncertain what sort of reception we would be accorded.



WHEN, after months of negotiation and discussion, I agreed to go to Hollywood, I had little idea of the two years of excitement and hard work that lay before me.

At the time, I had no real conception of what Hollywood was really like; my ideas were inspired by many friends who had been to the screen capital.

Hollywood is probably one of the most fascinating places in the world to visit. But to leave it is no less fascinating, for one's mind is a mass of amusing and pleasant recollections and experiences.

It is just two and a half years since I sailed from London, and never in all my theatrical career, which has taken me all over England and Europe, have I enjoyed myself as I did working in pictures in America.

The theatre I love, but it is very little different in London, Paris or New York. Show business the world over is very similar.

Hollywood, however, is unique. Here the people seem to speak another language, in fact they appear to belong to a different world. Things are done on a bigger scale and the comfort and luxury in which the people live is apt to give the impression that everybody is a millionaire.

Yet the film industry is little more than twenty-five years old, and during that time Hollywood has grown from an orange orchard to be the only suburb of a provincial city which has earned itself the title of "metropolitan," whilst the growth of the kinema has brought riches beyond imagination to thousands of people, many of whom, without its existence, would still be waiting in restaurants, selling shoes or sweeping the streets.

At the time I was approached to go to Hollywood, I was appearing in a very successful revival of *The Merry Widow*. It may well have been the success of that West End run which persuaded M.-G.-M. to make a picture of the famous operetta, and when that decision was taken I was asked to play the lead opposite Jeanette MacDonald.

What a thrill that would have been, and what a chance. It was a role I loved, one which I knew backwards. I also knew what a fine film it would make, and longed to be able to appear in the same role which I had been creating in London for so many months.

But just as everything had been arranged for my departure, and the contract virtually signed, a cable arrived from Hollywood.

"Suspend Brisson negotiations," it read, "Chevalier returned to studio, casting him Merry Widow opposite Jeanette MacDonald."

The London offices of that American firm were very pleasant but the deal was through; there was nothing further that they could do.

This was a difficult pill to swallow, for I had set my heart on playing in the film version.

But I soon realised that there were other companies in Hollywood, many of whom had already suggested deals to me which would have necessitated my going to Hollywood to work in their studios.

I finally accepted a contract offered me by Paramount, and started my arrangements to leave London a few weeks later.

The negotiations with Hollywood had been kept a close secret, but, immediately the contract was signed, an official statement was made to the press and my actions were deprecated in some quarters.

The British film industry was making rapid progress at the time and there was often resentment felt when Hollywood stole British actors from under the noses of their own studios.

It was, however, a very narrow-minded policy, for hardly any British studios at that time were making pictures which could compete with the more polished product of Hollywood. Nor could they offer artistes the opportunities or the salary that Hollywood were paying.

That controversy, however, proved to be very valuable publicity for me, and when I left Waterloo on the *Aquitania* boat train, hundreds of people had gathered to say goodbye.



Outside the Casting Office of Paramount's Hollywood studios. The crowd is comprised of extras hoping for a last-minute call.



An informal picture of Mae West and Marlene Dietrich. It was taken in Carl Brisson's Hollywood dressing-room.

and do nothing, they elect to stand outside the studio gates in the hope that a last-minute call will go out for more players, and they will be the first to get the job.

Sometimes a few of them obtain work, but their day's waiting is usually in vain.

Fortunately, the Paramount police were expecting me, and I was immediately ushered into the studio.

Inside I found myself looking on to a large, tidy, and well-kept lawn, bordered on three sides by buildings, whilst the fourth was open and led to the great stages where various pictures were in course of production.

There was an air of activity and efficiency everywhere, and one could see the offices of the executives, writers and directors through the white venetian blinds.

I was taken to my dressing-room, for I was needed on the set in a few hours. This I found to be a beautifully decorated suite with a large dressing-room and bath, and ante-room adjacent.

Our corridor in the buildings might have been in the League of Nations assembly hall at Geneva. On one side of me was the famous German actress, Marlene Dietrich, my room was in the centre, and on the other side was America's most famous vamp, Mae West.

Both Miss West and Miss Dietrich soon proved to be charming neighbours and frequently joined me at lunch.

Wherever I am working and in whatever part of the world I am living, I have never lost my taste for Danish food. Those meals became quite famous round the studio, and many stars would drop in for a light Danish lunch.

Mae West was very partial to the rich food of Denmark, but Marlene was too considerate of her figure. She used to content herself, when she visited me, with a cup of Danish coffee.

Another of my favourite neighbours was little Shirley Temple, who was making a picture for Paramount at the time.

We met shortly after my arrival in Hollywood, and after our meeting Shirley never went to work without banging on my door, putting her curly little head round the corner and saying "Good morning, Uncle Carl."

During the two months we were making *Murder at the Vanities* I had had little time to see anything of Hollywood that lay outside my studio.

The film people take their work with deadly seriousness, and it is seldom that they go out in the evening whilst they are making a picture.

I used to have to be up at six, bathe, have breakfast, snatch half an hour of exercise and be at the studio not later than seven. And when I got home I was too tired to want to go out again.

But immediately the picture was finished I set out to have a look at this famous place, though I was soon swamped by Hollywood hospitality, and for three weeks I did not have an evening to myself.

During those weeks, however, I was able to form my own opinions of Hollywood and the stars who live there.

The film colony is a small and very select one. Once you have entered it, it is not long before you have met almost everybody of note in pictures.

There are, of course, a few stars who are seldom seen in public, and seldom leave their own homes. These include the famous and retiring Greta Garbo, Paul Muni, and a few others. The rest one meets at party after party.

At first I was amazed at the beauty of the women, of the care that they took with their make-up and hair, and the manner in which they dressed. But in comparison with European standards, they were charmingly naive and were almost ready to admit that the education of the American screen actress could not bear comparison with that of her English contemporary.

NEXT WEEK

Falsely accused of breaking into Greta Garbo's house — Rehearsing under Lubitsch—Carl's new home — Mae West and the gangsters—Carl's bodyguard.

Shots with Our Candid Camera



● Our cameraman visits "The Northling Tramp" unit near Staines. This adaptation of an Edgar Wallace novel is set in America and is a reply to the numberless American pictures with plots set in England. Above Noah Beery and Dave Burns are in the car and Constance Cummings and Butler Hixon are standing by.



Constance Cummings with her pet dog "Odin." Please notice we have refrained from calling the picture "Beauty and the Beast."



On the road. Constance Cummings and Hugh Sinclair, who play leading roles in the picture, snapped taking an "easy" during production.



Noah Beery, Dave Burns, Constance Cummings, and Butler Hixon caught in very serious mood.

The make-up man gives the final touch to Constance Cummings' coiffure, with Hugh Sinclair as a critical spectator.



LESS than six years ago a young Czechoslovakian actor arrived unheralded at Southampton, with the barest smattering of English, a wad of Continental press clippings and a letter of introduction from Max Reinhardt. To-day he is one of the most popular stars on the screen, basking in the adulation of a feminine following which rivals even that of the Gable himself.

The young man is Francis Lederer, one of the most fascinating personalities who have ever plunged into the Hollywood whirlpool. He has by no means reached the zenith of his career, chiefly because he has yet to appear in a picture really worthy of him. To the film colony he is an enigma, they cannot understand him, and this fact probably explains why his roles never seem completely satisfactory.

It is one of life's bewildering paradoxes that Hollywood, a city of brilliant individualists, should be scared of individuality. Lederer does not conform to type, his mercurial personality cannot be card-indexed. We shall not see his best work on the screen until he meets with a producer of similar ideals and understanding.

Socially, Lederer is not unhappy or friendless, on the contrary, he is very popular in the film capital. He is seldom to be found at the much advertised parties, simply because his inclination does not lead him there. He is not out of sympathy with his associates, but he feels that these huge gatherings are a waste of time.

"How can you have a mental contact with 200 persons?" he argues. "These parties have no reason for being—except for the sake of politics and publicity. I never have more than three persons at my house at one time. There is no real conversation with more.

In the same breath I would stand up any time and defend Hollywood. After having been in every important capital in the world and in contact with persons in every artistic, literary, scientific and political field, I must say, truthfully, that I have never found any group which is basically so unassuming as the people in Hollywood. They are not arrogant or swell-headed. In fact, they are surprisingly unconscious of their talents, capacities and abilities. Most of them don't know how good they are!

"In general, Americans are very similar in their natural artistic qualities. They are endowed, as the Russians are, with a sense of art that comes perfectly natural to them. You see what I mean? Effective—as a child is effective—a child who has all the lovable childish qualities without being aware of them.

"In Prague, Vienna and Paris, I used to watch the actors coming out of the theatre, on the street, in restaurants. They had an 'air'. They carried themselves as beings apart—they were 'of the theatre'. In Russia, they come off like a lot of stage hands. Just people. They do all their acting on the stage. They become simple uncomplained people until they go back to the theatre.

"It is rather like that in Hollywood. At first it amazed me. Now I take it for granted."

Talking to Lederer is as stimulating as drinking glass of champagne. He is widely travelled, well read, and he brings enthusiasm and intelligence to bear upon any subject in which he is interested. He is inclined very strongly towards intellectual pursuits, which does not mean that he spends his time talking pretentious waddle or prattling about art.

His one absorbing ideal is the promotion of world peace. Now, at first glance this looks suspicious. It is simply not done for an actor to think of anything or anybody but himself. But Lederer has proved his sincerity in a very practical way for he is founder and president of the World Peace Federation which has 500,000 members in all parts of the world.

In between pictures he travels up and down the country addressing social and civic bodies. He has no revolutionary ideas of upsetting governments or any desire to run counter to existing systems. But he firmly believes that



Francis Lederer is a deep student of world conditions and an ardent advocate of world peace. He holds some striking theories as to the best way universal fellowship may be brought about.

The ROMANTIC CZECH

By
EDMUND QUARRY

FRANCIS LEDERER has climbed rapidly to film stardom and has a large stage experience in both Europe and America behind him. Here is a vivid and intimate study of the young man who is one of Hollywood's most fascinating personalities.

war can only be averted by the close co-operation of the peoples of all nations. In connection with this organisation he maintains a suite of offices and a large staff of clerks at his own expense. Now are you convinced?

Lederer has been labelled a "matinee idol" and the possessor of that indefinable something which the majority of women find irresistible. Yet he makes no attempt to court this popularity and he certainly does not lead the life expected of the ladies' man of popular conception. There is nothing of the wasp-waisted or simpering lounge-lizard about him. Physically, Lederer is a perfect specimen, and he takes particular care to keep fit. He eats very sparingly, is a teetotaler and a non-smoker. Whether making a picture or not he seldom misses his daily half-hour in his own gymnasium.

He lives alone in a beautiful house some distance from the city. A comfortable, tastefully furnished house which stands out in quiet relief to the ostentatious show places of many other screen celebrities. He is an omnivorous

reader, and his study is lined on all sides with books. Fiction does not interest him very much; he favours the more solid biographical and historical stuff.

Since going to Hollywood about three years ago Lederer has made five pictures. The first, *Man of Two Worlds*, in which they tried to turn him into an Eskimo, was probably the least successful, then came *Pursuit of Happiness*, adapted from the stage play, and *Romance in Manhattan*, with Ginger Rogers. After this he signed a contract with the veteran producer, Jesse L. Lasky, and made his most enjoyable film *The Gay Deception*.

The picture was admittedly no epic, but it was a light-hearted, pleasant piece of work which allowed Lederer's whimsical charm full rein. Lasky and Lederer have a great deal of confidence in each other, and it would seem that the association is likely to prove satisfactory on both sides. Since going into partnership with Mary Pickford, Lasky has starred Lederer in a romantic comedy called *One Rainy Afternoon*, which will shortly be shown in this country.

Lasky realises that Lederer has a grand sense of humour and in this picture the emphasis is much more on the comedy than on the romance. The cast includes such names as Hugh Herbert, Roland Young, Erik Rhodes and Joseph Cawthorn, so you can see that Lasky intends that we shall laugh.

Incidentally, our own lovely Ida Lupino is the leading lady.

Before becoming a screen favourite Lederer built up a big reputation on the stage in Berlin, London and New York. In six years he played more than 200 roles in most of the important theatres in Europe. He made his first stage appearance in a walk-on part in Prague. His roles gradually improved in importance and he moved to Berlin where he quickly established himself.

He came to the notice of Max Reinhardt, who cast him as Romeo to Elisabeth Bergner's Juliet.

It was shortly after this that he came to England to appear in a play called *My Sister and I*. His English was so slight that he learnt his part parrot fashion, but, despite this handicap, he was a big success. London became really Lederer conscious during his performance in *Autumn Crocus*. This play established him as a front rank star, and, after appearing in *The Cat and the Fiddle* he went to New York, and repeated his triumph there. Then he began his film career.

Probably his success in light-romantic roles in these two plays has been rather double-edged. Perhaps Hollywood has typed him after all and does not realise that he was once a "serious" actor of sufficient ability to be chosen as Bergner's leading man. Well, there is still time for somebody to remind them—and the best person to do that is Lederer himself. How about a story battle and a nicely timed walk-out? Many other stars have found a one-man strike extraordinarily effective.

NEXT WEEK

PAUL MUNI is one of those artistes who always sink their individuality into the character they are portraying. He lives his roles. Next week he writes the romantic story of his life and career from strolling player to Broadway idol and screen star.

IRENE DUNNE, one of the loveliest actresses who have ever graced the screen, proves herself to be a Real Person in this exclusive interview

by
Max BREEN

people were not like 'Magnolia's' folks. I don't know whether there were any cases of miscegenation on board, as there are in the film; there may have been.

"But anyway, there were a great many negroes, and we fairly decently-brought-up little girls didn't mix with negroes—nor with actor-folk either, for that matter.

"Mind you, that isn't to say that I didn't want to, and pretty badly; but orders were orders, and rules were rules."

"And why on earth do you suppose Universal gave out that you were a show boat girl?" I demanded in amazement.

"Oh, I guess they thought it would tie-up well with the film, but I'd rather have the truth known—that my father was a man who had worked his way to a high and honourable

Government position, and we were all tremendously proud of him.

"He died . . ." she added, and fell silent.

"But you did sing the lead in the opera *Cecilia* at the age of seventeen, on board the old show boat 'Trimble'?" I suggested, faint yet pursuing.

"I'm sorry," she said, melting with sympathy, but giving vent to a little tinkling laugh that just matched the sound of the ice in her glass. "I never sang or performed on a real show boat in my life."

"But this is awful!" I groaned. "You're spoiling my whole story!"

"Ruining it," she agreed, a most bewitching dimple coming and going.

"Well, at any rate," I begged, "don't tell me you were never at the Metropolitan Opera, New York? Why, you *must* have been there! We

SHOWBOAT LADY

EVERY now and then, in this exciting business of interviewing film stars, I come across one who deserves the honourable description of "real person."

Irene Dunne is a real person: she's also a lovely person, with what we call the "inner light" burning very brightly.

When you meet her the first thing that strikes you is her absolute naturalness. She puts on no frills, has no affectations, presents no problems. She is just a thoroughly charming, well-bred young woman, beautifully and always most suitably dressed, with the kind of twinkling sense of humour that makes friends.

And she is an interviewer's joy, because she can answer questions with an intelligent understanding of the interviewer's requirements.

"I hear you were born in a show boat on the Mississippi, Miss Dunne," I began.

"I've heard that, too," she agreed demurely.

"But is it true?" I persisted. (Gosh, how we interviewers have to persist! It gets in the blood eventually, and you never dislodge it.)

"No," she replied.

Well, of course, this is the kind of thing that makes life complicated for the film scribe. Miss Dunne had been officially tagged as show-boat child, and here she was, blandly tearing off her label.

Further investigations seemed indicated.

"Shall we get together and nail down a few lies?" she suggested.

"With all my heart," quoth I, grabbing my pencil and the two old envelopes that serve me for a notebook; and, each with a handful of glass in which ice tinkled musically, we got down to cases.

"Didn't your father build show boats on the Mississippi?" I inquired.

"Not quite! He was a high official in the Government Department of Shipping, and of course the river boats were in his province, including the show boats."

"But you lived on the Mississippi?" I pleaded, grasping at the shreds of my story.

"I'm sorry—the Ohio River," she corrected me sympathetically. "At Louisville, to be precise."

"But you went on board the show boats as a child?" I asked desperately.

"I'd have been spanked if I had," she assured me calmly. "I was a fairly decently-brought-up little girl, and fairly decently-brought-up little girls didn't go on board show boats."

"I hate to shatter illusions, but all show boat



A new and enchanting studio-portrait of the subject of this article.

said so in the *PICTUREGOER* a fortnight ago, when your picture was on the cover!"

"Now that's one of the things I'm anxious to nail down," said Irene Dunne, going all solemn and foreboding. "Listen, if I'd been at the Metropolitan Opera, I'd have been heard of there. At least, I like to think I'd have been heard of."

"But most undoubtedly you'd have been heard of," I agreed, thinking of her lovely mezzo-soprano voice.

"Well, I wasn't heard of. Consequently I'd rather people didn't think I was in the Metropolitan Opera."

(Oh, the cool, calm, pitiless logic of women! Women, I salute you for your cool, calm, pitiless logic, and one or two other qualities, but strictly in parentheses.)

"How the mistake arose," Miss Dunne continued, nailing like anything, "was this way. I sang leading roles in operas in different cities, and we used to have in the cast a number of members of the Metropolitan Opera company who were 'resting' while the opera was closed. So I sang with the Metropolitan Opera, but never at it. But do you think I can get anyone to grasp the difference?"

"Well, I don't know what the readers of *PICTUREGOER* are going to say when they realise we've been just plumb lying to them," I grumbled. "However, Truth is mighty and shall prevail. Won't you tell me just how you did come to the screen?"

"I got a break," said Miss Dunne simply, and as if that explained everything; and at my dumb patient look of inquiry she continued, "You see, by good luck I was given the part of 'Magnolia' in Ziegfeld's production of *Show Boat* on Broadway. And that led to my being signed for Hollywood by Radio Pictures."

"At first it was tough sledding. I thought it was going to be my singing that would get me a break on the screen, but things so seldom pan out just as one expects that it almost is a surprise when they do."

"This time there was no surprise. Things just failed, as usual, to pan out as expected. My arrival in Hollywood corresponded neatly with a slump in the popularity of 'musicals,' which had absolutely held the field since the introduction of talkies."

Can you imagine how the bottom must have fallen out of her world—a girl whose great ambition was to make a success with her voice.

And matters weren't improved by her first film, *Leathernecking*, which, frankly—well, maybe it's better not to be frank. Anyway, it didn't do Irene any good.

And then came *Cimarron*.

That must have seemed like a minor miracle to the girl who, with her chance of world success receding into the distance, had been battling and begging for an opportunity to prove her worth as a straight dramatic actress.

"How on earth did it happen?" I asked.

"Just one of those things," she replied. "*Show Boat* was an Edna Ferber story, and of course *Cimarron* was too."

And that was all I could elicit about it; but if, as I surmise, Edna Ferber was

responsible for Irene Dunne's selection for the role of "Sabra Cravat" in *Cimarron*, then we owe a debt of gratitude to Edna Ferber, not only for the rare and lovely performance which Irene Dunne was thereby enabled to give, but also for launching on a successful screen career a first-class "straight" player who need never have had a singing voice at all.

But when she has sung from the screen, what a delight it's been! She had sung in several films before *Robert* (in *Stingaree*, in *The Age of Innocence*, in *The Secret of Madame Blanche*, in *Sweet Adeline*, and others), but it was *Robert* that set the seal on her success as a singing star.

That was, of course, a Fred Astaire picture; but it has always seemed to me to be less of a Fred Astaire picture than any of his others—that is, less of a monopoly—because of the gracious presence of Irene Dunne, and her lovely voice.

You remember "Smoke Gets Into Your Eyes"? I'm not ashamed to say it got just a little into mine.

Her choice for the leading feminine role in *Cimarron* as an indirect result of her playing in the stage version of *Show Boat* was an example of the old Hollywood truth, "One thing leads to another."

Another example is this: when a new talking version of *Show Boat* was first mooted at Universal City, Carl Laemmle was determined to get it right.

He may have had a foreboding that it was to be the last production under his command. Anyway, he took immense care with it, and particularly in the casting.

In the earlier screen version, "Magnolia" had been played by Laura La Plante, who is a delightful comedienne but was badly miscast for the more emotional scenes.

This time "Uncle Carl" wasn't going to have any mistakes. He was lucky enough to get hold of Paul Robeson, who had made a world-resounding success by his singing of "Old Man River"; and what was more obvious than to secure the services of Irene Dunne, the original "Magnolia"?

But this was where one thing led to another, for while this film was in preparation, John Stahl launched out into his mammoth production of *Magnificent Obsession* at Universal City, and decided that he must have Irene Dunne for the leading feminine role, opposite Robert Taylor.

This held up production of *Show Boat* for quite a while; and Irene Dunne scored a great personal success in that before going on to score a still greater success in *Show Boat*.

If you want a keynote to Irene's artistry as an actress, note her skill at growing old.

In *Cimarron* she had a part that ranged from girlhood to old age; in *Show Boat* she began as a girl in her teens and ended the film as mother of a grown-up daughter; and in her next, *Madame Curie*, she will again portray a woman much older than herself.

She likes this kind of part—the kind with something to "get her teeth into"—far better than the charming young heroine type of role; and when the part also gives her a chance to sing, as *Show Boat* does, it's grand.

But if you want proof that she is a "real person," consider the question of her marriage.



A romantic interlude with Robert Taylor in "Magnificent Obsession"

While she was in New York as a very young girl, studying singing, she fell in love with a young dental surgeon whom she met at a dance, and then didn't hear from him for three months; and all that time she wondered.

And then when he did turn up again he explained that he hadn't been sufficiently sure of his future to aspire to her hand before, but that things had improved, and please would she marry him at once?

She didn't—she kept him at bay for five years before deciding to give up her career for marriage . . . and then (oh, the cool, calm, pitiless logic of women) she made a brilliant success of both, although his work is in New York and hers is in Hollywood.

People have said repeatedly "Do you think it's wise to submit yourselves to temptation by living apart for months at a time?"

I think Irene's reply deserves to be put on record; she says: "Temptation isn't something that comes from without; it comes from within, like jealousy or suspicion."

Oh, distinctly, a Real Person!



In "Cimarron" Irene proved her worth as a character actress.

Left, a scene from "Show Boat." Magnolia, deserted by her husband, is given a try-out in cabaret.





Carole Lombard

Carole, one of the most beautiful women in Hollywood, is leading a return to darker tresses—and, if gentlemen really prefer blondes, looking at this portrait we're almost inclined to admit we're no gentlemen.

This is the way she appears in "The Princess Comes Across"; it's been said of her that her darker hair gives her a sculptured appearance that she could never have achieved as a blonde.

If all the blondes look as ravishing as this when they go brunette, there will be few complaints! Her latest picture is "My Man Godfrey" with William Powell.

The Hollywood NEWSREEL

SHOT BY PHIL
LONERGAN

VICTOR McLAGLEN will not soon forget the ceremony wherein he planted an impression of his exceedingly large shoe in soft cement in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. The British player, since his sterling performance in *The Informer*, is regarded as one of Hollywood's finest actors.

Making an impression of one's foot in the forecourt of the Chinese is an honour reserved for only the greatest of Hollywood's actors. But, making an impression on a star is something anyone can do, as will soon be seen.

Vic had scarcely stamped his manly foot into the soft, wet cement, when something "plopped" against his face. Another something "plopped." Vic discovered that the objects were eggs, thrown by a man who was promptly seized by the police.

The miscreant claimed that he had worked in a film with McLaglen, had been marked up by the burly star in fight scenes and decided to get revenge.

"Eliza" Crosses the Ocean

Ann Harding is now safe in London, with her beloved little daughter, after an exciting dash over the States to Canada, where she boarded a steamer for England. Ann was pursued by her ex-husband, Harry Bannister, who feared that the star intended to take their child out of the custody of American courts, and place her in an English school.

Ann's flight was not unlike that of "Eliza," the negro woman in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, who fled with her baby across the ice, followed by the overbearing Simon Legree, and a pack of yelling bloodhounds. Ann was not pursued by bloodhounds, unless you choose to so term Bannister's American lawyers, but they were there with Harry, and aided him in his search for his child. To continue the parallel, I believe there was some ice in the St. Lawrence River, but not enough to support Ann, if the chase got too close.

Miss Harding now says "pooh pooh," when Bannister's threats are mentioned. Her ex-husband swore out a warrant in Canada, but is not likely to use it.

Soothing Her Nerves

Kay Francis is the envy of other feminine stars, for her portable dressing-room is sound proof.

Whenever Kay has a few minutes between scenes she retires to her sanctum sanctorum and enjoys a brief, refreshing rest.

Of course she has no monopoly on sound-proof portable dressing-rooms, so soon practically every star of any importance will be following suit.

Bread on the Waters

Usually, in Hollywood, when one lends money, it is never repaid. Clark Gable, however, recently had a different experience.

Nearly two years ago, the star, whilst driving in a country road, gave a lift to a young hitchhiker, who told a hard-luck story. Gable lent him five dollars. A few days ago a youth



This is Jane Hamilton; doesn't her new geranium-and-white two-piece sea-suit show off her shapely wrists?

jumped on the running board of the actor's car as he was driving out of the studio, and handed him back the loan. He was no longer a hitchhiker, for he had landed a job.

Clark is gradually recovering from the shock of getting the money back. Like all affluent Hollywoodites he has had many far different experiences.

A Star's Holiday

One of the chief joys of Irene Dunne's annual spring outing to New York is a little game of hide-and-seek she plays at some country club in the East.

Irene loves to enter a woman's golf tournament at some obscure country club strictly incognito and see how far she will progress. She disguises herself with dark glasses, low-brimmed hat and enters quietly under an assumed name. Thus far, she has been found out each time by discerning fans.

But this year the star has evolved what she

believes to be a complete and unobtrusive make-up that would fool her own mother. She proposes to win the tournament, too!

She Likes England

Marlene Dietrich and her daughter Maria will be separated for the first time next fall, when the motion picture star puts her daughter in an English girls' boarding school.

The German star and her 11-year-old daughter are sailing for Europe as soon as Marlene finishes her role of the heroine in *The Garden of Allah*.

After doing a picture in London for Alexander Korda, she will return to Hollywood to fulfil contractual obligations, but her child will remain in England.

Possibly fear of American kidnappers may have had something to do with Marlene's decision.

What Price Dignity?

I recently visited an outdoor set of *The Garden of Allah*, which I believe will be one of the outstanding pictures of the year. Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer have the leading roles.

The location was the desert home of a cynical count played by the debonair Basil Rathbone. Around a table in the patio were seated Marlene Dietrich, Boyer, Rathbone, and that fine old British actor, C. Aubrey Smith. The scene was brief, but marked by the excellent acting which we have come to expect from such players.

But, as the scene was finished, and C. Aubrey Smith, dignified old gentleman, who won new laurels as "The Earl of Dorrincourt" in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, rose to leave, an assistant director yelled, "Hey, Aubrey!"

Mr. Smith, who is old enough to be the assistant's grandfather, without a hint of resentment, answered the call.

Such is Hollywood, the place of paradoxes.

A British Samaritan

A Hollywood hairdresser believes that British players are just about all right, and Madeleine Carroll is responsible for this impression.

Madeleine, who is doing very well in Californian films, heard that this hairdresser, who attended her whilst appearing in films, needed an operation and had not the wherewithal. So the star started a collection with a £20 note, and after members of the quota had contributed, there was a fund quite sufficient to cover the hospital bills.

The hairdresser has now recovered and is back at work.

Look Out for Sally

Sally Eilers returned from her eastern vacation with a new and unusual hobby.

At the train stop in Gallup, New Mexico, a devoted Eilers fan presented his favourite with the beginning of a fine Navajo collection of blanket "patches." These are bits of fabric taken from the numberless designs and characteristic style of Indian blanket makers.

Sally became so fascinated with the collection on the way home that she began to augment the patches with pieces of every Navajo blanket she could collect after her arrival. Friends who had been apprised of her new hobby carefully hid their own blankets from her immediate presence.

Victim of the Storm

Mary Brian is going in for a little tree-surgery in the back yard of her Toluca Lake home.

This peculiar pastime is the aftermath of a wind storm last week when a lifeless tree was blown over by the wind and crashed through Miss Brian's sleeping porch near her bed.

The star at first intended to hire a regular tree surgeon to cut the tree, but because she was so frightened at the time of the accident, she determined to do the reprisal herself by way of satisfaction.

My prediction is that one or two swings of the axe will discourage dainty Mary, and she will call in the tree surgeon after all!

PEOPLE I know (and I know a lot of people) are fretting about the slackness in British studios at the moment.

How, they ask, can we expect to see British films in the Winter if they're not being made in the Summer?

They point to Elstree, where B.I.P. are taking a protracted siesta, and leaving it to independent companies to make the films on floor-space which they let out; they point to other studios where production has been tailing-off a little.

Wader minnit, wader minnit, as they say in the gangster pictures. I'm here to tell you, brother, that there's more looming up than there has been in any July for years.

What about these?—*Abide With Me*, *The Life of Dr. Livingstone*, *The Life of William Shakespeare*, *The Life of Robert Burns*, *O.H.M.S.*, *Head Over Heels*, *Murder by Rope*, *Kathleen Mavourneen*, *Edge of the World*, *Thunder in the City* . . . what about those? Ever heard of 'em? Yet they're all going into production shortly, if they're not already under way, as several of them are.

The Thunder Rolls

Do we have to take them in that order? No, I don't think so. Let's be haphazard. First, then, let's take the last I mentioned.

Maybe you think with *Thunder on the Left* and *Thunder in the Air* and *Thunder Over Mexico* and *Everything is Thunder*, we've had enough thunder to be going on with for some time, but I think you'll agree with me that we can make an exception in favour of Edward G. Robinson, who has come from Hollywood to play in *Thunder in the City*.

This fine actor, who was at his brilliant best in *Passport to Fame* (in which, you remember, he played the dual role of a timid clerk and a brutal gangster), is worth making any amount of exceptions for.

He is here under the aegis of Atlantic Films, whose first production will be *Thunder in the City*; I hope it will also, eventually, cause a thunder of applause in the West End.

Brolly and Bowler

It is now up to Atlantic Films to restore some of the confidence which has been so badly shaken of late. Alexander Esway is one of the moving spirits of Atlantic.

Esway, a Hungarian (yes, Johnny Jones, "like Korda"—how clever of you!), is a calm, philosophical person who loves England and would like to be a typical Englishman, with a bowler hat and a rolled umbrella.

I hope he will some day achieve this proud status; meantime I wish him success with his films.

Now all these "Lives of" films—what about them?

Well, our old friend Quota is largely responsible for them; you remember very well, no doubt, that the mighty Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer company has repeatedly announced its intention of making its British product (to appease the Quota) of a quality and on a scale which will reflect creditably on the great name of M.-G.-M. and the growing reputation of British films.

Whiskers

Maybe these "Lives of" films will fill the bill.

Anyway, they are being made by James Fitzpatrick at Sound City, and the first will be *The Life of Dr. David Livingstone*, but whether it is to stagger through life with that cumbersome title slung round its neck doesn't seem clear. However:

Percy Marmont will play Livingstone, complete with side-whiskers. This is a fine part,



The plot thickens in the Hammer-British Lion production "Sporting Love." Left to right are Laddie Cliff, Eda Peel, Henry Carlisle, Stanley Lupino and Bobby Comber.

E. G. COUSINS COVERS

The BRITISH STUDIOS

and although it's true I have never visualised Livingstone as being anything like Marmont, the latter gave a very good account of himself in Hitchcock's latest film, *Secret Agent*, and his interpretation of the great explorer will be interesting to see.

They have done exteriors in Africa and will now reconstruct large tracts of the Dark Continent in Wildest Shepperton-on-Thames.

Overlapping slightly with this will be another Fitzpatrick effort, *The Life of William Shakespeare*, and you won't be dumbfounded to hear that Marmont will be Will.

He will also direct half a dozen films for Fitzpatrick, of which the first will be *The Life of Robert Burns*.

A Gesture

No, I don't know whether he will play Robbie—though I should think the Livingstone sidewhiskers would come in handy here; by the way, I wonder if it's in honour of the Scottish national bard that the Americans call this

particular kind of facial adornment "sideburns"?

If so, it's a gracious gesture.

But this doesn't at all exhaust the list of "Lives of" films this company will make; I hear they are to do Liszt, among others; and Marmont will play in six of them.

And now for *Abide with Me*, which is (again to quote the Americans) a "low-lifer."

That is to say, it takes place in East End doss-houses and slum dwellings, and the principal characters will be a broken-down bootblack, a still more broken-down ex-lawyer, a match-seller, an out-of-work violinist, a pickpocket, a cab driver, a catsmeat man, and three shipping insurance crooks.

Church and All

This is the second production of U.K. Films, and will be directed by John Baxter; you will no doubt have observed that the general idea approximates closely to his successful *Doss House*; in fact, many of the original players will be included, but the leading roles will be played by a more ambitiously chosen cast, including



Miki Hood, who is being groomed for stardom by Herbert Wilcox, as she appears in "The Three Maxims."

Eric Portman, Bransby Williams, Hay Petrie, J. Fisher White, Tod Slaughter, Mark Daly, and (of course) Edgar Driver.

The main story will be of a clergyman who uses the crypt of his church as a sleeping and resting place for down-and-outs.

Many of the church sequences will be filmed actually in the little parish church of Littleton, Middlesex, which stands in the Sound City grounds. Sound City is probably the only film studio in the world with a genuine church of its own.

Doss House had a cast composed entirely of men; this new one, *Abide with Me*, is not quite so austere, having five women to sixty men.

John Baxter has been spending weeks visiting the doss-houses and food and clothing queues

in London, and has gleaned enough real-life material for a dozen films of the kind.

I could wish that he had made an effort to use "types" instead of character actors; however, if he gets results, that's all that matters. And certainly the character actors will applaud his choice.

Relying on Actors

Speaking of using types, you remember how effective it was in *Man of Aran*—or, rather, how effective it would have been if they had had a story and some continuity and a little more of the men and less of the angry waves.

Well, now a unit has sailed away to the Shetland Isles to make a kind of Scottish counterblast to *Man of Aran*, to be called *Edge of the World*.

Michael Powell is to direct it for the Rock Studios, and has also written the story. I'm glad there's a story.

Powell, too, is relying on actors rather than "types." He has Malcolm Keen, Eric Berry and Niall McGinnis, whom you may remember in *Turn of the Tide*.

However, I have a comforting sort of a feeling that these players will not be merely puppets, for when the tests were made they were done by sunlight, in the open air, and without make-up. As I write this the feminine members of the cast have not been selected, but I am assured they will have the same ordeal.

Well, I know one darling of the fans who wouldn't pass this test; I've seen her without make-up and, believe me, what she owes to the make-up man is nobody's business—except the make-up man's.

Good luck, Micky Powell! Bring us back a pony!

Mán With a Flair

Well, then there's John Argyle's next production, which will be Irish—so Irish that it's being called *Kathleen Mavourneen*. Now try doublin' that!

John, as you must know if you've been attending all these years, is the young (oh, but very young) chief of Argyle Talking Pictures, who has an uncanny flair for turning out the kind of pictures the Great British Public wants to stand in a queue to see.

He doesn't worry about the American market, which must save him a deuce of a lot of headaches.

This is going to be a musical romance, and many of the scenes will be shot on the Irish coast; and the song which provides the film with a title, as well as many other Irish airs, will figure in it.

And I'll stand in the queue to see it.

Good luck, John Argyle! Bring us back a pig!

A Nasty Turn

O. H.M.S. gave me a nasty turn when I saw the title—I thought for a moment it was an income-tax envelope, and my heart always misses a beat when I receive one of those.

However, it's the not-very-inspired title of the new Gaumont-British film of Army life—which is to receive the blessing and full co-operation of the Army Council.

A few weeks ago a modest little film was got together and has since been shown with considerable acclaim all up and down the country, drawing attention to the horrors and futility of war and the need of peace by mutual agreement rather than by conquest.

I understand that was held up for some time by the intervention of the War Office—and it now appears that the reason was that the Government was afraid it might prejudice the interests of this great Army Life film, which is expected to stimulate recruiting and imbue Britishers once more with that great spirit of martial ardour that has made the Empire what it is and so on and so forth ta-ran-ta-RA.

Well, if that isn't Goliath getting the wind up about David, you can call me a recruiting sergeant!

Which I am not.

Anyway, an American director is over to direct it Raoul Walsh is his name. And John Loder is to

be Chief Soldier, and Anna Lee is to be Chief Soldier's Girl Friend or Mash, as we used to say when Victoria was queen and militarism was militarism.

Moth Doth Corrupt

However, it ought to be good—oh, jolly good! Because, don't you see, the British War Office is giving it every assistance and full co-operation, not to mention moral support and swarms of troops, all to show that the British Tommy is the happiest, jolliest, luckiest, best-fed, best payed, best-dressed, most pampered fellow in the world, before and during a war.

I hope they'll show a few shots after a war, too, with Tommy turning the handle of a barrel-organ to support his missus and kids; but I'm afraid the Happy Ending will get in the way of that. Pity.

Simple

You see, it's quite a simple matter, nowadays, to get official co-operation for making a film, though it used to be so difficult.

All you have to do is to have an American director.

For instance, you may have noticed a cameraman hanging on to a fire engine, turning away like grim death as the engine raced through the streets to a fire.

Was that for a British picture? No, sir! It was for M.-G.-M.'s *Piccadilly Jim*, for which American Lloyd Knechtel has been shooting "atmosphere" in England.

Later they will reconstruct the engine at Culver City and shoot close-ups there.

And "Looney B." Mayer will hang another British scalp to his well-filled belt.

A Director-Star

And here's a new Capitol film getting under way at Denham—*Dishonour Bright*. Do I have to tell you that that title was born in the fertile napper of Ben Travers, perpetrator of all the Aldwych farces from time immemorial—or so it seems?

No, I should hope not.

The star of this film, since Ralph Lynn is disporting himself at Islington, is Tom Walls. The director of this film, since Tom Walls has a fancy for directing, is Tom Walls also.

I am all against this practice in principle. In fact, it has so seldom resulted in a good film, that I am disposed to offer a special prize for optimism to Mr. Walls. I hope sincerely that it will come off.

As usual, he is a philanderer, but this time there is a difference. He finds his carefully-acquired reputation as a philanderer always in danger of being spoilt through his naturally quixotic and generous temperament; and, finally, he loses it altogether through not being able to resist the charms of his own wife.

A Spot of Soul

This sounds a little more subtle than the usual Travers farce, for Ben comes perilously near to wielding the slapstick on occasion. It also suggests, if I may say so, the presence of a little more of that mysterious quality which for want of a better name, we absurdly call Soul—and which never fails at the box office.

Here is the cast for this film—and it's well in the new tradition of First-class Casts for British Films.

Eugene Palette (he of the rumbling voice whom we loved in *The Ghost Goes West*), Betty Stockfield (whose voice, though it doesn't rumble, is deep enough to do funny things to me), Diana Churchill, a brilliant young stage actress who is slowly but surely making her way to the front in films, Cecil Parker, Henry Oscar (one of our most villainous villains), and Arthur Wontner, whom, I'm afraid, I always think of as Sherlock Holmes.

Don't worry, I think we'll have a few British films to look at this Winter.



Top left: Mr. Pelerin (Joseph Cawthorn) is introduced to the lovely ladies of the chorus by Philippe Martin (Francis Lederer).



Philippe Martin gives Monique Pelerin (Ida Lupino) the kiss that causes all the trouble.

THE first Pickford-Lasky production is now showing at the London Pavilion. Directed by Rowland V. Lee, the picture is a gay, modern Parisian comedy, which depicts, in hilarious fashion, the amazing developments which ensue when a handsome young man kisses a strange young lady in a darkened cinema. Francis Lederer is the handsome young man and Ida Lupino is the strange young lady. Supporting players include Hugh Herbert, Roland Young, Erik Rhodes, Joseph Cawthorn, and the Countess Liev de Maigret. Two charming song-hits are introduced: "One Rainy Afternoon" and "Secret Rendezvous."



Philippe takes Yvonne (Countess Liev de Maigret) to the cinema, and so that they will not be seen entering together he gives her her ticket as she passes him in the foyer.



Philippe and Toto (Hugh Herbert) go into conference when Maillot (Roland Young) suddenly descends upon their bachelor quarters and decides to join in their evening meal.



Maillot rehearses "One Rainy Afternoon"



The President of the Purity League (Eily Malyon) denounces Philippe as a menace.



The President of the Purity League is determined not to allow the "menace" to escape from her clutches.

NE Rainy Afternoon

for his song,
noon."



Pelerin and his friend (Erik Rhodes) watch Philippe and Monique re-enact the fatal kiss that caused such a commotion in the French capital.



JOHN MILLS

THIS brilliant young British actor who was given his first worth-while screen part in "Those Were the Days," and his first starring role in "Forever England," has become one of the most popular juveniles in British pictures. He added to his popularity by his fine characterisation of Lord Guilford Dudley in "Tudor Rose."

WHY was he sitting on a park bench in the grey dawn of what was obviously going to be a summer morning? More important still, so important to him that lack of ability to answer the question was a positively terrifying experience, who was he? Frankly he didn't know. It seemed to him that he had always been walking—just that. Of his relations, his position in life, the date, the place, the time—he knew nothing. Of his past life he remembered absolutely nothing.

In despair he started a search for possible clues when it occurred to him to speak to a girl sitting on the bench opposite. She was quietly dressed and looked approachable, so he began with: "Do you mind if I ask you a few questions?"

"Not if you'll tell me first why on earth you keep on going through your pockets."

He thought when he told her the reason that she would be frightened or think him mad. Perhaps she would move away. But she didn't. Instead she joined him on the bench and put her handkerchief up to his temple. "Evidently yours is a bad lapse of memory," she said, quite as though it were a normal occurrence. "But whatever's happened to you lately it hasn't done you any good. Look!"

"I must have got a crack on the head somehow. . . . I don't remember. I'm sorry to spoil your handkerchief. The cut can't be very deep. Would you mind telling me what I look like? Is it very dreadful?"

"No. Dark eyes, brown hair . . . ears . . . mouth . . . chin . . . quite nice-looking."

"Thanks." He felt he could have echoed the compliment, for under the waning light of the park lamps he could see that the girl's hair was undyed blonde and her skin smooth and fine. "What town is this?" he asked. "I do remember passing a lamp post on my way here with a sign 'Mason Park Drive'."

"Very likely. This is Boston. What did you find in your pockets? Wasn't it any help?"

Not much. Let's see. Eight dollars, eleven cents. Two theatre stubs."

"Imperial Theatre, stalls," she read. "You must have gone to see Olga Konar starring in 'Dark Menace'. I expect you took a girl."

"Possibly. I wonder . . . am I married? By the way, what is your name?"

"Marie Smith. I'm an actress and it seems landladies round here won't trust a girl if she's out of a job to pay her rent when she can—hence the park bench."

"How long since you had something to eat?"

"Yesterday morning."

"We could talk just as well over ham and eggs. Let's find a restaurant."

"Not till I've taken you to the police station to find out who you are; you might get lost again."

He acknowledged the sense in this, but a news sheet prominently displayed by a hawk in front of Fulton Avenue Police Station was in the nature of a bombshell.

"Richard Denning, producer of 'Dark Menace', Murdered," Marie announced, reading the headline.



"I didn't look in all my pockets," the man said, as they sat on stools at the sandwich bar. "Good heavens! What have we here? Five hundred dollars!"

The Story of the Film

TWO in the DARK

by
Marjory
Williams

Parting with a dime, they conned the reporter's note to the effect that Richard Denning had been murdered at his house in Mason Park Drive; robbery being the suspected motive. "Police are looking for a man seen in front of Denning's house early this morning," Marie read on, "wearing a pin-stripe suit."

Horrors! The suit he was wearing was pin-striped.

"I couldn't have killed him," he stammered very low.

"I'm sure you couldn't have, but we'll give the police station a miss. How about that ham and eggs?"

Notwithstanding the comfort to the inner man, the confidence growing in Marie's companion that he was in a decent walk of life, one who if he had come in contact with crime, was no criminal, was destined to be

badly shaken. "I didn't look in all my pockets," he said, as they sat on stools at the sandwich bar. "Good heavens! What have we here? Five hundred dollars!"

Not so loud." Marie pointed to a paragraph in the news-sheet which read: "Though it is known that Mr. Denning drew five hundred dollars from the box-office on the night of the murder, no money was found on the body." "There's only one thing for you to do," she insisted, "Get out of town. That money is all the proof the police will need."

"They'll get me anyway. Besides don't you see this is the only place I can find out anything about myself? It's the only way I'll know if I've any defence."

"You can't walk about in that suit."

"I'll buy another and find some quiet place to stay."

"Why not my boarding house? 1843 Wingfield."

"Listen . . . take this hundred dollar bill. Square things with your landlady. I'll settle things here and meet you there . . . at least I hope so."

Buying a suit without Marie to back him up was an ordeal as the salesman talked of little but the Denning murder. However, his customer left inconspicuously clothed before engaging a room from Marie's landlady, an acidulated creature who talked of keeping antimacassars clean and of rent in advance. "I thought she'd never go," Marie sighed, having assisted at the interview. "You look very nice in the new suit."

"Thanks. I feel better in it. Did you notice in the 10 o'clock edition that Duke Reed, Denning's chauffeur, was mentioned as the possible murderer? Now I've discovered I've a 'D.R.' in the lining of my hat band. I'm going to Reed's place in Brookline to see if I'm recognised. I believe he lives with an aunt."

"Are you absolutely crazy? Police will honeycomb the place. If you must make this trip, count me in."

"I don't know that I ever counted you in," he protested, thinking how well Marie would be likely to render an emotional stage scene. "It's too dangerous."

"Well, I'm going with you, anyway. Wait till I get my hat." For the first time in a world of nightmare he felt like smiling.

Succumbing to a tip after protesting that she had only been in the house two days, that she was sick of reporters and police, and that she didn't know Duke Reed, the maid at the abode in Brookline let them in. "Don't be long," she advised. "Mr. Reed's aunt will be back shortly!"

Looking round a bedroom, they discovered a chauffeur's cap which fitted Marie's companion. The arrival of Inspector Florio, a fair-haired Viking in charge of the Denning case at this juncture, was not exactly consoling. "What's your name, young man. Who are you?" he rapped out.

"John Smith . . . he's a newspaper reporter," Marie stammered. "John Smith, eh? . . . and yours, young lady?"

"Marie Smith. I'm his cousin."

"Hm . . . the names are as good as any others, but how do I know one of you isn't Duke Reed? What paper are you on, Smith?"

"Seattle Chronicle," Marie supplied. "Can't the man do his own talking?" rapped out the inspector. "Certainly," Marie's companion affirmed. "The lady's quite correct. I'm writing special articles for the paper."

"I don't believe you. Who's the City Editor?"

"Bill Coleby. You don't mean to tell me you know him," Marie enthused. "Remember the argument you had with him on the strike story? And Mr. Harrison, the managing editor. Do you know him too?"

"Well, you've got the names pat enough," the Inspector allowed. "But I can't waste time arguing about newspapers. The young man seems all right. He's certainly dumb enough to be a reporter . . . Oh no! You're not going I'm on my way to Richard Denning's and you're coming too. We'll see, if the butler

(Continued on page 22)



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knows Duke Reed when he sees him."

Far from making him afraid, the incident had so far braced Marie's companion that he felt a positive excitement in visiting the scene of the crime. Surely here, if anywhere, would be found some clue to his identity. Meanwhile, entrenched behind the formidable screen erected by Marie, he could stand up to Inspector Florio's somewhat hostile suspicion.

The Inspector spent some time considering the floor in the room where Denning's body had been found, decided that the murderer had left by way of the window and picked up a love-letter under the sill addressed to Denning, signed "Lotus Bud." He then sent for the butler. Marie's companion, unasked, moved into the light of the window. The butler stood respectfully in the doorway.

"Your name Fish?" enquired the Inspector.

"Yes, sir."

"You know this man?"

"No, sir."

"He's not Denning's chauffeur?"

"Certainly not, sir. I've never seen this gentleman before."

"Hm. Guess I owe you an apology, Smith, but stick around for a while. Now, Fish: I believe on the night of the murder Mr. Denning had a man in here with him."

"Yes, sir. He had an appointment after the theatre with some one of the initials 'F.A.' It's marked up on the engagement calendar."

"You didn't let this gentleman in?"

"No, sir. It was my evening off. But I was returning here about midnight when I heard someone in Mr. Denning's room saying something like this: 'You keep it up and I'm going to pump a couple of slugs into you.'"

"You would want a quiet hour at Duke Reed's house, wouldn't you?" Marie grumbled to her companion as they took a taxi up town.

"**W**e're lucky to be here," he answered. "Directly I heard the Inspector say something over the 'phone about the salesman who exchanged a pin-stripe suit for a customer being at headquarters, I thought it was time to quit. Tell me, how did you know all about the 'Seattle Chronicle'?"

"Only because they boosted our show when we played there."

"You've been awfully good helping me this way."

"I don't seem to have done much so far. The police are too near for comfort. Besides the theatre stubs, didn't you have a book of matches

The Story of the

in your pocket with the name 'Yorkshire Arms' on the cover? If we dropped off at the hotel, mightn't the doorman recognise you?"

They were consoling themselves with a drink for the fact that the doorman failed to recognise Marie's companion, when a good-looking young woman in pinafore frock and round felt hat approached their table.

"Hello, Jitney," she greeted. "Whatever happened to you last night? I waited for you three hours after we left the theatre."

"Awfully sorry I left you stranded. I was simply up to my eyes," Marie's companion evaded. The girl was so friendly that it was not surprising that Marie, after a tactful remark, left them alone. The girl in the pinafore frock chatted for some time, content with her partner's evasions until a slight man with a furtive expression further complicated matters by coming up and working the hand of Marie's companion like a pump handle. "Hello, Jitney. Don't tell me you're going to cut me—me, an old class mate! Awfully sorry I was so rude to you yesterday. Won't you introduce me?"

"**C**ertainly. I forgot you didn't know . . ." To cough he felt was his only hope. Luckily it served. "Of course, I've been dying to know Stuart Eldredge, famous author of 'Dark Menace.' My name's Irene Lassiter," the girl said. "What a lot of celebrities one does run into here. Isn't that Olga Konar, the leading lady in your play, Mr. Eldredge . . . at the table over there? Poor thing! She was very much in love with Richard Denning, wasn't she?"

She babbled on. Marie's companion felt a distinct relief that Mr. Eldredge and Miss Lassiter seemed tremendously taken with each other. If only he could see Marie and explain that, sentimentally speaking, Irene meant nothing to him. He contented himself while the other two were talking with an insubordinate as he dared, of Olga who appeared to be quarrelling with her male companion.

He was thinking of dancing with Irene Lassiter when she took the floor with Stuart Eldredge. Instinctively he tried to cut in, when an amazing thing happened. Furious, Stuart turned on him: "Get out thou villain, Mr. Ford Adams," he cried.

Ford Adams! So that was his



"It's a lie!" Eldredge flared. "I don't know what's come over you Jitney, dragging the Inspector round here."

Film — Continued

name. Now to find out his address.

Twenty minutes he spent in the hotel telephone box enquiring of different hotels if Ford Adams was on their register. At last he bethought himself of where he was and called up the desk at the Yorkshire Arms. The refreshing information came through: "Yes, sir. Mr. Ford Adams. Room 312."

Dashing out of the 'phone box, Ford took two strides to the reception desk. "Room key No. 312, please," he said to the clerk. "Any mail?"

"No, sir."

Trembling with excitement, he let himself into his room. It was untidy in the extreme, but it was possible to find a suitcase. Out of it fell an opened letter. Eagerly Ford read: "Dear Mr. Adams, Thank you for all the interest you have taken in my son Kenneth's play, 'Two O'Clock Courage.' I know that if he were alive he would be grateful. Yours with love, Elizabeth Orme."

Not very much, perhaps, but with this information it was possible to do what he had wanted for some time, namely, to get in touch with Marie. He found her in her room at 1843 Wingfield.

"Marie, I had to come to tell you that . . . why, you're beautiful." She was still wearing the dark clothes that suited the gleaming radiance of her hair, but he was struck with her sweetness and fragrance. "Was the dark lady I left you with your wife?" she enquired.

"Miss Lassiter? I don't know her. The last I saw of her she was obviously very enamoured of Stuart Eldredge. You . . . you look wonderful."

"As soon as I'd settled with her, my landlady let me have my trunks. I shan't forget I owe you the money."

"Don't worry about that. I've found out my name's Ford Adams, anyway."

"Ford Adams! Inspector Florio's just been here looking for him, according to the landlady. Perhaps it was on account of the note of an appointment with 'F.A.' marked on Denning's almanack. You've simply got to get out of town."

"I've got to get hold of a play called 'Two O'clock Courage,' by Kenneth Orme. That'll probably clear up the whole thing."

"I believe I remember seeing a copy of the play while the Inspector was looking at those love-letters at Denning's."

"You won't have a chance if they get you. Anyway I'm coming."

"No. Stay here and wait for me."

Acting on a sudden tremendous impulse, he kissed her and made a dash for the stairs, retreating hurriedly as he realised that Inspector Florio was on the landing, arguing with the landlady. Locking the door on the inside, and urging Marie not to tell the police anything, Ford achieving a getaway by the window, took a taxi to Mason Park Drive.

The house was dark as he climbed over the railings. He remembered Denning's study was on the ground floor and after a short struggle with a hasp, opened the window and let himself in.

Light from the flashlamp he had taken the precaution to carry, showed the pile of plays in typescript he remembered to have

seen on a shelf. The first selection was lucky. Swiftly he turned the pages of Kenneth Orme's play, "Two O'clock Courage," till he saw the lines attributed to the principal character: "All right. Go ahead . . . but I warn you, if you keep it up, someone's going to put a couple of slugs into you."

Staring fascinated at the written words, Ford failed to see the man who had followed him in by way of the window standing behind him. A spurt of flame, a crack of a bullet, and Ford remembered, instead of nothing more, everything. The purpose of his visit to Boston, every detail of the pregnant half-hour spent in Denning's study, stood revealed in startling clarity.

A bullet grazing the temple had given back what a bullet grazing the temple had taken away.

"And you mean to tell me, Mr. Adams," Inspector Florio asked, "that when the butler heard you threaten Denning you were speaking lines from a play?"

"Certainly. Kenneth Orme's play, stolen by Stuart Eldredge and re-titled 'Dark Menace.' I came to Boston to interview Denning to secure royalties on Kenneth Orme's behalf."

"I convinced Denning by reading the passage mentioned and others, that 'Dark Menace' was actually 'Two O'clock Courage.' Denning handed me over five hundred dollars on account. A shot was fired. I saw him fall, heard another shot and remember nothing till I found myself walking towards Mason Park, wearing Denning's hat."

"It's a lie!" Eldredge flared. "I don't know what's come over you, Nitney, dragging the Inspector round here . . . and this girl . . . Marie Smith. What has she got to do with it?"

"Nothing; except the police think she knows something about me. Can you deny you shot at me when you came an hour ago to Denning's study to get the last copy extant of Kenneth's play?"

"If not, what have you been burning in the grate? MS. if I'm not mistaken. It's a warm night for a fire, Eldredge."

"Excuse me a minute," Eldredge muttered. From the next room a shot rang out. "It's not suicide. It's murder," the Inspector announced, bending over Stuart Eldredge's body. "His gun hasn't been fired. There's a woman making for the fire escape. Get her."

In the grip of the Inspector's assistants, Olga Konar, the star of "Dark Menace," made her statement. "I was in love with Denning. I killed him trying to get back my letters to him. I bribed his chauffeur, Duke Reed, to drive me to Mason Park Drive, crack up the car, and disappear."

"I shot Stuart because he knew what I'd done and Stuart isn't the man to rot in gaol shielding a guilty woman."

"There's a question I want to ask," Ford said to Marie as they left the Yorkshire Arms.

"If it's what I think it is, 'he reply is, 'Yes,'" she answered.

Freely based on the film, "Two in the Dark" by permission of Radio Pictures, Ltd. See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 26, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

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CRITICISMS of the LATEST FILMS

FURY

BESIDES providing an outstanding example of mass psychology, this tensely holding drama gives Spencer Tracy a fine part, to which he brings that intelligent and sincere interpretation which has brought him into the forefront of character artistes.

The theme of the picture deals with lynch laws in America and it is unfolded in a grim and relentless manner which holds you throughout. It is very strong meat, however, and may not be quite to the liking of sensitive stomachs.

The plot is quite a simple one. Joe Wilson, working hard to be able to support a wife, has succeeded in getting a comfortable little business going and sets off to collect his fiancée, Katherine, who is teaching in a small western town.

On the way he is arrested on suspicion of being connected with a kidnapping case and one of the bills paid as ransom is found on him. He is put in prison during investigation and while there the townspeople get out of hand, attack the prison and burn it down.

Katherine hears of his plight and arrives just to see his agonised face looking through the cell bars.

After his death has been officially announced he is found innocent.

His two brothers plan to avenge themselves on the people who initiated the lynching when suddenly Joe walks in—he had escaped by a miracle and his one thought is revenge.

Spencer Tracy brings complete sincerity to this transformation of character—the peaceful, honest, easy-going lover to the unbalanced, revengeful killer.

From then on the drama grimly pursues the theme of revenge and in doing so introduces one of the best court scenes it has been my luck to witness.

Joe's scheme of action is for his brothers to take legal action against the lynchers whilst he remains apparently dead. The suspects are arraigned on a charge of murder, and a news reel of the episode is sufficient to prove their complicity and refute all the perjury of witnesses who had tried to protect them.

The one thing wanted is definite proof that the victim is dead.

I do not propose to give away the upshot of the trial nor the subsequent action of Joe, since there is a strong element of suspense which would be lost if you were told it beforehand.

In addition to the strong condemnation of lynch law, which has grown to alarming proportion in America, there is the pathos of the love interest and the brilliance of individual character drawing.

Fritz Lang, the famous German director, who was responsible for such masterpieces as *Die Nibelungen* and *Kriemhilda's Revenge* has

brought out the full dramatic force of the unusual and poignant story.

He has on occasions reverted to somewhat hackneyed symbolism, such as the contrasting of hens cackling to the gossiping of women, but generally his work displays that pictorial expressiveness and grasp of essential detail for which he is famed.

Sylvia Sidney gives a restrained and strong study of the girl whose happiness is shattered by her fiancé's terrible ordeal. She, too, marks the change from light-hearted gaiety to intense misery with a feeling that communicates itself poignantly to the audience.

A very good performance comes from Walter Abel as the barrister retained by Joe's brother to bring the murder charge against the people recognised in the film.

It is difficult to single anyone else particularly from a cast which is remarkably good throughout, but particular notice is due to Edward Ellis as the sheriff.

Crowd handling is exceptionally effective and the picture as a whole is an outstanding example of screen-craft.

CEILING ZERO

Civil aviation is being more and more frequently used by producers as a background for a story, but I have rarely seen it used more effectively than it has been in this highly emotional drama.

You can pick faults in the production. It is sometimes over-emotionalised and there is a tendency to the theatrical in some of the more melodramatic situations, but as a whole it is gripping and interesting in its development of the character of wartime pilots engaged in transcontinental airways.

Some of you may find it a little too harrowing, but if you like your entertainment "strong" you cannot do better than see *Ceiling Zero*.

It is the sterling work contributed by Pat O'Brien as the head of an airline, that holds the picture together. It is a simple, sincere study of a man who has a high

sense of duty but is ready if necessary to sacrifice himself for friendship.

His bosom friend is James Cagney, a skirt-chasing, unreliable daredevil who has the merit of being an exceptional pilot. O'Brien employs him in spite of threats of dismissal from head office.

Incidentally he does not know that his friend had had an affair with his wife before he married her two years ago.

The plot concerns itself with the amours of Cagney with a young girl employed by the firm and also with the workings of a big central airport, which has to carry on despite the human drama which is taking place in its environments.

The climax comes when Cagney feigns illness in order that he can be with his girl, and lets his friend, 'Tex', played by Stuart Erwin, take over a flight for him.

The weather conditions are terrible—ceiling zero—that is, no break anywhere in the bank of cloud and fog.

Tex's radio goes wrong; he crashes and is killed.

In his remorse Cagney takes up a 'plane to attempt a flight which the chief has cancelled. He, too, crashes, but not before he has wirelessly valuable information about the faults in the device for clearing ice from the leading edges of the 'plane's wings.

That is the story in very bare outline, character drawing and vivid detail work make it human and holding.

Howard Hawks' direction is polished and his continuity is smooth, with events well dovetailed and no "loose-ends" left to clear up after the tragic denouement. James Cagney is excellent as the cocksure, conscienceless pilot who at last realises what his attitude has cost his friends.

As Tex, Stuart Erwin is thoroughly likeable with just the necessary touch of comedy which points the tragedy.

June Travis is charming as the young girl on whom Cagney fixes his wayward affections, while Isabel Jewell is excellent as Tex's wife.

Special mention is due to the acting of James Bush in the small part of a radio-telephone operator. It is a fine piece of work, especially in the emotional sequences when Tex is flying blind and in danger of crashing at any minute.

Another interesting minor part of an aviator made feeble minded by a crash is taken by Gary Owen and it gives further emphasis to the dangers of all-weather flying.

The settings of the airport are full of interest and give a vivid idea of the workings of modern equipment.

Generally an unusually good picture of its type.

THE LADY CONSENTS

There is such an air of incredibility about the behaviour of the characters in this triangle drama that one is unable to take a great deal of interest in their matrimonial troubles.

Herbert Marshall is cast as a happily married man who one day kisses a girl, and finally falls in love with her and lets his wife divorce him.

Later, of course, he discovers he loves his wife after all and by sacrificing all his money to his second wife he is able to make her divorce him and so be reunited to wife No. 1.

His is a vacillating character which never seems to be able to make up its mind which woman it does want.

Marshall plays it in the rather stylised manner which he has adopted of late, with plenty of low murmured words of endearment spoken in his tradition.

Ann Harding, as usual, has the "suffering-in-silence" role as the first wife to which she has been typed and from which I devoutly hope she will one day escape. After all, she can smile very charmingly when she is allowed to.

As the second wife, Margaret Lindsay is suitably hard in a discreet, socially correct, gold-digging manner.

She sets out to get her man and succeeds, but one feels that Ann Harding could easily have defeated her if she had behaved in a more rational manner.

The best performance comes from Edward Ellis as the doctor's father. He is a credible and likeable character who sides with the first wife.

It is his death, rather artificially brought about, which helps to reunite the pair.

As a devoted lover continually proposing to Ann Harding and being just as frequently rebuffed, Walter Abel is sound, while Helen Chase is amusing as an inveterate gossip. The production is technically good and there are one or two well-handled situations with some bright dialogue. It is the plot as a whole, not the detail work, which is disappointing.

Its general effect is to cheapen marriage into something approaching a farce, and it fails to enlist any real sympathy on that account.

THE PHANTOM GONDOLA

Rather obvious and slowly developed revenge romance from the novel by Maurice Dekobra. It is extremely well acted, and the settings are varied and colourful, but somehow one never gets deeply interested in the characters or their fates.

The story deals with Lady Diana Wyndham who, staying in Venice, meets a mysterious Italian, Count Angelo Ruzzini, with whom she falls in love. She steals some papers for him from Selim Pasha, a Turkish general, and learns that the Count's mission in life is to revenge his sister's death at the hands of the former.

(Continued on page 26)



Sylvia Sidney and Spencer Tracy in "Fury."



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MOVIE REVIEW WEEKLY

REVIEWS

July 11, 1936

War in the Near East takes Selim Pasha back to Constantinople, whither he is followed by the Count and Lady Diana. The Count contrives to wreck a troop train on which the Pasha is supposed to travel, but is arrested. The Pasha offers Diana the Count's life at the expense of her honour, but dies, having been bitten by a poisonous snake.

Roger Karl is suitably greasy and villainous as the voluptuous Pasha, while Henri Rollan is good as the Count.

Marcelle Chantal gives a very attractive rendering of Lady Diana.

The story takes a long time getting into its stride, and when it does, it fails to find the necessary suspense which would have held the interest. Otherwise direction is good and the characters themselves quite well presented.

The director, Augusto Genina, has not been able to disguise the conventional nature of the plot, however, nor make it very convincing.

There are well varied settings of Venice, Rome, Naples and Constantinople, and camerawork generally is pleasing.

This is a French production, and adequate sub-titles are provided for those who do not understand the language.

LIONEL COLLIER

On the Screens Now

****DANGEROUS

First National. American. "A" certificate. Emotional drama. Runs 79 minutes.

BETTE DAVIS.....	Joyce Heath
FRANCHOT TONE.....	Don Bellows
MARGARET LINDSAY.....	Gail Armitage
ALISON SKIPWORTH.....	Mrs. Williams
JOHN ELDERIDGE.....	Gordon Heath
DICK FORAN.....	Teddy
WALTER WALKER.....	Roger Farnsworth
RICHARD CARLE.....	Pitt Hanley
GEORGE IRVING.....	Charles Melton
PIERRE WATKIN.....	George Sheffield
DOUGLAS WOOD.....	Elmont
WILLIAM DAVIDSON.....	Reed Walsh

Directed by Alfred E. Green.
Previewed June 6, 1936.

Bette Davis' performance alone brings this picture into the four star class. In it she won the Award of Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Science and no one could have been more deserving of it.

In spite of her subtle characterisation, she does not "steal" the picture from Franchot Tone, who is also excellent. They "play up" to each other admirably and hold the stage most of the time.

The story deals with Joyce Heath, a once famous actress, who, labouring under the delusion that she is fated to bring tragedy to others, takes to drink and finishes up a physical and moral wreck. Don Bellows, a young artist whose career she has unknowingly influenced for the good, recognises her in a low dive, and helps her to fight back to respectability.

He falls in love with her, she reciprocates, and, after breaking his engagement to Gail Armitage, a society girl, he finances her in a new play. On the eve of the first night, however, Joyce tries to persuade Gordon Heath, her husband, whose life she has ruined through her own selfishness and of whose existence Don is unaware, to divorce her, but when he refuses, she deliberately crashes the car.

Gordon is permanently injured,

by Lionel COLLIER



Bette Davis and Franchot Tone
in "Dangerous"

but the shock brings Joyce to her senses. After she recovers from minor ills, she reimburses Don by making a success of the play, sees him reunited to Gail, and then devotes herself, by way of retribution, to the stricken Gordon.

Margaret Lindsay is dignified as Gail and John Eldredge is well in character as Joyce's somewhat pathetic husband.

Alfred E. Green's direction brings out all the subtlety and humanity in an unusually good story.

***THIRTEEN HOURS BY AIR

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Aerial comedy-drama. Runs 77 minutes.

FRED MACMURRAY.....	Jack Gordon
JOAN BENNETT.....	Felice Rollins
ZASU PITTS.....	Miss Hawkins
JOHN HOWARD.....	Freddie Scott
ALAN BAXTER.....	Curtis Palmer
BRIAN DONLEVY.....	Dr. Everts
FRED KEATING.....	Gregorie Stephani
AORIENNE MAROEN.....	Ann McKenna
GRACE BRAOLEY.....	Trixie
BENNIE BARTLETT.....	Waldemar Pitt III
RUTH DONNELLY.....	Vi Johnson
DEAN JAGGER.....	Hap Waller
MARIE PREVOST.....	Waitress
JACK MULHALL.....	Lander
GRANVILLE BATES.....	Pop Andrews

Directed by Mitchell Leisen, from a story by Bogart Rogers and Frank Mitchell Dazey.
Previewed June 20, 1936.

First-rate fare, this. A comedy which will keep you laughing all the way through, and while it may not be great in plot values, its detail work, direction and acting are all so good that you can overlook that defect.

The action all takes place in an aerial liner which forms a novel locale for the romance-cum-crook nature of the story.

It deals with Jack Gordon, ace pilot of a commercial air line, who comes to the rescue of Felice Rollins, a society girl who is temporarily without the means to purchase a ticket to San Francisco, and wagers with the air hostess that he will take her to lunch at the journey's end.

Once they get under way, he mistakes Felice for a decoy of crooks, but the error is removed when he learns that she is trying to prevent her sister from marrying a Russian philanderer.

The 'plane also is carrying Miss Hawkins, a governess, accompanied by her wayward pupil, Waldemar Pitt III, a truculent Russian, brother of the philanderer, a gangster and a detective. Following a forced landing, the gangster gets tough, but Jack, aided by Waldemar, is more than his match, and the 'plane retakes the air in time to reach its destination on schedule. Needless to say, Jack's good work is rewarded by Felice in the customary manner.

Fred MacMurray is breezy and virile as Jack, and Joan Bennett exceedingly attractive as Felice.

Zasu Pitts gives her stylised characterisation as Miss Hawkins, while her charge is very well played by Bennie Bartlett.

The rest of the supporting cast make their parts vital to the development of the plot. It is an example of sound team work.

Technical qualities and the aerial work are extremely effective.

***IT HAD TO HAPPEN

Fox. American. "A" certificate. Comedy-drama. Runs 79 minutes.

GEORGE RAFT.....	Enrico Scaffa
ROSALIND RUSSELL.....	Beatrice Newnes
LEO CARRILLO.....	Giuseppe Badjagalupe
ARLINE JUDGE.....	Miss Sullivan
ANDREW TOMBS.....	Dooley
ARTHUR HOHL.....	John Pelkey
PAUL STANTON.....	Mayor of New York
PIERRE WATKINS.....	District Attorney
STANLEY FIELDS.....	Mug
GEORGE IRVING.....	Foreman of the Jury
THOMAS JACKSON.....	Mayor's Secretary

Directed by Roy Del Ruth, from a story by Rupert Hughes.
Previewed May 23, 1936.

While basically this is a "poor boy makes good" type of story, it is so different in its treatment and so snappy in its portrayal of American political and social life, that you overlook that.

Roy Del Ruth's treatment is exceedingly bright and full of human touches.

George Raft gives an excellent performance as an Italian *émigré* who becomes the power behind the throne of the Mayor of New York and exercises that power to clean up the graft in the city—being nearly ruined in the attempt.

Rosalind Russell is also extremely good as the wife of the man whom Raft is trying to suppress and with whom he falls in love.

It is difficult, perhaps, to believe that anyone so cultured and refined as the character she interprets should fall for the rough-neck Italian, but the acting makes it as plausible as possible.

As the villain of the piece, Alan Dinehart is well in character, and Leo Carrillo adds some excellent comedy as the Italian's friend and fellow *émigré*. Action is exhilarating and the comedy touches are well pointed.

***MR. COHEN TAKES A WALK

Warner. British. "U" certificate. Comedy-drama. Runs 82 minutes.

PAUL GRAETZ.....	Jake Cohen
VIOLET FAREBROTHER.....	Rachel Cohen
CHILI BOUCHIER.....	Julie Levine
MICKEY BRANTFORD.....	Jack Cohen
RALPH TRUMAN.....	Sam Cohen
BARRY LIVESY.....	Joe Levine
SAM SPRINGSON.....	Abraham Levy
KENNETH VILLIERS.....	Bob West
MERIEL FORBES.....	Sally O'Connor
GEORGE MERRITT.....	Pat O'Connor

Directed by William Beaudine.
Previewed January 11, 1936.

While in no sense a "super," this human little picture in its unpretentious way is more deserving of three stars than many which rank in the former class.

While delightful in the sincere simplicity of its plot, it is notable too for the sensitive performance

given by Paul Graetz in the title role—a part, incidentally, which caused Hollywood to take notice of Mr. Graetz.

The story tells of Jake Cohen, a self-made business man, who graduates from peddling to being the head of the Empire Stores.

His sons, however, have so organised the business that the Old Man finds he has nothing to do. After the death of his wife, who has shared all his troubles and his glory, he decides to "take a walk"—to go tramping the road.

Here he finds adventure and joy, but when trouble comes to the Store it is old Jake who has to straighten it out.

There is a love story running through it that hardly helps the film, and an absurd *Abie's Irish Rose* ending. We could have been spared that.

William Beaudine's direction is a little leisurely, but the acting is so good that one can forgive that.

While Graetz's performance is outstanding, good work is contributed by Violet Farebrother, Chili Bouchier, Ralph Truman and Sam Springson.

c**THE EAGLE'S BROOD

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 59 minutes.

WILLIAM BOYD.....	Hop-along Cassidy
JIMMY ELLISON.....	Johnny Nelson
WILLIAM FARNUM.....	El Toro
GEORGE HAYES.....	Spike
ADDISON RICHARDS.....	Big Henry
JOAN WOODBURY.....	Dolores
FRANK SHANNON.....	Mike
DOROTHY REVIER.....	Dorothy
PAUL FIX.....	Steve
JOHN MERTON.....	Ed
GEORGE MARI.....	Pablo
HENRY SYLVESTER.....	The Sheriff

Directed by Howard Bretherton. Adapted from Clarence C. Mulford's "Hop Along Cassidy" stories.

Good type Western, actionful and packed with spectacular fights and shooting affrays which may run on conventional lines but are nevertheless well put over.

William Boyd puts all the necessary bravado into the role of Hop-Along Cassidy, while a sound juvenile study is given by George Mari as Pablo, who while journeying with his parents to join his grandfather, El Toro, once a notorious Mexican bandit, is made an orphan by crooks in the employ of Big Henry, a desperado, who cloaks his real activities behind the proprietorship of a saloon. Dolores, a dancer in Big Henry's employ, takes pity on the boy and hides him and then passes the word to El Toro.

While El Toro is riding to the boy's rescue, he saves Hop-Along-Cassidy, the sheriff, caught in quicksands, and in return Cassidy promises to bring Pablo to him. His promise entails his vacating the office of sheriff, but his bravery and resource in bringing Big Henry and his gang to justice and Pablo to the arms of his grandfather, see him crowned with glory in the finish.

The pictorial settings are fine and fit the "Rough house" which is the order of the day.

William Farnum is impressive as El Toro, and though there is no romance, the feminine touch is charmingly introduced by Joan Woodbury as Dolores.

**TWO IN THE DARK

Radio. American. "A" certificate. Crime drama. Runs 73 minutes.

WALTER ABEL.....	The Man
MARGOT GRAHAME.....	Marie Smith
WALLACE FORO.....	Hillyer
GAIL PATRICK.....	Irene Lassiter
ALAN HALE.....	Florie
LESLIE FENTON.....	Stuart Eldredge
ERIC BLORE.....	Edmund Fish
ERIN O'BRIEN-MOORE.....	Olga Konar
ERIK RHODES.....	Carol Gheet

REVIEWS—Continued

J. CARROL NAISH.....Mansfield
ADDISON RANDALL.....Duke Reed
RUSSELL HICKS.....McCord
RICHARD HOWARD.....O'Brien
Directed by Ben Stollhoff, from the novel by Gelett Burgess. For story freely based on the film by Majory Williams see page 21.

There is a good deal of ingenuity in the presentation of this "spot the murderer" mystery.

The brief outline of the plot will give you a good idea of its departure from the conventional story.

Marie Smith, an out-of-work chorus girl, finds herself sharing a park bench with an attractive man suffering from loss of memory. They repair to a nearby restaurant and read in a paper that Richard Denning, a famous producer, has been murdered and robbed, and that the police are searching for a man in a pin-striped suit.

The man's suit and the contents of his pockets suggest that he had something to do with the crime, and his helplessness prompts Marie to seek accommodation for him in her boarding-house. By posing as a reporter, the man proceeds to search for evidence that will lead to his identity being established and the apprehension of the real murderer, and after many exciting adventures his two goals are reached.

Romance with Marie automatically follows.

As the man suffering from lack of memory Walter Abel is exceedingly good.

As Marie, Margot Grahame shows to advantage and Wallace Ford puts plenty of pep into the role of an inquisitive reporter.

There is a strong supporting cast and the direction generally is polished.

**ABSOLUTE QUIET

M.G.M. American "A" certificate. Comedy-melodrama. Runs 69 minutes.

LIONEL ATWILL.....G. A. Axion
IRENE HERVEY.....Laura Tait
RAYMOND WALBURN.....Governor Pruden
STUART ERWIN....."Chubby" Rudd
ANN LORING.....Zelda Tademian
LOUIS HAYWARD.....Gregory
WALLACE FORD.....Jack
BERNADINE HAYES.....Judy
ROBERT GLECKLER.....Jasper Cowdrey
HARVEY STEPHENS.....Barney Tait
J. CARROL NAISH.....Pedro
MATT MOORE.....Pilot
ROBERT LIVINGSTON.....Co-Pilot
Directed by George B. Seitz. From a novel by George F. Worts.

A somewhat hazy affair, this, with ramifications which do not amount to much, but which gets its entertainment from the sound performances put up by a very competent cast.

The story deals with G. A. Axion, an unscrupulous financier, who is ordered by his doctor to his secluded private ranch, and he takes with him Laura Tait, his married secretary. While there, Jack and Judy, two killers, break in, and through them an aeroplane crashes in the grounds. The passengers, represented by Governor Pruden, Gregory, a film star, severely cut about the face, Zelda Tademian, his companion, Axion's cast-off, and Chubby Rudd, a reporter, are brought into the house.

Axion wants to score off Pruden, Rudd wants to phone a story, Gregory has hysterics, and Jack and Judy want their freedom, and the tangle, upon which the entertainment is based, becomes still more involved as things go on. However, Gregory runs amok in the end and kills Jack and Judy, and so the tale ends abruptly but conclusively.

George B. Seitz has assembled his characters into the required locale with skill, but thereafter they get



Ann Loring and Raymond Walburn in "Absolute Quiet."

rather out of hand. Still, if you do not wax too critical about eventualities, you will find it all quite amusing.

Lionel Atwill gives a very good performance as Axion, and the rest of the cast are not far behind in their characterisations.

**THE INVISIBLE RAY

Universal. American. "A" certificate. "Horror" drama. Runs 79 minutes.

BORIS KARLOFF.....Dr. Janos Rukh
BELA LUGOSI.....Dr. Benet
FRANCES DRAKE.....Diane Rukh
FRANK LAWTON.....Ronald Drake
WALTER KINGSFORD.....Sir Francis Stevens
BEULAH BONDI.....Lady Arabella Stevens
VIOLET KEMBLE COOPER.....Mother Rukh
NYDIA WESTMAN.....Briggs
DANELL HAINES.....Headman
GEORGE RENAVENT.....Chief of Sureté
PAUL WEIGEL.....Noyer
ADELE ST. MAUR.....Mme. Noyer
FRANK REICHER.....Professor Mendelssohn
LAWRENCE STEWART.....Number One Boy
ETTA MCDANIELS.....Zulu Woman
INEZ SEABURY.....Celeste
WINTER HALL.....Minister
ALSO LLOYD WHITLOCK, EDWARDS DAVIS,
ALPHONSE MARTELL, DAISY BUFFORD,
CLARENCE GORDON
Directed by Lambert Hillyer.

Frankly I have little use for "horror" pictures, but if your taste lies that way you will find this well up to the standard of Karloff thrillers.

The story shows how Jamos Rukh, a scientist, discovers with instruments of his own invention the existence in the heart of Africa of a substance far more powerful than radium. Eventually he finds the metal, known as Radium x, but is poisoned by it, and this causes his body to become luminous.

Benet, another scientist, produces an antidote, but the poison, nevertheless, softens Rukh's brain, and instead of using Radium x for the good of humanity, he employs it to wipe out his wife, Diane, her boy friend, Ronald Drake, Benet, and Sir Francis and Lady Arabella Stevens, against each of whom he has an imaginary grievance. He destroys Benet and Sir Francis and Lady Stevens, but is himself eliminated, mainly through the instrumentality of his mother, before he can harm Diane and Ronald.

Boris Karloff, mercifully bereft of hideous disguise, is very good as Rukh, while Bela Lugosi teams well with him, as usual.

Support is adequate and the settings lavish and ingenious.

*A FACE IN THE FOG

Pathe. American. "A" certificate. Backstage thriller. Runs 60 minutes.

JUNE COLLYER.....Jean Monroe
LLOYD HUGHES.....Frank Gordon
LAWRENCE GRAY.....Peter Fortune
AL ST. JOHN.....Elmer
JACK MULHALL.....Reardon
JACK COWELL.....Wilson

JOHN ELLIOTT.....Davis
SAM FLINT.....Harrison
Directed by Bob Hill. From a story by Peter B. Kyne.

Improbably complex plot which owes little to logic and contains thrills of a palpably manufactured variety.

These, however, come fast and often, so that there is little time for the unsophisticated to worry about their lack of conviction.

Frank Gordon, a reporter, and Jean Munroe, a dramatic critic, and the police, find their time busily engaged in tracking down a mysterious killer who goes around bumping people off in the vicinity of a theatre.

Peter Fortune, an author of crime plays, invites suspicion by his eagerness to co-operate, and it is not long before Gordon pins the crimes on him and arrests him after a desperate struggle. Fortune's motive apparently is revenge on two theatrical producers whom he holds responsible for the death of his brother in a fire.

Acting generally is quite good, as are staging and camera work.

*ESCAPE FROM DEVIL'S ISLAND

Columbia. American. "A" certificate. Strong drama. Runs 62 minutes.

VICTOR JORY.....Dario
FLORENCE RICE.....Johanna
NORMAN FOSTER.....Andre
STANLEY ANDREWS.....Steve
DANIEL HAYNES.....Djikki
HERBERT HEYWOOD.....Bouillon
FRANK LACKTEEN.....Pythou
ARTHUR AYLESWORTH.....Commandante
NOBLE JOHNSON.....Bisco
Directed by Albert Rogell. Previewed March 7, 1936.

Quite well-developed story which which has a rather sketchy romance incidental to it but relies mainly on the thrill of a prison break from the famous French penal settlement.

While not altogether convincing, it has good atmosphere and an adventurous tang in it.

The story shows how Steve, an international spy, is caught and sent to Devil's Island. His friend, Dario, with the help of Johanna, Steve's daughter, with whom Dario is in love, plans his escape, and manages to get him away with a fellow convict, Andre. Steve is shot. Dario and Andre part, arranging to meet at Cayenne. Andre gets there first and seeks out Johanna.

When Dario arrives he realises that Andre loves Johanna, and sets him ashore to perish in the jungle, but on learning that Johanna reciprocates Andre's love, he gives himself up to a guard, asking in return that Andre should be found.

He is found and freed, as he had been proved innocent. Dario is sent back to Devil's Island for five years.

The acting honours go to Victor Jory as Dario. Norman Foster is stodgy as Andre and Florence Rice colourless as Johanna in spite of her physical attractions.

Stanley Andrews is fair as Steve.

c*GALLANT DEFENDER

Columbia. American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 55 minutes.

CHARLES STARRETT.....Johnny Flagg
JOAN PERRY.....Barbara McGrail
HARRY WOODS.....Munro
EDWARD J. LE SAINT.....Campbell
JACK CLIFFORD.....Sheriff
AL. BRIDGES.....Salty Smith
GEORGE BILLINGS.....Jimmy
GEORGE CHEESEBORO.....Swale
Directed by David Selman. From a story by Peter B. Kyne.

Pioneering story dealing with the war between cattlemen and homesteaders planned on the usual lines and adequately acted by a cast headed by Charles Starrett, who is new to Westerns but puts up a virile performance.

Well set and actionful, it should be particularly pleasing to juveniles.

*ANNIE DOESN'T LIVE HERE

A.B.F.D. American. "U" certificate. Comedy-drama. Runs 73 minutes.

TOM BROWN.....Bill Enright
MARION NIXON.....Annie Foster
WERA ENGELS.....Baroness Baritska
INEX COURTNEY.....Marge
IVAN LEBEDEFEE.....Baron Baritska
LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD.....Mr. Foster
DOROTHY PETERSON.....Mrs. Foster
WILLIAM JANNEY.....Arthur Foster
CAROL TEVIS.....Sally Foster
Directed by William Nigh. From the story by Scott Darling. Songs and lyrics by J. Waller Leopold.

Somewhat conventional comedy-drama dealing mainly with the reactions of a girl and her family when they get wealthy by holding the winning ticket in a sweepstake.

It does, however, succeed in being human and it introduces into its very wide scope romance and crime.

The action is very hectic and the whole thing is generally well set.

Marion Nixon puts in a good performance as a script girl at a studio, and Tom Brown is distinctly likeable as her lover, Bill, who finds it difficult to get her away from her family.

As continental crooks who try to rob the heroine of her winnings, Ivan Lebedeff and Wera Engels are well cast and the family is excellently represented by Lucien Littlefield, Dorothy Peterson, William Janney and Carol Tevis.

UNDER PROOF

Fox. British. "U" certificate. Comedy-melodrama. Runs 50 minutes.

BETTY STOCKFIELD.....Vivian
TYRRELL DAVIS.....Dudley
JUDY KELLY.....Corone
DAVID HORNE.....Dr. Walton
VIOLET COMPTON.....Mrs. Richards
GUY MIDDLETON.....Bruce
EDWARD ASHLEY.....Ward Delaney
HENRY LONGHURST.....Inspector Holt
CHARLES FARRELL.....Spike
HARRY WATSON.....Mike
ANDREA MALANDRINOS.....Wop
PETER POPP.....Caretaker
"TUFF DE LYLE".....The Dutch sheep-dog
Directed by Roland Gillett. From a story by Tod Waller.

Poorly presented, weak story, dealing with five people who take shelter in a deserted house which, unknown to them, is used by smugglers as a hide-out.

It is an attempt to emulate the American gangster comedy, but it entirely fails in its objective.

The acting is adequate, but no more.

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

***DANGEROUS
***THIRTEEN HOURS BY AIR
***IT HAD TO HAPPEN
***MR. COHEN TAKES A WALK
c**THE EAGLE'S BROOD
**TWO IN THE DARK
**ABSOLUTE QUIET
**THE INVISIBLE RAY
*A FACE IN THE FOG
*ESCAPE FROM DEVIL'S ISLAND
c*GALLANT DEFENDER
*ANNIE DOESN'T LIVE HERE

UNDER PROOF

What the asterisks mean—
•••• An outstanding feature.
••• Very good. •• Good.
• Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

"HER LIPS WERE
REALLY ALLURING"

SAID

WARREN
WILLIAM



Read why this well-known movie star picked the girl with the Tangee Lips

Hollywood . . . the Coconut Grove . . . and Warren William, out for the evening—with you! Would your lips be soft, tender, and appealing?

We presented Mr. William to three lovely girls. One wore the ordinary lipstick . . . one, no lipstick . . . and the third used Tangee. "Like all men," he confessed, "I like lips that are not painted—lips that have natural beauty!"

Tangee's colour-change principle brings out your full natural colour. Tangee can't give you that "painted look"—because Tangee isn't paint! If you prefer more colour for evening wear, use Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee Lipstick, 2/6 and 4/6. Trial size, 6d. Also the new 6d. Tangee Creme Rouge, and Tangee Powder in the latest shades . . . Naturelle, Peach, Light Rachel, Rachel, Ochre and Sun Tan. Or send 6d. for the special 4-Piece Miracle Make-up Set offered below.



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Please send Miracle Make-up Set of Miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 6d. (crossed P.O. or stamps).

Mark shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
(naturelle)

NAME

ADDRESS

BLOCK LETTERS

P.R.

What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

WOULD YOU FOLLOW FRED'S FLEET?

A Reader's Impression of the Famous Comedian

I DON'T know whether this picture could come under the heading of a reader's letter, but if you cared to publish it, I am sure it would amuse the many Fred Astaire fans there must be among PICTUREGOER readers.

I admire his acting, singing, and dancing immensely, and would follow any fleet if he were in it!
—Mollie E. Payne, Welling House, 32 Belsize Square, Hampstead, N.W.3.



Fred Astaire.

Just English

Your correspondent's, Mr. H. J. Reynold's, attitude towards the filming of religious subjects and the portrayal of idealised types of humanity reflects a national characteristic. We are a notoriously unemotional people, but underneath have a deep respect for religion and the higher ideals of life.

Most of the films we have seen have been the box office attractions of a highly commercialised art, and, having unconsciously absorbed Hollywood's standard, most of us do not regard the cinema as a suitable vehicle for the subjects mentioned.

We instinctively recoil when offered a picture like Cecil de Mille's *King of Kings*. In a neighbouring district this film was withdrawn after showing for three days, although advertised to run for a week. *Dawn*, the story of Nurse Cavell, likewise did not meet with much success.

No, Mr. Reynolds is not snobbish or priggish—he's just English.—W. Jeanes, 15 Knightou Road, Forest Gate, E.7, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

Showmanship Wanted

Kinema managers complain that they have a little or no power over the choice of entertainment for their patrons. That may be true in respect of bookings, but there is much that managers can do to make entertainment more real.

I remember some time ago seeing a film with a very touching theme that ended in a manner to make the audience think. But there was no opportunity for this because before the final portion of the film disappeared from the screen, there was a wail of hot music to accompany a trailer of revue film. The manager of that cinema was certainly unfit for his job.

At another cinema I saw a similar impressive film. When the film was over there was a wait of two or three minutes in darkness, after which the lights were switched on in sections. The manager appreciated the fact that the audience wanted a few minutes of quiet reflection before losing an impressive atmosphere to make way for lighter entertainment.

There is a difference between having your entertainment chucked at you and served up with the niceties that make you think your tastes are being studied.—R. D. White, 9 Kimberly Crescent, Fishponds, Bristol, who is awarded the second prize of 10/6d.

Let's See Them Play!

In about every copy of the PICTUREGOER I read that the pet hobby of this or the other star is playing tennis.

Well, I just wonder, why they are never shown

to us doing so on the screen. At least as far as I remember, I never saw a film displaying the white game.

It's such a popular sport, however, that certainly numerous film fans would be excited to watch their favourites on the court.

I'm quite sure that, on seeing the stars in possession of a fine backhand or service, a great many filmgoers would be stimulated to improve their style, or, on the other side, what a comfort to those who don't excel at the game, to see that their beloved "Jean" or "John" misses the balls too!

I'm not a very keen player myself, but I would like to get now and then a tennis-sequence in a picture.—(Mlle) Lotti Reinhard, 30 Ensingerstrasse, Berne, Switzerland.

In Praise of Pies

We are told that kinema audiences are getting more sophisticated and cynical and that any film that contains passages of our lives during the last twenty-five years are beneath our notice.

Well, I wonder if we are any more grown up now than we were in those days—because at one of our kinemas a film was shown of the "custard pie" class.

It was a Keystone Comedy complete with Ben Turpin, Chester Conklin, Marie Prevost, and a host of old timers that used to make us laugh way back in the good old days.

I thought at first that nobody would raise a smile, but, after five minutes everybody was laughing. Why, we nearly lifted the roof, and we were all sorry when the last pie had been thrown.

I had a chat with the manager, and he said that he had been besieged for more old-time comedies than any other film.—J. E. Hill, 190 Victoria Avenue, Hull.

A Picturegoer Game

If space can be found in your wonderful little weekly for this letter, it may be useful to a few parents this summer.

Over the Easter holidays I was faced with the task of taking my small niece and nephew on a long train journey.

Now, everyone knows how soon children tire of "window gazing," so for a few days before we were due to travel, I racked my brains for various games, etc., to keep them amused, then I thought of a bundle of 1934-35 PICTUREGOERS which I had stored up, and knowing what picture enthusiasts these kiddies were, I decided to make a game for them concerning film stars.

I cut out all small photos from "Just Released" page, removing names and giving a number instead, at the same time making an index of the names for checking.

The game proved a great success.—(Mrs.) M. Green, Hopton Cangeford, Ludlow, Shropshire.

Kinemas and Charity

Under the Sunday Entertainments' Act, the kinemas of Hendon contributed, during the quarter ending March 31, 1936, (the latest official figures available), the huge sum of £1,086 13s. 5d. for allocation among the approved charities. Of this amount, over £923 was given to local nursing associations, hospital, relief to the unemployed, and other benevolent committees.

Such a large sum contributed from the Sunday takings evidently means a large attendance every Sunday evening at the local kinemas; and thus proves the need for the opening of these kinemas on Sundays.

Again, this munificent gift to deserving objects cannot be equalled here by any other means, either in amount or ease of collection plus wise distribution.

(Continued on page 30)

She's a modern sports girl... She's out in the sun and the wind... She has a lovely complexion...



She uses...

GLYMIEL

Lilac blossom **FACE CREAM**
6 d. per tube.

TIME, LADIES—

FIVE MINUTES PAST FORTY!

When the hands of Time point to five minutes past forty, it's time, ladies, please, to reconsider your beauty regime. If, during the past years you have been inclined to be slack about your beauty treatments, then you face the forties with dismay. For beauty tolerates no neglect. Wrinkles, grey hairs, a middle-aged "spread"—these are the penalties inflicted. Let's try to put the Beauty Clock back and regain lost loveliness. It can be done, you know.

WAR ON WRINKLES.—First-aid for faces for Forty-Odds. Let's banish those tell-tale wrinkles and that unbecoming middle-aged sallowness. Get an ounce or two of Mercolized Wax from your chemist. Mercolized Wax is a special oxygenated wax, that is recommended in all high-class beauty saloons for removing unlovely skins—and it does its work imperceptibly, absorbing the outworn outer skin with all its blemishes—revealing the fresh, young complexion concealed beneath. A wax treatment of this kind takes years off your age. Just try it. Smooth a little of the wax over face and neck, nightly. Hands, too, if they have become wrinkled and discoloured with age, may be treated similarly. While you sleep the wax works its magic. It banishes wrinkles and blemishes, restores age-worn skins to youthful loveliness. A ten-day treatment suffices in normal cases to show a marvellous improvement, but if your skin has been long neglected, you must persevere a little longer to obtain the results promised.

FOR FADING HAIR.—Hair that lacks lustre and loveliness, tresses that once could be called a crowning glory and are now faded and streaked with grey—that's the next problem presented for solution. And it comes in the form of a beauty shampoo—Stallax. Just a teaspoonful of the little golden granules of Stallax dissolved in a cup of hot water and used to shampoo the hair in the usual way will revive lack-lustre locks, enhancing their colours, bringing out the hidden lights and shades, making them gleam with unsuspected beauty. Stallax is a waving shampoo, too, and is ideal for blondes, brunettes, red-heads or silver locks. It makes home-setting easier, waves keep in place, curls ripple with new beauty and need re-setting less often.

BEAUTY'S SHADOWS.—At five minutes past forty, beauty is apt to be shadowed by an increase in the growth of what might formerly have been but a few straggling hairs on upper lip and chin. These blemishes can be removed painlessly, inexpensively, if you use Sipolite. Just get half an ounce from your chemist. Mix a little to a smooth paste with cold water, apply to the unwanted hairs, and as the paste dries see them vanish. Sipolite retards re-growth, too, and is so mild in action that it cannot injure the most sensitive skin.

LORDS—and of course **Ladies** ★



Valerie, Lady Brougham and Vaux

a keen cricket enthusiast, is usually to be found at Lords for the Eton and Harrow match. A CALIFORNIAN POPPY enthusiast, too—says she prefers it to expensive foreign perfumes. It's less obtrusive. More genuinely distinctive.

CALIFORNIAN POPPY
Perfume 1/6, 3/-, 5/-, 9/-
and trial sizes



CAL 19-538



... Controls perspiration for a week at a time.

No worry about perspiration and its unpleasant odour if you use Perstop once a week. Easy and quick to apply. Specially designed bottle saves time and bother. No glass rod or cotton-wool necessary. Just apply the applicator, which is a fixture in the bottle, direct to the under-arm.

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Perstop

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LOST 3st. 7lbs.

Reduced
Bust - - 8 inches
Hips - - 6 "
Waist - 9 "

Grateful Lady Says:—
"I Feel Fit and Well
and 10 Years Younger
Thanks to

SILF

Brand Obesity Tablets."

Middx.

Dear Sirs,

I thought you would be interested to know how your wonderful Silf reduced my weight from 12 st. to 8 st. 7 lbs.

I feel absolutely fit and well always and ten years younger. My age is 36 and everybody tells me I do not look it, thanks to Silf for making me slim again. I can thoroughly recommend it and do so wherever I can.

I forgot to tell you my measurements were : Bust, 42 ins.; Hips, 42 ins., and Waist, 34 ins. Now my measurements are : Bust, 34 ins.; Hips, 36 ins., and Waist, 25 ins., so you can see for yourself the marvellous difference. With everlasting thanks,

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) V. P.

7 DAYS' TRIAL

YOU are invited to purchase a 1/3 box of "Silf" (Brand) Obesity Tablets, and if after taking them for seven days, as directed, you are not satisfied that a reasonable course of this remedy will prove beneficial, you may return the empty box to the Silf Company, Ltd., 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1, and we will return the 1/3 you have spent.

1/3
3/-
&
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BRAND
OBESITY TABLETS

You save
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No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.

WHO'S WHO

Mary Boland

BORN in Detroit, Michigan, on January 28, 1880, she followed in her father's footsteps by taking up acting as a career, appearing in many stage plays including:—*Meet the Wife, Cradle Snatchers, Women Go On Forever, The Vinegar Tree and Face the Music*. One of the screen's most popular light comedienne, she started as a tragedienne. She stands 5 ft. 4 in. in height, and weighs about 9 stone.

Her films include:—*Secrets of a Secretary, Personal Maid, The Night of June 13, Trouble in Paradise, Evenings for Sale, If I Had a Million, Mama Loves Papa, Three-Cornered Moon, Solitaire Man, Four Frightened People, Six of a Kind, Melody in Spring, Here Comes the Groom, Stingaree, Hawaiian Nights, Pursuit of Happiness, Down to Their Last Yacht, Ruggles of Red Gap, People Will Talk, Two for To-night, Early to Bed and A Son Comes Home*.

Chili Bouchier

BORN in London on September 12, 1910, she has black hair and brown eyes, is 5 ft. 3 in. tall, and worked as a typist and later as a mannequin in a West End stores before being "discovered" by Max Rosher, who introduced her to films. She changed her first name from Chili to Dorothy after some time in films, and later reverted to Chili. She married Harry Milton in 1929, and has appeared on the stage with him in *Lavender and Open Your Eyes*; other stage work includes *Magnolia Street*.

Her films include:—*Mumsie, Shooting Stars, You Know What Sailors Are, Warned Off, The Silver King, City of Play and Down Stream*, all of which were silents. Also appeared in the following talkies:—*Enter the Queen, Call of the Sea, Kissing Cup's Race, Brown Sugar, Carnival, The Blue Danube, Ebb Tide, Purse Strings, It's a Cop, The Office Wife, To Be a Lady, Death Drives Through, Honours Easy, The Mad Hatters, Royal Cavalcade, Lucky Days, Get Off My Fool, Faithful, Where's Sally? Southern Roses and Mr. Cohen Takes a Walk*.

John Boles

BORN in Greenville, Texas, on October 27, 1900, his early ambition was to become a doctor, but the war interrupted his studies, and he joined the Army. After the Armistice he taught French and voice production to pay for his own singing lessons, and, after many disappointments was offered the lead in the musical comedy, *Little Jessie James*. Other starring parts followed, and, when Gloria Swanson saw him in *Kitty's Kisses*, some time

later, she immediately signed him to appear on the screen opposite to her in *Loves of Sunya*.

Standing 6 ft. 1 in., he has brown hair and grey-blue eyes and weighs 13 stone. He is married to Marceliene Dobbs, and they have two children. A keen athlete, he is fond of outdoor sports, including hiking and lawn tennis.

Included in his films are:—*Brides of the Night, Shepherd of the Hills, Bride of the Colorado, What Holds Men, We Americans, The Last Warning, Fazil, Romance of the Underworld, Rio Rita, The Desert Song, Song of the West, Captain of the Guard, Seed, King of Jazz, Careless Lady, Good Sport, Back Street, Six Hours to Live, Child of Manhattan, My Lips Betray, Only Yesterday, Beloved, I Believed in You, Bottoms Up, Stand Up and Cheer, Music in the Air, Life of Virgie Winters, The Age of Innocence, The White Parade, Orchids to You, Redheads on Parade, Rose of the Rancho, Curly Top, The Littlest Rebel and A Message to Garcia*.

Bill Boyd

BORN in Cambridge, Ohio, on July 5, 1898, his parents died while he was quite young, leaving him to make his own way in the world. He became, among other things, an assistant in a grocery shop, a hand at a petrol station, a motor salesman, and an oil driller before getting a job as a film extra in 1919 in Cecil B. De Mille's *Why Change Your Wife?* He is married to Dorothy Sebastian, and was formerly the husband of Eleanor Fair, from whom he obtained a divorce. He is 6 ft. in. in height and has light brown hair and blue eyes.

He made rapid progress through leads, and featured roles in *Bobbed Hair, Forty Winks, New Lives for Old, Feet of Clay, Triumph and The Golden Bed*. He appeared with Ramon Novarro in *Midshipman Stirling*, and was then featured in *The Road to Yesterday* with Vera Reynolds.

Other films include:—*The Volga Boatman, Her Man o' War, Eve's Leave, The Last Frontier, Jim the Conqueror, The Yankee Clipper, King of Kings, Two Arabian Knights, Dress Parade, The Night Flyer, Skyscraper, The Cop, Power, The Leathernecks, Lady of the Pavements, The Locked Door, Crashing Through, The Flying Fool, High Voltage, His First Command, Officer O'Brien, The Painted Desert, War and Women, Beyond Victory, Those Who Dance, Storm, The Frame, Wiser Sex, Carnival Boat, Suicide Fleet, Men of America, The Painted Woman, Midnight Warning, Lucky Devils, Emergency Call, Laughing at Life, The Chief, The House on 58th Street, Cheaters, Port of Lost Dreams, Bar 20 Rides Again, Hop-Along Cassidy, Eagle's Brood, Dancing Luck and Heart of the West*.

What Do You Think? Continued

The foregoing figures should help those who need statistics and arguments when pleading for the opening of their local cinemas on Sunday evenings.—*Lewis Thrupp, 5 Montagu Road, Hendon, N.W.4.*

Esperanto?

The kinema has conquered much, yet there still remains—despite commendable effort in a bi-lingual direction—one big setback: *speech limitations*.

Films are produced by foreign countries, naturally, in their own tongue; a few special kinemas in this country screen them, but even so, the fact that the majority cannot comprehend other languages makes them little short of useless.

Movies have a mass appeal, and the average "fan" cannot be expected to be an expert linguist.

But why is not a real step taken to give us something in the nature of a *universal* screen language?

There is Esperanto, and, though I am not an adherent of Esperanto, it is common knowledge

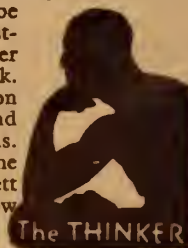
that this international tongue invented by Dr. Zamenhof in 1878 has an alphabet consisting of but 28 letters, is easily learnt, its rules surprisingly simple, spelling phonetic, and vocabulary small.

Come, talkie producers, isn't it worthy of consideration?—*Robert Lock, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.*

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films. Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 is. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.



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LOOK AT
MY NAILS -
ALL STREAKS !

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HEARD THE
WORD **GLAZO** !



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GLAZO NEVER
THICKENS IN THE
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AND YOU
DON'T GET
STREAKING.



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Polish in 8 smart shades
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Both your purse and the health of your hair demand that permanent waves should not be too frequent. The question is, how can you make your "perm" last longer? The secret is this, keep your hair and scalp in good condition, and your waves will automatically stay in. Try it; all you have to do is get a 2/3 bottle of Lavona Hair Tonic from your chemist, and brush a little in every day. (Every bottle carries a money-back guarantee.) Lavona Hair Tonic will restore all the hair nutriment that "perm" heat dries out; it checks dandruff—the cause of weak, falling hair and baldness—and carries revitalising tonic ingredients right down to the roots of your hair. Not only does your "perm" last longer, but it also gains a wonderful new lustre and beauty. You don't know how lovely your hair can be till you've restored its health and vigour with Lavona Hair Tonic.

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Time and tide wait for no one, but lucky ladies who go cruising need not worry about sailing dates if they rely on **CAMELIA** — SAFE, SECURE and completely **INVISIBLE**.

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ENTIRELY
BRITISH
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SANITARY TOWELS

ROUNDED ENDS for complete concealment.

C11



JESSIE MATTHEWS' Beauty Secret

Miss Jessie Matthews, the famous Gaumont-British Film Star, writes: "During long days and late nights rehearsing, I have found Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream invaluable for keeping a nice complexion. It clings perfectly without clogging and maintains a lasting, lovely finish. It seems to me such an excellent idea to have combined powder and cream in one, and the mirror in the bottom of the jar is a real inspiration."



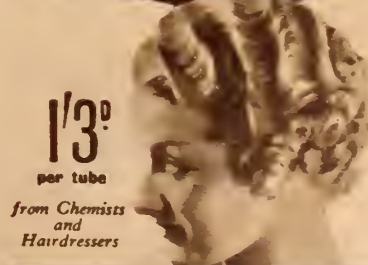
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BLUSH CREAM
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results. The Blush Cream
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tainers for sixpence
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*Perfectly
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HIGH GLOSS for Dry Hair
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Camilstone Ltd., Welsh Harp, London, N.W.9

"What a difference—
when I used the *right*
sun-tan shade."



**MILDRED, LADY ORANMORE
AND BROWNE**

"I had thought all sun-tan shades uncovered to me till I tried the Dark Brunette shade of this new Pond's Face Powder. It gives my skin the true natural sun-tan look."

True sun-tan loveliness for you now!

IS YOUR tan dull—or is it too red—
or is it too pale? And have you dis-
covered, too, that the sun-tan shades
of powder you have tried only make
you look yellow and old?

Take Lady Oranmore's advice—
try Pond's Dark Brunette, the sun-
tan shade of Pond's Powder.

Why can it give the true lovely
sun-tan look when other sun-tan
powders fail? This is why:

Until recently, all powder shades
were made without a thorough knowl-
edge of skin tones.

But now Pond's have analysed the
skin of 200 girls to
discover exactly what
tints give blonde skin
its clarity, brunette
skin its creamy tone,
sun-tanned skin its
sunny glow.

And these beauty

tints are blended in Pond's Powder.
No wonder they give you a loveliness
you have never had before!

No wonder Pond's Dark Brunette
—the sun-tan shade—gives your
skin the smart sun-tanned tint.
Your chemist has it. Or send in the
coupon below and try all five of
Pond's shades *absolutely free*. They
will do much more to make your
skin lovely than ordinary shades can.
Natural makes blonde skin trans-
parent. Rachel 1 gives pearliness to
fair skin. Rachel 2 adds a creamy
tone. Peach warms dull skin.

AMAZING FACTS

were revealed when over 200 girls
were complexion-analysed under a
colourscope. It showed that beau-
tiful blonde skin has a note of blue;
that lovely brunette skin contains
green! With this knowledge Pond's
blended in their new powder shades
the exact tints of lovely skin.



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Let GEORGE DO IT!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters
received from readers each week, the only queries answered
on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future,
if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please
send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to
"George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House,
Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

COOPER and HOWARD FAN (Kent).—(1) Wallace Ford, b. 1899, England; 6 ft., brown hair, grey-blue eyes; married Martha Halworth; hobbies, sports and reading. (2) Robert Cummings, b. 25 years ago, Joplin, Miss.; 5 ft. 11 in. (2) John Howard is not married. His first film was *Car 99*, which he made under the name of John Cox. Yes, he is acting in *Thirteen Hours by Air*. (3) Release dates: *Gentlemen of the Navy*—Dec. 9, 1935, *Peter Ibbetson*—Mar. 16, 1936, *Millions in the Air*—April 6, 1936.

PETRIE (Ilford).—The release date of *Royal Romance* is not yet fixed.

I. H. (Manchester).—All the music in *The Dark Angel* is incidental and not published.

K. K. K.—Boris Karloff is of British nationality.

K. B. (Limehouse).—Photograph of Gene Raymond obtainable from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each.

R. H. (Clacton).—(1) Chief players *Follow the Fleet*—Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Harriet Hilliard, Randolph Scott and Astrid Allwyn; and in *Romance in Manhattan*—Francis Lederer, Ginger Rogers, Arthur Hohl, Jimmie Butler and J. Farrell MacDonald. (3) Music *Follow the Fleet*, "I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket," "We Saw the Sea," "I'd Rather Lead a Band," "Let's Face the Music," "Let Yourself Go," "Get Thee Behind Me," "Here Am I, But Where Are You?"

TWO FILM FANS (Manchester).—Ben Lyon, James Hall and Jean Harlow appeared in *Hells Angels*. Clark Gable was not in this film.

D. H. (Nottingham).—Weights as follows: Boris Karloff 175 lb., Joan Blondell 110 lb., Jean Gillie 116 lb., Jeanette MacDonald 120 lb., Carole Lombard 112 lb., Myrna Loy 100 lb., Ginger Rogers 112 lb., Dolores del Rio 115 lb.

DOROTHY (Herne Bay).—Fredric March's latest film is *Mary Queen of Scots* for Radio Pictures.

M. P. (Berks).—We published a supplement of *Naughty Marietta* in the Oct. 19, 1935, issue, but it is now out of print. Centre spread of this film, April 27, 1935.

TWO PICTUREGOERS (Suffolk).—(1) Barry Mackay is in his twenties and is married to Natalie Hall. (2) No, John Mills has not got any children. (3) Grete Mosheim, blonde hair, blue eyes.

S. D. (Birmingham).—Photograph of Dick Powell obtainable from the Postcard Salon, see above.

M. G. H. (Scotland).—Grace Moore sang "Funiculi, Funicula" in the film *On Wings of Song*.

FILM STRUCK FANNY (Kingstanding).—(1) Herbert Marshall sustained a leg injury during the Great War. (2) Roy Fox and His Band appeared in *Radio Pirates*.

L. B. and A. K. (Yorks).—Noel Madison took the part of Douglas Worthington in the film *What Price Crime*, he was b. America, and has black hair, brown eyes, 5 ft. 10 in., educated France and Switzerland.

E. C. (Lydd).—(1) Loretta Young, b. Jan. 6, 1912; married Grant Withers (mar. dis.). (2) Constance Bennett, b. Oct. 22, 1905; married Marquis de la Falaise.

K. B. (Wales).—Henry Fonda's latest film *The Moon is Our Home* for Universal Studios.

H. M. (London).—Latest films: Irene Dunne—*Show Boat* for Universal. Ginger Rogers *I Won't Dance* for Radio. Marlene Dietrich—*Garden of Allah* for United Artists. Greta Garbo—*Camille* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

FRED FAN (Bristol).—(1) Music *Follow the Fleet*, see R. H. (Clacton) in previous column. (2) Fred MacMurray, b. Aug. 30, 1909, Kankakee, Illinois; 6 ft. 3 in., brown hair and eyes. Latest film *The Princess Comes Across*. (3) Katharine Hepburn, b. Nov. 9, 1909; auburn hair and green eyes, 5 ft. 5 in., mar. Ludlow Smith (mar. dis.). Latest film *Mary Queen of Scots*.

N. J. (B'ham).—Douglas Montgomery, real name Robert Douglass Montgomery, not related to Robert Montgomery, b. Oct. 29, 1908, Los Angeles; 6 ft., fair hair, blue eyes. Used to appear under the name of Kent Douglass. (2) No, David Jack Holt, whom you saw in *The Last Days of Pompeii*, is no relation to Jack Holt. David Jack Holt is seven years old and his other films include—*You Belong to Me*, *Stand Up and Cheer*, *Baby Take a Bow*, *Cats Paw*, *Shock*, *Kids on the Cuff*.

FILM FAN (Wales).—Chief players as follows—*Private Number*—Robert Taylor and Loretta Young. *White Fang*—Michael Whalen and Jean Muir. *White Sister*—Helen Hayes, Clark Gable and Lewis Stone. *Student Tour*—Jimmy Durante, Maxine Doyle, Florine McKinney, Charles Butterworth and Phil Regan. *Here is My Heart*—Bing Crosby, Kitty Carlisle and Roland Young. *Tell Me To-night*—Jan Kiepura, Magda Schneider and Sonnie Hale. *The Honourable Mr. Wong*—Loretta Young, Dudley Digges, Leslie Fenton and Edward G. Robinson. (2) Fox Films made *White Parade* and *Caravan*. (3) Jack Oakie's latest film *Texas Ranger*.

G. M. (Bristol).—Jackie Cooper, b. Los Angeles, Sept. 15, 1923.

READER.—Dolores Del Rio, Warren William and Colin Clive appear in the film *Widow from Monte Carlo* (formerly *Meet the Duchess*). (2) Chief players, *The Blue Squadron*—Esmond Knight, John Stuart and Grete Hansen. *Desert Song*—John Boles and Carlotta King. (3) Adolphe Menjou did not appear in *Glamour*. Philip Reed, Constance Cummings and Paul Lukas took the chief parts in this film.

X. Y. Z. (Glasgow).—Frank Lawton's latest film is *Devil Doll*, formerly entitled *The Witch of Timbuctoo*.

S. W. (Northampton).—Articles on George Arliss as follows: Aug. 20, 1932, "How Natural is Natural Acting"; Feb. 18, 1933, "Advice from Arliss"; April 22, 1933, "I Have to say Yes"; Jan. 13, 1934, "Pictures of To-morrow by George Arliss"; May 26, 1934, "George Arliss Confesses"; Aug. 3, 1935, "This Arliss Business." (2) Photographs of Marie Tempest, Her Majesty Queen Mary, Sir Thomas Beecham can be obtained from the Postcard Salon, address above.

I. S. (S.E.22).—Richard Tauber appeared in a "dubbed" scene in *Big Broadcast* of 1936. He did not go to America to appear in the film.

F. C. (Forest Gate).—Annabella, b. Paris; blonde hair. She is making *Wings of the Morning* over here at the moment.

T. S. (Dulwich).—Nova Pilbeam, b. Nov. 13, 1919, Wimbledon, fair hair and blue eyes, 4 ft. 10 ins.; uses own name for screen purposes.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

THE HENRY EDWARDS BRITISH FILM CLUB welcomes new members. This Club exists to support all British Films and stars, and the Cinematograph Benevolent Fund, and is entirely self-supporting. All the British Stars are members, and meet the members at the jolly dances, usually held at Bush House. There is a very popular social side to the Club, which includes fortnightly Club evenings, a Rambling section, Theatre Parties, Dances, and many other jolly functions. All particulars from Hon. Secretary, 32 Amesbury Avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.2 on receipt of stamped addressed envelope for a reply.

THE MYRNA LOY FAN CLUB.—Readers may have particulars by sending an addressed envelope to Syd Briggs, c/o International Film Club, 27 Belgrave Road, Blackpool.

All readers interested in the LEN BERMON CLUB should write to the secretary, May Scott, 68 Ravenshaugh Road, Levenshall, Musselburgh, for full particulars, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for a reply.

No. 268 (New Series) Vol. 6
July 11, 1936.

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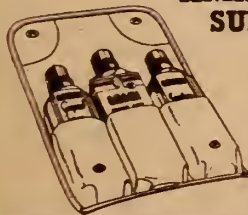


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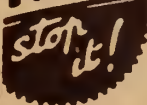
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Leave IT to ANNE

IF you have a beauty question that you find difficult to answer, let me answer it for you. Send a stamped addressed envelope with your letter if you wish for postal reply.

THERE is many a holiday that has been spoiled by a corn. Feet come into the limelight much more on holidays and they are also used much more, so it is only reasonable and wise to see that they are good to look at and good for service before we go away.

There are several ways of getting rid of corns. If you have seven and sixpence to spare then you probably do best by going to the chiropodist. For this sum you can have both feet put into comfortable order. But if it is just one or two corns that need attention, one of the proprietary corn cures from the chemist will help you.

Another method consists of soaking the feet in hot water and special foot cubes, or alternatively in a solution of Epsom Salts. These should be added to the warm water in the proportion of 1 oz. to 1 quart. If the corn is not too old it may be rubbed off after several applications.

Cutting

The chiropodist works by finely shaving off the hard skin of a corn. It is wiser not to try this process for yourself, for it is very easy to set up a septic toe in this way. But I know full well that however much I may say against this practice, there are quite a lot of my readers who will go on cutting their own corns.

Very well, but please be scrupulously clean and careful about it, and do buy a proper chiropody knife instead of operating with a razor. You can get quite a good knife for about 4s. 6d. from any of the large stores. Keep this knife solely for its special purpose and sterilise it before each time of use.

Before starting, bathe the feet in warm water and touch the corn with a swab of cotton wool soaked in 10 vols. peroxide of hydrogen. This will sterilise it. Trim off the hard skin with a slicing action of the knife. Do it very finely without cutting deep. Do not attempt to take too much away.

Remove as much of the hard centre as possible with the point of the knife, remembering that it is extremely sharp and that it is very easy to draw blood. When the paring is finished, touch the corn again with peroxide, wrap a wisp of lint around it or dust with boracic powder and fix a corn ring so that the stocking does not come into contact with the pared surface.

Supposing your corn has a dark discoloration about it. This is known as a blood corn owing to the congealed blood beneath the skin. This definitely must not be touched by amateur hands. You must consult an expert.

Soft Corns

Soft corns are dreadfully painful. They usually appear where two skin surfaces come into contact.

These should be treated each day by touching with a stick of silver nitrate. You may buy this from any chemist. Ask the chemist also to make you up a soothing ointment consisting of equal parts zinc oxide and vaseline. Apply this to the toe and wrap it around with a wisp of sterilised sheep's wool. This too comes from the chemists.

Some soft corns should be treated professionally. These are covered with a yellow opaque skin and there may or may not be an abscess present. Do not touch such a corn in any circumstances.

The hard skin under the foot, which makes walking painful, should also be finely pared with the chiropody knife. If it isn't painful let it alone. This skin often forms a protection when the arches of the feet tend to drop. This skin should never be allowed to become really thick. The simplest

way of dealing with it is to treat it with a pumice stone after the bath. In this way it never becomes excessive or troublesome.

Toe nails need to be manicured as carefully as finger nails. To do the job comfortably, sit with your foot on a cushioned rest slightly higher than your chair.

First of all file the nails. An oval shape tends to cause ingrowing toe nails. The nail should be slightly longer than the toe. Finish with an emery board to smooth off rough edges so that they cannot spoil your stockings. It is so easy to start a ladder with a rough nail.

When you have finished the nails of one foot, place it in a ready filled foot bath of warm soapy water, while you attend to the other foot. When you put in the second foot, dry the first one, and give a generous application of cuticle cream, and gently push around the nails with the shaped end of a fresh orange stick. Leave this foot and complete the other one. Then carefully remove the cuticle on the first foot. Do this carefully and not too much at a time, for if your toe nails are unaccustomed to this treatment, the cuticle is very easily inflamed and made sore.

When it has gently been pressed back, give the feet an eau de Cologne friction or else massage with skin food or cold cream to make the skin soft, remove with a paper tissue and follow that with a little witch hazel lightly patted in. Lastly apply talcum powder.

If you like coloured toe nails, apply the varnish. The brighter the tint the more attention do you call to your feet on the beach. If they are not as good looking as you could wish, choose a delicate pink. If you use a brighter tint, see that it matches your finger nails. Give the nail two applications and take the tint right to the edge.

Answers to Correspondents

E. L. (Upminster).—If you want a really lasting lipstick try Miché; it is obtainable in six shades and three prices, 4s. 6d., 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d.

T. R. (Oldham).—Two very good deodorants are Persik, which you use as you would a lipstick and Perstop, which is liquid with a self-applicator. The former is sold at 2s. 6d. and the latter at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half-a-guinea is awarded to H. Thompson, 55 Summer Street, Walkey, Sheffield, for:—

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Miss E. Harding (aged 13), 24 Jellicoe Road, Tottenham, N.17, for:—
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The Devil is a Woman
My Wife's Mother
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Mrs. E. Haymen, Anglesey, No. 3 Bath Road, Ventnor, I.O.W.:—
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W. Foreman, 38 Climsland Road, Paignton, S. Devon, for:—
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As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short short story.

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THIS MAGNIFICENT 21-PIECE TEA SET

for every reader

HERE'S THRILLING NEWS! This week, to celebrate its ever-increasing progress and popularity "Picturegoer" announces a great new Presentation to every one of its readers. You are invited to accept a magnificent 21-piece TEA SET—a masterpiece of the potters' art that will give you a thrill of pleasure when the whole set, with its smart lines and handsome finish, is gleaming on your table. This is the only opportunity that will be provided for you to participate in this great Presentation. The Reservation Form on right below will not be published next week. Apply at once.

Here is a Presentation that will be universally popular. This Tea Service is something extra special. It is just the kind of Tea Service which the woman who is proud of her home will bring out on special occasions. Every piece is made by a British potter—modern—beautifully designed and fashioned in high-grade semi-porcelain of a delicate ivory shade. Each piece is embellished with artistic fancy moulding trimmed with coral red and is further enhanced by a dainty silver line.

The complete Set comprises 21 pieces, which include six cups, six saucers, six plates, bread and butter plate, sugar basin and milk jug.

As a special surprise in this great offer the PICTUREGOER has arranged a special additional Presentation of a Set of Six Handsome Silver Plated Tea Spoons. The supply of these Tea Spoons is limited and this additional offer is open only to readers who qualify for the Tea Set. Details are given on opposite page. **YOUR VOUCHER IS ON RIGHT.**

In order to make it as easy as possible for you to get your Tea Set your Presentation VOUCHER is in your hands now—it is actually printed on the right. There is nothing to do other than qualify according to the simple directions given.

DO THIS NOW! The very first thing to do is to fill in the Reservation Form on right below. This reserves your 21-piece Tea Set in your name and **MUST** be sent to us at once. **DO NOT SEND ANY MONEY** with the Reservation form. Be sure to indicate whether you wish a Set of Silver Plated Tea Spoons to be reserved for you as well.

On receipt of the Reservation Form PICTUREGOER WEEKLY will set aside in your name your 21-piece Tea Set (and Set of Teaspoons if desired), ready for dispatch, carriage paid to your door, immediately your completed Voucher is received.

You are asked to keep your Presentation Voucher carefully and to affix to it 6 tokens, "Plain" series, from 6 separate issues of "Picturegoer Weekly." You can begin this week with Token No. 1 which appears in the bottom left corner of the back cover of this issue.

Remember—all you send for your Tea Set with your completed Voucher is 4/9, which includes carriage, packing and insurance against breakage, etc. What a Presentation! You'll be sorry indeed if you miss it.

If you wish the Set of 6 Tea Spoons included in your parcel, all you are asked to send in addition is the nominal amount of 1/6, making 6/3 in all.

APPLY AT ONCE! THE ONLY WAY to make certain of your 21-piece Tea Set is to **FILL IN AND POST THE RESERVATION FORM ON RIGHT RESERVING YOUR SET RIGHT AWAY.** Remember this form will **NOT** be published again. This is a once and once only opportunity which you should seize without delay. Post Reservation Form to-day.

N.B.—KEEP VOUCHER CAREFULLY UNTIL YOU HAVE QUALIFIED

"PICTUREGOER WEEKLY" Presentation Voucher FOR 21-PIECE TEA SET

When completed post to: PRESENTATION DEPT.,
"PICTUREGOER WEEKLY," NEAL STREET, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE,
LONDON, W.C.2.

1
Specimen only
not to be used.
IMPORTANT.
Tokens you
are asked to
cut out from
six separate
Weekly issues
of "Picture-
goer Weekly,"
and affix to spaces below.
Use gum or paste, NOT pins.

1	4
2	5
3	6

I certify my Six Tokens have been cut from six separate weekly issues of "Picturegoer Weekly" purchased from my newsagent. I enclose Postal Order as specified below. Please send my Presentation Tea Set.

VERY IMPORTANT. DO THIS AT ONCE

Indicate by **crossing out** section NOT desired, whether you wish a set of six Tea Spoons sent with your Tea Set. If so include the additional 1/6 with your remittance.

(1) 21-PIECE TEA SET which includes carriage, packing, insurance against breakage, etc. **4/9**
(2) 21-PIECE TEA SET and Set of Six TEA SPOONS including carriage, packing, insurance against breakage, etc. **6/3**

P.O. Number..... Value..... Date.....

Give your name and address on the back of your P.O., cross / & Co., and make payable to "Picturegoer Weekly."

WRITE CLEARLY BELOW IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME (State Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS

Before sending in this Voucher read the simple directions below carefully.

SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

Your Reservation Form below **MUST BE POSTED AT ONCE.** This reserves your Tea Set in your name. Be sure to indicate whether you desire to accept the special offer of a set of six afternoon Tea Spoons. At the same time indicate on your Presentation Voucher whether or not you have accepted this Special Offer.

Above is the Presentation Voucher. To qualify, cut out the token "Plain" Series from the **LEFT-HAND** bottom corner of the back cover of "Picturegoer Weekly." Do this with 6 separate weekly issues. Tokens eligible are the "Plain" series. Applicants may commence from No. 1 in this issue. **NO OTHER SERIES OF TOKENS WILL BE ACCEPTED.** Having collected 6 tokens from 6 separate weekly issues of "Picturegoer Weekly" complete the Presentation Voucher as directed. Then post Voucher, together with your Postal Order for 4/9 (four shillings and ninepence), which includes carriage, packing, insurance against breakage in transit, etc., to the address

given on the Voucher. If you accept the special offer of 6 Tea Spoons as well, include the additional nominal sum of 1/6, making 6/3 in all.

Send Cheque or Postal Order. **Do not send loose stamps.** Write your name and address on the back of your Postal Order, make it payable to "Picturegoer Weekly" and cross / & Co., Upon receipt of your properly completed Presentation Voucher, together with your Postal Order for the correct amount, your Tea Set will be immediately dispatched to your home.

No person may qualify for more than one Tea Set and no Set will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.

This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland or Irish Free State. N.B.—Applicants from Irish Free State will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.

CUT HERE

Send No Money With This Form "PICTUREGOER WEEKLY" 21-PIECE TEA SET RESERVATION FORM

This form reserves in your name a Presentation 21-piece Tea Set, and, if you wish, 6 afternoon Tea Spoons.

Post to: "Picturegoer Weekly," Dept. G.T.1, 3 Arne Street, London, W.C.2.

In accordance with your special offer, please reserve in my name a Presentation 21-piece Tea Set. I have also indicated below whether I desire to accept your special Tea Spoons Offer.

YOU MUST CROSS OUT BELOW SECTION NOT REQUIRED.

(1) 21-piece Tea Set.

(2) 21-PIECE TEA SET AND SET OF 6 TEA SPOONS

NOTE.—You may send this Form in an unsealed envelope bearing a half-penny stamp. DO NOT enclose any cash or correspondence.

READER'S SIGNATURE.....

ADDRESS.....

WRITE
CLEARLY
IN BLOCK
LETTERS

This Special Reservation Form **MUST** be received by **NOT** later than **FIRST POST TUESDAY, JULY 28th.**

Picturegoer, 18/7/36

10 MINUTES TO WAIT—so



Mine's a Minor!

JUST the cigarette for a restful smoke.

In taste and quality the equal of much

dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large;

big enough, however, to last the full 10

minutes—and so conveniently packed.

IN TINS

30 for 1/- * 60 for 2/-

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THE TEN-MINUTE SMOKE

FOR INTELLIGENT FOLK

De Reszke MINORS

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

PLAIN, CORK OR 'IVORY'-TIPPED



Anna Lee

This darling of the fans is likely also to be the darling of ten thousand troops who will be her fellow members of the cast of the new Gaumont-British film exploiting the British Army. She is to play a sergeant-major's daughter, opposite John Loder.

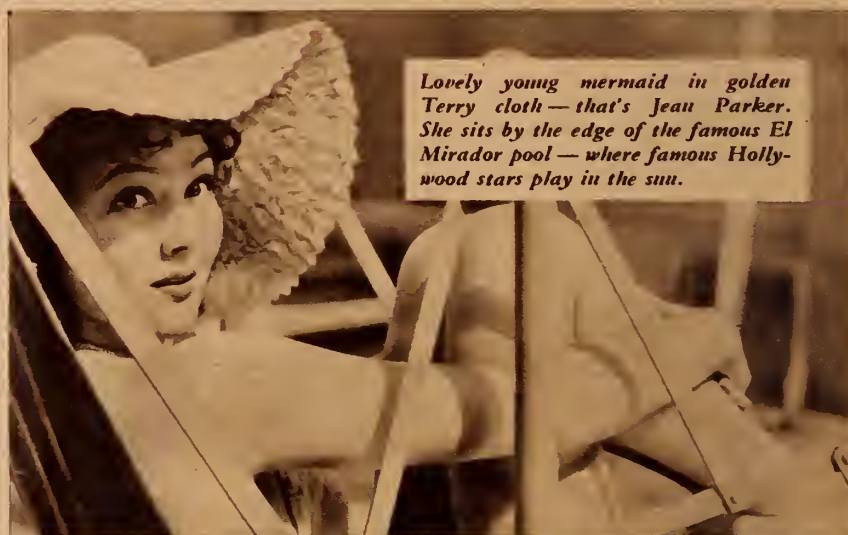
Radiant on the screen

and in private life

*Jean Parker has the
same thrilling beauty*



Jean Parker, charming M-G-M star, snapped at the Gilmore Rodeo Stadium. A hard rider, yet her complexion always looks lovely. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin perfectly clear and smooth," she says.



Lovely young mermaid in golden Terry cloth — that's Jean Parker. She sits by the edge of the famous El Mirador pool — where famous Hollywood stars play in the sun.

Is coarse skin spoiling your loveliness?

DOES your skin feel harsh and coarse? Skin specialists say that under the microscope almost any woman's skin shows layers and ridges of tiny dead scales.

But how different Jean Parker's skin looks! Her skin is flawlessly clear and soft because she has smoothed away these tiny dead scales with Lux Toilet Soap. And you can do the same! Use Lux Toilet Soap every day and soon

your skin will be radiantly clear and smooth. Lux Toilet Soap has a quick-acting beauty lather that dissolves these scales, clears away *coarse skin* and reveals the smooth young skin that lies beneath. Use this fragrant white soap for a beauty bath, too. Sold at all grocers, chemists and dealers, 3d. a tablet. (This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only.)



Lux Toilet Soap is used by 846 out of 857 famous film stars — and is the official beauty soap of all the leading film studios.

Lux Toilet Soap

A LEVER PRODUCT

TL766-109

Picturegoer-The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

ALL THE GOSSIP

THIS week, while paying a high tribute to showmanship, we can also claim no mean showmanship ourselves in presenting to you with this issue of PICTUREGOER the finest free supplement ever issued by a film magazine.

This is a proud boast, and we are proud to be able to substantiate it.

The fascinating story of the greatest film organisation in the world, told enthrallingly in articles expressly written by the head of M.-G.-M. in this country, and illustrated by photographs specially sent from America, is presented to you in thirty-two pages of photogravure.

This magnificent free gift, exclusive to PICTUREGOER, in addition to the unbeatable value that PICTUREGOER readers regularly receive for their 2d., must surely explain (if explanation were necessary) why PICTUREGOER is the most popular and successful film magazine in the world.

The Best Publicity

PICTUREGOER has a remarkably loyal public, which is increasing by leaps and bounds; and we cannot pretend to be surprised at that, for we follow the principle laid down by Addison:

*"Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll
deserve it."*

Many a showman has discovered to his benefit that the best publicity obtainable is *word-of-mouth* publicity.

But this is not confined to show-business; ask any successful business man what he considers his best advertising medium, and—if he is honest—he will answer "A satisfied customer."

There is (fortunately for us) a great deal of kindness among the people of these islands, which makes them unwilling to keep a good thing to themselves.

And when some hundreds of thousands of readers begin boasting to their friends about the marvellous value that PICTUREGOER offers, you can imagine the rush there will be for future issues—and the number of regular readers who will hear with dismay the dismal answer, "Sold out!"

The moral is—place a regular order with your newsagent. It's safer.

New Stars

Stars are the ammunition of the film industry—and certainly the munition factories of Hollywood have been keeping the studios well supplied with camera-fodder during the last twelve months.

I have just been glancing at the official lists issued by the Hollywood studios, of names which have been actually *starred* in America for the first time since July, 1935.

And I use the word "star" in the strict technical sense of a player whose name is billed larger than the title of the film.

Here are the new-fledged stars, classified by studios.

Paramount have promoted Fred MacMurray, Jan Kiepura, Gladys Swarthout, and Madeleine Carroll.

Radio have made one solitary appointment to stellar rank in a twelvemonth, and so have Universal; Radio's is Lily Pons, on the strength of one picture, *I Dream Too Much*, and Universal's is Edward Arnold.

Tone's Rise

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have starred Jack Benny (solely on account of his success in



Every inch a gypsy! A striking study of Lupe Velez as she appears in "Gypsy Melody," recently completed by British Artistic at Elstree.

Radio Parade of 1936), Freddie Bartholomew (for being *David Copperfield*), Charles Laughton (because of *Mutiny on the Bounty*), and Robert Taylor.

United Artists (the Sam Goldwyn part of that

organisation) have rewarded two players with stardom—chiefly for their work in *These Three*; Merle Oberon and Joel McCrea.

It has been expected that Franchot Tone, who

(Continued on page 8)



Breakfast can wait! Carole Lombard and Preston Foster in a scene from "Love Before Breakfast."

(Continued from page 7)

has made an amazing leap forward in popular favour in the last three years, would be starred by now; as a matter of fact he *has* been, but not by his "home" studio, M.-G.-M.

His elevation took place while he was on loan to Columbia; and Columbia have (very intelligently) also made stars of two other gifted players—Jean Arthur and Peter Lorre.

Lucky Loan

Twentieth Century-Fox have done the same thing for another M.-G.-M. player as Columbia did for Tone—raised her to stardom while she was "on loan"; the lucky girl is Rosalind Russell.

Other Twentieth Century-Fox "promotees" of the year were Warner Oland (who has had it coming to him for a long time), Edward Everett Horton, Jane Withers (who has thus joined the extremely select band of genuine child stars, of whom the other two are Shirley Temple and Jackie Cooper), Rochelle Hudson (one of the most appealing of the studio's younger bunch), Claire Trevor, Irvin S. Cobb, and (at last, and not a minute before it was due) Jean Hersholt.

And, to complete the list of studios, at Burbank the Warner Brothers have lifted into the seats of the mighty Pat O'Brien (George of that name was already a star—for Twentieth Century-Fox), Gene Raymond (a popular choice), and Jean Muir.

Whence?

It's interesting to note where all these new stars come from.

Of the whole twenty-seven (with the permission of the Dionne Ladies, I am counting them as one, since they are starred only as a team), only three were stars in other branches of the entertainment profession and came straight to films during the year; two of these—Lily Pons and Gladys Swarthout—were Metropolitan Opera stars, and Jack Benny was a very big personality in radio.

Practically the whole of the other two dozen were players who had been in films for some time, and had gradually qualified for their present high place.

The Dionne Ladies were the prominent exception; they had not been anywhere for any length of time, and only qualified by arriving in a party.

This advent of twenty-seven new stars to the

firmament rather more than maintained the supply, for twenty names had dropped out of stellar billing since the previous year; so we are seven stars to the good.

Vanished Twenty

However, in connection with the vanished twenty, it's only fair to point out that some came to Hollywood for only one or two pictures and then returned by pre-arrangement to other spheres of activity; the rest have reverted to "featured player" status.

Ben Bernie (who figured only in *Thank Your Stars*) went back to the stage and the "air"; Noel Coward came to London to play in his own one-act plays; Jimmy Savo returned to vaudeville; Tim McCoy became a circus star—the first important new name to get on to the circus bills for years.

Gloria Swanson and Colleen Moore had made comebacks to stardom the previous year, but failed to stay the course.

Maurice Chevalier came to England to play in *The Beloved Vagabond*; Ramon Novarro came to do a stage play in London; and Richard Barthelmess went to New York to play on the stage in *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, and thence to Elstree for a film.

Richard Arlen came over to play in *The Great Barrier* at Shepherd's Bush, and Tullio Carminati came to feature in *The Three Maxims*. That

accounts for eleven out of the twenty who had dropped out of American stardom by this time last year.

Come-Backs

The other nine are made up as follows:

Randolph Scott, Lee Tracy (who blotted his copybook while on location in Mexico by making a violent political speech from his balcony), Dorothea Wieck, Sally Eilers, Chester Morris, Aline MacMahon (but she is headed for stardom again), Henry Hull, Claude Rains, and Guy Kibbee.

As against Gloria Swanson and Colleen Moore, two old-timers retained their stardom, who had made a triumphant come-back the year before: Lawrence Tibbett and Adolph Menjou.

This list, of course, does not take into account the numerous American players who have star-billed in America for films they made in England.

This class includes Charles (Buddy) Rogers, Phillips Holmes, Fay Wray, Noah Beery, Doug. Fairbanks, jun., Helen Vinson, Madge Evans, Richard Dix, Robert Young, Nils Asther, and Constance Cummings; and two "Britishers" whom the Americans have come to regard as their own—George Arliss and Elissa Landi.

Then there are three from this side of the Atlantic who have had their first star-billing in America, but in European-made films—Conrad Veidt, Harry Baur, and Robert Donat.

No, I hardly think we need fear any shortage of star material for a while.

High, Wide, and Handsome

And yet, strange as it may seem, there has lately been a certain slowing-up of the supply in one department—that of outsize leading men.

The tendency towards six-foot heroes who have to turn sideways to walk through a narrow doorway has been more marked during the last year; it's a throwback, of course, to the muscular he-men of the early cowboy films, but nowadays a candidate has to know something about acting as well.

You can appreciate the demand when you realise how many six-foot heroes have leapt into favour during the last year or two—Errol Flynn, Robert Taylor, Fred MacMurray, Michael Whalen, Randolph Scott, Henry Fonda, Patrick Knowles, and Ian Hunter.

And some, less well known, but making a strong bid for your favour, are Barton MacLane, Dick Foran, Warren Hull, Gordon Elliott, Craig Reynolds, Dick Purcell, and James Milton—six-footers all.

It looks like a big year for big men.

On the Cover

However, they needn't all be handsome, as I witness the case of Spencer Tracy, who shares our cover with Sylvia Sidney this week.

Here we have two players who establish conclusively the important principle that you need be neither an Adonis nor a Venus to make good in films.

His worst enemy would not accuse Spencer Tracy of being handsome; and classical beauty

OUR BEAUTIFUL PRESENTATION TO EVERY READER

THERE is no woman in the world who does not like to display lovely china-ware on her table, especially when friends come to tea. That is why the PICTUREGOER's magnificent new Presentation to its readers, announced on pages 2 and 3, will be universally popular.

It is a superb 21-piece Tea Set—21 pieces of the finest British Pottery Art that will bring a new thrill to tea-time; arouse the admiration of friends; give a lifetime service.

Beautifully designed and fashioned in high-grade semi-porcelain of a delicate ivory shade, each piece of this Tea Set is embellished with graceful artistic moulding, rimmed with rich

coral red and further enhanced by dainty silver lines. There are six cups, six saucers, six plates, bread and butter plate, sugar basin and milk jug.

Irresistible! That is what you will say when you see this tea set on your table, and to think that it is so easily obtainable! Turn to pages 2 and 3 and see how simple the PICTUREGOER has made this glorious Presentation. Be sure to send in at once the form which reserves one of these Tea Sets in your name. There is not a minute to lose. This is a once and once only opportunity. The Reservation Form published on pages 2 and 3 will appear again. So hurry! Turn to the PICTUREGOER's Presentation Announcement on pages 2 and 3 and act to-day.

is a quality to which Sylvia Sidney would certainly not lay claim.

But they both have interesting faces, and likeable faces; and they know how to make those faces reflect what they are thinking without "making faces"—a very difficult art; and they know how to exploit their own individual qualities to the full—Tracy his rugged masculinity and Sylvia her frail physique combined with a driving inner force.

In their first film together, *Fury*, they both have a chance to take full advantage of their gifts; and Spencer Tracy and Sylvia Sidney are not the kind of people to miss any chances.

The 'Skeeters Won

Last week I was telling you about the daily routine followed by the Twentieth Century-Fox *Ramona* unit on location at Warner Hot Springs—and, if you remember, I envied them aloud.

This week I had a letter from the director, Henry King, which suggests that all has not been as halcyon as it seemed.

The first attempt to make technicolor night shots for *Ramona*, he tells me, ended in the precipitate flight of more than 200 movie workers.

The technicians and players, headed by Loretta Young, Don Ameche, Katherine DeMille and Pauline Frederick, were lining up for a moonlight shot in an open area close to Lake Henshaw.

Dozens of great lights were concentrated on the set when suddenly a deluge of mosquitoes swarmed on the scene, clouding out the brilliance of the lamps.

Every insect in this most lush of all California sites flickered about the lights, causing a hasty and undignified exit by the movie makers.

"We pulled switches and beat it as fast as we could," says King. "In all my experience of making pictures I never witnessed a phenomenon quite like it."

Trouble in Texas

Ramona, however, is not the only production to have suffered recently from location difficulties.

Snow has stepped in to harass King Vidor's troupe of film players making *The Texas Rangers* on the plains of Texas and New Mexico.

A storm hit Gallup, New Mexico, 7,000 feet above sea level, and forced the company to wrap up cameras and stay indoors for three days.

Meanwhile in St. Mary's Hospital, Gallup, Fred MacMurray, playing the lead, battled against a throat and lung infection caused by swirling dust storms the week before.

Vidor, too, was in bed, also suffering from an affected throat, which was caused by the silt stirred up in Wildcat Canyon by the hundreds of horses being used in portraying battles between the Rangers and several tribes of Indians.

A Lad With Punch

I've been hearing very well lately of husky young Fred MacMurray, whom you will find figuring on our centre-spread this week.

He's rapidly qualifying for the title of fistic champion of Hollywood—and the energy and enthusiasm he puts into those fights makes him a favourite with everyone . . . except his opponents.

Averaging a fight a picture, Fred has become so accustomed to combat that he automatically looks for the fight scene whenever a new script is handed to him.

He certainly got a whole long way ahead of his average in *The Texas Rangers*, the new Paramount frontier spectacle which he recently completed.

The company went on location to film an historic battle scene between Indians and Texas Rangers, the original of which took place on the Texas plains in 1876. The battle got under way when Governor James Allred of Texas directed the first scene by long distance telephone, and it was far and away the toughest of MacMurray's many tough battles.

It Takes Nerve

Fighting on horseback, as he must do in *The Texas Rangers*, is a new form of combat for "Champ" MacMurray. He has been a horseback rider most of his life, but not until he reached

Gallup did he ever fight Indians. This did not dismay him, however. He milled through a band of 250 yelling and whooping Navajo and Zuni Indians with all the aplomb of an old-time Ranger.

MacMurray's work in the fight scene won Director King Vidor's praise.

"It takes a lot of nerve to mix it with those Indians, even if it is only supposed to be a movie battle," Vidor said. "The bullets may be blanks, but even blanks can hurt at close range."

"This didn't seem to worry Fred, though. He deserves a lot of credit for the way he did the close-action battle scenes. And Oakie, too, for that matter. I'd pick them any time if I were a Ranger captain and had to fight Indians."

Three to One

Whereas the bulk of MacMurray's previous movie battles were hand-to-hand affairs, all the fights in *The Texas Rangers* are with guns, except for an exciting fistic encounter with Nolan. MacMurray engages in the Indian battle, in frontier riots and stage-coach hold-ups for the rest of the time.

This rising young man's most difficult battle up to now was in *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, wherein he engaged three hillsmen with somewhat dire results.

He fought Ray Milland in *The Gilded*, encountered bank robbers in *Car 99*, captured gangsters in *Men Without Names*, punched several different people in *Hands Across the Table* and *The Bride Comes Home*, and engaged in a terrific brawl with Allan Baxter in *13 Hours By Air*.

He even had a fight in *The Princess Comes Across*, which he just finished before going into *The Texas Rangers*. His only fightless picture was *Alice Adams*, but the Ranger film will make up for that.

The Mild West

But it is by no means unanimously agreed that fighting Indians is what it was.

The *Last of the Mohicans* unit, for instance, declare that the Wild West is wild no more. Strong hands that grasped a six-shooter now caress a guitar. Voices that once scared the bad man now croon sadly that "the days of the West are through."

And what of the dreaded Redskin? According to a dispatch from Hollywood, he, too, has fallen a victim to civilisation. The unit shooting exteriors on location for the *Mohicans* film found it necessary to take a rover scout with them to initiate the Indian extras into the mysteries of woodcraft and the art of starting fires with flint and steel and by friction!

Worst of all, consternation was caused one day by a bonneted chieftain riding up to the director and declaring bitterly, "Lookit, boss, I'm dam' fed up with playing Indians; I'm gonna quit!"

GUY BEACON.



(Above) Henry Fonda seems to have hurt Mary Brian's feelings in "Spendthrift." On the right are everybody's favourites in "Nobody's Fool"; Glenda Farrell and Edward Everett Horton between shots at Universal.



GLANCING BACKWARD

By
PAUL MUNI

ONE of the screen's most famous character actors who will be seen soon in *The Good Earth*, tells you how he won fame in New York and Hollywood

MY parents were strolling players in Austria, where I was born. Before I was five years old I had accompanied them to such countries as Germany, Belgium, Holland, and Rumania.

We came to America when I was about seven and I will never forget our arrival. The joy of my father and mother at the new land was something long to remember. We settled in New York for a few years, where I went to public schools. From there we went to Cleveland. Always, my parents were connected with the theatre. They thought and talked of nothing else. As a consequence, I absorbed the lingo of the stage and something of its history.

My father was a producer in a very small way. A rather sad, idealistic man, he managed and acted in his productions. My mother was also an actress.

I first appeared on the stage when I was in the second year of high school. There was nothing remarkable about it that I can recall. One of the actors had departed suddenly and I took his place. The play was one of the strangest that an Austrian Jew, but seven years in America, could possibly produce. It had the cheerful title of *Two Corpses at Breakfast*. It was all about a lodge in which a starving husband and wife conspired to collect the benefits due to each.

I was the president of the lodge. I wore long pants, a beard and a high silk hat. Walking on the stage I swung a cane nonchalantly. My father was of the old school of the theatre. To him all was sacred in the world of make-believe, and he saw no humour in a fourteen-year-old boy in such a role.

My mother was horrified when I refused to take off the long pants after the play. For who would consider the president of a lodge, or an actor, in knee pants?

My father had mapped another career for me. I was to be the world's greatest violinist. His income from all his theatrical adventuring was never more than forty dollars a week. Out of that amount he spent at least six on violin lessons for me. "Some day, when you become a great player, I shall buy you a Stradivarius." He would listen quietly while I made discordant music. "Wonderful! Wonderful!" he would say, while my arm became tired.

I had no especially strong desire for the stage until I had impersonated the lodge president. From then on, it was the all-absorbing interest of my life. As the months passed, I no longer cared for the violin. Finally I told my father. He listened without saying a word. Boy-like, I did not realise that I had stricken him to the heart. Without a change of expression he took the violin and broke it with his hands.

The years may have given me much or little; but never the power to obliterate that scene.

We never discussed the violin again. My father had wanted to become a great musician. The stage was his second love. I did not return to school, but played different roles under his guidance. He was kind and helpful.

My youth was against me. There were few juvenile roles in my father's repertoire. I was soon given character roles and among them were many "old men's" parts.

My father said to me, in Yiddish, the equivalent of, "If you must be an actor, be a good one—don't be a ham." Life was not easy for him at this time. We played many shows each day. He was musician, actor, stage carpenter and prompter.

I spent ten and twelve hours a day in the theatre, making up for different roles. I had hurt my father too much to gain his complete approval, though now and then he would smile at one of my make-ups.

When another brother became a professional violinist, my father felt easier toward me.

My mother did not at all approve of my ambition to become an actor. She would often say to my father, "You know, the boy cannot act." My father would seldom make comment. My mother's antagonism toward my career became so acute that we hardly spoke to each other for two years.

Though we were always very poor, my father had that passion to see his children get on in the world, so deeply inherent in the Jew. But, to his credit, he did not think of commercial careers for us.

He died from over-work and worry when I was still a young fellow.

The family disbanded after my father's death. I went to New York. In that city and its environs, I played in burlesque and vaudeville.

For ten years I wandered about the country. The experience made a deep impression upon me. My roles were many and varied.

I had then, as now, a diffidence which verged on shyness. By an odd twist of life, I had chosen a profession in which this quality was out of place. Inculcated from my father, no doubt, was a deep yearning for something fine in life. I had also absorbed the Yiddish folk lore, the hopes, the dreams and the frustrations of my people. But neither in the early days, nor afterwards, have I ever been made conscious that I was a Jew.

Always was I proud of my heritage. It was a reverent and not an arrogant pride.



A recent studio portrait of the author of this romance of real life.

With this background and long years of training, I became associated with Maurice Swartz in the Yiddish Art Theatre. Maurice Swartz was a splendid artist. As usual, I played many old men's parts, in which my years of "making-up" helped me greatly.

The fame of our little theatre spread over New York. Sam Harris sent for me. He wanted an actor to play the part of an old man in *We Americans*. When I appeared before Mr. Harris, he walked away in disgust, saying, "Why, he's just a kid!"

The man who had taken me to Mr. Harris had faith. He insisted that the producer give me a tryout. I was given the role.

Later, when George Abbott was about to produce *Four Walls*, he talked it over with Sam Harris. When another man in the office suggested that I be used in the play, Harris put in: "Why, Paul Muni only plays old man parts."

Such is the irony and the danger of too much concentration in the theatre.

At this period, as before, I did not consider "getting on" in my work. The role of the moment was sufficient for me. It took all that I had and if time were left, I would spend it in the theatre.

Later, I had a chance to appear in *Humoresque*. I could play the violin, and, as I was still quite young, the role was considered ideal for me. An appointment was made for me to meet Miss Laurette Taylor, the star of the play, in the office of George C. Tyler, the producer.

As she was to appear as the mother of the young violin player chosen, she had insisted on the interview.

Miss Taylor was ten minutes late. When I started to leave the secretary said, with astonishment: "Aren't you going to wait for Miss Taylor?"

"No," I replied. "I did not ask to see her—she wanted to interview me."

I may have been considered independent, when I was really diffident at meeting such a famous woman.

In the same manner I avoided appearing in the films. When I first came to Hollywood I protested against being made a star. Blended with the fear of failure was that of being made ridiculous.

My arrival in Hollywood was one of complete confusion.

It was a world in which films were made like so many sausages in a row. Projected literally into a factory, when I protested against this and that scene in a film, I would be told in a superior manner, "But you're in pictures now. They're not like the stage." With all my years of intense training ruled out so casually by some parasite of the emotions, I hardly considered films as my proper medium.

Hoping for the best and deciding to put all the fervour and technique which I possessed into each role, I was finally rewarded with what the kinema critics considered an excellent film—I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang. Turned out of the same sausage machinery as the others, it had the fundamental quality which united all hearts. It was thus a good film and "good box-office."

The story of a soul in pain had survived the machine. I was given new hope.

It is my ambition to find another such film. In my optimism I am reminded of the story of two young boys, one a pessimist, the other an optimist. Into the young pessimist's stocking at Christmas went roller skates, a knife and a horn. Into the young optimist's stocking the parents put a horseshoe.

When the boys came down to breakfast they were asked what Santa Claus had given them. The pessimist replied, "Oh, I got a pair of roller skates that are no good, a knife that's too dull to cut, and a horn that won't blow."

"And what did Santa Claus give you?" the beaming optimist was asked. "Well," was the joyful reply, "he gave me a pony, but it got away."

And so, no matter what I find in my Hollywood Christmas stocking, I will always feel like the boy whose pony got away.

Much can be done in films. Now and then, perhaps more by accident than design, an excellent film appears.

At present, in spite of all its claims, the film is more limited than the stage. Its audience contains many more millions. Therefore, the player must be more obvious. He must try to

reach the man of the world and the six-year-old child.

It would not be possible at the present time to film *Tobacco Road* with the masterful, even genius-touched acting of Henry Hull. When I saw the performance of Mr. Hull in this play during the last New York season, I came away with a feeling of awe at what sincere artistry could accomplish.

Henry Hull is none of the things which he portrayed in the pitiful southern character. But he crawled into the very heart of the man and gave what was left of his soul.

Perhaps only in Russia are there groups of actors capable of being compared as a whole with Henry Hull. But we are growing, and the fact that such a play can run so long in New York is an excellent sign for the stage, and, I hope, the screen.

We have some high-class actors in America. Among them are Walter Huston, Lionel Barrymore, at his best, and Walter Connelly. Such men have had years of stage experience.

It is the humorous aspect of Hollywood which always intrigues me. More than anywhere else, the millionaire of to-day may be the down and outer of to-morrow. One member of a family may be affluent while others are penniless. Those in want make first claim on the more fortunate. George Jessel tells the story of a destitute brother meeting one quite wealthy at a preview.

"I see you're wearing a new necktie," he exclaimed, "while I haven't even got a baby grand piano."

And there was the actor who returned to New York after successful years in Hollywood, who told how terrible the film city had turned out to be. "One works his heart out," he explained, "and at the end of a few years all he has is a lousy fortune."

The same actor at the end of twenty years on the stage might have been making the rounds of the theatrical agencies in New York, with nothing left but his ego.

It seems the heritage of the actor always to be the monkey before the mirror. Normal ego soon becomes inflated in the kinema player. He mistakes his world of shadows for reality, a common mistake made by those who travel too far and too long in a land of romance.

Paul Muni and Luise Rainer in character for the roles of Wang Lung and O'Lan his wife in "The Good Earth."



Another of the star's great successes is "Louis Pasteur." He is seen (left) in a scene from the film with Josephine Hutchinson.

The average successful film player is little more than a peacock who struts before admiring and unthinking audiences. The story in which he appears and the man who directs it are, if possible, slightly less profound than himself.

He generally builds a distortion for a home, located always among his fellow players, people who think and talk like himself. The living-room might have been copied from a De Mille movie set, following three periods, and arriving at none.

That his fellow players have once been poor and obscure, and will be poor and obscure again, does not occur to him. Thrown by chance into an ephemeral success, they lack that terrifying sturdiness which must be combined with a Rachel, a Bernhardt or a Duse.

They wither when the wind of public favour fails to blow upon them. A film player's allure, and not his ability, may attract the millions. If Rudolph Valentino were alive, Sir Guy Standing might be placed in his supporting cast.

It is an industry in which too often a handful of sex appeal takes the place of great ability.

Finding worth-while screen material is a problem for producer and actor. My own studio has been lenient enough to give me the choice of story. This would seem all that an actor would require. On the contrary, it is only the beginning. After the story is chosen, it must be prepared by a dozen different people, all with different ideas. I am not an aggressive person, and after weeks of battling with more truculent individuals, I sometimes find myself rather worn by the time the camera begins to turn. I always try to find a role about which I can be enthusiastic, and in which I can believe. I must feel the role before I can make the audience feel it.

Irving Thalberg, one of the high-class producers, offered me the part of the Chinaman in *The Good Earth*. I wanted to do it so badly that I made my firm a financial proposition to let me do it. They saw otherwise for a time. Finally they allowed me to play in it.

I came into films with the desire to earn money. It was not the supreme motive. My contract calls for two films a year. I could as easily appear in two more and earn twice as large a salary. But that I do not wish to do.

There is a certain loss in all success; a loss for each gain. I lead a simple life and my wants are few. My wife and I have been together for fourteen years. We are happy in each other's company, and we still find luxury in a sunset, which is rather inexpensive.

Neither am I vastly concerned about universal acclaim. I often go to see films in which there are widely celebrated players who receive praise from all

sides. Knowing definitely their limitations, I realise all too well that if the public can be wrong about them, it is quite possible for them to be wrong about me.

I have two regrets so far as my work goes—one is that I have never been able to play a role to my complete satisfaction, and the other is that my good father did not live to see the boy who gave up the violin achieve in some slight measure the chimera of success in an art to which he gave his life.

My mother is now no more. She was a kindly, and sometimes stern, critic of my screen efforts.

In coming from a preview, she said: "Son, I am very proud of you. I always knew that you would succeed as an actor."

"Why, Mother—don't you remember telling my father that I could not act?"

"You are mistaken, son; it must have been one of your aunts—for no one ever had more faith than your mother."

She paused for a moment, then said with conviction: "You're my son."

We rode on in silence.

Finally I saw her smile.

It was in "I'm a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" that Muni first received the recognition on the screen that was his due.





Tangerine-coloured gauntlet gloves with purse to match form perfect accessories for Ginger Rogers' dark blue blister crepe dress.



A piece of summer sky describes the voluminous blue crepe cape worn on the left with a simple white formal dress made on classic Grecian lines. Ginger Rogers' next film is "Never Gonna Dance," in which she will co-star with Fred Astaire.



Heavy natural-coloured linen lace makes up this summer frock taken from the star's personal wardrobe. The linen, which is used to bind the collar, the short puffed sleeves, the hem, and the narrow belt, is further carried out in the sandals.

Are You Ginger Rogers' Type?

Interesting pocket treatment features the navy blue crepe street dress on the right. These pockets are crescent-shaped and gathered on the collar and cuffs are white crepe trimmed in bands of braid in two shades of blue. A cluster of multi-coloured flowers trim the piquant little heart-shaped hat which is of fine straw in a blue to match the gown.



A black lace frock strictly tailored spells smartness and is as new as Ginger's latest dancing step. The black lace is contrasted by the crisp white pique collar, jabot and cuffs. The accessories are black patent, her hat of the modified fez type, of heavy ribbed silk, draped with wide-meshed veil held on top by a flat decorative bow of white.

Interviewing a SUNBEAM

ALL interviews do not pan out exactly as anticipated, as is proved by this frustrated attempt to interview Nancy Carroll

by Max Breen

A POLICEMAN'S lot," melodiously sang W. S. Gilbert with the help of his buddy Sullivan, "is not a happy one—ha-pee-one."

Well, I've had precious little experience of policing, except the kind that deals with the ebony-hued natives of various furrin parts.

Still, I should think they have their good moments as well as their bad; come to that, I wonder what Gilbert (and/or Sullivan) would have thought about the interviewer's lot?

Usually it's swell, but just now and then it's so exasperating you could quit—if the pay were not so good.

And sometimes, but not very often, it's the oddest mixture of the swell and the exasperating, and then you don't know *what* to do about it.

Interviewing Nancy Carroll was like that.

Hearing she was in Town, and knowing she was an intriguing personality, I telephoned her at her very swagger hotel in Park Lane. I'm not telling you which, not because I grudge it a little free publicity (it's a most excellent hotel) but for a reason which will become apparent if you have the patience and tenacity to read on.

As I say, I telephoned her, and as I say, I went on telephoning her—for days. But do you think I could catch her? No, sir!

Either she had given strict instructions at the desk not to disturb her until she gave the word "Go," and then forgotten to give the word "Go"—or else she was out. Or both.

Usually I fancy it was both.

However, after developing a bad case of telephone ear, at last I had speech with her. An intriguingly sleepy Irish-American voice said: "Sure, I remember you." (A lie, but what a charming lie!) "Don't you want to come over here and have a little lunch with me to-day?"

I went over.

"Suite 436," said the desk. "No reply, sir—perhaps you'd better go up."

I went up. "I think Miss Carroll must be down in Suite 364, sir," said the chambermaid.

I went down. And a blue-eyed, red-headed vision, beautifully tailored, emerged and closed the door guiltily behind her, as though concealing an illicit still or a coiner's den.

"Why, I *do* remember you," she said, with transparent surprise. And we became friends.

Yes, it's as quick as that with Nancy Carroll; I suppose it's the full measure of Irish blood in her veins. One glance at you, and she sizes you up, and she's either friends or not friends.

For my part, I found her as refreshing as an oasis, as elusive as a sunbeam—and as vague as a mirage; with the prettiest profile in London.

We sat at a table overlooking Hyde Park, and I began to do my stuff.

"Tell me," I said, "why have you sneaked in on us like this, without letting anyone know?"

"Pickled herring?" murmured a waiter, reverently.

"No pickled herring?" she said, not at all vaguely. "Well, you see, I just thought I'd

come, and came, and there it was. I want lots of hors d'oeuvre, please."

"So do I," I agreed. "It's too hot to eat. . . . How do you pronounce your real name?"

"La Hiff—just as spelled," she informed me.

"I suppose really it ought to be l'Eef, but. . . . Oh, I want some of those shrimps in white stuff—like clay, you know?"

"Parfaitement, madame! Zut!" and three waiters went scampering away due north, east, and south, searching devotedly for shrimps in clay.

"And do you—?" I began.

"You will drink, m'sieu?"

We considered seriously and deliberately the matter of drinks; but this momentous question settled, I returned to the attack.

"And do you—?" I began, watching out of the corner of my eye a trio of men of assorted ages, shapes, sizes, and colouring, who were making their way purposefully over to our table.

"Hullo," they all said, "fancy seeing you!"

"We met in Hollywood," Nancy explained, "We're not intruding?" said Interloper One, with the intonation that anticipates the answer,

"No?" and suiting the action to the intonation, they all sat down and ordered drinks.

While the talk was in full spate, I passed her a brief biography of herself, and a pencil.

Listening with one ear to a discussion between Interlopers Two and Three, she crossed out "one of twelve children," and wrote, "since divorced," after the name of her second husband, and said she was going to buy a car.

"I know a top-hole place to buy cars," Interloper One observed, producing a card from his pocket as suddenly as an Arizonian poker-player producing an ace of spades.

"Oh, thank you," she said eagerly, and I could see he had practically sold her a car.

"Are you staying long here?" I ventured.

"I'm looking for a flat," she said, and before the words were out of her mouth Interloper Two had produced another card, that of some friends of his who would be willing to let their top-hole flat.

I expect she's living in it by now.

"You're looking awfully well," I mentioned, intending artfully to discover whether a diet of shrimps in clay was responsible.

"I feel a mess," she said frankly. "I've got to find a beauty-specialist."

This time a card was flipped out in a manner which reminded me of Bret Harte's line *In his sleeves, which were long, he had twenty-four packs.*

"I wish you'd try this woman," said Interloper Three fervently, "she's top-hole."

Yeah, I'll bet ten per cent. he wished it. . . .

"What are your immediate plans?" I enquired, clutching desperately at my interview which



"Nancy Carroll—as refreshing as an oasis, as elusive as a sunbeam . . . and as vague as a mirage."

was rapidly becoming a Sales Convention.

"Well, I'm going to drive to Scotland," she began, and my instinct told me that her three acquaintances had interests in hotels, guest-houses, and garages stretching from here to John O' Groats. And my instinct was right.

Suddenly someone mentioned Carl Brisson—in connection with his enormous white car.

"Oh, do you know Carl?" Nancy Carroll exclaimed. "He's here—upstairs. His suite's next to mine. Let's go right up and see him."

We went up, but Carl wasn't in.

"Oh, that's too bad. Do you mind waiting a minute?"

She went into the room from which she had first emerged so stealthily, which was darkened, and passed through it into another, suggesting I should wait in the first room.

When my eyes became used to the gloom, I descried a large-eyed child of ten in bed.

"Hullo!" I said. "Not feeling so well?"

"Measles," she explained, "but the doctor says I can get up for a little while on Monday."

Nancy returned just then, arranged pillows, embraced her offspring, and led me out.

"Measles?" I said sternly.

"We smuggled them in through the Customs, I guess," she said penitently, a devastating dimple coming and going. "The hotel people didn't want us to stay here, but I pointed out we couldn't have our measles in the street; so I took another suite for myself upstairs."

Now you see why I didn't name the hotel; if I did, there would probably have to be all kinds of fumigations and things, greatly inconveniencing the management and Miss Carroll.

"And I've just discovered I was due for luncheon at the Savoy at one o'clock," Nancy continued, "and now it's three-fifteen, so I'm afraid I'll have to run away. *Au 'voir!*"

Charming person. I'd like to interview her some time.



Carl Brisson took a daily dip in this swimming pool in his Beverly Hills home, which became a popular rendezvous for stars.

I BECOME FRONT PAGE NEWS

LAST week Carl Brisson dealt with his journey to Hollywood and his reception there. Below he tells you of a strange newspaper story and of the gangster scare in the film capital.

me breathless, but I soon grew to appreciate the informality and comfort of the dress in California, when I got used to the bright colours.

Unfortunately, however, people in Hollywood have not learnt to draw the line between informality and formality.

Whereas a man will probably be very smart and comfortable if he wears white sports trousers during a hot afternoon, he looks completely out of place if he dances in that attire during the evening.

Yet artistes think nothing of escorting a girl, beautifully dressed in some lovely evening gown, in grey or white trousers and a sports coat.

I had not been in Hollywood long, however, when I received my first real surprise. On picking up the morning paper I was horrified to read that I had been arrested the previous evening trying to break into Greta Garbo's house.

The front page was decorated with a huge picture of me, and beneath it a vivid story of how I had endeavoured to break into the star's home with the intention of killing myself in her drawing-room.

The fact that I had neither had any intention of paying a visit to the glamorous Miss Garbo, nor of doing away with myself, did little, however, to curb my annoyance on reading this silly story.

Of course, Greta Garbo's name had been frequently linked with mine in the papers before. The part I played in discovering her and helping her when she was still comparatively obscure, was well known. Those stories, in fact, had gone further, for we had been rumoured in love, engaged, and even married.

It was natural, therefore, that the local newspapers should consider that my first act on arriving in Hollywood would be to call on Garbo, and when this fantastic story came to their attention, they pinned it on me.

Actually, though I met most of the stars during my two years in Hollywood, in spite of our friendship in Sweden, I never saw or even spoke to Garbo whilst I was in America.

I later heard the truth. The police had arrested a man trying to gain admittance to the house of Marlene Dietrich, and a smart reporter had decided to give me the credit—but at Garbo's home.

My wife and I soon decided that we would be happier if we moved out of our hotel into a house. Hotels of a certain class in Hollywood are prohibitively expensive, whereas houses with garden and swimming pool can be rented for considerably less than an hotel suite.

So, after much searching, we found a beautiful house, which had only twice been vacated by its owner, who was a wealthy collector of old furniture. She had gone to Europe to find more pieces for her collection, and wanted to rent the house for a few months.

The only previous tenants she had had were Ethel Barrymore, the famous American actress, and P. G. Wodehouse.

But I had another reason for wanting to move from our hotel, for not long after we had moved there, I discovered that one of my neighbours was Jeanette MacDonald, the M.-G.-M. star, whilst living in another suite above was Maurice Chevalier.

And throughout the morning these two would rehearse the songs from *The Merry Widow*, whilst I had to sit and think how near I had been to playing my favourite stage part on the screen.

As the rehearsals progressed Ernst Lubitsch, who was to direct the picture, would run from one room to another. Then he would drop in at our apartment, exchange a few pleasantries, and continue his work.

When we had moved, however, I discovered that our neighbours were still inclined to be musical, for only our garden wall separated us from Grace Moore.

Her songs, however, I listened to with pleasure and without the sad significance of those lovely melodies which Jeanette MacDonald sang with so much beauty.

"1005," as we named our new home, since it was number 1005 Benedict Canyon Drive, soon became an open house to everyone. Immediately we were settled, we endeavoured to repay some of the hospitality which had been shown us during the first few weeks of our visit, and my wife's parties, being given on Danish lines, and new to the film colony, soon became quite famous.

But though we had many amusing garden parties, some of which were attended by as many as two hundred people, we found that informal dinners were more pleasant to arrange and more appreciated by the people who came.

Many of our old friends from London were in Hollywood, and Constance Collier, Frank Lawton, Evelyn Laye and many others would often come in for dinner and drop in for a swim.

I remember one dinner we gave, however, most vividly. We had invited Mae West as our guest. At that time she was having a great deal of trouble with a gang of crooks, one member of whom had been arrested for stealing her jewellery.

It was a famous case and received a great deal of publicity in Hollywood at the time. Miss West had been held up, but in such a sinister way that it did not take long for the police to realise that her chauffeur had been an accomplice in the robbery. He was arrested and had to stand trial.

The gang, of which he was a member, thereupon threatened to take Mae's life if she appeared in court and gave evidence against the man.

Her attitude was truly courageous, however. She openly admitted that if someone did not testify to aid the police in sending criminals to jail, America would always be over-run with crime.

On the evening of our dinner party I was taking no chances that this gang would avail itself of the opportunity of finding Mae West away from home and unprotected, so I called the police department and had the house surrounded.

Throughout dinner we had police walking

AMERICAN girls, I found, have an extraordinary inferiority complex when they are with Englishmen, but seem to prefer their company to that of their own

men.

I could only presume that this was due to the fact that Englishmen are invariably better dressed and more considerate to their partners than are the men I met in Hollywood.

The niceties of European life were singularly lacking. Good music, though to be found in abundance on the radio, is very rare, except during the two months when symphony concerts are held in the open air in the huge Hollywood Bowl.

Good food and good literature are almost unknown and unrecognised, though the food that is eaten in California is most healthful, being mostly composed of salads and vegetables.

Music and literature, and other elements constituting what they call "culture" is usually purchased *en bloc* to give the effect of a cultural background, but is little appreciated.

The restaurants are spotlessly clean, but the food has a similarity everywhere, and only in a few of the most exclusive places is there any appreciation of fine, or well cooked food.

The male Hollywoodians made an interesting study also. They were disarmingly frank and kind, but their clothes were so startling that it was several weeks before I could accustom myself to their attire.

White, yellow and brown shoes are common and are worn with blue trousers, probably a yellow or green open-necked shirt, and a tie so brilliant that it would be visible for miles.

At first such flagrant disregard for style left



An old Danish custom! The Consul General of Denmark, Sporon Fiedler and Mrs. Fiedler, house guests of the Brissons, help themselves to "smorrebrodsbord," the famous Danish "cold table."

round the house, whilst Miss West's own private body-guard never let her out of sight.

Of course, she arrived and left in her huge black bullet-proof car, a car originally built for a Chicago gangster, but one which served Mae West in good stead during this difficult period.

She was a most amusing guest and had a fund of good stories which she told during dinner. I was very flattered at her kindness in accepting our invitation, for at that time she was naturally unwilling to be outside her own home more than was absolutely necessary.

Not only was she naturally anxious to escape personal hurt, but she was well aware that should anything have happened to her, it would have cost her studio millions of dollars, not only in the loss of one of their biggest stars, but also because her picture was still incomplete.

Mae West was not the only film star who was threatened by gangsters. At the time of this occurrence, there was scarcely a star of importance who did not have a bodyguard, and even now, the houses of most of the important stars and especially those who have children, are guarded day and night.

There is always a watchman posted outside the houses of Marlene Dietrich, and Bing Crosby has his family guarded as if they were royalty.

I used to pity these people, and felt grateful that I was not a victim of this awful blot on American civilisation.

My pity was not long lived—or, rather, it turned to self-pity—for I found myself in the same boat.

One morning there was a strange letter in my mail. It bore no address, and was written on plain white paper, placed inside a simple envelope. It was very formal and might have come from some provincial solicitor.

"We are well aware," it read, "of your present income, and your financial standing. We are also aware that you have a son. It would be a wise precaution to see that nothing happens to him, and we shall be pleased to give him that protection. It will cost you twenty-five thousand dollars, which you will place in small bills in a bag, and leave at the top of Laurel



(Above) A characteristic studio study of the star who scored a success in "One Rainy Afternoon."
(Right) Carl Brisson with his wife.



Canyon. It would be very unwise and extremely dangerous to refuse."

At first I was inclined to treat the matter as a bad joke. At the same time it was true that my son Fred was living with us, and if this note were authentic, it would be very foolish to ignore it.

On talking it over with my wife, we decided that though it was probably the work of some crank with a very exaggerated sense of humour, we did not dare take any chances.

So we took the note to the police, who immediately arranged to have an empty bag taken to the place named, and carefully watched. No one, however, made any effort to pick it up.

As a result I was even more convinced that the whole thing was a bad joke, but I still did not propose to take any chances with the lives of my family or with my own.

I obtained a licence to carry a gun from the police, and thereafter whenever I left home, or went to the studio in the morning, I travelled, armed like a Chicago policeman.

In addition I employed a bodyguard in the person of a friend of mine, Duke York. Duke was one of Hollywood's most interesting characters. Heavily built, he had done about everything a man could do.

At that time he was earning his living in the precarious profession of stunt man. He had to do the things which the stars are unable to do whilst making pictures. To his lot fell the task of falling out of blazing aeroplanes, or tumbling off galloping horses.

But in spite of periodic visits to hospital, he seemed to thrive. It was an uncertain livelihood, and weeks might go by without his earning a penny. Yet in a few days he would make a huge sum.

In spite of the hazardous things that Duke used to do, his most original achievement was to be married on the stage of one of Hollywood's most important theatres.

At the time that the wedding took place, Duke was appearing in a small part in a stage show at Graumann's Chinese Theatre.

Syd Graumann has always been famous for the lavish nature of his stage presentations, and he employed a great number of people in his spectacles.

Duke fell in love with one of the girls in the show and proposed to her. She accepted and they decided to get married immediately. The cast soon knew about it, and it came to the ears of the producer. Here, he immediately realised, was a chance for one of the biggest stage attractions he could produce.

He offered the young couple five hundred dollars if they would allow the ceremony to be performed on the stage and during a performance.

Realising how useful such a sum of money would be to start their marriage, they agreed.

After a few days of newspaper ballyhoo the evening for the wedding arrived. The theatre of course, was packed. Catch headlines about the "First marriage to be solemnised on a stage," etc., had brought a large and curious crowd to the theatre early.

The show was slightly changed, and appropriate music had been arranged for the occasion. A clergyman was found to officiate, and at eight o'clock, with as much pomp and ceremony as they could stage in the confines of the theatre, Duke married his young bride.

The ceremony was a great success, but the marriage soon went the way of most Hollywood matches, and ended in divorce.

Duke was a great help, though. He came to live in the house, and though we were never molested, he gave us strong moral support.

Curiously enough, however, I was to benefit by that threat from gangland—if it were not a silly joke—for I soon took such a keen interest in revolver shooting that I became quite a crack shot.

I would often go down to the police range and practice with the Los Angeles police. And in so doing I made many good friends.

It was on these occasions that I used to get an interest-

ing insight into the workings of the American police system, and the nerve and skill of many members of that force.

In England the gun plays little part in law enforcement, but in America it is the all-important weapon. In cases of holdups and robberies, the gun goes before the policeman, and is often used before and not after questions are asked.

As a result the police have to be deadly accurate with their revolvers, or they would be hit before they could get their man. I have seen them pierce the edge of a playing card, standing many yards away, with a service revolver.

Shooting became such a pleasant sport to me that it became one of my favourite sports in Hollywood, and some months later the police paid me the honour of making me an honorary Lieutenant of Detectives, complete with badge and insignia of office, a tribute seldom shown to anyone who is not an American citizen.

NEXT WEEK

My early friendships—I toss a coin for a song—Hollywood hospitality—Inside the studios—My future plans.



'If only
someone had

told me about Odo-ro-no

YOU SEE, I was one who thought that good honest baths would settle this perspiration odour business. But the plain truth is — they *don't*.

Directly I found *that* out, you can be sure I started using Odo-ro-no regularly. Now — not even my worst enemy can accuse me of perspiration unpleasantness.'

**Guards freshness —
saves clothes**

Perspiration ruins your clothes, too—a hot evening dancing may spoil a dress completely, unless you use Odo-ro-no. Save your clothes—and save yourself, too. Odo-ro-no was invented by a surgeon to keep his hands from perspiring while he operated.

His daughter immediately saw what a boon it would be to women to check underarm perspiration. So when it had been proved *safe*, she began to use it—and now it has its place in the toilet routine of practically every civilised woman. It both *checks* perspiration and prevents it smelling.

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**PREVENTS
underarm
perspiration
and saves dresses**



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1. INSTANT (or 'clear') Odo-ro-no gives protection for two to three days.
2. REGULAR (or 'red') Odo-ro-no is stronger. One application keeps you free from perspiration for a week.

Both bottles carry, attached to the stopper, a convenient sponge 'applicator.'

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special care on holiday



Be generous with your vanishing cream before powdering and the sun won't make your skin dry and rough.

When you powder your face, powder your neck too, so that the sun won't give you an uneven tan.



*Keep your
complexion lovely
with Gwen Radcliffe's
beauty hints*

WHEN you're away on holiday, you go all out to get a lovely golden tan. But don't be careless and spoil your complexion. I'll tell you how to tan becomingly and yet keep your complexion safe. Use a vanishing cream that will protect you against the drying effect of the sun. Snowfire Vanishing Cream is my choice. If you always use it before powdering, it will keep your skin soft and supple. It will prevent clogged pores and blackheads, too.

Your skin is more sensitive when you're sunburned, so use Snowfire Face Powder. It is silky soft, and can't clog pores. And its secret ingredient, 'Mattex' makes it so temperature-proof that your 'matt' look *lasts*. For fair girls, there is Naturelle and a Peach shade—either of which should be mixed with the Sun-Tan colour when you get tanned. Brunettes can choose between Rachele and Deep Rachele, and change over to Sun-Tan after the sun has been at work.

Snowfire Vanishing Cream is in 3d. cases, 6d. tubes and jars and 1/3 jars. Snowfire Powder is in 3d. cases and 6d. boxes. (Except in I.F.S.)

★ The Snowfire beauty expert ANNE ARLEN will give you advice on beauty problems. Write to her at 19, SUNNYDALE, DERBY, and remember to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for her reply.



Snowfire

VANISHING CREAM & FACE POWDER

Ben Lyons, Barbara and Mrs. Lyons—Bebe Daniels to you.

YOU talk—if you are well up in these matters—about a covey of partridges, a school of porpoises, a shoal of herrings, a pack of hounds, a pride of lions. . . .

That's the one I want to talk about! A pride of Lyons—though, believe me, their pride is in each other. For a Hollywood family, they're extraordinarily united, presenting to the interested spectator a complete Mutual Admiration Society.

It was swell to meet them again the other day—Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, and, of course, Bunny and Babs.

"Bunny" is Bebe's mother, Mrs. Daniels; "Babs" is Bebe's daughter, Barbara Lyon. Mrs. Daniels doesn't look old enough to have a daughter like Bebe; Bebe doesn't look old enough to have a daughter like Barbara; and Barbara doesn't look old at all, being five next September.

Barbara, let me tell you, is terrific; as she can't read words of more than one letter yet (or perhaps it's letters of more than one word, I forget which) she certainly won't read this; which is just as well, because I wouldn't like her to know what I think of her.

She might get a superiority complex, and "Bunny" would be cross with me, because Bunny spends half her time guarding her grand-daughter from being spoiled.

"Babs, dear, it's time for bed," says Bunny.

"Oh, let her have another half-hour," Bebe wheedles; and when Bebe wheedles . . .

But it's awful for Bunny.

You're going to see that kid Barbara on the screen one of these days. Bunny says "No," Bebe says "Maybe," Ben says "Why not?" You'll see her all right.

So you might just as well get acquainted right away.

Little Barbara Lyon, then, is as pretty as a picture; dark, olive skin like her mother's, kissed by the Californian sun, and also (I've been lucky) once or twice by me.

But then I knew Babs when I could almost have carried her round in my sock (I take a tol'ble big sock).

That was back in California, when she was just a little round squalling caterwauling nothen', and if I'd offered you ten bucks you'd never have believed she'd grow as lovely as her mother.

But she is, every bit; dark (almost black) curly hair, that keeps doing Shirley sort of things round her temple, which sounds appropriate enough, but is distracting to watch.

Also, you'd better believe she's got a microphone voice; she broadcast (just talking into the mike along with her Momma) from Los Angeles before she left, and you could actually hear what she was saying, which isn't so usual when kids talk into the mike.

The great thrill came when the conductor on the train said: "I heard you on the radio, Miss Barbara!" Not the biggest stick of candy in the world would have been as good as that.

When I last saw Barbara, three years ago, she was what is technically known as "a bit of a handful," but very promising.

Now she's grown into an armful, and still making promises. But very discerning—oh, very.

For example, Clifford Mollison, in a completely transforming Harry Tate moustache, which he managed quite skilfully, wiggling it agilely from



BEBE, BUNNY, BABS— and BEN

One of the pleasantest families in Filmland is visiting our shores, and is here described intimately and entertainingly

By E. G. COUSINS

ear to ear, was dismissed scornfully as "Just Uncle Cliff hiding." (Clifford, by the way, is a particular friend of the family, having played opposite Bebe, you remember, in *A Southern Maid* for B.I.P. at Elstree.)

Let me tell you something symbolic about Babs.

When I first met her, after three years' interval, she thought of a trick. It reminded me of Shirley Temple's remark about her duck in *Curly Top*—"My duck does a wonderful trick; my duck lays an egg. . . . Well, could you lay an egg?"

Barbara's trick was a wonderful trick too. You couldn't do it. She caught hold of my two index fingers and walked solemnly up my person until she stood on my shoulders, having trampled hard on my middle *en route*.

And there's the symbolism. She'll be trampling hard on hearts before very many years—though not on mine, thank goodness. I'll be fossilised by then.

So much for the head of the family. Now what about her mother?

Well, Bebe doesn't change much. She's still the slim, graceful girl who married Ben Lyon in Hollywood six years ago.

I remember tongues wagging at the time. "I give it three years," said the wiseacres, knowing what Hollywood does to marriages.

Just how wrong they were you can only know if you know the Lyons. I have seldom met, in Hollywood or out of it, a couple who were better matched, more devoted . . . or more independent.

"Where's Ben?" I asked Bebe.

"Oh, he's around," she said with that lovely confidence of the young wife who knows she has her husband's love.

And she's quite right. Ben is around.

Ben Lyon has four great loves in his life: Bebe, Barbara, golf, and flying. I'd like to bracket those last two, only it's rather difficult, as one's in the air and the other on the ground.

Incidentally, Ben's been a mite worried lately

because his golf's been a bit in the air, and his flying's been mostly on the ground, while his work (he likes to work in motion pictures once in a while) has been beneath the sea.

He hopes to put in a spot of flying while he's over here; of course, he's had his certificate in the States and been flying for over ten years; he flew the last time he was in England, too, but his British licence has expired, and he'll have to have it renewed before he flies again.

As for his being *Beneath the Sea*, that's the title of the latest film Ben played in before he left Hollywood we should be seeing it before long.

Bebe has been out of motion pictures for quite a while, to my sorrow—simply because she's been too busily engaged "elsehow."

That's all right for the inhabitants of those United States, who have a chance to see her on the stage, but it's a bit tough on you and me.

However, she is now making amends for that by touring round Britain with Ben in their stage act, which has been a great success in America.

"Bebe sings, and I fool around," Ben told me; but that's Ben's style—casual. There must be more to it than that, because they've got good bookings up and down the country, beginning with Dublin and including the Palladium, London.

I wish them success, because they're what are known in America as "folks"—friendly, likeable, sincere.

Film stars are supposed, of course, to be charming to every one; but these two go a little farther. Remember they hadn't been over here for three years—yet on arrival this time they greeted by name all kinds of people they had known only casually.

That's pretty good.

I tried to discover whether they're going to do any film-work this trip, but their plans are too hazy at the moment; once they're through with this stage tour, anything might happen.

Three years ago, Bebe was inclined to stay over here because of the kidnap peril in the U.S.; but she tells me that's no longer the menace that it was.

"Since the law was passed making kidnapping a capital offence," she told me, "people are scared to try it. Even removing a child from one room to another is technically kidnapping, and is punishable with death.

"It certainly makes life a lot easier for mothers."

And mothers like Bebe make it a lot easier for picturegoers and theatregoers, so everybody's happy.

NEXT WEEK

A THRILL FOR TEA TIME

IT'S on pages 2 and 3—the Picturegoer's wonderful new Presentation to its readers—a beautiful 21-piece Tea Set. It can be yours if you post the Reservation Forms on pages 2 and 3 at once. Hurry!

Doctor's Amazing Discovery Brings Back Youth To Faded Wrinkled Skins



A Vienna medical journal announces the latest triumph of science which will startle the world. Not only has the *cause* of wrinkles been found, but *how they may be removed*. Mothers and even grandmothers can get back the fresh, clear complexion of their girlhood days. Women of 50 and 60 may regain the smooth, unwrinkled skin of youth.

Wrinkles come because as we grow older the skin loses certain vital nourishing elements. These elements are now obtained from carefully selected young animals. When fed back to the human skin they make it fresh and young again. These are the astounding results of research made at the University of Vienna under the leadership of Prof. Dr. Stejskal. The sole rights to the Pro-

fessor's discovery have been acquired at enormous expense by Tokalon. His extract of living skin cells, called 'Biocel,' is to be found only in Crème Tokalon (Rose Colour). In hospital tests on women of 60 to 70 years of age, wrinkles were banished in six weeks (see full report in Vienna Medical Journal).

Apply Tokalon Rose Skinfood every night. It nourishes and rejuvenates the skin while you sleep. Wrinkles quickly disappear. In a few weeks you will look years younger. Use Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (non-greasy) during the day. Dissolves away blackheads; tightens up enlarged pores; makes darkest, roughest skin soft, white and smooth. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

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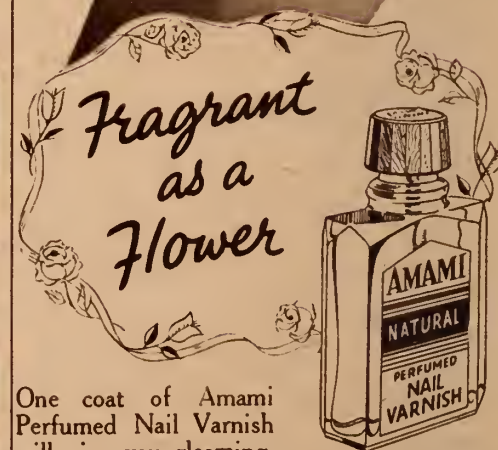
ROUNDED ENDS for complete concealment.

WHERE IS THE SECRET OF THE GLAMOROUS FILM STARS?

Every girl naturally longs to feel she has the allure of the glamorous film-stars. Now, thanks to KISSPROOF, the wonderful indelible lip-stick, the secret of the film-stars' allure can be yours—for a few pence—to-night! You can use their lipstick, the very same lipstick that film magnates in Hollywood, where money doesn't matter, insist on having in the stars' dressing-rooms. Ask for the fascinating new KISSPROOF AUTOMATIC at 1—smart, novel, attractive. At all chemists and department stores. See also the exotic new baton at 6d.



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Colourless	Natural
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To prepare your nails for the most perfect manicure, use Amami Nail Varnish Remover—oily and richly perfumed, in new large 6d bottle. Also Amami Cuticle Remover, 6d.

royals

The Vogue of the Jumper

The following pattern will appeal to all our readers, both old and young, who like to make their own clothes.

THERE has been a great movement of late in favour of the crochet jumper, and more than a few stars have given proof that this can be a trimly *chic* garment for informal wear. Although the crochet jumper is so attractive and serviceable, it is by no means difficult to make, and readers who follow carefully the instructions given below will be able to supplement their wardrobe with comparative ease.

Materials Required

- 2 balls each Anchor Tricoton F.469 (Geranium), F.471 (Grey).
- 6 press studs.
- 1 clip to match jumper.
- 1 red buckle.
- Milward's "Phantom" Crochet Hook No. 11.

Measurements

Bust, 34 in.

Tension

6 rows and 5 d.c. with 1 ch. between = 1 in. This jumper is worked in vertical stripes, 2 rows of each colour alternately, the thread being carried from one stripe to another.

BACK.—When working into ch. throughout jumper only front half of each st. is lifted. With F.471 commence with 89 ch.

1st row—1 d.c. into 3rd ch. from hook, * 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., repeat from * to end of row, 2 ch., turn.

2nd row—Miss first d.c. of previous row, 1 d.c. into next ch., * 1 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c. into next ch., repeat from * to end of row. Join on F.469, 2 ch., turn.

3rd-6th rows—Same as 2nd row.

7th row—1 d.c. into first d.c., 1 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch. (this makes an increase), work in pattern to end of row.

8th row—Work in pattern. Repeat last 2 rows twice more, break off F.469 at end of 12th row. Join F.471, make 41 ch.

13th row—1 d.c. into 3rd ch. from hook, * 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., repeat from * along ch., continue in pattern to end of row, 2 ch., turn.

14th row—Work in pattern, join F.469, 2 ch., turn.

15th-86th rows—Work in pattern. Break off threads.

87th row—Join thread on ch. past 21st d.c. from end of row, 2 ch., work in pattern to end of row, 2 ch., turn.

88th row—Work in pattern, ending row on ch. before last d.c. (leaving 1 d.c. and 2 ch. at end of row).

89th row—Join thread, 2 ch., turn, work in pattern to end of row, 2 ch., turn.

90th row—Same as 88th row. Repeat last 2 rows once more. Work 6 rows without decreasing. Break off thread.

FRONT.—With F.469 commence with 89 ch. **1st and 2nd rows**—Same as back.

Rene Ray poses in this attractive striped jumper. You will remember her for her good work in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and will see her soon in the George Arliss film, "The Nelson Touch."

3rd-8th rows—Same as 2nd row.

9th-16th rows—Same as 7th-14th

rows of back.

17th-32nd rows—Work in pattern.

33rd row—1 s.s. into first d.c., 1

s.s. into next ch.,

2 ch., work in

pattern to end of

row, 2 ch., turn.

34th row—Work in pattern; when lifting

next colour s.s. into side of one of the rows of

pattern to avoid having a long stretch of

thread. Repeat last 2 rows 3 times more.

41st-63rd rows—Work in pattern.

64th row—Work in pattern, ending row with

1 d.c. into last d.c., 1 ch., 1 d.c. into ch.,

2 ch., turn.

65th row—Work in pattern. Repeat last

2 rows twice more.

70th row—Same as 64th row.

71st-88th rows—Work in pattern. Break

off threads.

89th-94th rows—Same as 87th-92nd rows

of back. Work 8 rows without decreasing.

Break off thread.

SLEEVE.—With F.471 commence with 33 ch. Work in pattern for 6 rows.

7th row—Increase at beginning of row, work in pattern to end of row.

8th row—Work in pattern. Repeat last 2 rows 10 times more. Work 23 rows without increasing.

52nd row—Decrease at end of row.

53rd row—Work in pattern. Repeat last 2 rows 9 times more.

72nd row—Same as 52nd row. Work 8 rows without decreasing. Break off thread.

Work other sleeve to correspond, commencing with F.469 instead of F.471, working 8 rows before commencing increases and finishing with 6 rows instead of 8.

COLLAR.—With F.471 commence with 73 ch. **1st row**—Work in pattern.

2nd row—Increase at beginning and end of row. Repeat last 2 rows 8 times more. Break off thread.



BELT.—With F.471 commence with 192 ch.

1st row—1 d.c. into 3rd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into each ch. to end of row, 2 ch., turn.

2nd row—1 d.c. into each d.c. of previous row, increasing at end of row (to increase work 2 d.c. into last d.c.), 2 ch., turn. Repeat last 2 rows once more.

5th row—Work without increasing, 2 ch., turn.

6th row—Decrease at end of row (to decrease insert hook into 2nd last d.c., then into last d.c., thread over pull through all loops on hook), 2 ch., turn.

7th row—Work without decreasing, 2 ch., turn. Repeat last 2 rows once more. Break off thread.

With F.471, work 1 row of d.c. along shoulders and neck-line of back and front.

TO MAKE UP.—Machine stitch under-arm seams of back and front, allowing 1 stripe for seams, extending to 2 stripes at waistline for shaping and graduating to 1 stripe again at lower edge. Join under-arm seams of sleeves. Overlap front shoulders to back about $\frac{1}{4}$ in., but do not join shoulders. Insert sleeves, allowing $\frac{1}{4}$ in. seams. Sew collar to neck edge (front only). Fix clip on collar. Sew fasteners on shoulders and sew buckle to belt. Make tabs of ch., with F.471 to hold belt. Work 2 rows of d.c. round sleeves.

1st row—* 1 d.c. into each of first 2 stripes, 2 d.c. into next stripe, repeat from * all round.

2nd row—1 d.c. into each d.c. of previous row.

Abbreviations

- Ch., chain.
- D.c., double crochet.
- S.s., slip stitch.
- St., stitch.

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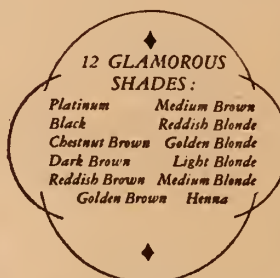
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The Hollywood

NEWSREEL

SHOT BY PHIL LONERGAN

HOLLYWOOD is glad that the Freddie Bartholomew controversy is ended. An agreement recently concluded provides that the boy shall live with his aunt, but that a home in Hollywood shall be provided for his parents and his two sisters, who all, of course, are supported by Freddie's earnings in the films.

The battle was rather awkward, so far as it affected the boy star's career. Americans and British alike wince at the thought of a child taken from his mother. Due to conflicting stories, it is impossible for me to be sure as to who is right and who is wrong. The British actors' colony appears to believe that Miss Mylicent Bartholomew is in the right. Whether they will hold the same view now that Freddie's parents are established in Hollywood, and given a right to see the child, remains to be seen.

Freddie is a fine boy, and a talented actor, but he must do his best, for young Billy Mauch, who won fame in *Anthony Adverse*, is a dangerous rival.

A Brother's Troubles

Billy Mauch, by the way, cannot afford to be too complacent. Warners have cast the boy actor to play one of the leading roles in *The Prince and the Pauper*, whilst his twin brother, Bobby, who used to be Billy's "stand-in," will have the other leading role.

Whether Billy will play the "Pauper" and Bobby the "Prince" is hard to say, for the Warner studio tells me that the script is as yet not completed.

In any event, Billy will have to gaze at his brother with a speculative eye!

A Careful Mother

Marlene Dietrich plays exotic roles on the screen, but she is very careful that her little daughter, Marie, does not see her in any parts that are too daring!

I understand that *Shanghai Express* and *Desire* are the only Dietrich films that Marlene's child has ever seen.

Clever Chap

Those who know Herbert Marshall will agree that this English actor is astute.

When he arrived in Hollywood he decided to be himself, without ostentation of any kind.

His reason is that he knew the movie-going public can sympathise with, and even admire, a woman whose conduct is fantastic, but, on the other hand, the public never has sympathised with a temperamental male star.

And as Herbert never has liked being temperamental, he was well satisfied. He feels that there is too much strain attached to being temperamental!

Her Baby Rules

Evelyn Venable will make her first screen appearance since the arrival of her baby, Dolores Venable Mohr, in *The Holy Lie* at Twentieth Century-Fox.

Miss Venable had offers from three other studios, but decided upon the role in *The Holy Lie* because it was to be made at the Twentieth Century-Fox Hollywood studio. Twentieth

Century-Fox makes most of its films at its great Westwood studio, but quite a number are made on its Hollywood lot. Evelyn's home is near the Hollywood studio.

"I'll go home every lunch hour and see the baby," she told me. "She's only six months' old, and I could not bear to be away all day."

Evelyn is a Hollywood celebrity, but she also is a devoted mother.

A Hungry Dog

Adrienne Ames bought a tremendously large mastiff for a watchdog. She was assured by the former owner that the animal was wary and very reliable.

The mastiff had acute indigestion for four days in succession, whereupon Adrienne discovered that the "ferocious" animal had been going from door to door in the neighbourhood, begging food!

The actress returned the mastiff and bought a peppery little terrier whose barking makes the welkin ring when so much as a bird passes by!

Changing Parents

Joan Bennett has asked the California courts to change the name of her daughter, Diana Bennett Fox, to Diana Bennett Markey.

When film stars re-marry, the children have to change their allegiance. Adrienne Ames, after she married Stephen Ames and Bruce Cabot, had her daughter adopted by each new husband.

John Miljan married Victoria Hale, divorced wife of Creighton Hale, and both Creighton's sons now legally belong to Miljan!

So that's Hollywood!

"Mickey Mouse" Speaks

Carol Trevis, the girl who says the lines for Minnie Mouse in the animated cartoons, will be seen as well as heard on the screen.

Her "baby voice" drew her the role of "Tessie" in *Sing, Baby, Sing*, the musical special now in production at Twentieth Century-Fox.

We all hope that the little girl gets a hand in the movies.

Mother's Song

Ann Sothern's mother came to her set the other day to give Ann a singing lesson. In the course of the tuition, the elder woman sang a few notes herself, and the entire crowd of people on the set came over to hear her.

The young actress explained with pride that her mother was Antoinette Yde, one of the greatest concert singers of her day, and forced her slightly embarrassed parent to sing again for her appreciative audience.

Daring Child

Barbara Stanwyck's four-year-old son, Dion, saw his "Mummie" acting before the cameras for the first time in his life in a fight scene.

The boy was so excited that he interfered, and wanted to join in the mêlée. When he was told he must not fight he said:

"Why should I fight with our chauffeur all the time?"

Barbara's offspring is a real "he man"!

A Home-maker

John Qualen, the miracle father of quins in *The Country Doctor*, recently had an amazing experience.



Joan Crawford swims daily in the garden swimming pool at her Brentwood home. She says it keeps her in fine physical condition.

It seems that John, decorated with a beard for work in another picture, was walking toward the studio café when suddenly out of a tree came a blackbird.

The blackbird swooped down, seized John's "fake" beard and promptly flew back to his tree.

A few minutes later, an emergency squad with ladders found the beard, nicely entwined among twigs—a perfect nest in the making!

Romance Is Denied!

Love evidently is not in the offing, judging from a statement issued by Robert Taylor, who announces that there is nothing to the rumours that he is shortly to wed Barbara Stanwyck.

Bob admits that he likes Barbara, but states that there is no idea of wedding bells.

The same old story! My prediction is that they will soon be wed.

Odd Footage

Marlene Dietrich made her stage debut with Max Reinhardt in Berlin.

★ ★ ★
Joan Crawford drinks hot cocoa every morning on the set.

★ ★ ★
Claire Trevor has a "stand-in" Galla Liss, who is a Russian princess.

★ ★ ★
Myrna Loy was a sculptress before she became a movie star.

★ ★ ★
Virginia Bruce is president of a club formed by former Ziegfeld girls.

★ ★ ★
Lionel Barrymore is making dry-point etchings of Joan Crawford.

dam' caballero in all Mexico" in "The Robin Hood of El Dorado." He is seen with Margo, who plays a leading role.



You can get tough even at cards as you will find out if you see Richard Dix (centre) in "Special Investigator."



He-Men Still ATTRACT

One of the foremost portrayers of he-man roles, Richard Dix with Margaret Callahan and Jed Prouty in "Special Investigator."

Spencer Tracy in a dramatic highlight from "Fury."



In "Hell Ship Morgan" the tough characters, Victor George Bancroft, and how for the love of Ann Sothern is example of nature in the seldom mild.





Pat O'Brien, if anything, is tougher than James Cagney in "Ceiling Zero." This poignant scene depicts his efforts to get in touch with the latter, who has gone up on an unauthorised flight in impossible weather conditions.



James Cagney may be small, but his audacity is titanic. Here he is with Robert Erwin and June Travis in "Ceiling Zero," an epic of the air.



IN spite of the tendency for pictures to become more and more psychological in their themes, there are still many which exploit the "strong man lover" theme and star those virile heroes who held pride of place in the silent days. Here we give you some examples of old and new favourites in films which definitely exploit masculine virility.



Can Fred MacMurray take it? He can, as this shot from "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" proves. That he can give it too is evident in the same picture. On the left, trouble is brewing in the same film, between him and Henry Fonda over Sylvia Sidney.



"When pain and anguish wring the brow"—Constance Bennett being a ministering angel to Douglas Montgomery in the Gaumont-British film "Everything is Thunder."



TILL they come, and still we expect more of them; and still, I think, we shall get them.

I refer, of course, to the American stars who are flocking to our shores, sometimes to the benefit of British films and sometimes not.

It depends so much more upon the directors, and the stories, and the producers, and the cameramen, and the general conditions, not to mention a splurge of £ s. d., than upon the stars themselves.

But bless you, my children, no one seems to grasp that except you and me; and, bless you again, they won't take any notice of us, because we're not being paid eight thousand a year as technical advisers.

Anyway, let's have a look at the latest arrivals.

Here we have Henry Fonda, who arrived one day and started work the next; and Edward G. Robinson, whom I met about half an hour after he arrived in London.

Rumour

Fonda is playing opposite Annabella in *Wings of the Morning*, in Technicolor, at Denham, for New World Productions.

At this you very rightly ask: "But what about Laurence Olivier, who was to have played opposite Annabella in this?"

Well, the truth is that he wasn't. He never was. He was only spoken of in every corner of the film world (which has innumerable corners) as being the most likely candidate for the job.

And I, heaven forgive me,

Hearked to rumour, and snatched at a breath Of "this one knoweth" and "that one saith."

That isn't my idea of a rhyme. It's Rudyard Kipling's. Anyway, Fonda's elected, and with him and Annabella are Leslie Banks, Pat Noonan, Dorothy Dewhurst, Philip Frost and D. J. Williams, with John McCormack, the famous Irish tenor, giving his own impersonation of John McCormack, the famous Irish tenor, singing Irish songs in a tenor voice.

And there will be others; oh, bet your boots there will be others. You never know the com-

E. G. COUSINS COVERS

The BRITISH STUDIOS

plete cast of a film, especially a large and important feature film like this, until the finished remains are thrown on the screen.

Romantic Drama

One hears names, of course. I've been hearing quite a lot of names, for instance, for *Fall of an Empire*, the Julius Hagen production which is featuring Dolly Haas (an important figure in British films after her personal success in *Broken Blossoms*) and Richard Barthelmess, who is said to have taken the part because of his admiration for Miss Haas's performance.

Here's the cast list to date: Frank Vosper, Denier Warren, Brian Buschell, Joyce Bland, John Turnbull, Evan Thomas, Lynn Harding, Henry Oscar and George Merritt.

Maurice Elvey is directing as well as producing it; it's a romantic costume drama, and, as I believe I mentioned before, is based on Baroness Orczy's best-selling novel, "Spy of Napoleon."

Funny thing about British costume pictures, they all seem to be either highly successful or the most awful flops. I hope this one will come down on the right side of the fence. There doesn't seem to be any safe betwixt-and-between area for it to land in.

Julius Hagen is usually remarkably successful in striking the public taste; I have every hope that this one will click loudly.

Not for Anna

And now, just by way of rubbing in my colleague Guy Beacon's remarks about Alexander Korda last week, let me point out that it isn't by any means only Korda who

announces future production activity and then for some reason or other changes his mind.

Almost every producer does it; only Korda announces more, and the fault-finders overlook the fact that he achieves more.

The latest *volte-face* (Portuguese for back-somersault) has been gracefully performed by Herbert Wilcox.

He announced recently (and I gave the announcement my blessing in these columns) that the next subject for Anna Neagle would be a film about Lady Hamilton, and that he was negotiating for the services of a famous Hollywood star to play Horatio, First Lord Nelson, her one-eyed, one-armed, single-purposed boy friend.

Just by way of a change for British pictures, the whole of the script had been completed and all the arrangements had been made to get under way with production at the new Pinewood studios at Iwer, Bucks.

Clash

Now, however, Mr. Wilcox informs me that he has heard from the Warner Brothers in Hollywood (who own the rights of the play *The Divine Lady*) that they are thinking of producing a film based on the life and adventures of Lady Hamilton.

Definitely a clash.

"Okay," said Mr. Wilcox in effect; "why don't we get together and make a joint effort?"

But that couldn't be done, so the Wilcox film will not be made.

Instead, Anna is to star in *On with the Dance*, a back-stage story with settings in Soho, Paris, and Budapest; and Tullio Carminati, who lately teamed with Anna in *The Three Maxims*, will be a stage impresario.

Well, I wanted to see Anna as Lady Hamilton; but I'm being very brave about it. But I believe Wilcox has acted very wisely.

Killer Robinson

Now to return to Robinson, Edward G. He's here to play in the first Atlantic Films effort, and perhaps he's lucky in one respect—that his director has come along on the same boat.

Not that Marion Gering has ever directed Edward G. Robinson before; but he's been responsible for many of the most successful Sylvia Sidney pictures; and Sylvia is a player of very much the same calibre as Robinson—that is to say, she acts with her head.

Robinson is an entertaining person; I needn't tell you he isn't in the least like the killer he usually portrays.

Certainly he fools around when he's expected to. At the inevitable press reception someone suggested to him that he ought to have a gangster's drink, so he obligingly roared for a bucket of blood—with a glass of milk as a chaser.

But get him talking sensibly, and you'd be deeply interested in his ideas.

Marion Gering, too, is a man with a considerable amount of grey matter bumping about in the old cranium. Slight, youngish, dark-haired, clean-shaven, with pince-nez and a slight stoop, he looks more like a scientist than a film director; and, if you'll look round carefully you'll probably observe that the directors who look the least like directors are the ones who make the best films.

Aristocrat Wanted

This *Thunder in the City* which is about to roll is caused by an American financier (Edward G., of course) arriving in England to conquer the City of London.

However, he also encounters the daughter of a peer, and you can imagine that there is quite a clash of wills, temperaments, purpose, and everything else; in fact, the stage is set for a first-class romance.

It is almost superfluous to add that this film will be made at Denham.

I don't know yet who is going to play the part of the aristocratic heroine, for the good and sufficient reason that they don't know themselves, see?

Pity Atlantic Films couldn't have got together with Tudor Films, who are just launching their first production, too. They've got a heroine, but so far no hero.

They are now calling their film *Because of Love*, but I hope it won't be a case of "all for love and nothing for reward."

You will probably sink to the floor in a swoon of utter amazement when I tell you that Gitta Alpar is to play the part of an operatic star.

Still, as this is undoubtedly what she is, it's probably the kind of part she plays best.

Along with Gitta are Laurence Goldsmith, H. F. Maltby, Bruce Winston, Vera Bogetti, Clarissa Selwyn, Wyn Weaver and Dorothy Boyd.

But no hero. However, they'll find one. He's probably lurking about somewhere, having a quiet cocktail with the heroine of *Thunder in the City*.

A Bad Habit

It's interesting to pick up the little habits and eccentricities of film-directors.

Thornton Freeland has a cute one; he gets biffed on the napper.

You remember I told you when he was directing *The Amateur Gentleman* some well-meaning but ham-handed galoot on the gantry dropped a handy-sized chunk of iron on Mr. Freeland's head, busting it open?

Well, just as he was finishing *Accused*, he was sitting in his favourite spot under the camera (a pretty intelligent place to sit when you want to see what the camera sees) when the cameraman's sleeve got caught in the lever that raises and lowers the camera-head, and the camera tilted forward on to "T" Freeland's head and crowned him king-pin of the studio as neatly as if it had been done with an axe.

This, as the snowed-in settler in Oregon remarked when a donkey fell down his chimney for the third morning in succession, is getting monotonous.

Picture poor little June Clyde sitting patiently at home waiting for her beloved "T" to be brought home with his head bandaged.

Anyway, she ought to start a campaign for short sleeves for cameramen.

Speaking of American directors, I hear that Glyn Tryon, who was brought over from America to direct the Annabella picture *Wings of the Morning*, is no longer directing that film. Now, I remember Tryon very well as a whirlwind comedian in the silent days, in such films as *Black White Sheep*, *Painting The Town*, *Hot Heels*, *Hero for a Night*, *The Gatecrasher*, *The Kid's Clever* and *How to Handle Women*, but I don't know much about him as a director.

But don't worry about *Wings of the Morning*; I remember a production not so long ago when the American director had a difference of opinion with the Hungarian producer, and resigned, and the producer carried on, directing the film, and then handed over direction to the film editor. . . .

And every time I came on to the set there was an atmosphere of gloom, and I wondered how that film could ever be a success.

But it turned out to be *The Scarlet Pimpernel*.

Going Up

Here's a full passenger list for the Shetland Islands, where they are going to make (as I told you last week) *Edge of the World*, which is expected to be a Scottish *Man of Aran*, only better.

I was one of the few critics who didn't go

completely loopy over *Man of Aran*; I thought it represented a shocking waste of time and money, and completely misrepresented the islanders, and said so.

I hope *Edge of the World* will be better.

Niall McGinnis and Belle Chrystal are providing what in a Gracie Fields picture would be called the luv. I haven't seen Belle in a worth-while part since *Hindle Wakes*, in which she was excellent.

Then there are Francesca Reidy, John Laurie, Finlay Currie, Hamish Sutherland (kind of a foreign name), Eric Berry, Campbell, and George Summers, and Michael Powell.

What? says you. Michael Powell? says you. But I thought he was directing the picture, says you.

Right! says me. He is, says me. But he's also playing the part of a sea-captain, thereby saving one fare to the Shetland Isles, says me.

And also he wrote the story, so I'll say he's a good investment for the company.

By the way, he expects to employ some of the islanders as "types"; this may give rise to a new sport—"Picking the Actors"; and, as they're apparently not going to wear any make-up this should keep us busy.

I'm looking forward to *Edge of the World*; it'd better be good.

THRILL OF THE YEAR FOR FILM LOVERS

EVERY PICTUREGOER reader will rush to get "Picturegoer Summer Annual," on sale this week. It's the biggest thrill of the year for all film lovers. There are no fewer than 100 sparkling pages, teeming with wonderful stories of the stars and by the stars, too—enthraling articles by leading personalities of the screen—pictures—scores of them—including beautiful art plate portraits! And a full-colour portrait of Helen Vinson on the front cover!

"Picturegoer Summer Annual" is packed with surprises. You simply must read "The True Love Story of a Famous Star"—you will be enthralled by "Glamour—Yesterday and Today," by Lionel Collier. And here's a big treat—a wonderful feature entitled "Is This a Woman's World?"—by none other than Mary Pickford! Another exhilarating article is written by lovely Jeanette MacDonald herself! She declares that "There Is No Modern Man"—will you agree?

Remember, "Picturegoer Summer Annual" is on sale everywhere now, and it's only sixpence. The demand has already been tremendous—make sure of your copy by buying it without delay.

This is the very first girl we found reading the "Picturegoer Summer Annual" on the beach. Is it you?



"COME on, come on with your parade. Put on your uniforms and beat your drums. Tell the world that war is glorious. Let's have another one."

Abruptly Celia Whitakker turned away from the window, already annoyed with herself for her outburst. Why should the Fourth of July Celebrations always affect her like this, reviving every cruel memory of what had happened in August, 1914? Why couldn't she control herself and refuse to waste her energy tilting at something that always had and always would happen while the world lasted.

Eccles, personal maid, white-haired, devoted and practical, applied the right antidote to brooding. "Why don't you drive out to Oak Woods, like you used to on the 'Fourth,' Miss Celia?"

"Perhaps I will." Celia stroked the Sealyham, who had pricked up ears on hearing the word "drive." "We're not afraid of the word 'drive.' But, after all, a drive as a distraction from importunate memories was unnecessary. Twenty-year-old Joan, back from a European visit and not expected till to-morrow, arrived with a Paris hat and ecstatic greeting.

"Joan, darling, how did you get here so soon? The *Berengaria* only docked this morning."

"I know, but flying meant a whole day sooner seeing the dearest sister in the world, so I flew. Besides, I had an offer of a lift in a man's private 'plane.'"

"So the latest admirer is rich, is he?"

"Very. David Eastman. He's a professor. Oh, he's quite old; must be every day of forty."

Celia smiled the smile reserved for women out of their thirties who hear girls under twenty-one describing forty as "outside the pale." "Well, darling, I'm not anxious to lose you, even to a millionaire and an 'ologist; in fact, you're altogether too young for matrimony."

"Nonsense! Don't forget my coming-of-age party next month. I've not talked father and Aunt Harriette into that, just to let it drop. Besides, Mr. Eastman's promised to come."

Wisely, Celia made no mention of Dr. Terrance, clever if somewhat dictatorial masculine cause of Joan's European holiday. At the bottom of her heart, Celia, who knew Joan as well as any one, was aware that the girl loved Richard Terrance. With typical independence, Joan had gone off in a huff because Richard didn't want to tie himself down to an engagement. Just how all this would affect Joan and David Eastman, Celia was anxious to see. She was, in fact, thinking of them both when walking one morning in the park. It was merely a question of helping a terrier, abandoned by youngsters having tied fire-crackers to the animal's tail, that caused Celia to stop when she did. The pup was young and excited, the crackers securely lashed. Accepting the help of a man who had ridden up, Celia offered to hold the horse. She lived such a quiet life and met so few strangers that her interest in the man was aroused. Appearances proved deceptive. The figure in its unimpeachable kit was that of a young man. The face, when its owner stood



Celia tries to tell Joan their real relationship, but is prevented by her father.

A LADY of SECRETS

The Story of the Film by Marjory WILLIAMS

up to release the pup, was near as could be to Joan's man of forty.

"Fine example of civilisation—to tie a sparkler to a creature's tail!" he smiled. "Well, I've spent most of my life among savages. They eat dogs; so perhaps teasing's better." How it was from that they started talking seriously, occupying the same bench, Celia did not know. She only knew that the man was a gentleman, that she liked him; and if a woman of forty can't talk to an attractive stranger in the park and know how to handle the situation, the woman must be an idiot.

"I don't know why I'm bothering you with all this," he was saying. "Only I find myself trying to solve a problem. May I ask your help?"

"If it's not too difficult. I'm rather out of things these days, but I'll try."

"Well, the problem is I've got something I ought to want. Difficult?"

"Not so far. Sounds as if you were a lucky man."

"But listen. I won't beat about the bush. I've recently met and proposed to a young, attractive girl who's to give me my answer to-night. Now, I believe it's impossible that a youngster of her age, brimming over with life, could love me. If she says 'yes' it will be not because I happen to have money—she's too fine for that—but because she's

flattered at being proposed to by someone who, in her eyes, would mean 'man of the world'."

"You have a very unselfish viewpoint, haven't you? But to me the one big question is: Do you love her?"

"I'm pretty sure I love her."

"Only pretty sure?"

"Well, nearly certain. I'm afraid I must be rather a boulder."

"I don't think so. Only I should tell the girl, if I were you, what you've told me."

Reviewing this extraordinary meeting, Celia was less inclined than ever to think the stranger a boulder. She had the more time to ponder the matter as from habit she went off to her sitting-room with a book after dinner, regardless of its being the evening of Joan's coming-out party. Not even for Joan would she face crowds and meeting strangers. Elbows propped on the book-rest in front of her, chin cupped in her hands, Celia was entirely absorbed in one of the scientific studies of Professor David Eastman, when Richard Terrance burst in.

"Sorry to blunder. I thought you said 'Come in,' Celia."

"You don't disturb me. But what about the party? Oughtn't you to be there?"

"I've had enough of it."

"Have you been quarrelling with Joan again?"

"It's all my own fault. I behaved like an idiot. I came here to-night meaning to ask Joan to marry me. Then I saw that fellow David Eastman monopolising Joan. I'd have been an old man before I had a chance to dance with her even. I should have kept my temper. Instead of that, I said things and—"

"Don't get so agitated, Richard. The battle isn't lost yet. Besides, I'm going to fight for you."

"For heaven's sake don't! I'd look like a sap running to his sister to help."

"That's Joan's knock. Don't go, Richard. Come in, Joan."

But, after all, it was Richard, not Celia, who was to render first-aid in a difficult situation. The tall figure behind

Joan in the doorway, with its unquestionable air of breeding, the thin, clean-shaven face with its intelligent forehead, belonged to only one person—to Celia's acquaintance of the previous morning. So long had she expunged the word "surprise" from her vocabulary, that the shock was even greater at finding herself about to acknowledge as a brother, the only man she had seen in twenty years, capable of touching the romantic chord.

She was duly grateful to Richard, who, by at once congratulating his rival, diverted talk from the women.

"And you'll be my maid-of-honour, won't you, darling?" Joan urged when Richard had gone. "Don't look so terribly surprised."

"Mr. Eastman seems a little surprised himself. I'd like to speak to him a minute alone, if you don't mind."

"I'll join you in a minute, Joan. Your sister's right. We ought to get to know each other."

"I know what you must think of me," David said. "I know I didn't sound happy this morning, but do realise it was because of Joan's youth and the fear that I was the wrong man for her. I do love her."

"But that's only half. Does she love you?"

"She says so, and I must believe her. Charge it up to my vanity, if you like." The quick smile, so redolent for Celia of indefinable charm, convinced her. She loved this man. Joan did not. She loved Richard Terrance.

"Forgive me if I don't feel that your marriage should take place," she said firmly. "If I find I'm right, I shall declare war on it." David cemented her feeling for him for ever by saying: "I wanted you to be my friend, Celia, but you'd be the most charming enemy a man ever had."

Two days later Celia was acknowledging that making war on Joan's wedding was the reverse of charming. Clever tactician, she manoeuvred for a first engagement in surroundings more favourable to her than a smart restaurant. As dinner hostess to David and Joan, Celia chose the quiet house in Westchester, where she was accustomed to retreat from the home of a singularly selfish and dominating father. For a symbol of

(Continued on page 28)

Feel fit...on



When a hot afternoon or a hard-fought game has made you tired and limp—remember that Nature's true energy restorer is cool, delicious milk. Milk does more than temporarily stimulate—it restores your fitness and vigour.

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FOR MEN:

The 'Reudel' *Pine* Cube has been specially introduced for men. It has a stimulating effect on the skin, causes deeper breathing and has a beneficial effect on the nervous system.

the velvet glove she gave Joan a treasured necklet, asking her to wear it. After dinner the steel hand betrayed itself. Celia deliberately turned the conversation from bridal preparations to books—David's books.

"I didn't know you wrote. Why didn't you tell me?" Joan demanded. "Only a man's enemies talk about his books," he gravely assured her. She insisted, pulling a long face when she discovered him to be the author of "Taboos and Fetishes" and "Primitive Anthropomorphism," both of which treatises Celia had read. But though she hardly knew how to pronounce "anthropomorphism," Joan was intellectual enough to know that Celia was being unkind.

"You're trying to make a fool of me," she accused, with tears only just below the surface. "Well, I may be dumb, but I'm not so dumb as to know what you're driving at, Celia. I'm going home."

Useless for them both to plead. Pale underneath hardly necessary make-up, Joan snatched up the charmingly girlish flower-posy that accompanied her semi-period frock and hurried to fetch her wrap. "Don't go this way," Celia pleaded, scarcely a triumphant victor, as she followed the girl to the hall. "I can't bear to think I've hurt you."

"Why don't you run to David? He'll sympathise."

"Joan, you don't know what you're saying."

"No? Then take this. I can't ever wear it. Since my engagement you've done nothing but interfere, and I know why. You never had romance in your own life and you don't want anyone else to have it."

No romance! How little Joan knew. Standing by the french windows, Celia failed to see the limousine, in which David was humouring Joan's request, snaking down the drive.

She saw instead her last meeting before the war of 1914, with Michael—Michael, the nobody of a bank clerk, whom Celia's father, in the running for a governorship, had told to leave the house.

Oh, why had father been such a selfish snob? Why the night she, his daughter, had left a dance early to visit Michael's home, had they been shadowed? Shuddering after twenty years had gone by, Celia could see father's detective being struck at by Michael for playing Peeping Tom; could see the detective bring out his gun and Michael trying to seize it.

What happened after that night, between her father and Michael, Celia never quite knew. She only suspected that her father had engineered Michael's getaway to France. "Find Michael. You must find Michael," in those days, had been Celia's only cry.

Father's answer, made after he had fully understood the importance of his daughter's entreaty, had been to decide on a trip to Europe with Paris as objective.

Could Celia ever forget that morning after August 1914, when a stretcher case was brought into the Paris home, turned hospital, and she recognised in the prostrate, silent figure in mud-stained uniform, Michael.

Nor forget, when driving away from Paris with her fatherless child, how baby John was described on the passport as the youngest "Miss Whitakker."

THE STORY of the

Alone with her father for a moment while passport officials were inspecting the car, Celia said: "Father, I want to talk to you. So Joan's my sister, is she? You can't take her away from me like this. She's all I've got."

"Celia, you might as well look things in the face once and for all. Even if you don't care for the disgrace for yourself or for me, haven't you sense to realise it will be better for the child?"

Twenty years Celia had spent in realising what was good for Joan, and still the way was abominably hard. She was recalled to herself by David stepping up to the french window. "Why—David!"

"I had to come back. After I took Joan home, I got thinking about you. I thought you might be unhappy."

"Most women would be, perhaps. But I've had enough of unhappiness. No more tears. No more yesterdays. To-day I'm fighting for the future."

"Joan wasn't herself to-night. She's getting strung up about the wedding."

"I know. Her nerves are on edge, but there's another reason. Joan's in love with someone else. They quarrelled, and she's marrying you to punish him."

"But, Celia, even if this were true, I can't just walk out on Joan. I wouldn't look at myself in the face again."

"Suppose she walks out on you?"

"I don't think she will."

"You mean you're afraid she won't. Don't worry, David. She will. I'm going to see to it." Light dawned in her eyes—fascinating grey-green eyes, with a touch of insolence—when Celia was roused. Carrying on the offensive the following morning, she opened fire on her father in the library.

"Father, I want to talk to you. We can't let Joan marry David Eastman."

"There you go! About the first time anyone in this family does something intelligent, you want to stop it. What's the matter with Eastman?"

"Nothing. Except neither of them are in love with the other, especially Joan."



LM — Continued

"Well, she's the best judge of that. Don't try and interfere."

"I'm going to." She took up the house phone. "Is that you, Mary? Will you ask Miss Joan to come to the library right away?"

"Joan won't listen to you," James Whitakker said coolly.

"She'll have to; because I'm going to tell her that she's my daughter. She's under age and can't marry without my consent."

"Celia, you wouldn't dare."

"I'd dare anything to let her have what you made me miss."

"Very well, then. Tell her." Not entirely misled by her father's turn of front, Celia took the advantage of Joan's being in a penitent mood to draw the child to her in the armchair. Even then the words came haltingly. "Joany darling . . . there's something I want to tell you. I never meant to. Don't hate me for it, please. You see, we're not really sisters . . . you and I are closer . . ." Why did one's throat close at the crucial moment, throttling down one's voice into less than a whisper?

James Whitaker was quick to seize the advantage. "Celia, you're tired," he pressed. "Talk about it in the morning. You see, Joan my dear, your sister hasn't been well for some time, and this particular idea has been growing in her mind. I didn't take it seriously at first, but now . . . better go, my dear. I'll talk to you later."

He hustled Joan out of the room. Temporarily, Celia was obliged to admit defeat and to prepare a fresh advance. She fell in the more readily, therefore, with her father's order to spend a few days away from home. The moment she entered the lounge hall at the Westchester home, Celia realised that father was also capable of hiding a steel hand. Eccles, who for over twenty years was accustomed to precede her mistress on all journeys, was in Canada visiting a brother. Celia could not expect to see her, but neither was she prepared to see two utterly strange faces instead of

"Head up," said Celia, "and remember no more tears, Joan."



the temporary helpers who had been engaged.

"Mr. Whitakker hired me," said the elder of the two women, adding: "It's no good giving any instructions to the chauffeur who brought you here. He has his orders, too."

"I see. Very thoughtful of my father planning to keep me prisoner in my own house. Put bluntly, the situation amounted to that." Celia, stranded without a telephone and under continual surveillance, was beginning to feel desperate when a visit from David saved her.

Merely sight of him sharing her sofa, even though her father made a third, was encouraging. They talked of irrelevances. Taking James Whitakker's hint, David said they must be going. Must hope go with him? But no. At the door he said: "I've left my cigarettes," and came back for the case, which he must have purposely slid under a cushion. "Get Eccles," she whispered, and hardly knew if he had heard, so quickly did he rejoin father at the door.

Almost too good to be true, within twenty-four hours, Eccles, having been summoned by telegram, put in her appearance after travelling from Canada by air. Her white hair, dignified form, and emphatic manner put zest into Celia's renewed offensive. She arrived at James Whitakker's home to find, as she had half expected, the entire household, with David and the bridesmaids, rehearsing for the morrow's ceremony.

Wearing one of the classical gowns she affected, Celia perhaps had never looked lovelier than when swept by her father into the study for an explanation.

"I know, you didn't expect me, father," she admitted, "nor Eccles. You see, I needed her to dismiss those two nurses of yours. I wish you could see them now she's finished telling them what might happen in a court of law if they continued being jailers."

"Celia. You'd better have the truth. I'm on the rocks financially. If Joan doesn't marry David. . . ."

"I'm sorry. I didn't know. You can have any money of mine, if that'll help, but I can't have Joan unhappy. Now, Eccles is here to prove Joan's my daughter. . . ."

This time Celia was interrupted. Joan, white-faced, tearful, knocked and flung herself into Celia's arms. "Darling, now you're home, I've come to tell you I can't go through with this. I don't love David. I love Richard. I'm going to him."

"Darling!" said Joan, lovely as a bride should look on her way to the altar. "Something I've been wanting to ask you for a long time. Was it true what you said that night about not being my sister? Now you and David are married, I thought I could ask."

"Of course. There was nothing in it; only my way of bringing you and Richard together. Head up. Remember, no more tears."

Freely based on the film "A Lady of Secrets," by permission of Columbia Pictures, Ltd. See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 32, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.



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Previews

CRITICISMS of the LATEST FILMS

ONE RAINY AFTERNOON

MARY PICKFORD has gone into production with Jesse Lasky and this represents the first film they have made for U.A.—and a very amusing film it is, too.

It belongs to the category which may be described as "nonsense" pictures—that is the plot is delightfully unworldly and things just happen in the most unexpected but nevertheless witty way.

I am not going to attempt to tell you the story, because it is not the plot but the illuminating detail work and satirical touches which make it really good entertainment.

Briefly, it deals with a young unknown actor who kisses a strange girl in a kinema, gets prosecuted by the Morality League and so finds notoriety followed by fame and a very pretty little wife. The cast is an exceptionally good one and each and every member of it adds his or her share to the success of the whole film which has been cleverly directed by Rowland V. Lee.

Francis Lederer as the actor who gets known as the "menace" through one tiny little kiss in the dark, is at his best and shows to more advantage than he has done hitherto in American films. He sings the song of the title delightfully.

As the little girl who is kissed and creates a fuss only later to realise that she liked it, Ida Lupino gives an ingenuous and attractive performance.

And as the woman whom the actor had meant to kiss but who had inadvertently taken the wrong seat, a newcomer, Countess Liev de Maigret, is particularly seductive. The gaiety of the proceedings is heightened by the presence of Hugh Herbert as the actor's friend and a prompter at the theatre.

Very good use has been made of his calling, which he continues to practise even outside the theatre.

As the manager of the theatre, Roland Young has not a big part, but he makes his every line tell.

Other excellent studies come from Emile Rhodes as the fiancé of the outraged girl; Joseph Carlton as her father; Donald O'Neill as a judge—and that reminds me, the court scene is a really clever piece of fooling—and Mischa Auer, as a singer.

The song that urges the actor to kiss his neighbour is "Secret Rendezvous" and definitely catchy.

Production values are excellent, both camerawork and settings being of first-rate quality.

SECRET INTERLUDE

So the rich man's son made an honest woman of the pretty little servant. That basically is the theme of this novelettish and very obvious romantic drama.

But it would not be fair to judge it hastily on its theme, for if you can ignore its conventionality, there are plenty of good characterisations and

clever acting to keep you entertained.

For instance, Loretta Young is winsomely attractive and appealing as a little servant girl who loves and secretly marries a wealthy man's son. She is made to go into clinches with him rather too often, but she does present a natural and human character.

As her lover Robert Taylor is apt to be somewhat stereotyped, but his attractive personality comes over well enough.

The villain of the piece is rather novel. He is the butler who has amorous designs on the servant and spends all his time, when he cannot win her, in plotting to get her thrown out and dishonoured. He does succeed to a point when, having found out that she is about to become a mother, he forces her to confess to her employers. He also holds another weapon—the fact that she has been arrested in a gambling den. It was quite an innocent affair but he made it look definitely criminal.

However, his efforts come to naught when an annulment suit is started and the husband discovers how his wife had been maligned.

Basil Rathbone plays this part and does it extremely well. He would get a meritorious round of hissing at any transpontine theatre—and what more could any villain ask for?

For light relief we have Patsy Kelly as Ellen's friend and fellow-servant, and she makes the most of the little she has to do.

A big cast gives very good support, and mention must be made of a Great Dane who nobly protects the heroine when attacked by the well-bred but evil-intentioned butler. There are some good lines in the dialogue, and the settings, which alternate between a town and country house both below and above stairs, are very good.

They help to obviate the old-fashioned nature of the plot.

COLLEEN

A very indifferent musical which fails to be more than moderate entertainment in spite of a good

cast, lavish settings and generally sound all round technical qualities.

The main trouble is that the plot is childish and none of the artistes has the material with which to make bricks—and even a fine comedian like Hugh Herbert cannot make comedy out of nothing.

He is cast as an "apparently" imbecile head of a big business who gets tied up with a gold-digger, and the character he presents is so pathological that it is more pathetic than funny.

Dick Powell as his nephew who falls in love with a business girl, Colleen, who successfully runs a dress shop his uncle had bought for the gold-digger, has a song or two to sing but little else. The numbers are not particularly noteworthy.

Ruby Keeler looks charming and dances exceptionally well as the girl in question. She is partnered by Paul Draper who models his tap dancing on Fred Astaire's. He lacks the vivid personality of his model and is very weak as an actor.

One of the best performances comes from Joan Blondell as the gold-digger. She does, at least, make a recognisably human character.

Jack Oakie does his best as Colleen's fiancé who leaves her and falls for the gold-digger. He has a amusing little song and dance number with Joan Blondell.

Louise Fazenda shows to advantage in the small role of the business man's wife.

There are two big spectacular ensembles, one at a fashion parade, and one on board ship. They are extremely well executed and ingenious in presentation but they hardly make up for the general weakness of the picture as a whole.

EARLY TO BED

There is a good deal of originality about this farce and it gives that excellent comedy team, Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, full scope to exercise their individual types of humour.

The dialogue is sparkling and that helps to obviate the fact that there is rather a surplus of it.

Ruggles plays the role of Chester Beatty, a down-trodden employee at a glass-eye factory, who after twenty-five years engagement, marries Tessie. He had not married her before because he walked in his sleep, and did not like to tell her. They go to a rest-cure hotel, and there Chester's sleep-walking propensities get him suspected, both of robbery and murder.

He also has trouble with a big

wholesaler to whom he is trying to sell glass eyes. Eventually things are straightened out, and Chester is taken on as chief superintendent to the wholesaler.

Mary Boland is in her element as the ineffectual "mothering" wife and George Barbier is well cast as the domineering wholesaler.

The remainder of the cast all give excellent support to the leads who hold the stage most of the time.

Norman McLeod's direction is slick and he makes the most of the sleep-walking incidents.

Altogether a good laugh tonic.

NOBODY'S FOOL

The star is given an ideal role in this hilarious farce, dealing with a simple countryman whose simplicity is mistaken for cleverness. The action is generally fast, but there are dull interludes.

Will Wright, a waiter in a small town with ideals for civic improvements, goes to New York, and owing to a mistake in identity addresses the Chamber of Commerce. Before he can be arrested he is whisked off by Ruby Miller, one of a gang of real estate racketeers, who thinks he will be useful.

He helps Ruby's companions in proving that a three-foot frontage of a row of houses owned by a gangster, Dizzy Rantz, really belongs to Mary Jones, a widow living in the country. Will is honest in his intentions of giving her the property, but both Dizzy and Ruby's gang have other ideas. His simplicity leads them into believing he is a clever crook playing a lone hand, but eventually he succeeds in restoring the property and turning Rantz into what he never expected to be—a public benefactor. Naturally, he wins Ruby's love.

Edward Everett Horton holds the stage most of the time and gives a very amusing performance—not without a real sense of characterisation—as Will.

Glenda Farrell is well cast as the tough but understanding Ruby, while Cesar Romero is very good as Rantz.

The rest of the cast gives everything that is needed in support.

Opening with Will's maiden speech as a waiter in his home town, the picture quickly transfers the action to New York and gets going at a merry pace, which is only held up at infrequent intervals by a surplus of dialogue.

Generally the lines are bright, and Horton makes the most of them. There is novelty in the situation of a very simple soul bringing gangsters to heel by the depth of his unsophistication, and Arthur Greville Collins, the director, has made the most of it.—Lionel Collier.

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

Highly emotional and none too convincing espionage drama in which Herbert Marshall gives a good performance as a matinee idol who becomes attached to the British Intelligence Service.

The story is obvious, but there is action and spectacle of a popular order which help to cover some of the artificialities.

Gertrude Michael is quite good as the heroine. Lionel Atwill is vigorously pugnacious as a German officer.

The mixture of accents does not help to make for realism and the supporting cast is unremarkable.

London atmosphere leaves a good deal to be desired, but the front-line and sequences in the enemy's country are very well done.—C.K.



Francis Lederer and Hugh Herbert in "One Rainy Afternoon."

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REVIEWS

The PICTUREGOER'S
quick reference index to
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*****STARS OVER BROADWAY**
****LADY OF SECRETS**
****KING OF HEARTS**
***DANGEROUS WATERS**
***THE BELOVED IMPOSTOR**
***THE FIRE TRAP**
***KING OF THE CASTLE**
c*WHAT THE PUPPY SAID
***EXCUSE MY GLOVE**
***THE MAN WHO PAWNED HIS SOUL**
SERVANTS ALL
THE BROWN WALLET
THEY DIDN'T KNOW
STRANGE CARGO
****GIRL IN PAWN (Re-issue)**

What the asterisks mean—

**** An outstanding feature.

*** Very good.

** Good.

* Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

***STARS OVER BROADWAY

Warner. American. "U" certificate. Musical Romance. Runs 90 minutes.

PAT O'BRIEN.....Al McGillivray
 JANE FROMAN.....Joan Garrell
 FRANK McHUGH.....Offkey Cramer
 EDDIE CONRAD.....Freddy
 FRANK FAY.....Announcer
 MARIE WILSON.....Molly
 PHIL REGAN.....Singer
 PAUL PORCASI.....Luigi
 EMMET VOGAN.....Archie McNeigh
 JAMES MELTON.....Jan King
 JEAN MUIR.....Nora Wyman
 WM. RICCIARDI.....Minotti
 MORGAN FAMILY OF FIVE.....(2 to 10 years old)
 E. E. CLIVE.....Crane
 HARRY SEYMOUR.....Rudolph
 MAURICE FLUGEL.....Jim Flugel
 GEORGE CHANDLER

Charles, McNeigh's Assistant

PATSY FLICK.....The Greek
 Directed by William Keighley. Songs and lyrics by Harry Warren and Al Dubin.

James Melton, a tenor, makes his screen bow in this spectacular story of a singer's rise from obscurity to fame. It treats a somewhat conventional path but is exceedingly well directed and set and strong in its musical appeal.

James Melton may not be a great actor but his personality is pleasing and his singing excellent.

He plays the rôle of Jan King, a young hotel porter with a beautiful voice who is found by Al McGillivray, a resourceful agent down on his luck. He ties Jan up on a contract, and keeps him until he is trained sufficiently to appear in public, but is so eager to cash in that he cannot wait until his protégée reaches the operatic standard. Success in cabaret and on the radio soon goes to Jan's head, and he neglects his work and becomes Al's rival for Nora Wyman, an unsuccessful operatic aspirant.

Al, however, is honest to admit that his rapacity is the primary cause of Jan's downfall and the break in their friendship, and he makes amends by paying for him to be trained in Italy. On his return, Jan scores at the Metropolitan Opera House, and his triumph restores the old partnership, also making possible Al's marriage to Nora.

Pat O'Brien is good as Al and

by Lionel COLLIER

Jean Muir supplies the love interest with charm and sincerity.

A Broadway cabaret star, Jane Froman, sings blues songs effectively and the comedy in the hands of Frank McHugh is well cared for.

The direction is sound with the limelight focused on the new star and detail work is intriguing.

The final sequence—an operatic one based on "Aida"—is outstanding.

**LADY OF SECRETS

Columbia. American. "A" certificate. Mother love melodrama. Runs 72 minutes.

RUTH CHATTERTON.....Celia Whittaker
 OTTO KRUGER.....David
 LIONEL ATWILL.....Mr. Whittaker
 MARIAN MARSH.....Joan
 LLOYD NOLAN.....Michael
 ROBERT ALLEN.....Richard
 ELISABETH RISDON.....Mrs. Whittaker
 NANA BRYANT.....Aunt Harriet
 ESTHER DALE.....Eccles

Directed by Marion Gering.

For story freely based on the film by Marjory Williams, see page 26.

Rather a commonplace and heavily emotional mother-love story which is redeemed by the acting of a strong cast and competent direction.

It deals with Celia Whittaker, a sensitive woman, who cannot shake off the sorrow of an early love affair, which resulted in the death of her fiancé, the possession of an illegitimate daughter, and the ruthless censure of her father. When Joan, her daughter—brought up as her sister—reaches womanhood, she quarrels with Richard Terris (a young man with whom she is in love) and out of pique agrees to marry David Eastman, a mature man of the world.

Celia, however, determines that Joan shall not ruin her own life, as she had hers, and, in spite of the opposition of her father; she brings Joan and Richard together without revealing her secret. She then marries David herself.

As Celia, Ruth Chatterton gives a well balanced performance and puts sincerity into her emotional scenes.

Otto Kruger gives a sensitive rendering of David and Lionel Atwill is well in character as the aggressive father.

The conventional nature of the plot is partly concealed by the good detail work and the delicate stressing of the mother-love angle.

**KING OF HEARTS

Butcher. British. "U" certificate. Romantic Comedy. Runs 84 minutes.

WILL FYFFE.....Bill Saunders
 GWEN GILL.....May Saunders
 MARGARET DAVIDGE.....Mrs. Saunders
 RICHARD DOLMAN.....Jack Ponsoby
 AMY VENESS.....Mrs. Ponsoby
 O. B. CLARENCE.....Henry Ponsoby
 RONALD SHINER.....Tomkins
 JACK MCKAY.....George
 GOOGIE WITHERS.....Elaine
 PATRICK LUDLOW.....Reggie
 PAUL NEVILLE.....Robert English
 SYBIL GROVE.....Quinton Downer
 TREVOR WATKINS.....Frakson
 WITH JAVA'S TZIGANE BAND, CONSTANCE, LILYAN AND MALO, HORACE SHELTON'S ORCHESTRA.

Directed by Oswald Mitchell and Walter Tennyson.

Will Fyffe appears to full advantage in this variation of the Cinderella theme which has both a romantic and a domestic angle.

The famous Scottish comedian is cast as Bill Saunders, a Scotsman employed at the London docks, who has a daughter May, employed in a teashop. She is in love with Jack Ponsoby, son of wealthy parents, and

he with her, but the snobbish Mrs. Ponsoby hopes to kill their romance by getting May dismissed.

Her mean action, however, only results in throwing the lovers closer together, and as a last resort she pays Bill £100 to stop the marriage. He with the true sagacity of the Scot accepts the notes, but turns the tables on Mrs. Ponsoby by using the money to further the lovers' cause. It is only fair to add that Mrs. Ponsoby wisely accepts defeat with good grace.

Gwen Gill is attractive as May, and Amy Veness is excellent as the snobbish Mrs. Ponsoby.

The cast generally gives good support and the production as a whole is well staged and photographed.

*DANGEROUS WATERS

Universal. American. "A" certificate. Sea Melodrama. Runs 66 minutes.

JACK HOLT.....Jim Marlowe
 ROBERT ARMSTRONG.....Dusky Johnson
 GRACE BRADLEY.....Joan
 DIANA GIBSON.....Ruth Denning
 CHARLIE MURRAY.....McDuffy
 WILLARD ROBERTSON.....Bill McKeechie
 DEWEY ROBINSON.....Chips
 ED GARGAN.....Bosun
 GUY USHER.....Captain Denning
 RICHARD ALEXANDER.....Hayes

Directed by Lambert Hillyer.

Rather mechanical plot with plenty of rough stuff put over effectively by those two stalwarts Jack Holt and Robert Armstrong.

The story deals with Jim Marlowe, a first officer, who distinguishes himself by saving his ship from fire, following the death of the captain, but is deprived of promotion through being technically responsible for the presence on board of contraband cargo, the cause of the fire.

His two friends, Dusky Johnson, a third mate, and McDuffy, an engineer, stick to him, and after experiencing a lean time, the three take command of a ship due to be sunk by its crooked owners for the insurance money. It is not long, however, before Jim weighs up the situation, and in foiling the crooks he is not only rewarded with reinstatement and promotion by his employers, but rids himself of a worthless wife.

Grace Bradley makes an attractive heroine and Charles Murray supplies some homely humour.

The highlight is a fire at sea.

*THE BELOVED IMPOSTOR

Radio. British. "A" certificate. Romantic drama. Runs 80 minutes.

RENE RAY.....Mary
 FRED CONYNGHAM.....George
 GERMAINE AUSSEY.....La Lumiere
 PENELOPE PARKES.....Connie
 EDWIN ELLIS.....Herbert
 CHARLES OLIVER.....Pierre
 FRED GROVES.....Jack Harding
 BELA MILA.....Mona
 TONY DE LUNGO.....Gavani
 LAWRENCE HANRAY.....Arthur
 SYDNEY CULVER.....Horace
 PHIL THOMAS.....Hodges
 QUINTON McPHERSON.....Mr. Watiss
 REGINALD LONG.....Mr. Sladen
 DINO GALVANI.....Manager of Cabaret
 W. SCOTT HARROLD.....Davis
 BOMBARDIER BILLY WELLS.....Policeman
 BRUNO BARNABE.....Policeman
 JACK BEAUMONT.....Jack Brown
 FREDERICK BUSH.....Toni
 LESLIE HUTCHINSON (Huich).....Hutch
 GWEN FARRAR.....Ballad Singer
 THE CALIGARY BROTHERS.....The Caligary Bros.

Directed by W. Victor Hanbury from Ethel Mannin's "Dancing Boy."

This adaptation of Ethel Mannin's book runs to length and is apt to become wearisome. It has touches of humanity and the theme has possibilities which have not been well exploited.

George, a waiter, fancies himself as a cabaret turn. He is fired from his billet in a seaside town, and goes to London, where he meets Mary, a girl who had attracted him at the seaside, and pretends that he is well



Jack Holt and Grace Bradley in "Dangerous Waters."

off. She soon discovers his deception, and gives him a room in her lodgings. She works as a waitress in a cheap eating-house, while he continues boasting about what he is going to do.

Finally he succeeds in getting taken on at a cabaret where he falls for the charms of a French singer, La Lumiere, and deserts Mary. La Lumiere soon turns him down, and losing his temper, he attacks her and believes he has killed her. He goes to Mary, who comforts him. In the morning they discover his fright was not warranted, and the cabaret proprietor arrives to offer him a contract.

I liked Rene Ray's performance as Mary. It is sincere and is given its full value of pathos and human feeling.

Fred Conyngham is fair as George.

One of the picture's main defects is the introduction of "turns" which only succeeds in holding up the plot.

The final murder sequence is effective, but it is spoilt by the consequent anti-climax.

*THE FIRE TRAP

Pathe. American. "U" certificate. Romantic Melodrama. Runs 62 minutes.

NORMAN FOSTER.....Bill Farnsworth
 EVELYN KNAPP.....Belly Marshall
 SIDNEY BLACKMER.....Cedric McIntyre
 OSCAR APPEL.....R. A. Rawson
 BEN ALEXANDER.....Bob
 HERBERT CORTHELL.....Commodore Burton
 CORKY.....Wag
 Directed by Robert Lynwood from a screen play by Charles F. Royal.

Norman Foster can generally be relied on to put up a good performance and he is suitably aggressive here as Bill Farnsworth, employee of Cedric McIntyre, an unscrupulous insurance assessor, who becomes friendly with Betty Marshall. By a strange coincidence, Betty's guardian, Rawson, and McIntyre are planning a fire at Rawson's warehouse, and when Bill gets to know too much he is invited to the Rawson home.

He quickly becomes McIntyre's rival for Betty, and soon discovers full particulars of the fire-raising scheme. He is powerless to prevent the plot from being put into operation and, to add to his troubles, Betty is trapped in the blazing building; but he manages to rescue her in the nick of time and sees that McIntyre and Rawson get their just deserts. A big reward comes his way, and this enables him to marry Betty.

Evelyn Knapp does well as Betty and Sidney Blackmer and Oscar Apfel make a convincing pair of crooks.

(Continued on page 34)

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REVIEWS—Continued



Jean Muir in "Stars Over Broadway"

The plot is conventional enough but the fire sequences give it added zest and popular thrills.

*KING OF THE CASTLE

General Film Distributors. British. "U" certificate. Romantic Comedy. Runs 69 minutes.

JUNE CLYDE.....Marilyn Bean
BILLY MILTON.....Monty King
CLAUDE DAMPIER.....Pullen
CYNTHIA STOCK.....Elise
WALLY PATCH.....Trout
ARTHUR FINN.....Henry Bean
PAUL BLAKE.....Sir Percival Trellis
H. F. MATTBY.....Mr. Crow
MAVIS VILLIERS.....Billie
JIMMY GODDEN.....Bailiff's Men
HIRAM MARTIN.....Messrs. Leach & Leach
QUINTON McPHERSON.....Cecil Bevan
JOHNNY SINGER.....The Page

Directed by Redd Davis from a story by Frank Atkinson.

June Clyde and Billy Milton both give good performances in this unpretentious romantic comedy which contains a fair share of slapstick, but they are unable to make much of the trite story.

It deals with Monty King, a clerk employed by Trellis & Co., who rescues Marilyn, daughter of Henry Bean, wealthy American representative of his firm, from a watery grave, and becomes the rival of the asinine Sir Percival Trellis, his boss, for her hand. Sir Percival and Bean decide to get rid of Monty by sending him to America, but he gets wise to their plot and turns in his job.

At this juncture, Pullen, a butler, recognises Monty as Lord Drone, the missing heir to a castle and estate, and he, Monty, and Marilyn then set to work to substantiate his claim. Brokers' men make their task difficult by commandeering the castle, and putting up for auction the desk containing evidence of Monty's noble birth, but they buy it in the nick of time, and with it a happy ending.

Claude Dampier is amusing as Pullen and the supporting cast gives a good account of itself.

c*WHAT THE PUPPY SAID

Butcher. British. "U" certificate. Canine Study. Runs 39 minutes.

MOORE MARRIOTT, WALLY PATCH, STAN PASKIN, HERBERT LANGLEY, JOE HAYMAN, JOHN MILTON, SIDNEY MONCKTON, FRANK STEVENS, HOLLAND BENNETT, MARGARET YARDE, ELSIE WAGSTAFFE, DOROTHY VERNON and VERA SHERRBURNE, and "WOGGLES" THE MONKFL.

Directed and written by Widgy R. Newman.

This sentimental study of a founding puppy is simple and rather naïve but it has an appeal for dog lovers and juveniles.

The picture opens with a collie

being discovered in a park with a litter. Woggles, one of the puppies, is passed on to a rascally dealer, is bought from him by a Society woman, but is cast adrift when she discovers that his pedigree is forged. Finally Woggles comes to rest in a farm, and he consolidates himself in his young mistress's affections by ending a feud between her father and a young neighbour with whom she is in love.

The director by becoming melodramatic tends to spoil the simplicity of the theme, which is its main charm.

*EXCUSE MY GLOVE

A.B.F.D. British. "A" certificate. Boxing melodrama. Runs 75 minutes.

LEN HARVEY.....Don Carter
ARCHIE PITT.....Bill Adams
BETTY ANN DAVIES.....Ann
OLIVE BLAKENEY.....Aunt Fanny
WALLY PATCH.....Hurricane Harry
RONALD SHINER.....Pat
ARTHUR FINN.....Madigan
VERA BOGETTI.....Lucille
BOBBIE COMBER.....Bivex
DON McCORKINGDALE.....Williams

Famous Boxers appearing in the film:—BILLY WELLS, BENNY CAPLAN, DAVE McCLEAVE, FRANK HUGH, GUNNER MOIR, GEORGE DALY, HARRY MIZLER, TED BROADRIBB, JOHNNY RICE, JIMMY WILDE, MR. HUGHES JIMMY BUTLER, MAURICE STRICKLAND, SYD HULL, JOHN McADAM, TOMMY FARR, PANCHE VILLAR, ANDRE LENGLET, MOSS DE YOUNG and MATT WELLS.

Directed by Redd Davis from a story by F. Howard Alexander.

Conventional story which introduces Len Harvey, who, while no great actor, has a pleasing manner and gives a good display with the gloves.

The plot deals with a bespectacled country youth who is taken up by the manager of a fair ground booth and becomes a champion.

His progress is beset by crooked promoters and all the usual paraphernalia of stories of its type.

Archie Pitt is broadly humorous as the manager but Betty Ann Davies is weak as the heroine.

Good comedy support comes from Bobby Comber and Wally Patch, and Arthur Finn is sound as the crooked manager.

Settings are adequate and the fight climax between Len Harvey and Don McCorkingdale provides an exciting finish.

*THE MAN WHO PAWNED HIS SOUL

Wardour. American. "A" certificate. Matrimonial drama. Runs 68 minutes.

EDWARD ARNOLD.....Frank Rodie
DOROTHY REVIER.....Mrs. Rodie
JOHN MILJAN.....Wilson
MAIDEL TURNER.....Mrs. Parker
CLARENCE WILSON.....Kiebel
ARLETTA DUNCAN.....Judith
BARRY NORTON.....Robert

Also—BARBARA BARONDESS, HELEN JEROME ENDY, LEILA BENNETT, CLAUDE GILLINGWATER, WALTER CATLETT, FRANKLIN PANGBORN, ESTHER MUIR and ARTHUR HOYT.

Directed by Henley Hobart from the novel "Collusion" by Theodore D. Irwin.

Edward Arnold gives an extremely good performance as a divorce lawyer in a story which tilts at the lax divorce laws in America.

It is mechanical in development and is none too convincing.

On the verge of bankruptcy through his wife's extravagance, Frank Rodie, hitherto scrupulous lawyer, acts as paid co-respondent for a client wishing to obtain a divorce for his son. He is surprised in the hotel bedroom by his wife, who, having an affair with her stockbroker, uses the incident to divorce him. Frank continues to love his wife and pays her dress bills after her marriage to the stockbroker, but the daughter, Judith, will have nothing to do with her father. The stockbroker, believing his wife has a lover, asks Frank to arrange a divorce.

The Rodies remarry, and then,

unknown to Frank, Judith becomes the wife of a lad still at college, whose mother employs the lawyer to arrange yet another divorce. In court, Frank admits his action in the case was a "frame-up." He is struck off the rolls, but wins Judith's affection.

Dorothy Revier is fair as Mrs. Rodie.

SERVANTS ALL

Fox. British. "U" certificate. Social Comedy. Runs 34 minutes.

ROBB WILTON.....Watkins
IAN COLIN.....Gale
EVE LISTER.....Priscilla
EDIE MARTIN.....Mrs. Watkins
ARTHUR YOUNG.....Sir Phineas Grant
VIOLA COMPTON.....Lady Agatha
ESME CHURCH.....Mrs. Horton-Pratt
ALAN D'EGVILLE.....Mr. Horton-Pratt
BILLY SHINE.....Jerry
FRANCESCA BAHRE.....Gloria
CYRIL CHOSACK.....Billy
DOROTHY VERNON.....Mrs. Bean
HYDE WHITE.....Mr. Miffin
PETER POPP.....Grandpa
THE DUTCH SHEEP DOG.....'Tuff de Lyle'

Directed by Alex Bryce.

Out moded humour, dull dialogue and crude handling make it impossible for the cast to get any worth-while entertainment



Eve Lister and Ian Colin in "Servants All."

out of this story dealing with life above and below stairs.

THE BROWN WALLET

First National. British. "A" certificate. Crime drama. Runs 67 minutes.

PATRIC KNOWLES.....John Gillespie
NANCY O'NEIL.....Eleanor
HENRY CAINE.....Simmonds
HENRIETTA WATSON.....Aunt Mary
CHARLOTTE LEIGH.....Miss Barton
SHAYLE GARDNER.....Wotherspoone
EDWARD DALBY.....Mintie
BRUCE WINSTON.....Julian Thorpe
JANE MILLICAN.....Miss Bloxham
ELIOT MAKEHAM.....Hobday
LOUIS GOODRICH.....Coroner
DICK FRANCIS.....Detective
GEORGE MILLS.....Detective

Directed by Michael Powell based on a story by the late Slacy Aumonier.

This is not a very satisfactory adaptation of the Aumonier's crime story dealing with a penniless publisher who steals some money by finding and keeping and later, when his aunt dies of poisoning, is in danger of a murder charge because he is unable to answer questions satisfactorily owing to his theft.

The opening is unduly prolonged and there is a surplus of dialogue but one or two situations are neatly handled and some detail work is effective.

Patric Knowles is fair as the publisher and Nancy O'Neil effective as his wife.

Actually the acting honours go to the minor characterisations.

THEY DIDN'T KNOW

M.G.M. British. "A" certificate. Farce. Runs 67 minutes.

EVE GRAY.....Cutie
LESLIE PERRINS.....Duval
MAIDIE HOPE.....Lady Charfield
C. DENIER WARREN.....Padre
KENNETH VILLIERS.....Basil Conway
PATRICK LUDLOW.....Charles Rockway
JOHN DEVERELL.....Lord Budmarsh
DIANA BEAUMONT.....Ursula
HOPE DAVY.....Pamela
FRED WITHERS.....Sam Tickel
A. SCOTT-GATTY.....Sir George Charfield
HAL WALTERS.....Partridge

Directed by H. Smith.

A very old-fashioned, conventional farce with unoriginal jokes put over in a highly indifferent manner. The cast is handicapped by its material and is unable to show to any advantage.

I refrain from any obvious wise-crack on the title.

STRANGE CARGO

Paramount. British. "A" certificate. Maritime melodrama. Runs 68 minutes.

MOORE MARRIOTT.....Captain Burch
KATHLEEN KELLY.....Sonia
GEORGE SAUNDERS.....Roddy Burch
RICHARD NORRIS.....Travers
GEORGE MOZART.....Horace
GEOFFREY CLARK.....Rev. Mr. Tidwell
KENNETH WARRINGTON.....Mandara
JULIAN VEDEY.....Customs Official
HARRY LANE.....Garcia
CONWAY PALMER.....Whitemore

Directed by Lawrence Huntington.

This attempt to present a story of gun running in South American waters has little punch or pep and is so cramped in its settings that it carries no conviction and is sometimes unconsciously funny.

The character drawing is negligible and as a whole the picture lacks the polish of present-day productions.

**GIRL IN PAWN (Re-issue)

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Sentimental comedy-drama. Runs 77 minutes.

ADOLPHE MENJOU.....Sorrowful Jones
DOROTHY DELL.....Bangles Carson
CHARLES BICKFORD.....Big Steve
SHIRLEY TEMPLE....."Little Miss Marker"
LYNNE OVERMAN.....Regret
WARREN HYVER.....Sore Toe
SAM HARDY.....Bennie, the Gouge
JOHN KELLY.....Canvas Back
FRANK McGLYNN, Sen.....Doc, Chesley
JACK SHEEHAN.....Sun Rise
TAMMANY YOUNG.....Bugs
FRANK CONRAY.....Dr. Ingalls

Directed by Alexander Hall from the story by Damas Runyan.

Pre-viewed July 14, 1934.

Released criticism, December 29, 1934.

Shirley Temple steals this picture, which is adapted from a fairy-like story from the pen of the author of *Lady For a Day*.

She radiates childish charm, and even on occasion "emotes" without appearing artificial or showing signs of being directed.

As a gambler, Adolphe Menjou is good, in spite of the fact that the cynical skin-flint character is not one which suits him too well.

The late Dorothy Dell gives an excellent performance, which definitely shows that the promise of fame which was prophesied for her would have been fulfilled, but for the tragedy which befell her at the early age of nineteen.

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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

WAS THIS SHAKESPEARE'S PUCK?

PINIONS differ violently as to the merits—or, otherwise—of Mickey Rooney's Puck in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The traditionalists, used to seeing the part played by some dainty little girl, consider the performance a crime. The average filmgoer enjoyed it.

After all, how would the part have been played in Shakespeare's day?—by some dwarf or clumsy boy whose English would have been less understandable to our ears than Mickey's American. What is Puck, anyway, but a malicious little hobgoblin who takes a fiendish delight in plaguing unhappy mortals. He is not a whimsy creation of Barrie any more than he is the "good old English gentleman" that Kipling makes him out to be in *Puck of Pook's Hill*.



Mickey Rooney

Mickey's actions, expressions, animal calls and laughter were perfect—his strenuous, mechanical delivering of his lines not so good. —A. T. Seton, c/o Wooderson, "Thornaby," Walsham-le-Willows, Nr. Bury St. Edmunds, West Suffolk.

Why a "Dead" Season?

A number of films for which the public is waiting are scheduled for release in September and October. In effect, Wardour Street says "We are not offering our choicest fruits during the 'dead' season." Why should there be a "dead" season? This is a defeatist attitude for a great industry to adopt.

In recognising the manifold attractions of the "out-of-doors" during the summer months, the kinema should rather produce some of its best fare and complete with these outside attractions. Personally, I find a cool kinema a delightful place in which to pass away an hour or two on a hot afternoon or a warm evening, and would go more frequently still if the programmes were maintained at a higher standard.

A very great number of people visit a kinema only once a week at the best of times. Could not many of these be weaned from their summer-time pursuits for a couple of hours if they were offered the pictures they wish to see?—E. J. Suter, 2 Abbey Drive East, Grimsby, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

Is There an Average?

A famous film critic declared recently that the average film-goer is the person to be catered for on the screen. But is there an "average film-goer"? If so, who is he, or she? Is it not a fact that the kinema audience, like every other assembly of human beings, is composed of persons with differing tastes, differing expectations, and differing outlook?

This being so, I often wonder at the popularity of talented actors and actresses who attempt, for instance, to undertake the role of a man, or woman, in love? Romeo and Juliet have for centuries been regarded as the ideal lovers for stage presentation, but who on earth to-day

would contend that they behave like "average lovers" or that "King Lear" behaves like the average madman? or that Jan Rydd, in *Lorna Doone*, is the average sweetheart for the average rustic maiden? And so on. In our national game of cricket, it is true, averages count for a lot, but on the screen—I wonder if they exist at all?—D. Grant, 1 Central Buildings, Westminster, London, S.W.1, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Gems of Thought

I always try to get value for the money which I contribute to the kinema box-office. If the film showing happens to be one unworthy of my attention (and this occurs far too often) I shut my eyes and listen in to asides from my fellow victims.

It may be that the two following gems would be enjoyed by your readers as much as they tickled me.

"It's Jack this and Jack that, I expect his next one will be called *Jack in the Box*, won't it?"

"No, that will be positively his very last."

Another: "What's the difference between 'A' and 'U'?"

"Oh, not much really. I think 'A' films are supposed to be a bit more innocent than 'U'." —(Miss) E. Hart, 5 Ely Grove, Sea Mills Park, Bristol, 9.

In Praise of Adaptations

Occasionally some member of the intelligentsia writes in to deplore the mutilation of good books in the cause of screen entertainment. The extremely well-read filmgoer is in the small minority, while the "unread" and just average are in the vast majority.

Is it then, so deplorable that we "morons" have adaptations of really good books thrust upon us in the form of intelligent films? I think not. And, in many cases after the showing of a film, the scenario of which has been taken from a worthwhile book, library records show that it has acted as a stimulus to the reading of that particular book.

Personally, I haven't a great deal of time for reading and I feel that these fine films are a boon to busy people; in fact, an excellent substitute for the printed page.

So more good books for the screen, producers; and less grumbling on the part of the literary "highbrows"! —(Miss) Corinne Childers, 506 Clement Avenue, Charlotte, North Carolina, United States of America.

Kinema Grievances

I read the letters recently about local kinemas, and I should like to add my two little "pet grievances."

The first is this: The attendant at my local kinema when she thought I had got to know the lie of things sufficiently well, let me "scram" for my own seat!

Naturally, when one comes out of the bright light of an early summer evening into the pitch blackness of a windowless hall, one cannot see a single thing for a few minutes. Hence, I grope about, knock ladies' hats skewiff, burn my clutching hands on cigarette ends, sit sometimes in strangers' laps, and generally make a dashed nuisance and fool of myself. I explained the position carefully to the attendant and now I am led to a seat in comfort.

And my other grievance is against the person who will persist in digging me in the back with his or her knees. This is most annoying, and is, unfortunately, only stopped by complaining to the owner of the knees—and I can never screw up the cheek to do it!

But I would say to those carping critics, (Continued on page 38)



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Troubled for 3 Years. But Spots
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WHO'S WHO

Charles Boyer

BORN at Figeac in France on August 28, 1900, he has brown eyes, brown hair, stands 5 ft. 9 in. in height and weighs 10 stone. He is married to Pat Paterson. After two years at the French Conservatoire he was engaged at the Théâtre Antoine, where the famous actor-director Gemier supervised production. He made his debut in Paris in *Les Jardins de Murcie*, later appearing in *L'Homme Enchaîné*, *La Galerie des Glaces*, *Parrain*, *Melo*, *Le Bonheur* and *Le Voyageur*.

He then appeared in two silent films before making his first talkie, *Barcarole*, in 1930, at the Berlin studios of Ufa. After playing in *L'Amour* he was in the French version of *Tumult and Tempest* with Anna Sten. After this he appeared in the French version of *F. P. One*, and in French and English versions of *The Only Girl* with Lilian Harvey. He then went to Hollywood to play in the French version of *The Big House* and *The Trial of Mary Dugan* before returning to Paris to appear in *L'Épervier*, *La Bataille*, *Liliom* and several others.

Back in Hollywood, in 1934, he appeared in *Caravan*, and his subsequent films include: *Private Worlds*, *Shanghai*, *Break of Hearts*, *Mayerling*, which was made in France; *Sahara*, *History is Made at Night* and *The Garden of Allah*. Is under contract to Walter Wanger.

Grace Bradley

BORN in Brooklyn, New York, on September 21, 1913, she has red hair, hazel eyes, stands 5 ft. 2 in., and weighs 8 stone. She was formerly a dancer on the stage, and appeared in *The Third Little Show*, *Strike Me Pink*, and many other productions.

In 1933 she appeared in Paramount's *Too Much Harmony*, and her other pictures include: *The Way to Love*, *Girl Without a Room*, *Come on, Marines*; *Six of a Kind*, *The Cat's Paw*, *Redhead*, *The Gilded Lily*, *Stolen Harmony*, *She Made Her Bed*, *Old Man Rhythm*, *Captain Commanding*,

F. Man, *Two Fisted*, *Three Cheers for Love*, *Rose of the Rancho*, *Anything Goes*, *Dangerous Waters*, and *Thirteen Hours by Air*.

Alice Brady

THE daughter of William Brady, the Broadway producer, and Marie Rene, danseuse, she was born in New York on November 2, 1892, and she was reared in a convent in New York, and later attended the Convent of St. Elizabeth at Madison, New Jersey. She has had much experience on the stage, having appeared in many plays, among the most notable of which are *Forever After* and *Sour Grapes*.

She has appeared in many silent films and since the advent of the talkies, her pictures have included: *When Ladies Meet*, *Dancing Lady*, *Beauty for Sale*, *Broadway to Hollywood*, *Stage Mother*, *Should Ladies Behave?* *Miss Fané's Baby is Stolen*, *The Gay Divorce*, *Ring Up the Curtain*, *Metropolitan*, *Gold Diggers of 1935*, *The Woman Who Dared*, *False Faces* and *The Gay Lady*.

All her early films were made in and around New York, and it was not until 1933 that she saw the interior of a Hollywood motion picture studio.

Micky Brantford

BORN in London on March 26th, 1912, his real name is Michael Comerford. Standing 5 ft. 10½ in., he weighs ten and a half stone, and has brown eyes and brown hair. His parents and grandparents are all professionals, and he himself started his film career at the age of three, and, before talkies came into being, had made over a hundred silent films.

In August 1935 he married Irene Hunter.

His more recent pictures include: *The Stolen Necklace*, *My Old Dutch*, *Strictly Illegal*, *My Heart is Calling*, *The Phantom Light*, *Temptation*, *Royal Cavalcade*, *Me and Marlborough*, *The Last Journey*, *Mr. Cohen Takes a Walk and Twice Branded*.

What Do You Think? Cont.

who have been brought up to appreciate nothing—go live out East for a few years, it'll open your eyes.

I've 'ad some!—Raymond T. Richards, *West View*, Apperley Lane, Rawdon, Nr. Leeds.

Possibilities

With the advent of audioscopes—"the pictures which come out and hit you"—the future is full of tremendous possibilities! Eagerly I await the day when hands will come towards us, pouring out whiskies and sodas, and proffering cigars—thus will movies, talkies, be supplemented by "tasties"!

We shall share banquets with the characters on the screen; we shall find out if the champagne is synthetic; lonely ones in the audience will be able to enjoy inclusion in the love scenes, with audioscopic kisses!

But—shall we have to take part in "rough houses," free fights and gory murders?—A. B. Cook, 28 Taylor Road, Wallington, Surrey.

Influenced!

A reader from Singapore recently stated that the movies have influenced the Asiatic women. He does not say if it improves them, or otherwise.

Looking at some of the peculiar pieces of work parading the streets to-day, one can say that the movies have definitely influenced European women.

For instance, if I see a long-coated figure with untidy hair flopping to the shoulder, I know it's Garbo. If the lady has scarlet lips painted in the form of a gash half way across her face, I suspect Joan Crawford. When lids are languid over the eyes, probably causing much incon-

venience to the owner, and eyebrows elevated, then I say to myself: "Ah, Marlene Dietrich!"

There is no need to mention what Jean Harlow has done for women. That gal must be the patron saint of the hairdressing trade.—Roma Lanson, 81 Blatchington Road, Hove, Sussex.

A Good Idea

At some time or other we have all experienced a waiting period at the cinema, wondering if we have seen all the programme. We sit patiently through the usual testing of the safety shutters; see a trailer or two; waste another five minutes looking at advertising screens, and then the lights go down and we see on the screen the title of a film that tells us we have seen the programme.

We get up and go out much to the discomfort of others whom we have to pass. A remedy, so simple that nobody has ever thought of it, is to flash on the screen at the end of each film, the name of the film to be shown next.

It would save a lot of bother.—R. D. White, 9 Kimberley Crescent, Fishponds, Bristol.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

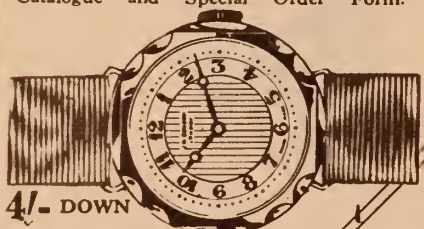
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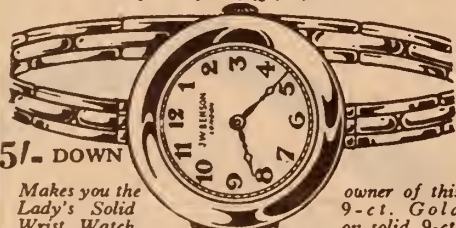


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OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

THE THREE R'S (Norfolk).—(1) Henry Wilcoxon, b. Sept. 8, 1905, British West Indies; 6 ft. 2 ins., brown hair and hazel eyes. (2) Yes, Thelma Todd is dead. (3) Johnny Candido is the real name of Candy in Ted Fiorita's orchestra. (4) Photograph of Henry Wilcoxon obtainable from the Postcard Salon.

W. G. (Lambeth).—Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong and Bruce Cabot took the chief roles in *King Kong*.

J. S. (Scotland).—John Mills is under contract to Gaumont-British studios.

TERRIBLY PUZZLED (Dalston).—Elinor Fair took the part of the heroine in *The Volga Boatman*. Yes, she was the first wife of William (Bill) Boyd.

TWINKLE (Orchards).—Write to Griffith Jones, c/o Gaumont British.

C. O. N. (Guildford).—(1) Our Gold Medal Contest commenced in June 13 issue and finished on July 11. (2) Greta Garbo is to make *Camille* with Robert Taylor for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. No further films are scheduled for her as yet. (3) I regret that it is impossible to obtain a back number of this paper if our Publishing Dept. tell you it is out of print.

ROBERT YOUNG FAN (N.4).—Robert Young, b. 1907, Chicago; 6 ft., dark eyes and hair; mar. Betty Henderson. Latest film, *Three Wise Guys* with Betty Furness. (2) Dick Powell's latest film *Hearts Divided* with Marion Davies.

SAILOR.—Write to the film company, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer re the showing of *Mutiny on the Bounty*.

J. W. (Newcastle).—John Mills, b. Feb. 22, 1909; fair hair, blue eyes; mar. March 1932, Aileen Raymond. Art plate published in this magazine Nov. 3, 1934. Back numbers obtained from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catharine Street, London, W.C.2; for 3d. each, post free.

V. A. (Surrey).—I regret that owing to a change of plans the supplement of *Bohemian Girl*, as advertised on the back of *Riff Raff* supplement, will not be published. (2) Ronald Colman, b. Feb. 9, 1891. Latest film *Under Two Flags* for Twentieth Century-Fox.

WE TWO (W.12).—(1) *The Tunnel* was adapted from the novel "Der Tunnel" by B. Kellermann. (2) Michael Bartlett sang "Speak to Me of Love" in *She Married Her Boss*. (3) Richard Dix, b. July 18, 1894. Leslie Banks, b. June 9, 1890. (4) There are four Marx Brothers in all.

N. R. (N. Wales).—(1) Thomas Beck took the part of Tom and Pat Paterson that of Carole in *Charlie Chan in Egypt*. (2) Birth-dates: Freddie Bartholomew, eleven years old; Merle Oberon, b. Feb. 19, 1911; Laurence Olivier, May 22, 1907; Herbert Marshall, May 23, 1890; Greta Garbo, Sept. 18, 1909; Elisabeth Bergner, Aug., 1900; Ann Shirley, 1919; Ann Harding, Aug. 7 (no year given); Shirley Temple, April 23, 1929; Anna Neagle, Oct. 20, 1908; Norma Shearer, Aug. 10, 1904; Madeleine Carroll, Feb. 26, 1906; Robert Donat, Mar. 18, 1907.

G. T. (S.E.26).—We have not yet published a centre spread of *Tudor Rose*.

ANXIOUS PICTUREGOER (Birmingham).—David Jack Holt took the part of the young Flavius in *The Last Days of Pompeii*. He is

seven years old. (2) Basil Rathbone took the part of Pontius Pilate in that film. Lewis Stone did not appear in it.

SCHOOLGIRL (Bradford).—Joe E. Brown, b. July 28, 1892. (2) Ruth Donnelly took the part of Bess in *Alibi Ike*. (3) John Arledge's photograph not obtainable from the Postcard Salon. (4) John Mills, b. Feb. 22, 1909.

M. D. (Coventry).—John Mills' films after *Royal Cavalcade*; *Forever England*, *Car of Dreams*, *First Offence*. (2) Jessie Matthews' plans re a visit to America are at the moment very indefinite.

BLONDE BOMBSHELL.—Birth-dates: Esmond Knight, May 4, 1906; Patsy Kelly Jan. 12 (no year given).

S. K. G. (E.16).—Mona Barrieis of English nationality.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE FAN (Exeter).—Article on Shirley published in this magazine April 3, 1935. "Madge Evans Talks to Shirley Temple"; Feb. 15, 1936. "Shirley Temple's Intelligence Test"; May 16 1936. "Baby Take a Rest!" Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Dept. See above.

R. E. C. Picturegoer.—Richard Cromwell b. Jan. 8, 1910, Los Angeles, real name Roy Radabaugh; 5 ft. 10 in., 140 lb., brown hair grey eyes; hobbies, painting, swimming riding and tennis. Latest film, *Poppy*, with Rochelle Hudson.

KARLOFF FAN (Derby).—Centre spreads *The Old Dark House*, Oct. 29, 1933; *The Mummy*, Feb. 11, 1933; *42nd Street*, May 6 1933. (2) Plates, Boris Karloff, Aug. 11 1934. Dorothy Hyson, Dec. 16, 1933. Back numbers, see above.

N. C. (Derby).—(1) Bessie Love, Lewis Stone, Lloyd Hughes, Wallace Beery took the chief roles in the *Lost World*. (2) Frank McHugh to star in *Three Men on a Horse*.

FAITHFUL PICTUREGOER (Nottingham).—(1) Films reviewed in Jan. 19, 1935, issue are asterisks awarded as follows: *Nell Gwyn A Woman in Her Thirties*, three; *Belle of the Nineties*, *Straight Is the Way*, *Give Her Ring*, *The Dragon Murder Case*, two; *Bell, Donna*, *Strictly Dynamite*, *Pursued*, *Millie Dollar Ransom*, *The Hell Cat*, *Myster Ranch*, *Embarrassing Moment*, *Fighting Hero*, one; *Romance in Rhythm* and *The Life of the Party*, none. (2) Film Co.'s as follows: *King of Wild Horses*, Columbia; *Send Americano*, Universal; *Wolf's Tra* European. (3) Asterisks as follows: *King Kong*, four; *Frankenstein*, three; *Doctor X* two.

INTERESTED (C. C.).—Donald Cook, 1 Sept. 26, 1902, Portland, Oregon; 5 ft. 11 in. dark brown hair and eyes, 150 lb. Hobby dogs. Latest film *Calling of Dan Matthews*.

A. R. FAN (Plumstead).—Yes, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire are co-starring in *Never Gonna Dance*. They are scheduled for *Watch Your Step* when Fred Astaire returns from a holiday over here. In the meantime Ginger Rogers will play in *Mother Carey's Chickens*, a straight film.

K. D. (Fife).—Yes, Kay Francis and Edward G. Robinson appeared together in the film called *I Loved a Woman* and Kay sang a song "Home on the Range."

B. S. (S.W.L.).—*The Marriage of Corbi* is distributed by General Film Distributor

FAN CLUB NOTICES

Miss Hazel Bailey wishes to inform readers that as The Geneva Club, Dean Street, is now closed, application for membership of the STAGE, SCREEN and RADIO SOCIAL CLUB, of which she is now organising secretary, should be made to her at 29 Carlingford Road, Hampstead, N.W.3. Full particulars will be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

THE HARRY ROY CLUB has recently published the June issue of "Roy Rag," a very interesting little magazine. The membership of this club is now over 900, but new members are still welcome. Write to Cecil B. Cornelius, Burgoyne House, 172 Cuxton Road, Strood, Kent, enclosing stamped addressed envelope for full particulars.

When appearing at The Empire Theatre, Glasgow, Jimmy Durante became, at his own request, a member of the Glasgow and District BING CROSBY FAN CLUB. All Bing

Crosby fans are invited to attend any of their meetings which are held weekly in the Highlanders' Institute, 27 Elmbank Street Glasgow, or you can write to Leslie Blin President, 151 Auckland Street, Glasgow N., for full particulars.

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Leave IT to ANNE

IF you have a beauty query that is puzzling you, let me help you. A short note, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, will bring you a quick reply by post. Readers in the Dominions and the I.F.S. should send a postage coupon.

WHAT a bother noses seem to be! They shine; they're too big; they turn up, they're red, and they won't retain powder. These are everyday worries of many of my readers.

First of all I think I should dispose of the plastic surgery question. So many write to ask for an introduction to a plastic surgeon who will reshape a nose that displeases them. Plastic surgery is an art that arose after the war. Certain surgeons developed wonderful skill in reshaping faces that had been shattered. In the whole world there are very very few of these surgeons and they look upon their work with the same high ideals as all eminent surgeons do. Which means, in short, that they are not prepared to reshape a nose merely to satisfy vanity. Their work nowadays is mainly confined to reshaping after disfiguring accidents and operations.

There are many so-called beauty doctors who will operate for a large fee, but their methods are another story.

This brings us to the conclusion that what cannot be cured must be endured. All the same, skilful make-up and careful hairdressing can do much to camouflage an ugly nose.

Too Large

Let us suppose your nose is too large. Probably on account of its size, your chin appears to recede a bit as well. How can we make the nose more retiring and emphasise the chin. The first rule to remember is this: always use a slightly darker tint of powder on the nose, the neck and underneath the chin. On the rest of the face use the tint normal to your colouring.

Keep your lipstick on the conservative side. Let it be as near natural as possible, and make the best of your eyes. Define the eyebrows and carefully make-up the lashes, so that attention is drawn to the eyes and away from the nose.

Practise holding the head very erect, so that the retiring chin is brought forward again. Take care of your hairdressing. Never be tempted into making a knot on the nape of the neck, or a "figure-of-eight" bun. The hair should be softly draped round the face, without covering the forehead and the side fullness should be on a level with the chin. A side parting please, never a centre one, and every hat should have a brim of some kind.

Red or Greasy

I suppose a red nose is one of the worst of all afflictions. There is nothing like it for giving one an inferiority complex. Red noses come from within mainly, and the digestive system should be suspect first, and, of course, in cold weather, circulation.

It is essential to get down to the cause, for outward remedies merely alleviate the trouble, they do not cure it. If it is indigestion that is the trouble, put yourself in the hands of your doctor, or pursue one of the recognised cures for indigestion till the trouble is conquered.

If it is bad circulation, exercise helps. Walking in the fresh air and deep breathing will work wonders for your nose. Outwardly try this treatment, and this goes too for those whose redness is due to broken veins.

Each night wash the face in tepid water to which a little witch hazel has been added, using almond meal instead of soap. Then spread on some sulpholine lotion, which you can get from any chemist. Do this regularly

for several weeks, and it is bound to make a difference to the colour of your nose. In the meantime you can tone down the too high colour by the use of a green foundation cream and a green tinted powder.

When the nose is too greasy, there is a lot to be said for the use of oatmeal. Make a soapy lather in the palms of your hands, sprinkle it with toilet oatmeal and then rub well into the skin of the nose. Keep it from the rest of your face, if the skin is otherwise normal or even dry. You can even work this lather in with a soft brush. A rubber tooth brush is quite useful for this purpose. It brings the blood to the surface, absorbing excess grease and carrying away the impurities that result in blackheads and open pores.

After a few minutes of this treatment, rinse and dry and then dab on an astringent. You can buy one or make it yourself by adding witch hazel to half its quantity of rose water. It is better to make this mixture each time you need it, rather than make up a lot and store it.

Some noses shine, not because of grease, but because they are too dry. Obviously a nourishing cream is the remedy in such cases. It must have treatment every night, and internally a course of cold water drinking will help. There are many people with ultra dry skins who drink far too little water. Make a habit of drinking two glasses of water between each meal and see what a difference it makes to the complexion.

Packs

Here is a pack that is excellent for drying up an oily skin as well as closing the pores. Take a quarter of a pound of Fuller's earth powder, and sufficient peroxide of hydrogen and witch hazel in equal parts to make a paste. First cleanse the skin and then apply the paste. In about 15 minutes it will be dry. Take it off with cotton wool and warm water, afterwards rinsing in cold water. Pat on a skin tonic, either a proprietary one or a home-made lotion consisting of witch hazel mixed with half its quantity of rose water.

The following pack is suitable for refreshing dry and wrinkled skins. Mix the yolk of an egg with an equal amount of almond oil. Paint this all over your face with a camel hair brush. If you have no brush, use your finger tips instead. Leave it on for 15 minutes, then wipe off with a pad of cotton wool wrung out of cold water and sprinkled with an astringent—the witch hazel and rose water mentioned above will do quite well. This treatment should be given weekly.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half-a-guinea is awarded to Mrs. Gladys C. Hardingham, 79 Robsart Street, Brixton, S.W.9, for:—

Doctors' Orders
Enlighten Thy Daughter
This Day and Age
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Where Is This Lady?

D. Ashford, c/o W. Smith, 32 Prebend Street, Islington, N.1, for:—
Three Little Pigs
The Moon's our Home
The Lone Wolf Returns
Hell in the Heavens

W. Collins, 16 Charley Street, Lower Broughton, Salford, 7, Lancs, for:—
Get Off My Foot
Funny Face
Don't Be Personal
Popeye

Miss Alice Turner, 3-5 Effingham Street, Park, Sheffield, for:—
Ourselves Alone
Flirting with Danger
Someone At the Door
Behold My Wife

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no other rules, except that I must insist that your "titles" are submitted on a postcard and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.



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Picturegoer

The Screen Star Magazine



Charles
LAUGHTON

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Picturegoer-The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

ALL THE GOSSIP

COLOUR! That's the subject that is beginning to absorb the attention of picturegoers as completely as sound absorbed it when the films first found a voice.

In looking ahead, even six months or a year, we cannot ignore the fact that colour will play an ever-increasing part in the planning of programmes.

There will be a difference, however, between the coming of colour and the coming of sound; in fact, two main points of difference.

One is that colour will cause no such financial upheaval as was caused by sound, because colour films can be shown on the ordinary projector; in the Great Talkie Debacle, thousands and thousands of pounds-worth of apparatus had to be scrapped.

Also, I think that the popularity of colour is coming less suddenly, and therefore not nearly so many companies will be caught napping with unsaleable film on their hands.

Excellent in Parts

Another point of difference is that we shall be spared a repetition of that transitional state which was represented by the "part-talkie."

That was a horror! You would pay to see a talking film, never noticing that the all-important phrase "all-talking" was not mentioned, and the film would be an ordinary silent one accompanied by very tinny music.

Suddenly, during a close-up in which the players were afraid to move an inch for fear of getting out of microphone range, they would blast out crackling remarks which assailed one's ear drums like a broadcast in a tropical storm.

The part-colour picture has been tried, of course; one of the most memorable examples was *Disraeli*, in which the Royal Levee scenes at the very end were done in very creditable colour.

Firsts

But it would only work when placed at the end; B.I.P. introduced a colour-sequence into *Radio Parade of 1935*, and followed it with scenes in black-and-white which let it down with resounding thud.

Fortunately, we got over the "part-cullie" stage quickly and comparatively painlessly. It must now be either all or nothing. And before very long, I predict, it will be all.

La Cucaracha really started the ball rolling with the New Technicolor, and *Becky Sharp* followed it with the first actual dramatic use of colour.

Then came *Trail of the Lonesome Pine* as the first outdoor all-colour picture; and the other night I seized an opportunity of seeing *Dancing Pirate*, which is the first all-colour, all-singing, all-dancing musical extravaganza.

Bottle of Nonsense

I am not going to attempt to review that gay, frothy, sparkling, bubbling, beautiful bottle of nonsense here and now; that will be attended to in our review pages in due course.

I will only say that it left me more convinced than ever that this medium has a great future—the great future—not only for specialised productions of this sort but for any sort of subject.

But—let me emphasise this—colour will not and alone.



Look what the fairies have brought us from the famous Parisian "Folies Bergere"! She is filmdom's latest recruit—Olympe Bradna.

Sound did, for a while, on its novelty value; but audiences are growing more discriminating.

I had an example of this the other night when I saw the Technicolor short, *The Fiesta of Santa Barbara*.

This was essentially a subject as rich in colour potentialities as *La Cucaracha* or *Dancing Pirate*, to which it was in several ways akin; but instead of photographing an actual fiesta, a fake affair was concocted in the studios, dragging in a great many stars and featured players in a slipshod, makeshift manner that reflected little credit on anyone concerned . . . except the colour cameraman.

A Welcome Arrival

Any new invention must suffer from such attempts to capitalise its novelty value; but they generally bounce back and hit the producer who threw them.

But the genuine colour film with a story and adequate production will, I feel sure, meet with a warm welcome on its own merits—that is, on sheer entertainment value.

Hollywood seems to feel sure of it, too, for plans are afoot to make eighteen of the next year's productions in Technicolor.

True, this does not sound much in a total of 500 feature films; less than 4 per cent. But it

will serve for a beginning, for the snowball will grow, and grow, and grow. . . .

And, in a few years perhaps, there will come a time when the old black-and-white films will be dragged out from their decent obscurity and exhibited for our amusement and (occasionally) admiration, as we exhibit a silent film to-day.

The Colourful Desert

The next great attraction in the field of colour will be the Selznick International production *The Garden of Allah*, which we should be seeing shortly.

It has taken eight months to make, and Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer, the highest salaried stars to play in a colour film, are featured in it.

Then there is the second attempt at colour of Henry Hathaway, who directed *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* and *Trail of the Lonesome Pine*.

He has been in Alaska, making a preliminary survey of locations for *Spawn of the North*, to feature Carole Lombard and, possibly, Cary Grant.

The film will be a saga of the rushing salmon streams near Prince of Wales Island, and it is intended to photograph the Aurora Borealis in colour.

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

Well, it certainly would seem a pity not to film it in colour. But it seems almost equally a pity not to have photographed in colour many of the recent great successes of the screen.

On the Cover

Just imagine, for instance, how brilliantly *Mutiny on the Bounty* would have lent itself to colour filming—the uniforms, the blue of sea and sky, the green and gold of the island paradise.

And Charles Laughton's current picture, too—*Rembrandt*. Our cover this week gives a good idea of how Laughton looks while working in that film; and it also suggests that we are losing something very well worth having by seeing the picture in black-and-white.

Still, Laughton is always well worth seeing in any medium—and so is a London Film Production.

It may be, however, that when the colour studios at Denham get into full swing, British production will lead the way in this new and all-important field.

Much will depend on the success or otherwise of *Wings of the Morning*, now being made there by New World.

Stars Must Fall

One thing about colour films which is distinctly reminiscent of the coming of talkies is the way in which established stars will come crashing and spluttering to earth.

Instead of the sound engineer, their arch-enemy will be the colour-cameraman.

According to Sam Kaufman, the colour make-up specialist who has been working on *The Garden of Allah*, the peril lies in the fact that colour make-up must be applied much more sparingly than the ordinary kind; and this means that a great many players whose make-up at present mercifully conceals their blemishes, will fail to stand the test of colour films.

Here, of course, is a repetition of the case of the silent film players whose voices did not please the microphone, and the stage-players who could not deceive the camera.

In time, of course, colour make-up will be perfected so as to conceal all blemishes, for science can do anything.

Blushing Barred

Meanwhile, however, according to Kaufman, the following types of players are ineligible for colour pictures:—

1. The player who blushes easily, especially in love scenes.
2. The actor who likes his drink

and comes to the studio with bleary eyes. They'll photograph a distasteful pink.

3. The actor who stays up all night, and develops circles under his eyes, which will show as lavender.

4. The victims of high blood pressure whose faces turn crimson after a hearty meal. They'll have to stop eating lunch when working in a natural colour film.

5. Anaemic players who are highly susceptible to changes in temperature, turning pale when cold and becoming normal when warm.

6. The romantic players with deep scars, spotty complexions or livid birth-marks, which the new thin make-up will not hide.

A Scholarly Book

Since writing the above, I have come across a book which has almost made me sorry I spoke.

Not that I have had reason to alter my views; but the book of which I speak is so scholarly and erudite and scientific that I feel like a toddler among Titans.

There are plenty of you, I believe, to whom a hundred feet of film going through the camera is of greater interest than a thousand feet upon the screen.

To these I say "Beg, borrow, steal, or (as a last resort) buy a copy of 'Colour Cinematography,' by Major Adrian Bernard Klein, M.B.E., A.R.P.S., an acknowledged expert on a highly technical subject."

Ten Half-crowns

It's published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall at 25s. The price is steep, I know, but once you've bought it, it's yours—which I always think is such a good excuse for buying things one can't afford—and it's not a book that can get out of date, being based on first principles and historical fact.

I predict that it will be regarded as a standard work.

It contains a historical summary (dating from 1672!), and chapters on the Theoretical Basis of Colour Films, Additive Processes, Subtractive Processes, Beam-Splitting Systems, and so on—doubtless an open book to the expert and

enthusiast, though it made me wonder a little dizzily why a colour film ever got on the screen at all.

There are many diagrams and illustrations, and I have a feeling that when I get down to reading it from cover to cover, I shall know a great deal more about colour films than I do now.

However, I defy it to make me enjoy *Dancing Pirates* any less!

Two for Fred

At last the blow has fallen for Astaire fans, and I'm not a bit surprised.

Fred the Nimble has announced definitely that he will limit his future screen activities to two pictures a year—and I believe he will stick to it.

The reason is not any fear that fans will grow tired of him; he has too great faith in the loyalty of his following for that. No, it's simply a matter of physical capability.

When preparing a film, Fred works harder than most stars do when actually before the cameras. For instance, he has recently completed *eight weeks'* work in perfecting the dance routines which you will see in *I Won't Dance*, in which he and Ginger Rogers are co-starring for Radio.

Too Strenuous

Fred explains that two pictures of the type he makes require as much working time as four important "straight" films.

"Even working every day of the year," he says, "it's impossible to sandwich-in another production."

That's the time-factor. The physical factor is even more decisive—a programme so strenuous would most certainly overtax the not-too-robust Astaire frame.

So it's no use arguing; two a year it is—and we may consider ourselves lucky to get that.

And, from what we have been hearing of possible changes in partnership, Ginger Rogers and Harriet Hootor may have to share-out those two films between them.

Songs from the Films

The month's releases of H.M.V. records contain, my colleague Lionel Collier tells me, two well-rendered songs from *Give Us This Night*. They are on B.8442, "My Love and I" and "Sweet Melody of Night" and the singer is Webster Booth. The tunes are rather conventional, but the vocalist makes the most of them.

James Melton on B.8444 sings "Where Am I?" and "Carry Me Back to the Lone Prairie" from *Stars Over Broadway*. The latter is a very good hillbilly, but the rendering of both is somewhat harsh.

Tunes to Waltz to

Another excellent hillbilly is "Blazin' the Trail" and is played by Ray Noble and his Orchestra on B.D.5072. On the other side the same orchestra gives an orchestral arrangement of "Where Am I?" from *Stars Over Broadway*.

But if you want to waltz there are two first-class numbers on B.D.5076: "My First Love Song" from *Queen of Hearts*, and "Would You?" from *San Francisco*, both played by Roy Fox with vocal refrain.

On the "hot" side there is "All My Life," from *Laughing Irish Eyes*, played by "Fats" Waller and His Rhythm on B.D.5077, and on the reverse side "The Cabin in the Sky," a contrasting slow fox-trot played well by the same orchestra. Both have vocal and piano interludes.

There is a conventional air about "Robins and Roses," played by Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra on B.D.5078, and Eddie



Above: Frank Lawton, Lionel Barrymore and Maureen O'Sullivan in M.-G.-M.'s "Devil Doll."



Joan Crawford, in costume, for "Gorgeous Hussy," makes a "handie" of "necking" in the moonlight for Robert Taylor's approval.



Humphrey Bogart, Leslie Howard, and Bette Davis in a "Lay off that girl" moment from "The Petrified Forest," now showing at the Tivoli, London.

Duchin's rendering of "I Nearly Let Love Go Slipping Through My Fingers," from *It's Love Again* is unremarkable.

Extra Cheap

Recently I told you also about Groucho Marx and Charlie Ruggles disporting themselves in the background as "unpaid extras" while the *ours for the Asking* unit was on location.

This week I heard of a case which is even more unusual.

When Director Joseph Santley viewed the rushes of a football game sequence filmed for *We Went to College*, he was the most surprised man in Hollywood.

For in the crowd of extras viewing the game he discovered none other than—Jean Harlow!

Miss Harlow had two hours off between scenes. So, she went on a tour of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

On the "back lot" she found the football game in progress, so she mingled with the "extras" to watch it as it was filmed.

As she was in make-up, no one discovered her playing the role of an "extra" until the day's rushes were projected upon the screen.

So watch for an excited brownette bawling in the background—and that'll be Jean.

A Free Show

Well, it's nice to get something for nothing . . . and apparently Eleanor Powell's neighbours agree with this.

Roofs of buildings near Eleanor Powell's Los Angeles hotel have suddenly become popular since the actress began her try-outs of new dance routines.

Every morning, before reporting at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, Miss Powell tries out a few of her dance numbers for *Born to Dance*, the court-roof at the hotel.

The very first day, some workmen, repairing the roof on a neighbouring building, happened to see her. Somehow they found out who she was and that started the roof rush.

Within fifteen minutes, Miss Powell had an audience of more than a hundred.

"So long as they're not near enough to steal any of my ideas," Eleanor observed, "they're welcome."

A Minor Mystery

I'm rather worried about the fate of Henry Wilcoxon, who is playing a subsidiary character in *The Last of the Mohicans*.

This talented and hefty young stage actor, having been completely neglected by film producers in this country, went off to Hollywood on a fine Paramount contract, and played leading roles opposite Claudette Colbert in *Cleopatra* and Loretta Young in *The Crusades*.

Then he came to England to play opposite Anna Sten in *A Woman Alone*—which has not yet been seen.

And now he's back in Hollywood, playing a supporting role in a film made by Reliance. What's gone wrong?

Something New

It may seem difficult to introduce anything new to Hollywood, but Patric Knowles has done it.

His innovation is the gramophone-record invitation.

Patric recently held a house-warming in the house he has taken on Toluca Lake, and to every guest he sent a small gramophone record on which were recorded the voices of Knowles and his wife, requesting the presence of the guest at the party.

Errol Flynn, who has been working with Knowles in Warners' *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, went one better.

As soon as he received the record he had one of his own made, which began: "Mr. Flynn regrets he will be unable to attend," and went on to give a large variety of reasons.

And then Mr. Flynn went to the party.

Swing Music

What is this "swing" music?

I confess I have been as bothered by this phrase as I was with the expression "torch song"

when it first became legal currency. And now that the words have been explained to me by two of the principal exponents, I feel almost as wise as ever.

The twain, Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger, two Paramount composers who between them have a baker's dozen hits to their credit, described the new music as "sweet-heat."

"By this," they explained, "we mean 'hot' jazz built on a structure of 'sweet' or melodic music."

"It's this difference, more than anything else, which sets 'swing' music apart from the jazz which has held the field for the last ten years."

You may be surprised to hear that the best-known "swing" composition, "Music Goes Round," is "essentially a melodic composition which, played in 'ballad' or slow tempo, revealed itself to be surprisingly packed with 'sweet,' full melody."

I was

Looking Back

One of the most poignant aspects of film-production is the reconstruction of "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago"—especially when such events have occurred within living memory; perhaps the memory of those who are taking part in the film.

For instance, stage-hands and others who actually remembered the great earthquake of San Francisco were present when the final earthquake scene in M.G.-M.'s *San Francisco* was shot at Culver City recently.

This was done on the thirtieth anniversary of the disaster that brought terror and death and destruction to the great Pacific port on a fine morning in 1906.

The scene was the interior of Lyric Hall, San Francisco, at the moment in the early morning when the first tremblings of the approaching disaster manifested themselves.

In this scene were Clark Gable, Jeannette MacDonald, Jack Holt, and Margaret Irving, and before it was "shot" the company took a ten-minute "break" in memory of the catastrophe which had taken five hundred lives, thirty years before.

GUY BEACON.

HAVE YOU RESERVED YOUR TEA-SET? ONLY FIVE MORE DAYS!

YOU have only another five days in which to reserve and thereby make sure of the magnificent twenty-one-piece Tea Set which PICTUREGOER WEEKLY is offering to every one of its readers as a celebration of its ever-increasing popularity.

Already very many thousands of readers, determined not to miss this wonderful opportunity, have sent in their reservation forms and started to qualify.

If you haven't already done so, complete the reservation form, which appeared in last week's PICTUREGOER, and post it at once.

This lovely modern Tea Set will give you a thrill of pride. Every piece, superbly made by a British craftsman, is beautifully designed and fashioned in high-quality semi-porcelain of a delicate ivory shade and embellished with artistic fancy moulding trimmed with coral red and further enhanced by a dainty silver line.

The set consists of twenty-one pieces, which include six cups, six saucers, six plates, bread-and-butter plate, sugar basin, and milk jug. And—as a special additional presentation for readers who qualify for the Tea Set—there is the opportunity to secure a set of six handsome Silver-plated Tea Spoons.

Picture this really beautiful china and plate as it will grace your tea table when you are entertaining your very special friends. Imagine how they will envy you its possession.

So now, whilst it is still in your mind, fill in and post the reservation form from last week's PICTUREGOER. That will reserve your set.

Remember, you send no money with the form—but POST IT NOW.

I CAME by the stage quite naturally. I had an uncle who was a Swiss Bell Ringer. He dressed like an actor, and was always hungry. He came to our house each day in time for meals. One time he hurt my mother's feelings by not eating the crust of a pie she had baked. He claimed that people who ate pie crusts caught measles easy in Philadelphia, where I had the bad luck to be born. My mother never forgave him and insisted that he set a bad example for her little son, Willie. Later, when I got the measles, she blamed it on him.

My father's real name was Dukinfield. He came from England just in time. He often spent hours in the kitchen, watching my mother bake pies. He was one of those men who would waste a whole week to raise a bunch of onions. When I was twelve years old, I saw him step on a rake. This wouldn't have been so bad, except that the teeth of the rake were pointed upward. The handle of the rake flew up and cracked my papa on the forehead. I laughed. At once there lit upon me the rage of a proud English Dukinfield. My father chased me from home, where I have been ever since.

I did not know what else to do the next day, so I stole three apples from a grocer's basket and began to juggle them. Right away I knew that I had found my life work. I juggled those apples until I got hungry. Then I went by the grocery store again and got three more.

When I was sixteen years old I got a job on an ice wagon. The man I worked with was Bob Fitzsimmons. He was not the fighter, so far as I know. Mr. Fitzsimmons was slow to action. On hot days he would deliver the ice in buckets. I taught him how to handle the ice with a flourish, and juggle it on his shoulder. Fitzsimmons was so pleased that he did most of the work.

I often helped Mr. Fitzsimmons collect money for the ice. Soon we juggled the collections. Finally one day the man we worked for asked us if he could not use the team and wagon, and a load of ice. He explained that he would like to make a little money for himself. So we let him have the whole outfit, and I was a vagabond again.

My life was a harum-scarum life for the next few years. I never go to bed now without stretching myself in the warm white sheets, remembering the old-time pains in my knees from sleeping in cold places.

By the time I was eighteen I could juggle anything I could get my hands on. And I got my hands on plenty.

Finally, after working three months as a spieler for a side show at Coney Island, I saved fifty dollars and went to get a job in a New York burlesque show.

To make a good impression, I spent forty dollars on a pair of black and white checked trousers, a pair of bright tan shoes and a coat as loud as the talk of an actor on Hollywood Boulevard. We rehearsed in the show so long that I soon had to hock the pants. Then the show went broke, and I slept in Union Square.

In three weeks I got a job in another burlesque show. An old-time actor, now a famous movie fellow, asked me where I was staying. "Union Square," was my proud answer.

"Boy," he said seriously, "you'll never get anywhere until you make a more careful note of your environment. You should sleep in Bryant Park, that's right back of the library on Forty-second Street. It's high-toned, and it will be nearer your work."

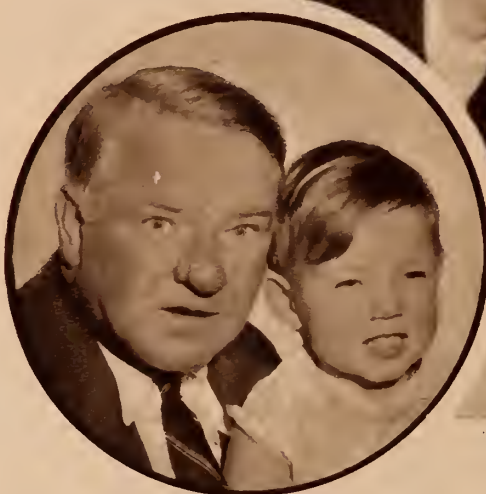
I leased my bench in Union Square to six poets, and moved to a larger bench in Bryant Park, where I remained for one month, praying each night for the success of an actor who had given me the first real lesson toward getting on in the world.

When the first pay day came I found that my salary had been raised from 20 to 30 dollars per week. Soon we went on the road, and ended up at People's Theatre in Cincinnati. A critic who had not seen the show in that city, gave me an excellent notice in the *Enquirer*, saying among other things, "if this young man is not shot some evening before the audience gets used to

JUGGLING with LIFE

THE famous comedian who has been seriously ill but is now fully recovered, tells you in his inimitable manner of the ups and downs in his stage and screen career. His latest picture, *Poppy*, is pre-viewed in this issue.

by
W. C. FIELDS



Above, a recent studio portrait of W. C. Fields and (left) with Baby LeRoy with whom he appeared in "It's a Gift."

him, he is liable not to be heard of in the show business." I took the notice to the owner of the show, and demanded a raise. He promised me a five dollars a week increase, and fired me in five days.

In the lives of all great men, there comes a tremendous decision—in the words of the immortal bard, they rush in like saps where wise men fear to tread. I was no exception. While listening to the noise of the Seventh Avenue elevated, and counting the holes in my pockets, I there and then consecrated the rest of my days towards being just a simple clown.

While strolling nonchalantly along Fourteenth Street the next evening I came upon a strange-looking man who was organising another burlesque show. As he had once been an editor and could not read very well, I perused aloud for him the clipping from the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, and as I read I added much not in the script.

He was so impressed that he gave me a job at 50 dollars per week, actual money every Saturday night.

To those who would scale the peaks of happiness I would say that there is none such like obtaining real money from a show when one is young. Love may fade into alimony, and friendship into borrowed money, but the joy of a real pay day with a show remains.

My decision in Bryant Park brought results.

My first large salary of 125 dollars a week was given me some months later in San Francisco. They paid me all in silver. I had to go to the

theatre to rehearse, and it was too heavy to carry in my pocket. Like all jugglers, I had a girl. But I was afraid to trust her with so much money. I met a pawnbroker with a diamond ring that he said was worth 125 dollars and that diamonds were the same as money anyhow. The girl borrowed the ring, and I haven't seen her to this day. I would not have minded that so much, but she took the ring with her. The next week I did not know what to do with so much silver either. So I had it hauled to the depot, where I bought a ticket back to New York.

After I told William Morris about all the heavy money out West, he booked me at Koster and Bial's Music Hall, where the best foreign artistes performed. Dinner was served to the audience in boxes, so Morris put me on before they got hungry. A German theatrical manager saw me in my tramp juggling act, and engaged me to go to his country. I was not quite twenty years old at this time. I might add here that I began to wear a tramp costume because I did not have the money at the start to buy the spangles and close-fitting tights I saw the burlesque queens wear.

Over in Berlin I went to a small suburban theatre, and saw a midget juggling seven balls with ease. And here I had been glowing because I could juggle five. I did not say a word to anyone, but practised for weeks until I could juggle eight.

For the next thirteen years I toured the



savings, went with it. I had met the great banker, and had laughed at his jokes, thinking of course that by being friendly with him he would let me in on something. He did. Harriman laughed last.

I was feeling much lower than the stars, when I met Marilyn Miller. She wanted me to play a part in her next film.

It was my bad luck to reverse many film precedents. I made good in the picture. Months passed before I got another offer—for less money.

Like any other man at my age who had lost a quarter of a million, and who could look about

Below, in 1928 W. C. Fields appeared in a new version of "Tilly's Punctured Romance," in which Chaplin and Dressler had originally featured.



The star's performance as Micauber in "David Copperfield" was one of the highlights in that outstanding picture.

world many times, and was unable to speak any language but English. My pantomime and juggling were a passport everywhere.

At last I hooked up with Flo Ziegfeld, and remained in his "Follies" more years than I care to remember. Ziegfeld spent fortunes on comedians, but never liked them. Why he tolerated me for so long, I do not know.

I played with many troupers at this time, among them Joe Jackson, Bill Ritchie, Nora Bayes, Bert Williams, Frank Tinney, Leon Errol, Ed Wynn and Sam Hardy. Many of these have since gone down the long river, among them the many-sided Ziegfeld himself.

Whenever Ziegfeld had a mood, which was often, he took it out on me. One time he warned me to remove all liquor from my dressing-room, forgetting how much he had in his quarters. "Do you know you can be arrested for having liquor here?" he said to me. That night, two policemen knocked loudly at the door of my dressing-room. Feeling that Ziegfeld had put them on my trail, I had the prop boy hurriedly remove all the liquor that some juggler had stored within my quarters.

When I finally opened the door, I heard one of the policemen say, "Would you like to buy a couple of cases of good Scotch, Mr. Fields?"

He was the only policeman I have ever hugged.

After parting with Ziegfeld I played for some time in George White's *Scandals*. Later I appeared in *Poppy*. It was in this play that the critics discovered I had a speaking voice, though I had spoken for years in Ziegfeld shows. *Poppy* was made into a movie under the title of *Sally of the Sawdust*. I played my original role on the screen.

Nothing happened so far as my screen career was concerned, and I returned to the stage. The depression was on. I induced the producer of the show to allow me to run it on a percentage for the players, in order to keep them working. This attempt failed, and I decided to enter films.

I motored to Hollywood, and remained a year, without an offer from a film producer.

In desperation, I went to a well-known producer and offered to write, direct and act in a film for nothing. Being one of those men who knew exactly what the public wanted, he refused my offer.

After being idle for eighteen months and lancing on the edge of fifty years, I received word that the Harriman Bank had failed in New York. A quarter of a million dollars, my life's

He poses as a croquet expert in his new film, "Poppy."



and see theatres closing everywhere, I took the offer.

The picture was called *Million Dollar Legs*. I was not the star. The critics were kind enough to say that I "stole" the picture. No doubt, wishing to punish me for such a theft, I was not given another part for some time.

At last the sky cleared. I fell in with one of

the shrewdest men in films—Mack Sennett. I wrote, directed and acted in four short films for him. One film paid for itself three days after its release. Sennett shared my belief that a comedian should do what he thinks is funny, and not worry about the reaction of the audience. Mack is a master of comedy, and while we had the usual hectic moments of disagreement, I still consider him one of the most gifted men in the field of comedy. In fact, Sennett's gift ranges beyond comedy. He is a great satirist.

Just when it seemed as though the road was all silver and gold, and I was riding a bicycle in the last scene of a film, a truck hit me, and broke my neck. I heard it snap and many things went through my head. I suddenly recalled what my friend, Dr. Harry Martin, had said, that he had held his head perfectly straight with both hands when the same accident had happened to him.

So I cautioned everyone to keep away from me and immediately held my head with both hands until I reached the hospital, fifteen miles away.

When my doctor, H. J. Strathern, arrived, I still held my head. The doctor gave the nature of my accident to the newspapers in Latin. They paid no attention to it; otherwise there might have been great rejoicing had it been noised about that I had broken my neck.

When I left the hospital I had to carry my head braced, in an upward position, as if I were counting the stars. The doctor had told me that a highball would not be good for me, but I disagreed with him. So with eyes gazing at the heavens, and a highball in my hand, I bounced all the way down a long flight of stairs. I am happy to state that my head remained on my shoulders, and that I spilled no part of the precious highball.

After these small difficulties, everything became more serene and Paramount signed me to a long-term contract. I have appeared in about eighteen films for this firm, the most memorable being those in which I played opposite the redoubtable star, Baby LeRoy, a sterling two-year-old actor worthy to be the descendant of Gargantua.

Once, in a film, when he playfully put my best watch in molasses, I, as playfully, booted him across the room. He did not think that scene was in the film, and I heard him mutter what sounded something like "You son of a ——" as he darted toward me. I had to run for my life.

I had been told before I started to work with him that he had bitten his mother's thumb off. I later found this to be untrue, but imagine a two-year-old who can gather about him such a reputation!

"Why don't you give him an understudy—another baby about his own age?" I asked the director.

The director trembled as he answered, "My God—I couldn't do that, Bill, he'd eat it."

Baby LeRoy is now a young man of about five, and, of course, I would not want him to know I had written about him. Our paths may cross again and I would fear to make him mad. For if he is like he was in the old days—if he gets in a temper—not even Joe Louis would have a chance with him.

When the feud between us became serious, everyone said, "Poor Baby LeRoy." Nobody ever thought to say, "Poor Bill Fields." After several pictures with that sturdy baby I needed all my strength to get through my recent illness.

Like most men, perhaps, I have more vices than virtues. But one habit I learned, which became as much a part of my life as pantomime, that of reading. Somewhere Edward Gibbon said that he would not exchange this habit for all the wealth of India. Neither would I—until it was offered.

I was quite a young man before I learned that Shakespeare was not another juggler. When I did learn who he was, I studied him, as he used many words strange to me. I bought a huge dictionary and carried it with me many times around the world. Whenever I came across a new word I went to my dictionary. It was through my own efforts and the love of reading which I acquired, that I can now look upon life with a more mellow and tolerant attitude and agree with George Meredith's "Juggling Jerry":

"I've studied men from my topsy-turvy
Close, and, I reckon, rather true.
Some are fine fellows: some right scurvy;
Most, a dash between the two."



ANNABELLA, who makes her English-speaking debut in the new all-colour picture, *Wings of the Morning*, discusses her attitude to life with

Bruce WOODHOUSE

THE young widow in the decorous dress of the 'eighties stood at the head of the wide staircase. Slowly and sadly her eyes travelled from right to left as she gazed for the last time at the home she loved so well.

With a quiet and tragic dignity she descended the stairs to pass for ever from the home she would know no more. Then the cameras ceased to register, lights went out, and Annabella, the young star of the new all-colour film, *Wings of the Morning*, then in production at Denham, was through for the day.

I approached her with a diffidence born of the knowledge that my conversational French was of a type liable to cause offence to the League of Nations. However, I need not have worried, for the little French star has of late made marvellous strides in her English. Indeed, she now speaks our language with a grace that many an American may well envy!

"Yes," she agreed in answer to an observation of mine. "That is a very sad scene. But what would you? Life unfortunately cannot be all

sunshine and laughter; and although my part in the picture has plenty of gaiety, it also has its sad moments."

She looked so preternaturally solemn that I exclaimed: "Playing that scene certainly seems to have depressed you!"

Her brown eyes suddenly sparkled. In her severe Victorian costume with its tight sleeves, long skirt and demure bonnet she looked like some dryad who had incautiously allowed herself to be dressed by Mrs. Grundy.

"It is these clothes!" she protested. "Dresses like these are enough to destroy anyone's *joie de vivre*. How our great-grandmothers must have suffered, poor things!"

"You like plenty of freedom in dress?"

"Of course!" She ran a hand down one tight-fitting sleeve.

"Now, in another part of this picture," she continued, "I have to dress as a boy, and that is much more to my taste. Then I can run about in freedom and feel gay, but in these clothes it would be impossible. I wave my arms or jump about and, *voilà!* the dress is no more!"

"I wonder," she added, "if the girls of sixty years ago ever spoilt their clothes in that way."

The picture that Annabella conjured up of staid Victorian misses flinging aside their croquet mallets to frisk on the greensward regardless of seam and gusset was certainly an engaging one. But I was, perforce, more concerned with the present time.

Seeking to bring the conversation back from the Elegant Eighties to the Thrusting Thirties, I said: "So you thoroughly enjoy having to be a tom-boy?"

Annabella nodded.

"When you are feeling happy inside yourself it is nice to be able to give some vent to the feeling. And," she added cheerfully, "as I am usually happy I prefer working on—what is the word?—'location' to being shut up inside a studio. Out in the open air with the sun shining and the countryside looking bright and fresh it is so much easier to work really well. The surroundings seem to help one so much."

It is not usual to associate French girls with a fondness for strenuous outdoor pursuits, but Annabella is most emphatically an exception. Denham being so near the river, she and her actor-husband, Jean Murat, to whom she was married in October, 1934, devote as much free time as possible to rowing and swimming.

They have taken a delightful little house on the Thames at Bray, a few miles from the studios, and the only thing which could possibly keep Annabella from the water for long would be if our English summer set in with its typical severity! Her vitality and enthusiasm are quite amazing.

From her earliest days the girl who soared to stardom through her performance in René Clair's *Le Million* has been keenly interested in pictures.

"When I was quite a little girl," she said, "I was a great film fan. I filled my bedroom with photos of all the great stars of the day, and every picture was not only autographed but bore a delightful personal greeting."

"Did you have much trouble in getting all those signatures?"

Annabella laughed.

"Not a little bit," she assured me. "You see, to save trouble and expense, I wrote them all myself!"

It was not until she was eighteen that the chance of which she had dreamed for so long suddenly materialised.

Her father, M. Charpentier, was entertaining a group of friends at his house in Paris. Among the guests was a film producer, and when the latter asked casually if Annabella thought of following a screen career, her father promptly proceeded to tell him all the things about her that he considered to be deficiencies from the point of view of the screen.

Now, one of the major tribulations in the life of every producer is the horde of doting parents who will go to great lengths to convince him that their offspring are bound to make Greta Garbo look like an incompetent extra if only they are given a chance. Intrigued by the candid personal criticism of M. Charpentier, the producer insisted on seeing Annabella. Then, just to prove that her father was wrong, he gave her a small part in his next production.

That all happened in 1930. Since then, Annabella of the light brown hair and brown eyes has gone on from strength to strength.

The reason of her success is not hard to find. Allied to a natural sense of acting is a sunny, happy disposition that enables her to make molehills out of mountains.

Life is a joyous thing to her, but unlike many people who find happiness, she delights to share it with others. And it is just this rare ability to awake enthusiasm that has helped her to stardom and popularity.

Next Week

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE, the accomplished stage and screen actress who recently scored so big a success in the West End when starring with Noel Coward in his successful season of short plays, "*At Eight-Thirty*," has been working in the new picture "*Rembrandt*," at Denham.

Next week Miss Lawrence has many interesting things to say concerning her film experiences. She is always interesting and her views on the world of films are well-worth reading.



Franchot Tone prompts Jean Harlow in a dialogue rehearsal for a scene in their new picture, "Suzy," in which Cary Grant is also featured.

Shots with Our Candid Camera



Tom Walls directing his new film, "Dis-honour Bright," and right, a compliment or two for Diana Churchill, who is featured in the picture.

(Above) Benny Bartlett, the juvenile appearing in "The Texas Rangers," fancies himself as a camera-man, and proudly exhibits his work to fellow-members of the cast, Jean Parker, Fred Mac-Murray, and the latter's wife, Lillian La Mont.



They're all sun-worshippers in the Jolson family! Ruby Keeler, Baby Al—not forgetting the great Al himself—taking a well-earned holiday.

CONCLUDING MY TWO YEARS IN HOLLYWOOD

BY CARL BRISSON

MY "FIGHT"

with

MAX BAER

THE famous Danish star has many interesting stories to tell of film celebrities. Bing Crosby and his wife, Max Baer the former heavy-weight boxing champion, Mary Pickford and little Ida Lupino are among the celebrities of whom he writes in his concluding instalment.

AS all the pictures that I made in Hollywood were musicals, it was natural that the earliest friends I made in the studio were Harry Revel and Max Gordon.

This famous team of composers have written probably more popular songs than any other living men. Many of their early melodies have lived for years, and most of the songs which have made Bing Crosby so famous were written by Gordon and Revel.

Once, when I was about to start a new picture which was nearing readiness, Harry Revel asked my opinion of a new song that he had just written.

That song was "Love in Bloom."

Of course, immediately I heard it I implored him to let me use it. It was one of the loveliest melodies I had heard and I knew that it would be an instantaneous success.

But Bing Crosby had also heard it and was also anxious to use it in his next picture. In fact, we were both so anxious for the number, there seemed to be no way of deciding who should have it.

So we agreed to toss a coin for the privilege. I called heads, but unfortunately it fell tails and Bing secured a song which was not only to prove one of the most popular of the year, but was destined to become one of his greatest hits.

Many years on the stage and in the ring had taught me how to be a sporting loser, and I knew that there would never have been a word of regret or disappointment from Bing had he not had the luck of the throw; and somehow that flip of that coin seemed to cement our friendship.

We had met shortly after my arrival in Hollywood, and I had immediately taken a liking to this quiet, unassuming singer, who, in spite of overnight success and a quick trip to fame and fortune, had never let his success overrule himself.

I never knew Bing forget a friend, however unimportant, or pass an acquaintance without a cheery word. In fact I always like to remember him as the one man who never had to buy himself a new hat when he became successful—at least not because they no longer fitted.

But Bing was a demon for hats. He was seldom without one and though he might be working in his shirt-sleeves in a broadcasting studio and a hot afternoon, he would still wear a hat.

Bing Crosby was without exception one of the most informal and carelessly dressed of my friends, and sometimes when we went to the

races together, people would refuse to believe the man in the slouch hat was their favourite crooner.

At the time that I met him he was beginning to take a great deal of interest in racing, and had already started his own stables. So the two of us would frequently go down to the Santa Anita races during the afternoon and would later have dinner with Mrs. Crosby—once the lovely Dixie Lee—and her three little sons.

Sam Coslow had been assigned to write the music for my second picture, *All the King's Horses*, which I made with Mary Ellis.

I knew that it was vital to find a good theme song to run through the picture, and a melody by which the film could be remembered, though I had no doubt that Coslow would soon find one.

A melody came to me one evening, however, which I felt would be ideal for our purpose. So I hurried down to the studio next morning and played it to Sam. He liked it, and with the experienced knowledge of a musician put it into shape; and so the famous song, "A Little White Gardenia," was born.

This actually was not my first effort at song writing, but it was certainly more successful than anything I had previously written, and it became a huge success in America, and later spread to Europe.

Another friend I made in Hollywood was Max Baer, one of the greatest clowns and best fellows I ever knew. Max and I had one thing in common, a love of boxing.

He confessed to me that I had been his hero from an early age, and that he had always wanted to plan his career on mine, and use the prize-ring as a stepping stone to the stage.

After his fight with Carnera he had signed a contract with Paramount but had never made a picture for them. He had, however, appeared in the M.-G.-M. film, *Everywoman's Man*.

After his last defeat, however, he gave up boxing and is now leading a band. He has put away a small fortune and unless he is very foolish should never have any more financial worries.

Before I left for Europe Max and I were discussing launching a Dude ranch somewhere in California in partnership. Here people could get away into the fresh air and enjoy fishing,

riding and leisure, without the interference of the activities of a big city.

Max was the ideal guest at a dinner party, for he was such a perfect comedian that your evening would be a guaranteed success. The last time he came round he had the rest of the party in convulsions.

One evening the two of us had been asked to be guests of honour at a boxing display in aid of a local charity.

Max was to give away the prize and referee, and I was sitting in the front row by the ring-side.

Seeing a chance to make fun of me, Max announced to the crowd that I was in the audience and that he would have me come into the ring. But whilst I was climbing up, he started to mimic my actions so that he had the whole place laughing at me.

I watched for a moment, then started to feign a boxing match. Being the good sport that he was, he of course did likewise, but he went further; he let me hit him on the chin.

Then of course he dropped, and let me almost count him out.

But I knew Max was kidding, and I also knew that he would probably jump up and show he could box as well as clown.

So, availing myself of the good nature of the crowd, I quickly hurdled over the ropes and dashed down the gangway to the dressing-room.

The crowd were then in an uproar, yelling, applauding and booing.

It was a great stunt and went well. But though I should have loved to spar with Max, I could not afford to do so on that evening, for I was starting a new picture next day, and dare not get a black eye which might jeopardise the start of that film.

Max took it all in good fun in spite of the papers next morning which came out with headlines:

"Actor Gives Baer K.O." "Maxie makes mistake with ex-champ."

It was only a little after this that we decided to move from our Beverly Hills home and find something which had more of a country surrounding. In many ways "1005" was a little big and being in the heart of Beverly Hills did not give us much of a chance to use the hills when we wanted to go for a walk.

We were fortunate enough to find a place in Bel Air, up in the hills and overlooking the ocean. But our neighbours were as friendly and hospitable as they had been in Beverly Hills.



Above: Bing Crosby (right) is an enthusiastic horseman and owns a big string. With him is his trainer, Albert Johnson up on Bing's huge two-year-old, Kayan, which already stands 17 hands and is still growing.

Exactly across the road from us lived Warner Baxter. His huge estate was one of the loveliest houses in the neighbourhood, and his tennis court one of the most used in Hollywood.

But Warner Baxter kept his place guarded as closely as the Bank of England.

A light ray protects the wall, and, if it is intercepted, an alarm bell in the house is automatically rung. In addition the gate is kept closed and any visitor has to announce his identity by a telephone before he can gain admittance.

These elaborate precautions made amusing comparison to the open-door policy of our new house, but Warner Baxter has been in Hollywood long enough to know the wisdom of taking full precautions.

Many stars protect their homes as if they were modern fortresses, with a guard permanently on duty, whilst others feel that it is an unnecessary trouble, and if any intrusion on their liberty is contemplated, it will be probably done on the open road and away from possible guns and telephones.

A little further down the road was the huge house of Mervyn LeRoy who recently married Jack Warner's daughter.

Mervyn LeRoy is one of Hollywood's most talented directors, and his *Anthony Adverse* was recently hailed as a really great picture.

Mervyn and his wife often came up for dinner, and on other occasions we would go down to their house, and after a meal he would run one of the latest pictures in his private theatre.

When Mervyn and his young bride went off on their honeymoon they had little idea that their father was building them this lovely house as a wedding present. So it was doubly a surprise on their return.

The huge playroom downstairs has a bar as big as that of a West End hotel, as well as a "picnic" kitchen. At the touch of a switch one of the walls rolls back, and the room is converted into a theatre.

Important directors, executives and stars can always borrow new pictures from the studios when they want to see them in advance of their public screening, and in this way many members of the film colony are able to keep up with the

productions of their own and rival studios without leaving their own homes.

Owing to our many friends in London and on the Continent, we soon found that our new house was becoming one of the first rendezvous of many distinguished European visitors, most of whom knew us in London, or who had letters of introduction from mutual friends.

One of our best friends was the late Lord Byng of Vimy who often came to see us during his recent stay in Hollywood. But hardly a week went by without someone calling on us with messages from home.

Whoever and however we entertain, however, my wife and I have refused to assimilate the extraordinary Hollywood custom of giving huge parties for no reason. We frequently invited a few personal friends to dinner, but did not care to have hundreds of strange people running about our house on the pretext of meeting some European guests.

One of our most charming friends in Hollywood is Mary Pickford. Mary is one of the astutest women in America. She has an amazing brain for figures, and as well as being a great actress is a fine business woman. To-day she is a partner of Jesse Lasky in one of the most progressive companies in Hollywood. In addition she

reach the road, which completely encircles the house.

Mary was a charming host to all of us.

I found that two old friends in the persons of Ida Lupino and Francis Lederer were on the programme with me. They re-enacted a part of their film, *One Rainy Afternoon*, of which Miss Pickford was a co-producer.

But before we started the broadcast, I witnessed an almost more interesting ceremony.

A new bridge in New York had just been completed and Mary Pickford had been asked to open it. As she was unable to leave Hollywood, however, a specially leased telephone wire was secured to New York, and by the touch of a key Mary officially opened the bridge by electricity.

During the broadcast I sang a few numbers, some of which Mary had requested specially.

Then we went on into dinner, and a mighty good meal it was. The dining-room in Pickfair is white and the chairs are decorated in light blue. It was a wonderfully restful room and probably the most attractively furnished dining-room in Hollywood.

After dinner we sat and talked till quite late. Naturally Miss Pickford was interested to hear about Europe, although she has frequently visited London, Paris and other continental cities herself.

A few weeks later we were able to reciprocate her kindness when she came to dine with us. That evening we just had a few intimate friends, and Mary, who was escorted by Phillips Holmes. Then we had a real Danish meal and many of the dishes, which are never found in America, were new to our guests.

After dinner we went down to my playroom or billiard-room and played ping-pong.

Mary Pickford proved herself as apt a ping-pong player as she was a business woman. It was a delightful evening and I was sorry when everybody had gone home. But few actresses have the charm or the ability to face life that one finds in Mary Pickford. For when her days as an actress were over she immediately turned to some other occupation to keep her talent employed.

But we have finally packed up our many belongings at last and said

au revoir to our friends in Hollywood.

I have found these two years interesting and fascinating, but two years is too long a time to be away from the stage.

Fortunately, the moment that I announced my intention of returning to the footlights, I was swamped with offers. My many good friends of the theatre had evidently not forgotten me, because I deserted the stage for Hollywood.

But in spite of offers to go to London, to Australia and elsewhere, I am going to remain in America, for I have still one ambition to satisfy.

I have travelled all over Europe. I have played in the British provinces and have often appeared in the West End, but I have never played on Broadway.

So when I was offered the chance to play the lead in Romberg's new musical show, *Forbidden Melody*, which is to be produced in New York, I did not hesitate to take it.

As the show does not open till the autumn, it gave me the chance to come home to London and Denmark for two months. Then I shall return to New York in August to begin rehearsals on my new show.

Perhaps after that I shall come back to London and return to the stage there. Whatever I do, however, I shall return to Hollywood.

A Song to Sing-O.
Harry Revel at the piano
and lyric-writer Max
Gordon try out a new
number. They were
responsible for the "Love
in Bloom" songs.



At the mike: Ida Lupino,
Francis Lederer, Mary
Pickford and Carl Brisson
broadcasting for the
"Parties at Pickfair"
programme.



A house with a view:
Carl Brisson on the
porch of his Hollywood
home. The house has one
of the finest views over-
looking the Hollywood
mountains and the sea.

produces her own radio programme, which is released all over America.

Every Tuesday night Mary's drawing room is turned into a broadcasting studio, and here she puts on and appears in one of the most popular and successful programmes in America.

On these evenings Mary Pickford finds a few other friends in the film business to help her, and a few weeks ago invited me to join her on her programme.

I drove up to the famous "Pickfair," the unofficial Buckingham Palace of Hollywood, where more famous people, royalty and distinguished visitors have been entertained than anywhere else in Hollywood. It is one of the loveliest houses I have ever seen.

Built on top of a hill, and surrounded on three sides by trees, Pickfair commands a lovely view of the lights of the city below. Its carefully kept lawns sweep down one side of the hill till they



"They have been hovering perhaps for years, for a chance to become Goldwyn Girls."

DIAMONDS in the DUST

HERE in England it is considered necessary for a girl to be beautiful, or at least unusually pretty, in order to stand a chance of fame and wealth "on the films."

To be sure, this is not the sole qualification, but at any rate it's one of the most important.

What would you think of the country where the plain girl scores heaviest in this respect?

And what if I told you that country is America?

At the first blush this may sound entirely gaga, but I assure you it will bear the closest investigation.

Let me tell you about Sheila Hayward, who is in a class by herself.

When the casting director pulls out the drawer marked, "Girls, Homely," there is one card in it, bearing the name of Sheila Hayward.

She doesn't mind being classified as plain; in fact, she welcomes it, for it has been the keynote of her success.

Sheila was born in Hollywood.

"Ah!" you immediately exclaim, pouncing. "That gives her an advantage right at the start."

But it was Hollywood, Ireland, a village near Belfast. As a child she was taken by her parents to Hollywood, California, and worked in motion pictures almost from the day of her arrival.

You've seen her a dozen times as a servant girl or a poor relation, or the plain girl of the school.

You remember right at the beginning of *Les Misérables*, when Fredric March was condemned to the galleys for stealing a loaf of bread, the sister for whom he stole was in court with the children?

That was Sheila Hayward.

Jaded casting directors brighten up at the sight of her; she is a cure for eyes grown weary with gazing too long upon beauty.

You think I'm exaggerating? Well, perhaps you don't know Hollywood.

Los Angeles—the City of the Angels—was so named long before films were even thought of, but the name was never more appropriate than it is now.

Living in the county of Los Angeles—which embraces Hollywood, Burbank, Beverly Hills,

HOLLYWOOD, the land of promise, is glutted with lovelies.

Why casting directors suffer from tired eyes is here graphically described

By MAX BREEN

Fox Hills, Culver City, and Universal City—you grow accustomed to angels.

From every country in the world, every city of note—it sometimes seems from every town and village—they are drawn by the irresistible magnet of motion pictures.

Through prosperous times and bad, in quiet days and hustling, these beautiful girls continue to flock to filmland, rejecting all advice and blind to the grim warnings that strew the path like skeletons in a desert—the hard lot of the tens of thousands before them who have come, and seen, and been conquered.

There is a curious obsession which all these people share, and without which they could not stay the course. Although every girl knows that multitudes have failed, she knows with equal conviction that it will not happen to her.

Only one in many thousands can reach the top. She knows that—it's dinned into her by the Hays Office—but she also knows that she's the one.

Raoul Walsh, who directed Mae West in *Klondike Annie*, has been spending his spare time in making some calculations on the subject. And he says that when a girl comes to Hollywood "on spec." to be a screen star, the odds are a million to one that she will fail.

"When a girl hits Hollywood the odds are 100 to 1 that she will never obtain work of any nature," Walsh declares. "Some people insist that the odds are nearer 1,000, but 100 is impressive enough."

"But supposing the girl or young man does succeed in obtaining work. Then the odds against ever becoming known at all are 2,500 to 1. These are the odds against becoming a featured supporting player. The odds are at least 10,000 to 1 against stardom. The extra lists change little from year to year. Those who manage to enter the lists stay as long as they can. The turnover is small."

"So when I figure the odds are a million to one I am being conservative. If there were any way

of reaching accurate figures the chances against stardom undoubtedly would be found to be larger rather than smaller."

Still, Gladys and Maimie and Gretchen and Carmencita and Toinette and Katinka and O Mimosa San come, and hope, and hang on, and grow slimmer and more discouraged as the sunny, empty weeks glide by.

But the aspirant won't go home and confess failure to the folks who have either given her a send-off with bands or said "I told you so," as the case may be. She would die first.

She must get a job. And, sooner or later, if she's young enough and good-looking enough, she does—usually at some occupation where beauty is an asset and brains are at a discount.

In short, she becomes a waitress in a cafeteria, or a drug-store clerk (which is not a chemist's accountant, but a dispenser of ice-cream sodas), or a millinery assistant, and if she turns out to have any intelligence at all—though so far she has not exhibited enough to keep her out of Hollywood—she may attain the dizzy heights of stenography.

And, whatever her job, she might as well be a thousand miles from Hollywood.

The Spanish jade in the cash-and-carry store, who sells you sliced rye bread wrapped in cellophane, slips a jewelled dagger between your ribs every time she flutters her long lashes. I defy you to count your change correctly in the presence of the devastating dimpled Dane in the kinema box-office. A Hawaiian girl in the market on Santa Monica Boulevard plays a native melody on your heartstrings as she serves you with avocados and puffed rice.

They are amazing, these girls. They are the pick of the world's pulchritude, and they know it. And, poor moths, they have come flying too near the candle for comfort or profit, and not near enough to blaze up in that tiny shower of sparks, flame, and sizzle that is the life of a star.

Hollywood never takes what is under her nose. She will send to Patagonia, to Etruria, to Tasmania, to Cochinchina for stars, rather than go out into her own front yard and clap her hands, which simple act would bring running all the loveliest Patagonians, Etrurians, Tasmanians and Cochinchinese who have been hovering eagerly, perhaps for years, for a chance to become Goldwyn Girls or even "straight extras."

But there they remain, diamonds sparkling bravely in Hollywood's dust; and meanwhile the casting director, surfeited with so much beauty, sends for plain little, wise little Sheila Hayward.

The Hollywood NEWSREEL

SHOT BY PHIL LONERGAN

CLARK GABLE is not a bit soft, as Allen Pomeroy, former American collegiate boxing star, discovered. During prize ring sequences in *Cain and Mabel*, in which Gable plays opposite Marion Davies, Clark had to box Pomeroy, who is reputed to be "plenty good."

The two men fought toe to toe, and Clark knocked the celebrated boxer out. Later the star discovered that he had broken a rib.

Hollywood is not surprised, as Gable is rated as a very athletic young man.

Perils of Hollywood

Charlie Chaplin and his beloved, Paulette Goddard, who may, or may not be married (no one except Charlie and Paulette apparently knows), were involved in a traffic accident on a Hollywood street.

The star's automobile stopped at a traffic signal, and was hit by a car behind them. Two youths in the other machine promptly fled. Later it was discovered that the car had been stolen. Charlie and Paulette were shaken up quite a bit. Nevertheless, Charlie declared that Paulette insisted upon keeping a dinner date before consulting a physician.

The two players suffered no ill results from the mishap.

Poor Marlene

Beautiful blonde stars are susceptible to accidents, even as you and I.

As Marlene Dietrich, starring in *The Garden of Allah*, was entering a mimic train, used in the film, an actor slammed the door of a railroad coach, injuring the fingers and foot of the German star.

The company continued work during Marlene's absence.

You never can tell what may happen, when you are a star in the movies.

Reel and Real Love

Iwonder how film fans will like seeing Franchot Tone playing opposite his wife, Joan Crawford, in *The Gorgeous Hussy*. Walter Abel, star of *The Three Musketeers*, was originally assigned to the part, but bowed out, possibly because Joan desired to have Franchot with her in the film.

Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, played in *Mary of Scotland*, but were never in the same scenes. Freddie, in this film, made love to Katie Hepburn. If he had said sweet nothings in this picture to his legal ball and chain, it is problematical whether the fans' reaction would have been favourable.

So Joan and her husband as lovers will present a problem until the verdict of the box-office is rendered.

Robert Taylor, who is very devoted to Barbara Stanwyck, is her leading man in *His Brother's Wife*. Possibly the fans will be well pleased.

A New Fad

Hand-prints for screen stars has hit Hollywood and players are being swamped with demands for facsimiles of their palms and digits by admirers.

Printers ink and a small rubber roller are being added to the equipment of star's secretaries to be used in making prints of the players' hands. If the present fad continues to grow, however,

photostatic copies of the originals will have to be made for mailing, as making hundreds of original prints requires too much time.

A Frightened Star

Katharine Hepburn and her manager drove to Santa Barbara, about 100 miles north of Hollywood, to see a preview of *Mary of Scotland*, in which the glamorous actress plays the star role.

Unfortunately, the identity of the star was discovered, and the fans swarmed about her so much that she drove away from the theatre, sending her manager to the preview. He secured the audience's reaction, and reported to the star.

So Katie drove back to Hollywood without seeing the picture.

A Modest Actor!

Believe it or not, George Raft never sees a preview of any of his pictures, which probably puts him in a class by himself. The average star likes to sally forth, disguised by dark glasses, and hear the verdict of the fans.

George told me he feels that he can learn little after the picture is completed, for mistakes cannot then be rectified, so he prefers to devote his attention to improving his acting in future films.

Not a bad idea at that!

A Slender Star

Ice cream may be on the taboo list for many Hollywood beauties who must watch their calories, but, thanks to dancing, that does not apply to Ginger Rogers.

Ginger tells me she keeps her lovely figure by the dancing that has won her fame. Through dancing rehearsals, Ginger often loses as many as ten pounds before the completion of a film, so she can indulge in ice cream and other fattening foods to her heart's content.

Poor Malibu!

Malibu Beach, a rendezvous of the film elite, which is located on the ocean, a few miles from Santa Monica, is much disturbed because of reports that a tango parlour is to be located nearby. Tango is an American gambling game, which draws a motley patronage of the type which would disturb film celebrities. Many of the players are fans who would welcome the opportunity to call at the stars' beach homes and besiege them for autographs.

The homes of the stars face on the ocean, with the back doors looking upon the highway, which, of course, would not deter the tango players.

So the stars, who are wealthy and exert much political influence, are doing their utmost to prevent the tango parlour from engaging in business.

If the tango parlour does open, I shall



First aid to the foot weary—Hollywood dancing girls find relief from their gruelling routine by bathing their feet in rose water and glycerine. The girls, left to right, are Wilma Francis, Katharine Snell and Louise Stuart.

undoubtedly have more news for the readers of PICTUREGOER!

A Nervous Actor

David Niven has one big "phobia" in his life. Being Merle Oberon's "constant companion," he has been in deadly fear that Hollywood might think that his "breaks" in pictures have been due to her efforts.

But David can now put his mind at rest, for he has been chosen to play an important role in *Dodsworth*, as a result of a fine performance in *Charge of the Light Brigade*.

So far as romance is concerned, David and Merle Oberon still get along amazingly well, but there is no hint of wedding bells.

He Likes Privacy!

Walter Huston, who played the title-role in *Rhodes of Africa* for Gaumont-British, craves seclusion whilst he is in Southern California.

So that he may not be disturbed, Huston will not have a telephone installed in his home in the San Bernardino Mountains, 100 miles from Hollywood.

The nearest phone is three miles from the house!

Incidentally, Huston and his wife—the former Nan Sutherland, of stage fame—absolutely refuse to live in Hollywood or attend a Hollywood party.

Odd Footage

George Raft has a chauffeur, but drives his own car.

♦ ♦ ♦
Larry Crabbe, famous swimmer and film actor, studied to be a lawyer.

♦ ♦ ♦
Dick Powell was a lifeguard at a Little Rock, Arkansas, swimming pool.

♦ ♦ ♦
John Beal is a clever artist.

♦ ♦ ♦
Hoot Gibson never uses "doubles," preferring to do his own "stunts."

E. G. COUSINS COVERS

The BRITISH STUDIOS

British & Dominion are producing it at the J. H. Studios at Elstree, and the fun they're having with it is nobody's business—until it gets on to the screen.

The "luv" is provided by Betty Ann Davies, with Mai Bacon helping with the laughs. (In the silent version I remember a charming Australian girl named Trilby Clark was the heroine, and the vamp was Chili Bouchier.)

Then there are Wallace Geoffrey, Robert Nainby, Fred Conyngham, Cecil Humphreys, Aubrey Mather, Aubrey Fitzgerald and Arthur Chesney.

I expect right at this very moment they're having the trouble that usually occurs on a Sydney Howard picture—people forget where they are and laugh at Syd's antics before the director says "Cut!"—and then the scene has to be done again.

So you see it's a bit expensive to be so funny; but it must be very encouraging to him when even the hard-boiled electricians have to laugh.

Dangerous

When Sydney is through with this one, he'll start work (for Herbert Wilcox Productions) on *Splinters in the Air*.

Now, we've seen *Splinters*, which was an Army sort of a film, based, of course, on the famous war-time concert party of that name; and we've had *Splinters in the Navy*; but this *Splinters in the Air* sounds a much more dangerous proposition, and I don't know quite what the proper defence against it may be.

I suppose the correct procedure is to stuff a handkerchief in the mouth and hold one's sides.

This will be (as the more intelligent among you and/or those who have seen previous *Splinters* films will have guessed) a story of the adventures and misadventures of Syd in the Air Force.

It will, however, depart from tradition in one important aspect. It will be a Musical.

Now keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen; there is positively no danger; if Sydney sings, it will not be often or long or loudly.

In fact, I suspect the reason for all the music is to give Stuart Robertson a chance to use his fine baritone voice. On this point I am, as usual, open to correction; and you can bet your boots I'll get it.

Lew Lake, the original splinterer, will be associated with Herbert Wilcox in this, of course; and Richard Hearne will be among those present.

Having a Double

Most British film companies, I regret to say, have at least one error in every picture they make.

Welwyn Studios, Ltd. (yes, Johnny Jones, another new company!) are disarming criticism by calling their new film *Double Error*, which is cunning of them.

Walter Summers is directing it, and he has an interesting cast in Leonora Corbett, Judy Kelly, Colin Keith-Johnson and Leslie Perrins. Three distinguished stage-actors among the four leads, you notice. I wonder if it is generally realised just how much British films do owe to the stage.

The plot . . . well, we must always be careful to remind ourselves that there are no new plots; that will save us from the sin of unjust criticism, from which we should all pray every morning to be delivered.

The plot, then, is as follows: two men live in the same house. During a brawl, one imagines he has murdered a woman. The other accidentally discovers the woman is not dead, and perceives a way to make a little useful

In the "The King of Cloves" (previously entitled "Millions") Jane Carr has a chance to display her beauty and talents

YOU might not think it to look at me to-day, but seven or eight years ago I was a peer of the realm.

Only a temporary acting brevet peer, of course; still, it was agreeable to sit in the House of Lords ("historic chamber" to you) and witness the picturesque ceremony of inducting a new peer into the House.

The House was erected in the old Gainsborough studios at Islington, before the tragic fire that gutted them; and I remember that we had to work all night on this production, because the set had to be struck in time for the *Sweeney Todd* unit (silent version, of course) to move in at nine the next morning.

So we worked from nine o'clock one morning until three o'clock the next morning

—eighteen hours continuously, except for one hour break for lunch.

The film was Edgar Wallace's *Chick*; and the title-rôle was played by Bramwell Fletcher, who later went to Hollywood, returned to play the young priest in *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, went back to Hollywood again, and has been back in London playing in the American stage play *Boy Meets Girl* in the West End, with his wife, Helen Chandler.

Eloquent Hands

And now *Chick* is being produced as a talkie, and you'd better believe they've altered the story a little since I knew it, for the title-rôle is being played by our friend of the eloquent hands, Sydney Howard.

pocket-money by persuading the woman (a gold-digger) to hide while he blackmails his friend.

And I'm not going to tell you what happens, because that would save you anything from ninpence to two-and-four—and why should I?

They have been on location at Victoria Station and Croydon Aerodrome.

Harker Crowned

By the way, talking about Stuart Robertson (as I was just now) reminds me that the film in which he last played, the Herbert Wilcox comedy in which Gordon Harker and Frank Pettingell played the leads, has had its title changed from *Millions to The King of Cloves*—because Harker makes a corner in cloves.

This is a rare and valuable addition to our collection of "King of" films, which includes *King of Paris*, *King of the Damned*, *King of Main Street*, *King of the Ritz*, *King Solomon of Broadway*, *King of the Kyber Rifles*, *King for a Day*. . . . All kings together.

And now, my hearties, for a bit of a Clash. We are likely to have three troopships, released (or maybe the correct expression is "launched") at the same time.

One is the Gaumont-British film "exploiting" (the word is G.-B.'s, not mine) the British Army; they may or may not decide to call this *O.H.M.S.*; the other is Warner Bros. First National's *Hail and Farewell*, which sounds short and sweet; and the third is Eric Pommer's troopship story.

Tommy and His Girl

The Gaumont troopship was done on the quayside at Southampton, with the British India Steam Navigation Co's troopship *Dilwara* playing the featured rôle.

A battalion of the Queens (The Royal Regiment) acted as "extras" on the ship; and "extras" on shore (consisting of sweethearts, mothers, wives, cousins, aunts, daughters, nieces, and any other female relation a British Tommy might be expected to have) were provided by the Southampton branch of the British Legion.

Southampton must be a town singularly blessed among the towns of hard-up England; for when twenty extra women were needed for a scene, the Labour Exchange was unable to supply them, because all available unemployed were already in use in the picture!

By the way, I think American director Raoul Walsh made a bit of a break.

In buttering-up the soldier-men for their "fine work," he remarked: "I have always found that members of the fighting services are, by reason of their fine discipline and perfect co-ordination, the perfect 'film-crowd.' If only all our studio-extras had had Army training, how much simplified our work would be!"

I Insist

I think Mr. Walsh might have made it a little clearer that he referred to American studio-extras—as, of course, he must have been doing, since he has had no experience of the English variety.

I hold no particular brief for crowd-people; indeed, I am sorry to see any friend of mine get into the crowd, for it is a dead end, and one that is very hard to get out of.

But I must insist on this point; every American director working in this country with whom I have discussed the question has remarked voluntarily that the British extra has a very high standard of work and of intelligence, giving all that is asked of him or her and a little more, and comparing very favourably with his or her counterpart in Hollywood.

I think Mr. Walsh is due for a pleasant surprise when he comes to handle a British studio crowd.

A Calm Voyage

And now for the second troopship.

It has been sailing on the placid waters of the largest sound-stage at the Teddington studios, where the deck of a famous troopship has been reconstructed in faithful detail, and Ralph Ince (another American, but one who has become thoroughly acclimatised) has been directing Claude Hulbert, Reginald Purdell, and friends and messmates.

The story of *Hail and Farewell* concerns the lives of soldiers who are returning from Home leave, which is curtailed to six hours by fresh orders for foreign service.

Besides the comedy team of Hulbert and Purdell, of course there is a spot of romance, and this is supplied by two new young players who have recently been added to Teddington's contract list.

One is Bruce Lister; the other is Moira Reed. Look out for these two names; it's early days yet to decide whether they are or are not world-beaters; but never forget that at this studio on the banks of the Thames they first discovered Errol Flynn's potentialities for film-work.

So history may be going to repeat itself.

Convenient

In passing, it's convenient, sometimes, to be situated on the bank of a river.

For instance, when the Warner Bros. First National people wanted half a dozen lifeboats to ornament their troopship, they didn't build 'em.

They had them towed up the Thames by tug, hauled ashore, and hoisted on real, genuine, authentic davits.

Film production nowadays is nothing if not real, genuine and authentic.

They have been firing off real machine-guns and riding recklessly about in genuine motor-cars through authentic Canadian scenery (at Shepherd's Bush) for *The Northing Tramp*.

Hugh Sinclair is playing a leading rôle in this; and he had an interesting encounter in the studios the other day.

A Reigning Beauty

Nineteen years ago he was a schoolboy at a private school at Ightham, in Kent, kept by a kind clergyman.

He didn't enjoy it much, because he was opposed on principle to school life, which made it a little difficult for him.

However, he has one pleasant recollection—the clergyman's daughter, who was at that period two years old and the reigning beauty of the school.

Last week at the G.B. studios Hugh met the clergyman's daughter again. He is married, and so is she. They are both film stars—or rather leading film players, which is what we apparently mean when we loosely use the word "star" in this country.

Hugh, who is distinctly shy, remarked: "Er—you've . . . you've grown."

That, after all, was more or less to be expected.

The interesting thing is that she has grown into Anna Lee.

And now, when you hear that Anna is First Favourite with the public-schoolboys of England, you'll know why.

She gained her first practice on schoolboys at the age of two.

In Wolf's Clothing

I'm looking forward very keenly to seeing Annabella in her first British film, which is also the first British all-colour talkie—the New World production *Wings of the Morning*.

The little I've seen of her on the floor at Denham has whetted my appetite for more.

The male attire she was wearing for her work among the race horses sat upon her as provocatively as did the flying kit she wore in *Anne Marie*, and will provide a piquant contrast with the very feminine garments she wears as her own grandmother in the prologue.

Attractive

She and Fonda certainly make a very attractive pair. If this film turns out as well as I expect it to, it ought to give British production another useful boost.

They have now settled down comfortably to work in a strange land, and have rapidly recovered from the loss of their director, Glen Tryon, who "bowed out."

Harold Schuster, who came from America to edit the film, immediately took over direction, and with the experienced help of Ray Rennahan, the expert colour-cameraman who photographed *La Cucaracha*, *Becky Sharp* and *Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, they are getting some good stuff into the can.

And this despite a climate which goes moist on any director who dares to say "Camera!" out of doors.

NEXT WEEK

WHY do girls fall in love with Robert Taylor? Grace Mack gives you the reason and also an intimate study of the star who has sky rocketted to fame in the short space of a year. His fan mail now is about 2,500 letters a week which is a very high average.



The seamy side of London life, depicted in "Abide With Me" now in production at Sound City. Down-and-outs in a doss-house.

"Picturegoer's" special cameraman obtained these of Charles Laughton on and off the set at Denham, with the lead in the life of the great painter for London F

(Left) Not necessarily the liquid Rembrandt would have drunk—still, tea is very refreshing.

Surprised by the camera, Charles "Rembrandt" Laughton (left) appears slightly pained.

An alfresco meal taken between sequences. Filming is thirsty work, hence two thermos flasks!

On the "REMBRANDT" Set with LAUGHTON

A short conference on the set. As the board indicates, the director is Alexander Korda and the cameraman C. Perinal.



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not false.



(Above) A fine study of the star in a scene from the film.

(Right) Another example of the way in which Charles Laughton expresses the character and dignity of the role he is portraying.

(Below) Gertrude Lawrence, who plays opposite Laughton, puts the finishing touches to her make-up in her dressing room.



The great painter at work. A characteristic study of the artist.



A striking portrait study, which emphasises Laughton's impressive make-up.

Jim carried Slinger to cover behind a water trough. From every building shots were being fired.

The Story of the Film

DRIFT FENCE

by
Marjory Williams

Freely based on the film, "Drift Fence," by permission of Paramount Pictures, Ltd. See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 26, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

IT so happened that, as a spectator at the annual rodeo at Blue Mountains, Jim Travis was on the verge of being faced with the task more akin to musical comedy than real life—to wit of impersonation. When, indeed, a casual acquaintance in the shape of a somewhat scared little man from the city in loud checks and bowler hat, took a seat in the draped stand beside him, Jim had no idea that he would so soon be called upon to lead a double life.

The approach to this momentous situation was opened up by the rodeo announcer calling upon the scared little man to ride the "Killer," wildest bucking broncho in Arizona. The expression of his round face became almost comical in its agitation.

"I'm feeling kinda ill. Guess it's the altitude," he pleaded.

"Sorry, but the 'Killer' won't take 'No' for an answer."

"You understand me, don't you, Jim?"

"Sure. Say, announcer, my partner don't want to be bothered with a squirt of a horse like that. Maybe I can get along with him."

To the wild delight of the audience and the complete surprise of the pick-up man, Jim rode the broncho for a full three minutes. Over a glass of beer and a dish of pretzels in the "Green Tree Saloon," the man in checks expounded further reasons for remaining scared. "My name's Traft—Jim Traft—and my uncle's made me heir to his ranch. He won't have me study art in Paris.

No, sir, I have to come to Arizona and learn the cattle business from the bottom up."

"Sounds good to me."

"But not to me. Partner, I'm a hundred miles away from that ranch, and I don't intend getting any closer. Now, your name's Jim Travis, isn't it. Travis and Traft; not much difference, is there? How about your taking my place—go to the ranch, show the boys this letter from my uncle, and kid them that you're me?"

"Sorry. I've business of my own to attend to."

"Wait a minute. You saved my life to-day. You oughta do it again. Listen. Wyndgam Watkins, Foreman, Traft Ranch, Flag, Arizona. Dear Windy, this will introduce my nephew Jim. I want him to learn the cattle business and take charge of building the drift fence across the range."

"Say, what is a drift fence?"

"Something cattlemen put across the range to keep rustlers from stealing their herds."

"Does it work?"

"Usually means war between cattlemen and rustlers."

"I knew it. It's a confounded trap. I came three thousand miles to build a drift fence and get killed by a rustler. My uncle mentions one in particular—Clay Jackson. From what I can make out, he's the chief."

The name, spoken at random, caused a sudden change in the mind of Jim Travis. He quietly picked up and folded Mr. Traft's letter. "Maybe I can use this, after all," he temporised. How soon can I get going?"

Two things were uppermost in

Jim's mind as he drove from the railroad to the ranch.

He must comport himself as a city dude and he must follow up Jim's remarks about Clay Jackson. Windy, white-moustached ranch foreman, proved helpful on the

second point within ten minutes of Jim's climbing down from the buckboard.

"Yeah, Jackson's a smart *hombre*. He and his men got fifty of our cattle last night," he remarked. "He never comes into the open, mind you, on account of the smart gunmen at his back. Slinger Dunn's one of them. Ever heard of him in New York?"

"Why not have them both arrested?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, we're run out of sheriffs. The last one got shot in the brakes—woods, you know, leading to the grazing lands—and the new one isn't elected yet. If you'll take my advice, you'll stick to the ranch house for a bit."

"I thought my uncle told me to build a fence," Jim protested with a laudable show of innocence.

"Your uncle's a smart guy. Maybe he was right," Windy agreed soothingly. "Now, since most any clothes is liable to stampede cattle until they're used to 'em, I guess the boys had better fit you out."

Jim decided that to feign ignorance of how to wear the open shirt, broad leather trousers, cartridge belt and scarf, handed him from the bunk-house chest, was a wise move. He considered, however, that, in view of having to take possible action against Clay Jackson, ignorance should have its limits.

Accordingly his next gambit, when politely shown by Windy how to handle a gun, was to knock a tomato-can off a post at first shot.

"Beginners' luck," he said modestly, enjoying the other's astonishment. An hour later, Windy, working from a roll of barbed wire at the drift fence, was obviously ready to instruct a beginner. Jim

thought it worth while to play at *vice versa*.

"I guess you got the idea of winding wire with the pliers foolin' round them pink teas in New York." Windy opined as Jim made deft use of that handy tool with a "Ever tried this way?"

"Yeah, we used to practise stringing it round the parlour."

"Maybe you'll wish you hadn't learned about fence building when you meet Slinger Dunn."

"I'm more interested in Clay Jackson. Doesn't he ever show up round here?"

"Only when there's cattle-stealin' going on. Say, young fellow, you've queer wants for a city man. Most folks that hit this country is either runnin' away from somebody or after them."

"Meaning you haven't figured me out. Perhaps you'd like to know," Jim suggested. The old-timer's weather-beaten face took on a knowing expression. "Not me," he said innocently. "No; don't tell me a thing. I'm the sort that likes quiverin' with curiosity." Jim judged that he had gone far enough and was beginning to appreciate the smell of sizzling steak over the camp fire when a couple of cowpunchers rode into view. "Hello, Slinger!" Windy greeted the better looking. "We're eatin' shortly. Care to join us?"

Ignoring the invitation, the man dismounted.

"I want to talk to Jim Traft."

"That's me."

"Traft. I've come to tell you this fence isn't going any farther. The range ain't never been fenced and ain't ever going to be."

"If they'd quit stealing cattle down here, we wouldn't have to build it," Jim returned.

"You're new in this section, Traft, so I'll let that pass; but, I'm telling you, you're through fence-building." Remounting, Slinger and his man left as abruptly as they had come. "He's too decent-looking for a rustler," Jim commented, surprised that anyone connected with Clay Jackson should be forcing a surly note with apparent effort.

(Continued on page 22)

JOAN WON A BET . . . and a proposal



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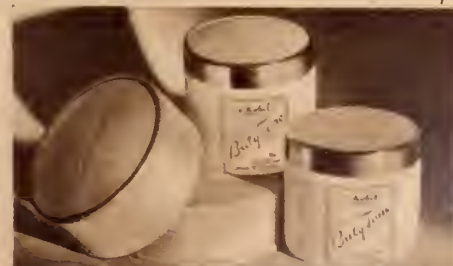
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NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

"His sister's even better lookin'." Windy informed. "A rare, pretty girl is Molly Dunn. Got the fighting spirit, too. Guess they inherit it from Grandma Dunn. The old lady's plenty tough."

Reminding himself that he hadn't come to Flag to discuss the merits and demerits of young women, Jim put in a good afternoon and evening's work. By sun-up he was down at the drift fence inspecting for likely damage when he recognised Curly, the youngest ranch-hand, bathing his wrist at the stream. "Hello, Curly! Fence is still up, I see."

"Part of it. It was cut in two or three places last night."

"Maybe the cattle broke through." "If they was cattle, they were smarter than most. One of them hid behind a rock and shot me in the arm."

"Hm." Jim affected a mild nonchalance. "You get back to camp, son. Windy'll fix you up. I'll have a look round."

To his astonishment, inspection farther down the brake revealed a girl neatly severing the barbed wire. Jim saw her from a distance on foot and re-mounted his horse before she saw him. Whereupon she made a rush for her animal and executed a flying leap into the saddle. Carrying out the implication of her being a first-class horsewoman, she galloped down the brake, giving every indication of being able to out-ride Jim. Chance intervened. Her mount stumbled and threw her into a waterhole. "Funny, isn't it?" she said through clenched teeth, looking up at him from the middle of the pool. Even at this disadvantage, her dark eyes, regular features, and healthily-glowing skin, not only prejudiced Jim in her favour, but served as an introduction.

"You're Molly Dunn, aren't you? You're very like your brother. My name's Jim Traft."

"You don't have to tell me," she flared. "If my horse hadn't stumbled I daresay you'd have taken a shot at me. That's the way you city men treat girls out here."

"Well, our New York girls don't go round cutting wire fences and shooting cowboys. Hadn't you better let me help you out of the water?"

Subsequently, coming across Windy and the boys at the drift-fence camp, laundering and assisting each other with personal grooming, Jim hoped that the cause thereof might entail another meeting with Molly.

"Big dance at Flag to-night. Celebrating the election of the new sheriff," Windy explained, removing the lather from his face. "All the boys will be there." Accordingly, Jim, obeying the request to park his gun with his hat in the cloak-room, took a look round at the pitch-pine dance floor. Molly, in pin-spot muslin edged with narrow black velvet, throwing up the whiteness of her neck and forearm, resolutely refused to dance with her brother's sworn enemy. Whereupon Jim, cutting in on her partner, Sam, Slinger's associate of the morning, took what the gods declined to offer.

"Hey, that's against the rules!" Sam protested.

"Never mind. I make my own rules."

"You get out of here, and that goes for anyone in the Traft outfit." A handy throw of an improvised lasso from Windy tightening round Sam at the critical moment turned what looked like being an ugly situation into a joke. No joke, however, could save Tony, Windy's

THE STORY of the

right-hand man, whom Jim found by the drift-fence the following morning, blood issuing from a bullet wound in the forehead. "As neat a job of creasin' as I've seen," Jim volunteered, bending over the prone figure. "Gun's full, I notice. He hadn't a chance to fire. Better rig up a stretcher and get him to the ranch. I'm trailing the tracks where the fence was cut."

It was late evening before Jim, with a strong feeling of distaste for his mission, rode up to Slinger Dunn's cabin. Through an uncurtained window on the ground floor he watched Slinger talking to an old lady, obviously Grandma. Slinger had left the room before Jim, hearing someone behind him, turned and saw Molly. In the moonlight her eyes showed very dark in her white, set face.

"Why didn't you shoot, Slinger? That's what you came for?"

"Your brother either shot or was responsible for shooting one of our men this morning."

"Slinger was only taking a short cut back from Flag with medicine for my grandmother. Your man wouldn't let him through the fence, so he used his gun. We don't call that a crime round here."

"No?" "In case you change your mind, let me see you to your horse."

Walking beside her, trying to reconcile a lost interview with a sense of duty, he took the plunge. "I wish you and Slinger were out of all this."

"I might say the same. The fence will be the ruin of us. There never have been fences round here."

"They won't hurt you, but they will stop Jackson and his crowd."

"That's your side of it." She looked so lovely in anger that he kissed her, mounting and making a get-away before she had time to retaliate. For the future, he was determined, completion of the fence should occupy his mind. When,

Molly was an expert horsewoman and her dark good looks proclaimed her as Slinger's sister.



FILM — continued

two days later, the last strands of barbed wire had been tied down into the rocks at the verge of the brake, he felt more at ease, though aware most of the morning that cattle had been lowing as if they were being rounded up.

"They'll have a tough time getting any more cattle down the brakes," Windy remarked with satisfaction as he prepared to break camp.

"Only so long as the Jackson gang leaves the wire alone," Jim opined. "Better keep guard here with Curly while I take the boys back to the ranch." By the afternoon the excited lowing of cattle not being merely rounded up, but stampeding, echoed throughout the valley. To Jim's practised ear, at least a thousand steer must be being driven to some point in the fence. He had no wish to go there. What would be the use? As well try to stem a flowing tide as turn back a herd of steers being kept on the run by a rustler and his men. Now where else would Jackson be likely to go to celebrate a successful afternoon's work but town? To town, therefore, with the remainder of the ranch outfit, Jim decided to go. Riding fast, he had negotiated a lightly wooded slope, half-way to Flag, when a figure rode out from behind a tree. He recognised Slinger, and pulled up. The man's face was a curious mixture of fear and relief as he said: "Can I speak to you a moment?"

"Go ahead. All right, boys." The boys withdrew to a discreet distance. "I've been wrong about a few things, Traft," Slinger said hurriedly. "I never figured, when I objected to the drift fence, going in with rustlers. You're riding into a trap down town. Jackson and his crowd were celebrating stampeding your cattle in the saloon when they heard you were coming."

"We figured on that."

"Mind if I ride with you."

"You feel that way about it?"

"It's the truth, and you can bank on it. Let's go."

With a tremendous weight off his mind, Jim gave the order to move. Only thought of Clay Jackson kept too great an exaltation that Molly's brother was no enemy of the law at bay. The single street of Flag, with its square timbered houses, was empty as Jim entered it. Counting Slinger, his men mounted to hardly more than a dozen. "Spread out, boys," he ordered after a preliminary survey. Steadily the party advanced. Silence until the saloon was reached, then above the barricaded swing doors ripped a couple of shots. The fight was on. Slinger was one of the first to stop a bullet. He was riding abreast of Jim when a shot entered the arm. Dismounting, Jim carried him to cover behind a water trough. From every building shots were being fired. "I'm all right," Slinger gasped. "Have you got an extra gun?"

"I'll re-load yours."

Grasping the weapon, Jim took a lunar of the street. At the saloon door he glimpsed a brawny man with a small moustache, who shouted a command to a confederate opposite.

"Say, that gun hand of yours seems a mighty sunburned for a city fellow," Slinger was saying.

"Yes? Is Jackson that fellow wearing a dark check shirt and light stetson?"

"That's so. I shouldn't be surprised if you had a Texas Ranger

star about you somewhere, Jim. You seem mighty interested in Clay Jackson."

"He's wanted badly in Texas for killing a ranger, a buddy of mine. Say, it's getting warm here. Think I'll be moving. Keep under the lee of the trough and you'll be all right. See you later."

Brushing the dust from a bullet pitting the ground beside him, Jim headed for the open. He had timed his exit well. Riding down the street, as one who goes when there is still time, was Clay Jackson. Running for his horse, Jim gained the saddle and galloped in pursuit. Half an hour's going on the road from Flag, Jackson turned into the rough. For only one place could he be heading—Slinger's cabin. With impatience ten times increased, Jim dug in his spurs. Useless, however, to compete with Jackson's mount, which was fresh. There was no sign of the enemy, except his horse, as Jim arrived at the cabin. Flinging the reins over the gate post, he went in. Grandma seized his arm. "You're Jim Traft, aren't you? You've got to get my girl Molly away from Jackson. He's talking to her in the bedroom, threatening to kidnap her and take Slinger away. Guess he thinks we know too much. He's calling Slinger a cattle thief, but Slinger never stole cattle in his life. I'm an old woman. Can't you help me?"

From behind a closed door leading out of the living-room, Jim could hear Jackson's raised voice of command, and Molly's terrified denials. Above the door was a balcony leading, no doubt to the loft. He jumped and swung a leg over the banisters. Just in time. The bedroom door opened and Jackson came out. Leaping down Jim threw him to the floor. Instantly Jackson was up and delivering a smashing left hook to his opponent. He retreated back to the bedroom. Dizzily Jim followed, steadying himself against the door, which gradually closed. In the intense ensuing struggle, Jim thought he heard Grandma's voice calling out with astonishing vigour for a woman of her years.

"I know I hope which one comes out of that door." Three minutes later, Jim reeled towards the door from the inside, opened it, and stumbled into the living-room. "That's the fellow!" Grandma shouted.

Returning to the ranch, after Jackson had provided a job for the newly elected sheriff, Jim found a visitor whom the Chinese cook was angrily denouncing for being seated at the head of the dining-room table.

"He's the boss here, cookie," Windy was explaining. Jim Traft, wearing the familiar checks, wrung Jim's hand. "Uncle's dead and left me this place," he explained. "So I thought I'd come along and ask you to stop here."

"Sorry, I can't. I've got to check out of the Ranger service if I want to come back."

"You figure on coming back? Boy, that's great! I'll make you manager. How anyone can want to live among cattle and potatoes beats me, though."

Under the pine trees by the lake, Jim's reason for a proposed return to Flag bade him good-bye. True to the Dunn breeding, Molly did not attempt to tie down her man. "You'll be a long time, won't you?" she hazarded wistfully. "Not the way I'll be riding," he assured her.



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Previews

CRITICISMS of the LATEST FILMS

CAROLE LOMBARD appears in two pictures this week, and in both she demonstrates very fully that she has come right into the forefront of screen stars.

She has a delightful sense of comedy and can handle with equal facility any dramatic sequence.

In short, she is thoroughly versatile, and all she needs now is one outstanding part to put her right at the top of the tree.

The most intriguing of her two pictures this week is—

THE PRINCESS COMES ACROSS

The murder mystery story treated in light comedy vein is no novelty—in fact, it has been rather overworked—but in this case it has more ingenuity than usual and is notable, apart from its well-developed comedy, for the excellent acting of the star.

Carole Lombard is cast as a Brooklyn girl who, having been stranded in France, puts up a masquerade with the help of an English actress and, posing as a Swedish princess, gets a Hollywood contract and sails for America.

All the action takes place on board the liner, which is excellently set and convincingly photographed.

When we first meet Carole Lombard, she is “throwing” a perfect Garbo—not only vocally but in gesture and facial expression.

This is the pose she keeps up through the picture, contrasting it cleverly with her real self, the little Brooklyn chorus girl.

The romantic element is introduced by the presence of King Maskell, a famous concertina player who falls heavily for the Princess in spite of her truly regal snubs.

Then there is the crook element. A blackmailer who knows that King had served a stretch in prison and also the Princess's real identity, tries to get money from both of them.

He is found murdered in the Princess's suite, and King helps take the body to another cabin.

Travelling on the boat on holiday are five international detectives who proceed to use their individual methods to discover the murderer, which they do with the help of King who, with the Princess, are both suspected of the crime.

It is an ingenious denouement, and the red herring trails are not as obvious as they sometimes are. The clearing up of the mystery brings King's and the Princess's romance to a successful conclusion and also ends her masquerade.

There is plenty of action and the dialogue is witty.

The star is supported by a strong cast, all of whom show to advantage. Fred MacMurray makes a virile lover, while Alison Skipworth is

excellent as the Princess's companion.

The detectives are exceedingly well characterised by Douglas Dumbrille, Lumsden Hare, Sig Rumann, Mischa Auer, and Tetou Komai, while Porter Hall is very good as the blackmailer.

George Barbier makes a jovial ship's captain, and a sound comedy characterisation comes from William Frawley as King's friend and partner.

William W. Howard's direction is particularly noteworthy in its detail work and for the way it brings out the various characterisations without forcing the comedy vein.

Altogether first-rate entertainment, this.

LOVE BEFORE BREAKFAST

In this picture Carole Lombard plays the role of a very shrewish young lady who is engaged to one man but in her heart of hearts loves another. She puts plenty of pep into it and makes it a rather too conversational but nevertheless very amusing romantic comedy.

The wealthy man who pursues her relentlessly and is so sure of winning her that he drives her wild, is admirably portrayed by Preston Foster.

His understanding of feminine psychology is helped by an old business partner who knows all about the sex—because he is a bachelor!

The unfortunate fiancé, whom Preston Foster sends on a business trip to Japan, is well enacted by Cesar Romero. Although he does not show a lot of enthusiasm for the girl to whom he is engaged, one is rather sorry for the treatment that is meted out to him by all concerned.

Janet Beecher is excellent as the heroine's mother, while Betty Lawford is good as the Contessa who is trying to catch Preston Foster—and his fortune.

Walter Lang has made a very good job of the direction of this sophisticated modern comedy, and his characters are all convincing in spite of the absurd situations in which they frequently find themselves.

Settings of wealthy homes are lavish and the occasional exteriors are very well photographed.

The picture owes a lot of its entertainment value to the dialogue which is pithy and to the point and is made the most of by the all-round good acting of the cast.

SUICIDE CLUB

This film, like many another, depends greatly upon the mood of the beholder. If you are willing to place yourself unreservedly in the director's hands and let him whirl you at will through the most incredible and romantic adventures, you will probably enjoy it very much indeed.

If, on the other hand, you sit sourly challenging him to convince you, you will probably dislike it.

I feel, however, that the combination of Robert Louis Stevenson (who wrote it) with Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell, Frank Morgan, and Reginald Owen (who act in it), should be enough to persuade the most cynical to enjoyment.

The plot is a fantastic one, in which we are taken without warning from one hairbreadth adventure to another.

Briefly it concerns Prince Florizel, whose father, king of a Ruritanian state, wishes him for political reasons to marry a young princess whom he has not met since they were children.

Florizel is given a month in which to decide, and with his faithful friend, Colonel Geraldine, he goes to mid-Victorian London for a holiday.

Here he almost immediately becomes involved in the transactions of a mysterious Suicide Club, whose sinister president seems bent upon his death; and here also he meets a girl who is apparently the president's accomplice.

It would not be fair to say more about the story, as the whole plot hinges upon surprises; but there are thrills enough and to spare, and a generous measure of humour, chiefly provided by Frank Morgan, as Colonel Geraldine.

Robert Montgomery will thoroughly satisfy his fans in the gay and gallant role of Prince Florizel, and as the mysterious young woman who seems to menace his life, Rosalind Russell takes another definite step forward in her career.

As the sinister president of the club, Reginald Owen once more proves his versatility as a character actor; and E. E. Clive as the king, and Louis Hayward as a Young Man With Cream Tarts (which is

less crazy than it sounds) turn in very creditable performances.

This is a praiseworthy attempt to put something on the screen that is “different”; and for that reason alone it is well worth seeing.—E.G.C.

POPPY

W. C. Fields' inimitable humour and a delicately unsophisticated, youthful romance form a combination which is hard to beat as entertainment. In fact, the well-proportioned ingredients of this simple and refreshingly naive story are so well served up that few will be able to resist its appeal.

It is an adaptation of the musical play in which W. C. Fields made his legitimate stage debut. He had, of course, been famous as a juggler in vaudeville both here and in America before that.

D. W. Griffith made a silent version of it, and here again W. C. Fields scored a success. Although, to the best of my recollection, the picture struck rather an artificial note, and was over-sentimentalised Carol Dempster, one of Griffith's finds, played the heroine.

This talkie version is certainly sentimental, but it is kept within bounds. The direction and settings are so good, and the characterisations so human that it escapes being just unadulterated saccharine.

Naturally, the limelight plays with full force on W. C. Fields, who is on top of his form, in spite of the fact that he was not well when he was making the picture which preceded the illness from which, happily, he is now fully recovered.

As usual he has a series of individual comedy “turns” to exploit his clowning, but he also succeeds, as he always does, in drawing a very human character.

He is cast as Professor Eustace McGargle, a fairground charlatan who, through forging a marriage certificate with the help of a crook lawyer, succeeds in getting his daughter Poppy accepted as heiress to a big country estate.

The lawyer double-crosses him, but it turns out in the end that the Professor is not Poppy's father, and that she really is the rightful heiress.

All very simple and bald when unadorned by the clever detail work and competent direction of Edward Sutherland.

The fairground atmosphere is extremely good and gives a chance for W. C. Fields to put over his “act” as a patent medicine vendor and thimble rigger.

Small town and rural settings, too, are extremely picturesque.

Rochelle Hudson is charming as Poppy, and the romantic love passages between her and Richard Cromwell as the mayor's son, are sincere and convincingly youthful.

Lynne Overman is excellent as the crook lawyer, and Catharine Doucet is also good as the woman who is next in line of succession to the estate Poppy eventually inherits.

Maud Eburne, playing in a Dressler-like vein, scores as Sarah Tucker, a kindly spinster, who turns out to be Poppy's aunt and able to prove the justice of her claim.

Minor parts are also well cast, and the picture as a whole represents entertainment which can be enjoyed by old and young alike.—Lionel Collier



Alison Skipworth, Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray in
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REVIEWS

The PICTUREGOER'S
quick reference index to
films just released

****CHARLIE CHAN AT THE CIRCUS**
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c*CAN YOU HEAR ME, MOTHER?
***THE CARDINAL A TOUCH OF THE MOON**
LUCKY FUGITIVES SWELL HEAD IT'S A GREAT LIFE

What the asterisks mean—
**** An outstanding feature.
*** Very good. ** Good.
* Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

**CHARLIE CHAN AT THE CIRCUS

Fox. American. "A" certificate. Murder mystery drama. Runs 71 minutes.
WARNER OLAND.....Charlie Chan
KEYE LUKE.....Lee Chan
GEORGE AND OLIVE BRASNO.....Tim and Tiny
FRANCIS FORD.....John Gaines
MARIE REINER.....Marie Norman
JOHN MCGUIRE.....Hal Blake
SHIRLEY DEANE.....Louise Norman
PAUL STANTON.....Joe Kinney
J. CARROLL NASH.....Tom Holt
BOOTHE HOWARD.....Dan Farrell
DRUE LEYTON.....Nellie Farrell
WADE BOTELER.....Lieut. Macy
SHIA JUNG.....Su Toy
Directed by Harry Lachman. Based on "Charlie Chan" stories by Earl Derr Biggers.

The witty and inscrutable Chinese detective played with his usual suavity and polish by Warner Oland, unravels a murder which takes place in a circus.

As in his other pictures, the interest is sustained not so much by the plot as by the star who, with a strong cast to help him, makes the acting outstanding.

There are a large number of suspects, including an ape, but it is, of course, child's play for Charlie to sort out the guilty person.

There is a touch of naivety about the whole proceedings, but the entertainment it gives is none the worse for that.

Two clever dwarfs, George and Olive Brasno, are worth special mention.

c**DRIFT FENCE

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 56 minutes.
LARRY "BUSTER" CRABBE.....Slinger Dunn
KATHERINE DE MILLE.....Molly Dunn
TOM KEENE.....Jim Travis
BENNY BAKER.....Tom Traft
GLENN ERIKSON.....Curley Prentice
STANLEY ANDREWS.....Clay Jackson
EFFIE ELLSLER.....Grandma Dunn
RICHARD CARLE.....Sheriff Bingham
JAN DUGGAN.....Carrie Bingham
IRVING BACON.....Windy Watkins
RICHARD ALEXANDER.....Seth Haverly
WALTER LONG.....Rev. Wilson
Directed by Otto Lovering from a story by Zane Grey. For story freely based on the film by Marjery Williams, see page 20.

A really fast and well characterised Western, which, besides action and colourful scenery, has a clear cut and logically developed story.

by Lionel COLLIER

It may not entirely escape the conventional, but everything is so well timed that every situation tells.

As a tough Texas ranger, Tom Keene is in excellent form, and he puts plenty of gusto both into his riding and fighting, and his love making.

Benny Baker portrays a soft city youth who is sent to a ranch to learn the cattle business, and uses the ranger as his deputy, with a light touch which is amusing.

Katherine de Mille is a delightful heroine with plenty of spirit, and all the supporting characters are well drawn.

This is a type of Western which is always welcome.

**SOFT LIGHTS AND SWEET MUSIC

British Lion. British. "U" certificate. Variety show. Runs 85 minutes.

AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA WITH EVELYN DALL AND MAX BACON. WESTERN BROTHERS. HARRY TATE. BILLY BENNETT. TURNER LAYTON. ELIZABETH WELCH. WILSON, KEPPEL AND BETTY. FIVE CHARLADIES. SANDY POWELL'S HARMONICA BAND WITH JIMMY FLETCHER. KARINA & CO. FOUR FLASH DEVILS. THREE RHYTHM BROTHERS. FOUR ROBINS. DONALD STEWART. THE HOLLYWOOD BEAUTIES FROM THE DORCHESTER HOTEL.

Directed by Herbert Smith.

A series of famous radio and vaudeville turns which are well presented and compered by the Western Brothers, who do not have much worth-while material except their songs.

There is little originality in presenting the artistes listed above, but all, individually, give good performances.

**THIS WEEK OF GRACE (Re-issue)

Radio. British. "U" certificate.

GRACIE FIELDS.....Gracie Milroy
HENRY KENDALL.....Lord Swinford
JOHN STUART.....Henry Baring
HELEN HAYE.....Lady Warrington
MARJORIE BROOK.....Pearl Forrester
FRANK PETTINGELL.....Mr. Milroy
MINNIE RAYNER.....Mrs. Milroy
DOUGLAS WAKEFIELD.....Joe Milroy
NINA BOUCICAULT.....Duchess of Swinford
VIVIAN FOSTER.....Vicar of Swinford
LAWRENCE HANRAY.....Lawyer Cowbier
Directed by Maurice Elvey. Release criticism, October 14, 1933. Previewed, September 2, 1933.

Gracie Fields is in a class by herself, and she acquits herself here in a way which will enthrall her numerous admirers. They will probably think I ought to have three-starred this picture, but, looking dispassionately at the story and material at the star's disposal, I do not see how I could.

It is just another variation of the old "Cinderella" theme, with Gracie Milroy as a factory girl who, through the whim of the Duchess of Swinford, finds herself in temporary possession of an ancestral castle and estate.

The Duchess is dissatisfied with the way her stepdaughter (Lady Warrington) and her son (Clive) have been running them.

Gracie, her father, mother, and brother take over, and the "County" has little use for them.

Most of the detail work is extra-neous, and introduced to give Gracie Fields' versatility a chance of exploitation, and also to introduce her music-hall achievements.

The film is hers right through. The rôle of her mother and father are well played by Minnie Rayner and Frank Pettingell, but they have

been badly overdrawn, and lack the human touch.

Douglas Wakefield, too, as Gracie's brother, is caricatured too much to be effective.

As "Clive," Henry Kendall is very good. I have always considered him a real asset to British pictures.

Direction is capable and settings good; but, please, let "Our Gracie" have a better story next time—she deserves it.

*ON TOP OF THE WORLD

A.P. & D. British. "U" certificate. Industrial comedy. Runs 79 minutes.

BETTY FIELDS.....Betty Schofield
FRANK PETTINGELL.....Albert Hicks
CHARLES SEWELL.....Mr. Preston
DIANA HANCE.....Joan Preston
MARGARET EMDEN.....Mrs. Preston
WALLY PATCH.....A Card Sharper
BILLY BRAY.....The Agitator
FEWLESS LLEWELLYN.....Soames
LESLIE BRADLEY.....Jimmy Priestley
BEN FIELD.....Old Harry
EILEEN LATHAM.....Anne
"OUR BETTY".....Herself
THE FOUR WELDONES.....

Directed by Redd Davies.

Gracie Fields' sister Betty shows to good advantage both as an actress and vocalist in this north-country story, with industrial and sporting interests.

It is a very simple affair with a conventional plot, and it is mainly due to the star's efforts that it gets over.

There is a modest thrill in a dog race finale.

The story runs as follows.

On the death of her father, Betty Schofield takes over his valuable greyhound kennels. Reduced circumstances later compel her to sell three dogs to Albert Hicks, a friendly bookmaker, but she retains the best, "Our Betty." Prior to the Greyhound Derby, the mill workers, influenced by an agitator, try to force the hand of Mr. Preston, the mill owner, and end by declaring a strike. Betty is not in sympathy with the men, but she opens a food kitchen for the women and children.

Following this, "Our Betty" wins the Greyhound Derby, and the prize money is also poured into the relief fund. More still is needed, and when Mr. Preston desires to buy "Our Betty" as an engagement present for his daughter, Betty again makes a sacrifice for charity.

An engagement party thrown by Mr. Preston provides ammunition for the strikers, but when they try to storm Preston's home Betty beats them to it and compels them to see reason, and so through the wit and sympathy of a woman is harmony and prosperity restored.

Frank Pettingell is good as Albert, and helps supply the slight love interest. The rest of the cast makes the best of the material at its command.

*THE RETURN OF JIMMY VALENTINE

British Lion. American. "A" certificate. Romantic crime drama. Runs 72 minutes.
ROGER PRYOR.....Gary Howard
CHARLOTTE HENRY....."Midge" Davis
ROBERT WARWICK....."Jimmy" Valentine
JAMES BURTIS.....Mac
EDGAR KENNEDY.....Callahan
J. CARROLL NASH.....Tony Scapelli
LOIS WILSON.....Mary Davis
WADE BOTELER....."Red" Dolan
Directed by Lewis D. Collins from a story by Scott Darling, Wallace Sullivan and Paul Armstrong, jun.

There is a little originality and plausibility in this picture, which lifts it out of the rut of the completely commonplace, but there are few surprises in the development, even though the action keeps moving briskly enough.

Roger Pryor is quite good as Gary Howard, a reporter, who devises an advertising stunt to counteract the loss of revenue created by the radio, the idea being to discover the

whereabouts of Jimmy Valentine, a once notorious crook. "Midge" Davis, an attractive young girl, volunteers to put Gary on the right track, little knowing that her father, respected owner of the local bank, is the object of his quest.

The publicity revives an old gangster war, and Jimmy Valentine is put on the spot by Tony Scapelli, a crook who believes that Valentine had betrayed his father. By this time Gary is in love with "Midge," and in the end he pulls off his stunt in such a way as to save Valentine from being bumped off and "Midge" from basking in undesirable publicity.

Charlotte (Alice) Henry puts over an unsophisticated act prettily, and Robert Warwick is good as Valentine.

J. Carroll Nash, James Burtis and Edgar Kennedy all give sound performances, the last two supplying the comedy relief.

There is plenty of "rough stuff" and rather too much dialogue at times.

c*CAN YOU HEAR ME, MOTHER?

P.D.C. British. "U" certificate. Character Comedy. Runs 77 minutes.

SANDY POWELL.....Sandy Powell
MARY LAWSON.....Mary Warner
PAUL THOMSON.....Michael Arnold
MURIEL AKED.....Sandy's Mother
ELSIE IRVING.....Mrs. Wilkinson
KATIE KAY.....Lucy
NORMAN PIERCE.....Joe
RAYMOND HUNTLEY.....Dolan
HAL WALTERS.....Taxi Driver
HENRY VICTOR.....Baby's Father
MILICENT WOLF.....Baby's Mother
GEORGE SMITH.....Muler
CINGALEE.....Cingalee
DENIS COWLES.....Theatre Manager
ROY JEFFRIES.....Hotel Night Manager
BABY ANN IBBITSON.....Baby
JOHN SINGER.....Page Boy
BOMBARDIER BILLY WELLS.....Detective
Directed by Leslie Pearce.

The mainstay of this picture is, of course, Sandy Powell, the music-hall and radio star who makes his screen début in it.

It is a homely, very slight plot in which Sandy plays the rôle of a simple Yorkshireman who receives a wire requesting him to come to London for a week's trial as a comedian. On the journey he luckily takes fifty pounds from card sharpers, and finds an abandoned baby girl, whom he adopts. His act is a flop, but Mary Warner, a dancer, finding the baby irresistible, takes Sandy under her wing, trains him, and eventually marries him.

Just as Sandy's big chance comes, however, the mother of the baby claims her, and, broken-hearted, he loses all interest in his own career. He staggers on to the stage, and the mess he makes of his act, happily misinterpreted by the audience, brings him fame, and his success is crowned when he returns to his dressing-room, and Mary informs him that she will soon be in a position to fill the gap in their lives. He then gets his home on the 'phone and the story ends with his familiar cry: "Can you hear me, mother?"

Sandy Powell proves that the personality he gets over so well on the radio shows to advantage on the screen, and it is to be hoped that he will be seen again soon in something rather more ambitious.

His main support is Baby Ann Ibbitson, and the child-interest is definitely popular in appeal.

The opening is generally much brighter than the finish, when things are too rushed to enable the comedian to achieve fame convincingly.

The simple fun and native Yorkshire wit makes for quite fair family entertainment.

*THE CARDINAL

Pathé. British. "A" certificate. Romantic period drama. Runs 73 minutes.

MATHESON LANG Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici
ERIC PORTMAN Guilianno de' Medici, his brother
ROBERT ATKINS.....General Belmonte
O. B. CLARENCE.....Monterosa
DOUGLAS JEFFRIES.....Baglioni
F. B. J. SHARPE.....Pope Julius II
WILFRED FLETCHER.....Michael Angelo
A. BROMLEY DAVENPORT.....Bramante
RAYNER BARTON.....Cardinal Orelli
K. EDGAR BRUCE.....Spini
DAVID HORNE.....An English Abbot
JUNE DUPREZ.....Francesca Monterosa
DORA BARTON
A Duenna, companion to Francesca
HENRIETTA WATSON
Donna Clarcia de' Medici
Directed by Sinclair Hill.

Matheson Lang is the focal point of a story which, while colourful, is too artificial and theatrical to raise any real enthusiasm on its own account.

Lang's performance as the Cardinal, however, rises superior to the material, the lack of very efficient support and poor dialogue.

His feigning of madness in the concluding sequences is a really fine piece of work.

The story shows how Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici crosses swords with General Belmonte, self-serving commander of the Papal Army, over the appropriation of church funds. Belmonte and Guilianno, Giovanni's brother, are rivals for Francesca, daughter of Monterosa, a rich merchant, and Belmonte gets in the first blow against Giovanni by killing Monterosa, casting the blame on Guilianno, and then confessing to Giovanni, thereby preventing him as a priest from speaking.

With the day of Guilianno's execution drawing near, Giovanni resorts to subterfuge to clear his brother, and by feigning madness and playing upon Belmonte's cowardice and superstition he forces him to confess. Victory for Giovanni brings with it romance for Guilianno and Francesca.

As Belmonte, Robert Atkins is weak, but the rest of the cast does all it can with the material at its command.

A TOUCH OF THE MOON

Radio. British. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy. Runs 67 minutes.

JOHN GARRICK.....Martin Burnaby
DOROTHY BOYD.....Mona Duparc
JOYCE BLAND.....Mrs. Fairclough
DAVID HORNE.....Colonel Platner
MAX ADRIAN.....Francis Leverton
AUBREY MALLALIEU.....Mr. Duparc
W. T. ELLWANGER.....Garfield
WALLY PATCH.....Policeman
Directed by Maclean Rogers from a play by Cyril Campion.

There is a certain amount of originality in this romantic comedy and situations generally are quite well handled. There is, however, too much dialogue, and the general effect is stagey and too static.

John Garrick plays the lead as Martin Burnaby, who believes, contrary to the convictions of his friends, Colonel Platner and Francis Leverton, that romance exists today. To prove it, he holds up a lady in a car one night. She faints, but that is where romance begins, for he woos her persistently and succeeds in winning her love and making her break her engagement with an elderly American millionaire.

Complications ensue, since her uncle, who is relying on the American for financial support, threatens suicide when he hears the marriage is off. However, Martin plans a little scene which appeals to the sentimental side of the American's nature, and uncle gets his backing after all.

Dorothy Boyd is attractive as the

heroine, and John Garrick puts up a sound performance.

As Colonel Platner, David Horne gives a good character study, as does Joyce Bland as the widow to whose charms he succumbs.

Wally Patch is amusing as a constable, and W. T. Ellwanger is a very credible American.

LUCKY FUGITIVES

Columbia. Canadian. "A" certificate. Crime comedy-drama. Runs 60 minutes.

DAVID MANNERS.....Jack Wycoff (Cy King)
MAXINE DOYLE.....Aline McLain
REGINALD HINCKS.....Donald McLain
JAMES McGRATH.....Sheriff
GARLAND B. DAVIDSON.....Moriarty
ARTHUR LEGG-WILLIS.....Chief of Police
DOREEN WILSON.....Molly King
FRED BASS.....Kelly
PAT CARLYLE Prince Alexis Gregory Timenoff
Directed by Nick Grinde from a story by Grane Wilbur.

Very naive story dealing with a young author who, taking advantage of his resemblance to a gangster, pursues a girl who has got friendly with a bogus Russian prince.

He gets rid of him and takes up the rest of the footage trying to persuade the girl to marry him.

David Manners doubles the roles of the author and the gangster none too satisfactorily. Maxine Doyle is fair as the girl.

There is a reminiscent touch in the production of *The Thirty-Nine Steps* when the hero and heroine, handcuffed together, go on a cross-country chase—but on the whole it only provides entertainment for the unsophisticated.

SWELL HEAD

Columbia. American. "A" certificate. Baseball drama. Runs 50 minutes.

WALLACE FORD.....Gerry McCall
DICKIE MOORE.....Billy Malone
BARBARA KENT.....Mary Malone
D. FARRELL MACDONALD.....Umpire
MARION BYRON.....Bessie
SAMMY COHEN.....Casey Cohen
FRANK MORAN.....The Rube
MIKE DONLIN.....Brick Baldwin
Directed by Ben Stoloff.

The same old tale of the conceited baseball player who takes a knock—this time literally so that he is nearly blinded—and then makes a come-back free of bumpiousness.

Wallace Ford is well cast as the hero and Barbara Kent is fair as the heroine.

A good child study comes from Dickie Moore, and Sammy Cohen supplies comedy of a fairly humorous nature.

The whole thing is very obvious in design and the sporting background of little appeal in this country.

IT'S A GREAT LIFE

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Unemployment melodrama. Runs 58 minutes.

JOE MORRISON.....Johnny Barclay
PAUL KELLY.....Rockie Johnson
ROSALIND KEITH.....Mary
WILLIAM FRAWLEY.....Lieut. McNulty
CHARLES "CHIC" SALE.....Grandpop Barclay
DAVID HOLT.....Ruddy
DEAN JAGGER.....Arnold
BABY LE ROY.....Buddy
FLORENCE NASH.....Ma
GLORIA ANN WHITE.....Elizabeth
OSCAR POLK.....Lazy Bones
Directed by Edward F. Cline from a story by Arthur Lake and Sherman Roberts.

A dramatisation of America's industrial troubles which is not likely to create a lot of interest on this side. It is poor in design, and that, coupled with its strongly nationalistic appeal, render it very moderate entertainment.

Joe Morrison sings on two occasions, but his personality is not strong.

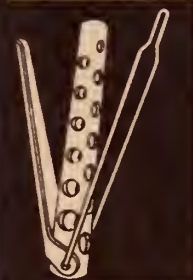
Paul Kelly is more in character as Rocky, and Rosalind Keith is adequate as the heroine.

Chic Sale and William Frawley contribute two amusing supporting studies.

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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

MAKING A CAD OF CAGNEY

Give Him Better Roles

I NOTE that all the critics seem to praise James Cagney in almost every picture he makes. While allowing that this star has "that little extra something," I feel I must protest against this as all the films he has made recently have been the kind that Hollywood turns out with machine-like precision, and without either inspiration or demanding any particular acting ability.

When Cagney first hit the screen in *Enemies of the Public*, *Larceny Lane* and *Tape*, he was something new and refreshingly different from the usual male lead, but what do we see in the Cagney of to-day?

His mannerisms have become stereotyped and his bumpiousness is simply silly now, especially when he is teamed with an actor of the calibre of Pat O'Brien, who always turns in a good performance.

Let Cagney be seen in a worth-while production again and let us see if he really deserves the bouquets he almost invariably gets, but reserve brickbats for the films he is appearing in in the meantime!—(Mrs.) Margaret Allman, 139 MacDonald Road, Edinburgh.



James Cagney

made American picture prosperity.—F. John, 155 Gladesmore Road, South Tottenham, N.15, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

Those Awful Pauses

My "grumble" about films is a peculiar one—the too frequent use of a pause in certain sentences. At the climax of the story we hear: "Is he—dead?" "I am—his wife." "I—love him." We know just when the pause is coming; we know just the tone in which the rest of the sentence will be uttered, especially in the first example.

Suspense is all very well, but not when those pauses are long enough to make us want to shout: "Oh! Get on with it!"

Cannot the star catch her breath, sob, or bite her lip after she has said it all—provided that the sentence is short? The question: "Is he dead?" would sound just as good to me if spoken, fairly slowly, all in one breath.

Pauses are very effective in a limited quantity, but, please, not a pause at every climax in every film!—V. M. Sandell, "Happy Days" Bungalow, Eccles-by-the-Sea, Lessingham, Norwich, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

In Defence of Norma

I was amazed to read D. R. Bocquet's letter in last week's PICTUREGOER in regard to Norma Shearer's pronunciation of a certain word.

If every film star spoke as plainly as Norma, I would come out of the kinema knowing more about the film I had seen.

Some of our Oxford accents and Cockney talk is far more aggravating to me than a good many American speeches, although I am English myself.

As to Shearer, she has the best speaking voice on the screen to-day, as well as being the most perfect actress.

I say good luck to her, and may she go on from triumph to triumph. I am eagerly awaiting *Romeo and Juliet*.

May I take the opportunity of praising the PICTUREGOER, it is well worth the 2d. weekly. —(Miss) Evelyn Luck, 67 Corporation Road, East Croydon, Surrey.

"Season!"

Lately I noticed a letter advocating "clubs" for regular patrons. Perhaps readers would be interested in the arrangement made at the "Ritz," Southend.

During the summer months pre-release films are shown at this kinema for the large holiday population, and in consequence increased prices are introduced for the "season."

To enable regular patrons to obtain admission at the out-of-season prices, each copy of the June magazine contained a form which after being stamped at the box-office on three visits over a period of five weeks is exchanged for a special Season Pass entitling the patron to his usual seat at the lower price.—B. W. Bardolph, College Farm, Ampthill Road, Bedford.

Something to Grumble About

In our town there are ten thousand grumblers. The population is ten thousand. They grumble at the fare served up in the only kinema. After reading the enthusiastic tributes these last few weeks, I am ready to sob on somebody's shoulder when I think of our sad lot.

Here is the programme for last week-end:—*March of Time*—No. 5. Paramount News (not latest edition). Can You Hear Me Mother?

The rest of the programme consisted of "Coming Shortly," two "trailers," and advertising slides, not forgetting an interval of about (Continued on page 30)

With the Big *Yachts



Lady Betty Bourke

daughter of the Earl and Countess of Mayo, inherits her mother's gay Irish temperament and love of the good things of life. *CALIFORNIAN POPPY, however, was one of her own discoveries. Her proudest, too. "A bewitching perfume" is her own description.

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And does it feel good!

Weariness disappears as you soak in a hot bath which has been supercharged with invigorating oxygen by a 'Reudel' Cube. Feel how soft and fragrant 'Reudel' makes the water.

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6 cubes 1/- or sold separately 2* each.

Now obtainable in refreshing pine and fragrant lavender perfumes, as well as the delightful original scent.

FOR MEN: the 'Reudel' Pine Cube has been specially introduced for men. It has a stimulating effect on the skin, causes deeper breathing and has a beneficial effect on the nervous system.



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WHO'S WHO

George Brent

STANDING 6 ft. 1 in. in height, this black haired, hazel eyed Irishman, who weighs 12 stone, was born in Dublin on March 15, 1904. Educated at Dublin University, he has had a varied career, having herded sheep in Ireland, worked for two years as a sailor on freighters off the Cornish coast, and spent six months as a blacksmith. He joined the Abbey Theatre company in Dublin shortly after leaving the University, and was later a dispatch bearer for Michael Collins in the Irish Rebellion. Going to New York he played with stock companies, and managed six companies of his own. He made his first Broadway appearance as Alice Brady's leading man in "Love, Honour and Betray," when Clark Gable was another member of the company. Later he turned his attention to the films and soon made a big name for himself on the screen. He was formerly married to Ruth Chatterton. His films include:—*The Rich Are Always With Us, The Crash, So Big, The Purchase Price, Miss Pinkerton, Week-End Marriage, They Call It Sin, Luxurly Liner, Baby Face, From Headquarters, 42nd Street, The Keyhole, Lily Turner, Female, Bureau of Missing Persons, Stamboul Quest, The Painted Veil, Housewife, Desirable, The Right to Live, The Goose and the Gander, Stranded, Living on Velvet, The Sacred Flame, Front Page Woman, Special Agent, The Case Against Mrs. Ames, In Person, Snowed Under and Golden Arrow.*

Mary Brian

BORN in Dallas, Texas, on February 17, 1908, her real name is Louise Danzler, and she has dark hair, hazel eyes, stands 5 ft. 2 in. and weighs 7½ stone. Her family moved to Los Angeles when she was seventeen, and as a result of her photograph being entered for a personality contest in a local newspaper, which she won, she was given the part of Wendy in the film version of *Peter Pan*. Her subsequent films include:—*The Air Mail, The Little French Girl, The Street of Forgotten Men, A Regular Fellow, The Enchanted Hill, Behind the Front, Beau Geste, Knockout Riley, Running Wild, Shanghai Bound, Man Power, Two Flaming Youths, Under the Tonto Rim, The Big Killing, Forgotten Faces, 'Varsity, Someone to Love, The Man I Love, River of Romance, The Marriage Playground, The Virginian, Burning Up, Kibitzer, The Light of Western Stars, Only the Brave, Paramount on Parade, The Social Lion, Blessed Event, Manhattan Tower, Girl Missing, The World Gone Mad, Song of the Eagle, One Year Later, Moonlight and Pretzels, Shadows of Sing Sing, Ever Since Eve, Private Scandal, College Rhythm, Monte Carlo Nights, Charlie Chan in Paris, Fog, Everything Happens at Once, Once in a Million, Two's Company, and The Memory Expert.*

Helen Broderick

MADE her musical comedy début in New York, scoring a great personal success in *Fifty Million Frenchmen*, and is so popular on Broadway that although Radio Pictures had her under contract, they had to wait two years before she was free, as she was starring during that time in the Irving Berlin show, *As Thousands Cheer*, one of Broadway's most successful musical comedies. She finally appeared in the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers musical hit, *Top Hat*, where her comedy won her fresh laurels. Her other films include:—*To Beat the Band, Love on a Bet, Murder on a Bridle Path*—the last with James Gleason, *Marry the Girl*, and *Never Gonna Dance*. She and her husband, Lester Crawford, have toured the whole of the United States in their vaudeville act, which definitely established her in the ranks of great comedienne.

Clive Brook

BORN in London in 1891, Clive Brook was educated at Dulwich College, and on leaving school became a newspaper reporter. He served with distinction during the Great War, rising to the rank of major, and saw much active service. He has brown hair, grey eyes, and weighs 11 stone. After the war, he turned his attention to the stage, for which he had always had a fondness, and appeared in many notable plays, including:—*Oliver Twist, The Voisey Inheritance, The Importance of Being Earnest, If I Were King, Fair and Warmer Over Sunday, and Clothes and the Woman*. He appeared in several British films under the Graham-Cutts banner, including *Woman to Woman*. In 1924 he went to America to make one picture, but remained for many years, to become one of Hollywood's most popular stars. His pictures include:—*Christine of the Hungry Heart, Enticement, The Mirage, Playing With Souls, Declassees, If Marriage Fails, Woman Hater, The Homemaker, Pleasure Buyers, Seven Sinners, Compromise, Three Faces East, When Love Grows Cold, Why Girls Go Back Home, You Never Know Women, For Alimony Only, Popular Sin, Barbed Wire, Afraid to Love, Underworld, Julia, the Devil Dancer, French Dressing, Midnight Madness, Yellow Lily, The Perfect Crime, Heliotrope, Interference, The Four Feathers, Dangerous Woman, Charming Sinners, Sherlock Holmes, Laughing Lady, Slightly Scarlet, Sweethearts and Wives, Anybody's Woman, East Lynne, Tarnished Lady, The Lawyer's Secret, Silence, Twenty-Four Hours, Husband's Holiday, Shanghai Express, The Man From Yesterday, The Night of June 13, Cavalcade, Midnight Club, Gallant Lady, Behold We Live, Marriage Symphony, The Dover Road, If I Were Free, When Sinners Meet, Let's Try Again, The Dictator, Dressed to Thrill, Love in Exile, and The Lonely Road.*

What Do You Think? Cont.

10 minutes (starting at 9.15!). The time from entering to leaving was 1 hour 55 minutes. Prices, 9d. 1s., 1s. 6d.

The programmes are like this every week.
Do we deserve sympathy?—J. Moore.

American Accents

As my favourite film star happens to be an American, I was naturally interested in the three American training ships that visited Portsmouth recently.

But I was never more surprised, to hear the difference in the American accent of the naval men from the accent that you hear on the films.

Through being a regular kinema-goer, I was always under the impression that all Americans spoke with a nasal accent. But having heard a good many speaking last week, I am apt to think that the films grossly exaggerate their manner of speech, especially in newspaper

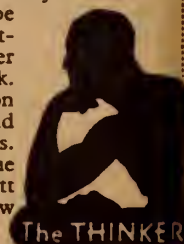
reporter's offices; for example, James Dunn in *The Pay Off*.

To my idea it sounded terribly common, and I had, after that film, quite a wrong impression of Americans—until last week.—V. Taylor, *The Firs, Chanfield, Portsmouth, Hants.*

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

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BOURJOIS

Let GEORGE DO IT!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

H. O. (Canada).—(1) John Loder, b. Jan. 3, 1898, London; 6 ft. 3 in. brown hair and blue eyes. Latest films: *Whom the Gods Love* with Victoria Hopper and *Sabotage* with Sylvia Sydney. (2) "How To Enter the Film World," published in Canada.

THIRTY (Biddulph Moor).—Lorna Doone was made as a silent film with Dennis Wyndham and Bertie Gordon. (2) John Loder, b. Jan. 3, 1898; married Micheline Cheirel.

P. S. (Bristol).—Betty Grable, b. 1915, Kansas City; blonde hair, engaged to Jackie Coogan.

ROBERT FAN (Ealing).—Robert Montgomery at present making *Piccadilly Jim*, the film version of the famous P. G. Wodehouse novel, with Madge Evans, Reginald Owen, Billie Burke, and Frank Morgan, Robert Benchley, Ralph Forbes and Phyllis Claire. The director is Robert Leonard.

ASTAIRE MAD (New Waltham).—We published a centre spread of *Gay Divorce* in the Dec. 22, 1934, issue of this paper. Back numbers obtainable from the Publishing Dept., 6, Catherine Street, London, W.C.2

SCHOOLGIRL FILM FAN (Notts).—Walter Abel, Paul Lukas, Margot Grahame, Heather Angel and Ian Keith took the chief roles in *The Three Musketeers*.

C. E. (Limerick).—(1) Film company *Cafe Collette*, Garrick Films. (2) Margaret Sullivan commenced work on *I Loved a Soldier* but had to stop owing to an accident in which she broke her arm. (3) Errol Flynn is scheduled for several films after *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. First *The Green Light* with Olivia de Havilland; Leslie Howard originally intended for this film. Then *Another Dawn* with Bette Davis and Ian Hunter. He has also sold a story called *The White Rajah* based on the life and adventures of Ralph Brooke of Sarawak to Warners and will star in the film himself. (4) Michael Curtis is directing *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. (5) Spencer Tracy's latest film, *Fury* (formerly *Mob Rule*), with Sylvia Sydney.

M. E. (London).—(1) Laurence Olivier, b. May 22, 1907; 5 ft. 11 in. (2) Robert Donat, b. March 18, 1907; 6 ft. (3) Hugh Williams, b. March 6, 1904; 5 ft. 10½ in.

D. B.'s CHUM (Kent).—(2) Warner Oland, b. 1880, Umea, Sweden; 5 ft. 11 in.; brown hair and eyes; ed., Boston, U.S.A.; hobbies, golf and tennis. (3) Jack Buchanan, b. April 2, 1891; Ann Harding, b. Aug. 7 (no year given).

LENVY (Cardiff).—(1) Errol Flynn, b. June 20, 1909; 6 ft. 2 in., 180 lb., brown hair and eyes; married, Lili Damita. *Captain Blood* was not his first film. He appeared in *The Case of the Curious Bride* and *Don't Bet on Blondes* before he got the title role in *Captain Blood*. (2) Victor Jory is married and has one child, Jean. His latest film, *The King Steps Out*.

REGULAR READER.—Dick Powell, b. Nov. 14, 1904, 6 ft., blue eyes, auburn hair 172 lb. married Mildred Maund (mar. dis.). Latest film *Hearts Divided*. He was Master of Ceremonies at Pittsburgh Stanley Theatre, was given screen test and as a result was brought to Hollywood to play in *Blessed Event*. A letter to America costs 1½d. The usual charge for an autographed photograph is 1s. which you should enclose in your letter to the star in the form of an International Money Order obtainable from your local

post office. Dick's photograph can be obtained from The Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.

A. H. (Middlesex).—Latest films: Ginger Rogers, *I Won't Dance* for Radio; Ruby Keeler, *Colleen* for Warner Bros. and Grace Bradley, *Thirteen Hours by Air*.

A. F. (Welling).—(1) Joseph Calleia—latest film, *Sworn Enemy*. (2) Stuart Erwin b. Feb. 14, 1905—*Women are Trouble*. (3) Ginger Rogers b. July 16, 1911, and Fred Astaire b. May 10, 1900 together in *I Won't Dance*. (4) Jack Oakie's real name is Lewis Offield.

CURIOUS.—Joan Blondell took the role of Ginger Stewart in *We're in the Money*.

B. P. (S.W.19).—Greta Garbo to make *Camille* with Robert Taylor for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. (2) Herbert Marshall, latest film *Girls' Dormitory*.

LOTTIE (Devon).—Yes, Dickie Moore and Cora Sue Collins appeared in the film, *The World Accuses*. Vivian Tobin and Russell Hopton took the leading roles in this film.

J. S. (Liverpool).—Tom Moore took the part of Mike O'Down in the film *The Last Parade*.

DICK POWELL FAN (Leith).—Dick Powell see above *Regular Reader*. (2) Robert Taylor's latest film *Small Town Girl*, with Janet Gaynor for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film.

W. D. (Essex).—No, Gene Raymond did not take the part of the blind soldier who made the outburst during the gathering of the blind soldiers in *The Dark Angel*. This role was played by Bobbie Hale.

I. H. (Wales).—Harry Stockwell, who played in *The Band Plays On*, was b. April 27 Kansas City, 5 ft. 9 in., 155 lb., brown hair and blue eyes.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE FAN (Cornwall).—(1), Leading players opposite Shirley Temple as follows: *Girl in Pawn*—Adolphe Menjou and Dorothy Dell. *Stand Up and Cheer*—Warner Baxter, Madge Evans and James Dunn. *Now and Forever*—Gay Cooper and Carole Lombard. *When New York Sleeps*—Spencer Tracy and Helen Twelvetrees. *Baby Take a Bow*—James Dunn, Claire Trevor. *Bright Eyes*—James Dunn, Judith Allen and Lois Wilson. *Our Little Girl*—Rosemary Ames, Joel McCrea and Lyle Talbot. *Little Colonel*—Evelyn Venable, John Lodge and Lionel Barrymore. (2) Articles on Shirley as follows: "Madge Evans Talks to Shirley Temple"—April 3, 1935. "Shirley Temple's Intelligence Test"—Feb. 15, 1936. "Baby Take a Rest"—May 16, 1936. Back numbers, see above.

HERMAN BRIK FAN.—Herman Brix, 6 ft. 2½ in., 203 lb., is supposed to be the perfect Tarzan.

O. D. W. (West Ealing).—(1) Gordon James took the part of Cream in *Pot Luck*. (2) Gene Raymond, Margaret Callahan, Eric Blore, Grant Mitchell took the chief roles in *Seven Keys to Baldpate*.

F. (Swansea).—Claire Trevor's films since 1933: *Life in the Raw*, *The Mad Game*, *Jimmy and Sally*, *The Last Trail*, *Hold That Girl*, *Wild Gold*, *Baby Take a Bow*, *Dante's Inferno*, *Elinor Norton*, *Black Sheep*, *Navy Wife*, *Song and Dance Man*, *Bucaneer*, *Human Cargo*.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

Those interested in the RICHARD TAUBER-DIANA NAPIER FAN CLUB please write to the Hon. Sec., S. Goldberg, 4 Grafton Place, Euston Square, N.W.1. A magazine is published quarterly and Mr. Tauber and Miss Napier take a keen personal interest in the club.

A branch of the BILLY MILTON CLUB is in course of formation at Romford, and the organiser, Miss Mary Cast, of 36 Clydesdale Road, Romford, Essex, would be pleased to hear from any readers in the Romford district, all other prospective members should write to Mr. Milton direct at the B.I.P. Studios, Elstree, Herts., who personally supervises all details relating to his club.

Non members might be interested to know that this is definitely not a Fan Club—its members are cinemagoers who have wider aims than praising the stars and films insincerely; the chief aim of the club is to help others. Since the club was formed, six months ago, it has sent donations to Dr.

Barnardo's Homes, purchased a radio for a blind ex-serviceman, sent clothes to the poor and collected silver paper and magazines for the hospitals. Branches of the club are being organised in the provinces, as well as in London, and many social gatherings, etc. are held.

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Adv. Offices: 57 Long Acre, W.C.2.
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"My skin looked only near blonde"

—now I know my powder shade was to blame."



THE LADY MORRIS

WHEN I TRIED POND'S FACE POWDER, I REALIZED THAT THE SHADE I HAD USED BEFORE—THOUGH CHOSEN VERY CAREFULLY—LEFT MY SKIN ONLY NEAR BLONDE; BUT POND'S RACHEL (1) GIVES IT TRANSPARENCY AND BRIGHTNESS, MAKES IT TRUE BLONDE AT LAST.

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very tints are blended invisibly in Pond's Face Powder shades. That is why they bring you a loveliness you never had before.

There is only one way to find the right shade of face powder for you. Examine all five of Pond's Face Powder shades. Send in the coupon, or see the shades of Pond's Powder at the chemist's.



AMAZING FACTS were revealed when 200 girls were complexion-analysed under a colourscope. It showed that beautiful blonde skin has a note of blue; that lovely brunette skin contains brilliant green! With this knowledge, Pond's have blended invisibly in their new powder shades the exact tints of lovely skin.

NATURAL gives transparency to fair skin.

RACHEL 1 is a light ivory tint.

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PEACH brightens and warms dull skin.

DARK BRUNETTE is a perfect natural sun-tan tint.



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Leave IT to ANNE

WHY not ask me? I am certain that your problem can be solved. If you would like a reply by post, send a stamped addressed envelope with your query.

Do you look your best in summer? Have our recent hot summers taught you how to make the best of them, or do you go around looking harassed and hot, with wispy hair and shining nose?

Keeping fresh and looking crisp isn't a matter of accident. The surest way of achieving it is to begin the day with a tepid bath. A lukewarm bath is better than a cold one. It is cleansing and leaves you with a cooler skin.

Be liberal with the bath salts in warm weather. Choose a refreshing perfume rather than an exotic one. Pine needles and some of the herbal baths are specially good for warm mornings. Dry yourself gently—you do not need the invigorating rough towel in summer—and then give yourself an eau de Cologne friction. There is nothing like eau de Cologne for making your skin cool and sweet-smelling. The very freshness of it is soothing to your nerves and will start you on your day feeling pleased with yourself and tolerant to the world.

You can have talcum powder to match, but if you are liable to perspire very much, it is better to use a deodorant powder. Take care of the underarms, too. Spoiled dresses and lack of freshness are unforgivable these days. There are two kinds of control. The one may be used every morning, or, if you are pressed for time, another variety which confers immunity for two or three days.

Some girls suffer very much in the summer from damp hands. Washing with Formalin soap is always helpful, or the hands may be steeped in a dilute solution of any good antiseptic. Have the following powder made up and carry a little of it in a box in your handbag. If it is dusted over the palms at intervals, particularly before putting on gloves, it will greatly reduce the trouble. Here is the recipe:

Powdered starch, 2 oz.; powdered talc, 1 oz.; powdered alum, 15 grains.

To Tan, or Not

The past few years has taught many of us to temper our enthusiasm for the sun with a little discretion. Heat stroke and bad sunburn have taught many of us that a little sun bathing goes a long way. Several doctors have pointed out the dangers of indiscriminate exposure, and at least one has reminded us that too much sun results in premature ageing of women.

Those who have lived in hot countries agree with him, and I would add the warning that there is nothing like too much sun for producing a fine crop of superfluous hair.

Therefore, to tan or not to tan is a question which needs serious consideration. If the answer is in the affirmative, then take the doses gently.

Above all, aid your skin in acquiring the tan without burning. Sun tan oil is, perhaps, less used than a specially devised cream, which aids the tanning process, but also protects against the more potent rays. Some of these creams give the skin a golden hue while the real tan is appearing.

Whatever your choice, the complexion needs plenty of skin food during the summer, to counteract the drying effect of sun and sea air and the long hours spent out of doors. Never miss your nightly massage, and on coming

in from tennis, golf, motoring, or even a simple picnic, give your skin a good cream cleansing.

This method of cleansing will not irritate the most sensitive skin. Take a pad of cotton wool and soak in cold water. Squeeze out the surplus, and then sprinkle the pad with a lotion composed as follows: 1 oz. extract of witch hazel and 5 oz. of rosewater.

Spread this pad with a layer of cold cream or cleansing cream and use it on the face with upward strokes of the pad.

Care of the Hair

At the end of a holiday most girls realise that their hair is brittle, dry, and has lost a good deal of colour and gloss. It is not only lack of attention (and most of us, I am afraid, are tempted to scamp brushing and scalp massage when the out-of-doors is calling) but the bleaching effect of the sun. Sea bathing and sea air also dry out the natural oils.

A steam and hot oil massage is the surest way of restoring all that the hair has lost. This is a job for your hairdresser. The steam is applied for a special "helmet." When the pores of the scalp have been well opened, warm oil is applied and massaged in with the finger tips. The oil used varies with the colour of your hair and the condition of your scalp. Finally the shampoo, and you are left with hair that is soft to the touch once again and a scalp that feels loose and pliable.

Answers to Correspondents

M. B. (Colchester).—Here is an exercise that will help to slim your ankles, provided the thickness is of flesh and not of actual bone. Place right foot over the left knee. Take the ankle between your hands and "wring" it firmly. Work alternately to the right and to the left. Repeat on the other ankle, placing left foot across right knee. Then do this exercise. Get up on tip-toe. Walk three steps. Lower the heels. Walk three steps. Raise the heels. Walk three steps. Do this all round the room, first on the toes and then using the heels. Before going to bed, pat in a reducing lotion.

Puzzled.—Always use a deeper shade of powder on a tanned skin. The best plan is to buy a box of good sun bronze powder. Add a little to your ordinary powder and mix well. As your tan grows deeper, add still more sun bronze powder from time to time.

A. N. (Oxford).—Your skin needs toning-up and cleansing. Have you tried Henry Tetlow's "Swansdown" Complexion Milk? It is obtainable at 1/- and 2/6 per bottle.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss N. B. Packham, 90 High Street, Woolwich, S.E.18, for:—

Jill Darling
Mistaken Identity
I am Suzanne
Regret

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:—

Miss F. Blakey, 7 Gordon Street, West Hartlepool, Durham, for:—

Things to Come
End of the World
Next Time We Live
The Moon's Our Home

Miss K. Remnant (aged fourteen), St. Vincents, Brimley Common, via Waltham Cross, Essex, for:—

Without You
A Perfect Week-end
Return of the Terror
Housewife

Miss G. Ashman, 42 Taunton Street, Swindon, Wilts, for:—

G-Men
Desire
Courageous
Dames

Miss Doris James, 194 War Lane, Harborne, Birmingham, 17, for:—

It Happened in Hollywood
Fame
Twenty Years After
Forgotten Faces

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no rules except that I must ask you to submit your entry on a postcard—and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.

Not guilty—of “TIRED SKIN”



There's no attraction to compare with a lovely skin—and none that's so easy to gain. City air and city grime can take much of the life and loveliness from your complexion. Don't wait for “tired skin.” Start the simple Knight's Castile beauty treatment now.

Knight's Castile will stimulate your skin back to natural, glowing loveliness. Knight's Castile is specially made for the face! Fourpence per tablet.



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ODOL IS SAFE — particles only 1 micron in diameter (4 100,000ths”) — no gritty abrasive whatsoever. Odol cannot possibly scratch the enamel. Odol contains peroxide... and peroxide whitens teeth safely. Odol contains chlorates, too—they strengthen the gums. Odol keeps teeth clean—and clean teeth are safe teeth. Odol refreshes your mouth with a fresh, pleasant taste.

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£5 CASH

and 20 other prizes every week for ‘SUNNY SNAPS’

Each week's Competition closes when the final post reaches Cranbux on the Saturday. Winners will be announced in the “Daily Mirror” and “Daily Sketch” the following Friday. The decision of the General Manager of Cranbux Ltd. is final. Write your name on the back of each snap and post to Cranbux Ltd., ODOL Sunny Snaps (Dept. PG2), Norwich. Please mark top left-hand corner of envelope “Competition.” The final weekly competition ends on Saturday, October 3rd, 1936. ● Each snap entered must be accompanied by an empty ODOL Tooth Paste Carton, 1 - size, or two 6d. size cartons. Two entries may be sent with a 1 9 size carton. All winning snaps become the property of Cranbux Ltd.; no snaps can be returned. Only amateurs may enter. Entries limited to Gt. Britain and N. Ireland.

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DUNLOP CYCLE SADDLE



“Petronella” of C.T.C. Gazette fame laid down the lines of it from her experience of the woman cyclist's needs. Like all DUNLOP Saddles it is made of a new pliant, waterproof material which can never lose shape, nor absorb moisture. It is easy, smooth and comfortable from the start, and it will easily last a cycle's life.

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I'D LOVE TO GO

...but how can I, with legs like mine

**IF YOUR
LEGS ARE SPOIL-
SPORTS, LET
ELASTO PUT
THEM RIGHT**

Her Friend Said—

Take Elasto !

LEG TROUBLES soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon disappear, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, swellings go down, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

Not a Drug, but a Vital Cell Food !

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue, and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries, and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation—the real basis of sound health !

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort, and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality, and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve *instantly* on the tongue, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest, and the most effective remedy ever devised. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy—which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

What Users of Elasto Say :—

- "No sign of varicose veins now."
- "Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."
- "All signs of phlebitis gone."
- "I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
- "Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
- "Now free from piles."
- "Your free sample gave wonderful relief."
- "I feel 10 years younger."
- "As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort; no pain whatever."
- "Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
- "My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto."
- "The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (Arterio-Sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
- "Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
- "I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto my heart is quite sound again," etc.

Elasto, the Pleasant, Handy Remedy

Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets which dissolve *instantly* on the tongue, whence it is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.



For all Readers of the
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You Can Test Elasto FREE !

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it!—and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Makes !

This offer is too good to be missed ★

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Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

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(Please Print in Capital Letters.)

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Picturegoer, 25/7/36.

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The Picturegoer Weekly.
No. 271 (New Series), Vol. 6

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

August 1, 1936

Picturegoer

The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

2^d
WEEKLY



Robert TAYLOR

Brilliantly lovely

**on the
screen...**

and in private life

*Glenda Farrell
is just as beautiful*



"Coming!" If you were her opponent you'd have to bring out your best shots! Often in the sunlight, yet Glenda Farrell never suffers from coarse skin. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin clear and smooth," she says. You'll find Lux Toilet Soap in her home as well as in the Warner Brothers' Studio.



Meet Pins and Needles, Glenda Farrell's favourite twin Siamese kittens. That's Pins on the right!



IS COARSE SKIN SPOILING YOUR LOVELINESS?

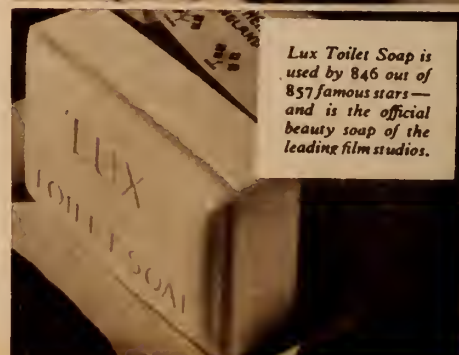
DOES your skin feel harsh and coarse? Skin specialists say that under the microscope almost any woman's skin shows layers and ridges of tiny dead scales.

But how different Glenda Farrell's skin looks! Her skin is flawlessly clear and soft because she has smoothed away these tiny dead scales with Lux Toilet Soap. And you can do the same! Use Lux Toilet Soap every day and soon your skin will be radiantly clear and smooth. Lux Toilet Soap has a quick-acting beauty lather that dissolves these scales, clears away coarse skin and reveals the smooth young skin that lies beneath. Use this fragrant white soap for a beauty bath, too. Obtainable everywhere, 3d. a tablet. (This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only.)

Lux Toilet Soap

TL767-109

A LEVER PRODUCT



Lux Toilet Soap is used by 846 out of 857 famous stars—and is the official beauty soap of the leading film studios.



Tom Walls & Diana Churchill

THE pair in a scene from "Dishonour Bright" which Tom Walls is also directing for Capitol-Cecil Films at the new Denham studios. The comedy was written by Ben Travers and the cast includes Betty Stockfeld, Eugene Pallette, the American character actor, George Sanders, Cecil Parker and Arthur Wontner.

10 MINUTES TO WAIT—so

*Mine's a
Minor!*

JUST the cigarette for a restful smoke. In taste and quality the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large; big enough, however, to last the full 10 minutes—and so conveniently packed.

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THE TEN-MINUTE SMOKE FOR INTELLIGENT FOLK

De Reszke MINORS

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

PLAIN, CORK OR 'IVORY'-TIPPED

Picturegoer-The Screen's Most Popular Magazine



ALL THE GOSSIP

When the studio lets them loose—Eleanore Whitney, Kent Taylor, and Wilma Francis take a sail on Los Angeles harbour.

A GREAT many readers have done as I suggested in these pages in our issue of July 11—written to my colleague "The Thinker," saying whether or not they believe too much attention is paid in films to the subject of love.

The replies, which have been passed to me, are extremely varied, some declaring hotly and fiercely that any love-making in a film is just a pain in the neck, while others languishingly beseech more of the same pain.

And almost every shade of opinion between these two extremes is represented.

One of the most interesting comments comes from Kenneth Macgowan, associate producer at the Twentieth Century-Fox

Studios in Hollywood, who has been working on the new Myrna Loy film, with Warner Baxter, Ian Hunter, and Claire Trevor—*To Mary, With Love*.

Boy Meets Girl

Mr. Macgowan has been making a study of the matter; he has dug into a thousand films for his data, and reports that 97.6 per cent. of them are focused on pre-marital love.

That is, the story covers the period, boy meets girl—boy loses girl—boy wins girl; and it leaves the audience's imagination to complete the story after marriage.

Shut your eyes and try to think how many films you've seen lately that fall into this category. Many of them may be cluttered up with detail, but when it comes down to essentials you'll find that this, as a rule, is the main plot.

"The remaining 2.4 per cent.," says Macgowan, "is composed of historical dramas in which the romantic theme is submerged, broad comedies in which love is used only in deference to certain classes of patrons, and films which deal with problems which arise after marriage."

Ma-in-Law

This last class, he discloses, consists of less than one-third of one per cent. of the total number of pictures produced; that is, less than three in a thousand.

Presumably in this class must be included the mother-in-law films, since in the film world apparently the only problem that *does* arise after marriage is the mother-in-law!

However, there has been a marked falling-off in this type of comedy recently; producers have evidently realised that mothers-in-law are either so human and understanding that they are not fit subjects for comedy, or else too grim to joke about.

But, joking apart, it does seem strange that such a tiny proportion of films deal with husband and wife.

Granted that the majority of picturegoers are unmarried; and granted that people want to see films about themselves and their own problems; it still seems amazing that nearly all film-stories stop abruptly, in a close-up embrace, at the exact point where the real story of life usually starts.

Married Lovers

Do producers consider that the young men and maidens (especially the latter) to whom love-stories are intended to appeal, have no interest or curiosity in the vast hinterland which lies beyond the wedding ceremony and in which, if they enter it, approximately two-thirds of their lives will be spent?

I believe the success of *The Thin Man* and *Wife Versus Secretary* has been largely due to the fact that the hero and heroine were married, and the suggestion that there *could* be any romance and comradeship and sentiment after marriage presented a novel point-of-view to the majority of picturegoers.

To quote Kenneth Macgowan again, "Some of the most successful films ever made have dealt with the love theme after marriage." (It's a pity Mr. Macgowan didn't specify *which*). "Upon analysis, this seems perfectly logical. The great struggle of adjustment, once the conquest is over, is a very meaty subject for drama."

There Are Your Plots

I'll say it is!

And it's this fact that prompted his studio to buy the story of *To Mary, With Love*, which is described as a "post-marital drama of internal conflict."

But is Myrna Loy to be our only married heroine? Why should this be?

I wouldn't mind taking a bet that among the audiences in any average-sized cinema you would find half-a-dozen married couples whose after-marriage love-story would furnish the material for a first-rate film plot—if only it were told.

In the realm of comedy, too, the happily-married couple furnish much more authentic screen material than the nagging wife or the hen-pecked husband.

Kindliness

In silent days, this department of humour was exploited with notable success by Mr. and Mrs. John Drew in a series of shorts which proved that there could be kindness as well as humour beyond that mysterious milestone, the marriage-altar.

Lately in Hollywood Gene Lockhart and his wife have been doing the same thing, in short films based on the famous American comic strip "Mr. and Mrs.," by Briggs.

The reception accorded to these, by both press
(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

and public, suggests that there is a rich vein of pure gold to be exploited here by the far-seeing prospector.

By all means let us have love, since that rings such loud and clamorous bells at the box-office.

But let us not stop short at the moment when He and She realise that they mean everything in the world to each other—for that is the point at which the Great Adventure begins.

The Seamy Side

It may be argued that there is no glamour in such films; but this argument won't hold water.

There is a tendency to get away from the obviously-glamorous subjects—the Ruritanian romances, the millionaire-playground stories, the impossible "she-married-the-Prince-and-lived-happily-ever-after" tales—and to seek the romance and glamour that lies snugly embedded in the seams of life; and to find these it is necessary to turn to the seamy side.

This is being done right and left; and moreover, stars are being found in the least glamorous places.

If you've ever-been through Nebraska, in the Middle West, you'll be well aware that among those rolling, aching miles of illimitable corn-fields there are tank-towns—not much more than roadside dumps—which are the very reverse of glamorous.

Grand Island is one of these; it isn't any great shakes as a town now; a quarter of a century ago it was even less.

And that's about the time that Henry Fonda was born in it.

On the Cover

About the same time, in an even smaller town in Nebraska, known to a few people as Filley, and to the great majority not at all, was born to a local surgeon and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, a man child, whom they christened Robert.

He grew up to adorn the cover of the PICTUREGOER this week.

Bob Taylor is an outstanding example of the way in which the screen finds its material in the most unpromising places.

Filley! A place about as well known, even to Americans, as, say, Fowey is to Englishmen.

This small-town boy grew tall, was good-looking, and filled out into a sizeable youth; but there wasn't a vast deal of glamour about him, even when he went to college in California and studied economics.

And there still wouldn't have been much glamour about him, as a professor of economics, if an M.-G.-M. talent scout had not spotted him in a college production of *Journey's End*.

Now his glamour may be assessed by the fact that he receives over 2,000 fan letters a week.

The Small Town Army

But these two stars are by no means alone in having emanated from "hick" towns.

The late Will Rogers, one of the greatest of them all, came from Claremore, Oklahoma.

Fred Stone, who has been mentioned as a possible successor to Will—although Rogers could no more have a successor than Marie Dressler could—was born in the tiny town of Valmouth, Colorado.

Fred MacMurray is from Beaver Dam, Wisconsin; Gary Cooper hails from a ranch near Helena, Montana; Harold Lloyd from Burchard, Nebraska.

Dozens of towns you never heard of have disgorged star material. Greenville, Texas, gave us John Boles; Racine, Wisconsin, contributed Freddie March; San Jose, California, surrendered Edmund Lowe; Mrs. Williams had her baby Warren in Aitken, Minnesota.

After seeing Jean Parker in *Sequoia* it's easy to believe she came from Deer Lodge, Montana; but who would connect Grace Moore with Jellico, Tennessee, or Gertrude Michael with Talladega, Alabama, or Jack Oakie with Sedalia, Montana?

Accomplished

These names suggest that the screen can take (sometimes via the stage, it's true) material from the most unpromising sources and invest it with glamour.

All is grist that comes to Hollywood's mill.

For instance, not long ago the gateman at the

Paramount studios was amazed to see a huge buck deer poking his head over the studio gates, nonchalantly smoking a cigarette.

With him was his owner, Mrs. Verne Cover, who explained: "We've been on the stage for a long time, and are staying in Hollywood for a spell."

"We've just dropped in to see if Paramount needs a deer that smokes cigarettes, eats at the table, chews a quid of tobacco, arrives in cars, sleeps in bed in a little room by itself, and wears a hat."

The casting director and property chief held a hurried consultation and discovered that they did need such an animal.

A contract was drawn up, but Mrs. Cover signed it; presumably the deer had contracted writer's cramp signing autograph books.

Freaks Barred

There is also, in Los Angeles, a young man named Juan Vasquez, who has been a regular smoker of cigarettes for the past year.

He has now reached the age of twenty-two months.

I understand, however, that he has not yet been signed up by any studio; perhaps he can't chew a quid of tobacco or eat at table.

As a matter of fact, "freaks" of any sort are strictly barred by the Hays Office, which exercises a strict control over the activities of producers.

It used to be the practice, as it still is in certain sections of the American stage, to sign up



Boris Karloff appears without grotesque make-up in "The Walking Dead."

anyone who had been "front page news," and exploit his or her talent on the screen.

But nowadays that practice is sternly discouraged, and talent is the only criterion.

It doesn't always work on the stage, either; when "Jafsie" Condon, who acted as go-between in the Lindberg kidnapping case, made personal appearances in a down-town New York kinema, giving short talks on the case and exhibiting little wooden ladders which he had made himself, he received scant encouragement.

A Different Hobby

Pretty young Beverly Roberts, one of the brightest jewels of First National's diadem of junior players, whose portrait is on page 7, has an odd hobby.

It started when a New York newspaper described her, on her arrival in New York from a singing engagement in London, as "that well-known English disease"—but a misprint crept in, and the word was spelt "disease!"

Beverly then began to collect similar misprints about her friends and colleagues from the pages of the leading newspapers; she keeps them in a leather-bound scrap-book, and she says they average about six clippings a week.

For instance, she has one from a Philadelphia paper which says: "Pat O'Brien is excellent in his role of a gup gup gup shrlldn."



Pat's comment, when she showed him that, was: "One more gup and I would have been immortal!"

Just a Scream

Then there is Ross Alexander, who played with her and Pat O'Brien in *China Clipper*. An advertisement in a Pennsylvania paper describes him as "Hollywood's new scream find."

I hadn't heard of Alexander being in any horror pictures!

Humphrey Bogart, who has always played villains on the screen, was kindly converted into a comedian by a St. Louis paper, which announced "Bogart enacts the role of a ruthless gagster!"

And oh, how ruthless some of these gagsters can be!

If you come across any such ludicrous misprints (so long as they are not in PICTUREGOER!) send them along to Beverly Roberts, at the First National Studios, Burbank, California. She'd love to have them.

I feel she ought to have my favourite printer's error, which appeared in an American paper.

With reference to the paper's foreign correspondent, it said "Mr. Snooks has now recovered from his painful illness, and has returned to his cuties in Paris."

Of course it meant "duties"—but he had an awful job convincing Mrs. Snooks of that.

A Few Millions

If you like figures, other than the kind the Goldwyn girls specialise in, here are a few gathered up around Hollywood; and they certainly give a vivid idea of the size of the motion-picture industry.

To begin with, thirty million pounds sterling were spent on film production in the United States last year. Add to this the sum of twenty million pounds, paid in taxes to the government, and it seems fortunate that there are 12,500 kinemas operating in the States, for producers to get their money back.

And then, of course, there are also the kinemas



Lewis Milestone (back to the camera) directing Porter Hall, Madeleine Carroll, and Gary Cooper in "The General Died at Dawn."

abroad, from which a vast additional revenue is obtained.

The people buying checks at these 12,500 theatres number about sixty millions a week.

Something to Read

A total of 276 different industries, arts, and professions, we are told, are involved in making a motion picture.

One of the chief of these is literature—and how are works of literature selected?

Well, to obtain stories for last year's 519 feature productions, no fewer than 78,000 pieces of literature were examined—which means that 77,481 were rejected.

And that seems a powerful lot of reading to do for nothing.

However, it was probably considered worth while by the companies concerned; and certainly the United States Government approves, for according to the Department of Commerce, every foot of film sold abroad returns 4s. in income from other exports.

And when you read that any major Hollywood studio uses two thousand millions watts of electricity in a year—enough to light 33,000 average homes every night—you will probably feel you have had enough figures for to-day.

Outsiders Barred

But I should like to revert for a moment to those stories.

According to the Hays Office, of those 519 features which were produced, 244 were based on originals, 41 on stage-plays, 142 were novels, 3 were from biographies, and 52 came from "miscellaneous sources," whatever that may mean.

That last item is 10 per cent. of the total, which sound pretty big for a sundries account!

But let that pass. What I want to emphasise

is that those originals are *not* contributed by outsiders.

The vision you perhaps have in your mind, of sitting down and dashing off that screen story you thought of on your way home from the cinema last night, posting it off to Hollywood, and receiving a cheque for ten grand per return is a beautiful one, but very, very far from the truth.

A New Terror

There was a time, a score of years ago, when anybody could have his scenario read by the studios—even if it were only five or six lines scrawled on a scrap of wrapping-paper.

Producers were eager for any material they could lay hands on, especially if it didn't cost much.

Now they find that the six-lines scrawled on the bit of wrapping paper is apt to be much more expensive than the novel by a celebrated author; for a new terror now lurks in those harmless-looking packages which arrive at the studios—Infringement of Copyright.

The trouble is that an author will send a story in, with its setting in, say, a boiler-factory. It is returned with thanks.

But if at any time within the next two years the studio makes a film with a boiler-factory setting, the disappointed contributor, often inspired by legal advice, brings an action for infringement of copyright, and frequently wins thumping damages.

The Great Unread

Consequently most major studios have a strict rule that *no* unsolicited manuscripts be even opened; they are returned to the sender, either direct if the name and address is on the outside, or else through the Dead Letter Office, which has the responsibility of opening them.

If by any chance a manuscript is opened in error, a photostatic copy is immediately made, and filed away to prove, should occasion arise, just what was in the precious document.

Not until the copyright, worth, and authenticity of a story is definitely established will the studios even consider it; a chief source of supply is magazine stories, but there is also a steady stream of material coming to the studios from well-known writers and from literary agents, who can be trusted to weed out the worst.

So, if you have a story, don't send it to the studios in the vain hope of making £25; turn it into a successful play, and you may receive £12,000.

It has been done.

Good, Clean Fun

Hollywood is notorious for its practical jokes; so William Wyler, the director, was not altogether surprised to find delivered on his desk a huge batch of letters, each containing some outlandish commercial offer.

For instance, one correspondent wished to teach him how to become a detective in ten lessons. Another wanted to show him how to develop his personality. A third guaranteed to teach him French in a fortnight.

"How to succeed in films," was the subject of another offer; other correspondents wanted to sell him a house, a car, real estate, a clothing-factory, riding-boots, milk-churns, and a collapsible boat.

Altogether over twelve hundred of these letters have arrived—all instigated by some unknown humorist who has been answering innumerable advertisements in William Wyler's name.

Also many advertisers have telephoned to Mr. Wyler in reply to his supposed letters; which is so helpful when he is trying to get on with directing Walter Huston and Ruth Chatterton in *Dodsworth*.

However, I can't say I have much sympathy for Wyler; he plays a mouth organ.

Hot Air

In the summer months in America, as over here, there is usually a falling-off in cinema attendances.

Fortunately for British exhibitors, our summer so far seems to have fallen between the hours of 8 and 10 a.m., when people naturally wouldn't go to the pictures anyway.

But in America the

heat wave has been telling a very different story.

Only the houses that can boast "air-conditioning" have been able to attract anything like full audiences; and in such cases they have played-up the temperature rather than the programme; for example, one Brooklyn house recently put up a sign: "Keep cool inside for 10 cents. Also a pretty good Western."

In fact, in some Middle Western States exhibitors have had recourse to the principle of pay-as-you-exit.

No Novelty

However, this is not the novelty that many people believe.

As far back as 1895, one William J. Holpin purchased the entire motion-picture rights for the State of Georgia (just imagine what that would be worth in dollars and cents to-day!) and at an exhibition held in Atlanta he erected a picture pavilion next to that in which his wife, Papinta, did her mirror serpentine dance.

No one would go in, because no one believed that pictures showing actual motion could be thrown on the screen; they believed, in short, that it was a leg-pull.

So Holpin, "barking" from the front of the pavilion, urged people to come in free and see for themselves; if they didn't consider they had had their money's worth, they need not pay as they left.

No one declined to pay; and for the rest of the season business was so good that Holpin could have filled a pavilion twice the size.

Even Papinta, the mirror serpentine dancer, danced in a vain effort to compete with the new attraction.

A Popular Star

One fixed thing in a changing film-world is the popularity of Ronald Colman.

Other stars wax and wane, but for the last twenty years "Ronnie's" name and fame have remained almost constant.

There is likely, therefore, to be a great deal of satisfaction at the news that, beginning next week, PICTUREGOER will include a series of three articles, by three different well-known Hollywood writers, about this general favourite.

The first is a life-story of the ex-soldier who, having failed as an actor in England, went to Hollywood to achieve fame and fortune.

The second will deal with his new film, *Lost Horizons*, and give some intimate and fascinating details of the star's attitude to his work.

And the third will let you into the secrets of Ronald Colman's great success.

Don't miss them; I've read them—they're good.

GUY BEACON.



This is pretty Beverly Roberts, First National player, whose unusual hobby is described on page 6.



A "MOVING" INTERVIEW With GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

BRUCE WOODHOUSE describes his experiences when he visited the studios at Denham to interview the distinguished actress whose versatility is equalled only by her vitality. Miss Lawrence plays the part of *Geertke* in Charles Laughton's latest picture, *Rembrandt*, directed by Alexander Korda

A study of Gertrude Lawrence who, as the accompanying article explains, finds making pictures most interesting work. In the illustration at the top of the page she is seen with Quentin McPherson, Lawrence Hanray, Sam Livesey, Meinhart Maur and Raymond Huntley in an incident from "Rembrandt."

THE interviewer who trails his quarry in a film studio must be prepared to conduct the business in hand on the instalment system. Not for him the quiet, uninterrupted quarter of an hour which he can usually count on when he visits a star in the comparative seclusion of theatre dressing-room or private house, for life in a film studio is anything but static.

However, studio interviews have much to commend them, for naturally it is easier for stars to get in the proper frame of mind to discuss film matters when they are right there on the spot.

When I went out to Denham recently to see Gertrude Lawrence, who has a leading role in the new Charles Laughton picture, *Rembrandt*, I was lucky enough to run her to earth right away in her dressing room. Wearing a graceful and eminently decorous nightgown, she stood before a long mirror

and combed the flowing "property" tresses she wears in the film.

Taking time—but not Miss Lawrence—by the forelock, I promptly fired off the first question, asking her what her plans are.

"Well," she replied, "I go to New York in October to act in the series of Noel Coward's one-act plays which we did in the West End recently. However, I may make one more picture in England before I sail."

"And your immediate plans?"

"To hurry down to the set. We shall just be in time to see Charles at work if we get a move on. Come along."

It is popularly supposed that once round Denham is equivalent to six times round Hyde Park, but Miss Lawrence, looking in her costume like a young and attractive Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene, set off at a good round pace.

"I like the life here very much," she said cheerfully. "All this exercise keeps me wonderfully fit."

Before I could puff out an envious reply, she side-stepped nimbly to the right. Having made me overshoot the mark by some yards, I went quickly into reverse and joined her in the wardrobe store, where she was already trying on a pair of white slippers.

"They seem quite all right," she was saying, "but are you sure they won't squeak when I walk in them? That would spoil the 'take' completely. They won't? Splendid!"

The next minute she was off again. Faint, yet pursuing, I put on a determined burst of speed, reflecting meanwhile that at Denham rushes are obviously not confined to the projection-room!

Drawing level, I panted out another question. "Yes," Miss Lawrence replied. "I know many stage people are apt to find the break in continuity rather trying at first. When you have been used to playing a part straight through it may be a little difficult to take it in isolated scenes which are not necessarily shot in sequence."

"However, this does not worry me in the least, for I always make a special point of learning my part in a film straight through. Thus I know exactly where every scene comes in the story and what bearing it has on those that precede and follow it."

Swerving round three earnest young gentlemen

who were arguing loudly under one of the big red "Silence" notices which are suspended at regular intervals in the corridor, she passed through a door leading to one of the vast stages.

In a corner, Laughton, in his Rembrandt costume, complete with an outsize in moustaches, was chatting with Alexander Korda, complete with an even more outsize in cigars.

"They'll be starting work in a few minutes," said Miss Lawrence.

"Good," I replied. "In the meantime perhaps you can tell me—"

I stopped abruptly. Miss Lawrence had suddenly fallen into the clutches of a lurking make-up man who had whisked her away into a corner where stood a mirror and dressing-table, and was already busy with his powder puff.

"Acting for the films," said Miss Lawrence, emerging serenely from a cloud of powder, "is admirable for stage work. In the theatre, the tendency is often to over-act rather than to practise that control and restraint which are essential in film acting. Too much emphasis in diction, gestures and mannerisms is a perpetual danger to the stage player.

"When one is fortunate enough to be in a play that is enjoying a long run, one is bound to get on very familiar terms with one's part. Although familiarity in such instances does not by any means breed contempt, it is apt to make one seek to introduce additional bits of 'business' and other new touches from time to time just to save oneself from going stale on the part—and that is likely to detract from the true quality of one's acting."

"What is the best lesson the screen can teach?" I ventured.

"Repose," Miss Lawrence replied promptly. "Excuse me a minute." She darted away to have some final adjustments made to her costume behind the canvas screen that formed one wall of her improvised dressing-room on the set.

Meanwhile, Mr. Laughton had got ready for the scene and a hectic five minutes was enjoyed by one and all.

After the third retake, and while they were making ready for the fourth, I buttonholed Miss Lawrence, who had escaped from the ministrations of her dresser.

"Look at him!" she exclaimed, pointing to where Laughton was lying back exhausted in a chair at the side of the set. "That should give you a good idea of how filming can take it out of you!"

"It is the intense concentration that is so tiring," she continued. "When you are on the set there can be no easing up for even a second, and the mental and physical effort needed when you are straining every nerve in this way is much greater than the uninitiated could possibly imagine.

"But it is well worth it from an artistic standpoint. Retakes may be tiring and trying at the time, but they do give the films one supreme advantage over the stage."

"What is that?" I asked.

"Just this. Whereas the personal equation is bound to play a big part in contributing to

the success or the reverse of a theatregoer's evening, the person who visits a kinema is involved in no such risk.

"Actors are only human," she went on, "and when you visit a theatre it may be your bad luck to find that one of the leading players has—for one reason or another—a very off night. Indeed, illness or some other vital reason may result in him or her being out of the bill."

"And the films?" I prompted.

"The films," echoed Miss Lawrence, "subject their patrons to no such risks. In the finished picture they see every member of the cast giving of their best, for the powers-that-be can choose the most perfect shots of every scene, and by selection produce a completed whole that assures the public of seeing nothing but the best possible acting."

I scribbled what were intended to be a few helpful notes on the back of an envelope. When I looked up, Miss Lawrence had softly and silently vanished away!

However, I sighted her in the far distance animatedly discussing some points of business with Mr. Korda, who was still armed literally to the teeth with a gargantuan cigar. Like Agag, I walked warily, stepping over the innumerable cables, planks and other impedimenta which invariably clutter the floor to trip up the incautious. Then I heaved to behind Mr. Korda's smoke screen and awaited my chance.

As the cloud lifted slightly, I made a sudden sortie and drew up at Miss Lawrence's starboard side.

"How do you, personally, react to film work?" I asked.

If she was surprised to find that I was still among those present, she courteously showed no sign of it.

"Well, I was rather camera-shy at first, as everybody is," she replied. "I still get occasional twinges of it when starting work on a new picture, but once I get used to the camera crew—and they are so nice and considerate that it is a very short job—I thoroughly enjoy filming."

Someone on the far side of the studio called

to her, and I hastily fired in another question. "Do you think it possible for one person to hold the balance evenly between stage and screen stardom?"

"It is impossible," Miss Lawrence answered firmly. "To be a leading screen star is a whole-time job. You may be able to break away and return temporarily to the stage in between pictures, but as players become more and more established in the film world, they find it increasingly hard to combine the two types of work.

"You have only to look at the number of stage stars who have forsaken the theatre for the studio to realise the truth of this. After all, the kinema is the most progressive of all the branches of dramatic art.

"Gone is the day when the old mother of a certain North-country comedian visited the studios for the first time in order to watch her son making a picture, and informed the astonished doorman that she had 'coom tae watch laad swaankin' in ffront o' t' black box.'

"No," Miss Lawrence continued, "the films to-day are more artistic and more enterprising than they have ever been."

Knowing her great reputation as a player of epigrammatic drawing-room comedy, I asked her if she thought this type of play was the best suited to translation into films.

"Just coming," she called.

"I beg your pardon?" I exclaimed, feverishly



Geertke prepares the funeral feast after the death of Rembrandt's wife, Saskia.



More scenes from London Films' production of "Rembrandt." (Left) Gertrude Lawrence is seen with Edward Chapman, John Clements and Charles Laughton who is holding little Richard Gofe. (Above) another study of Gertrude Lawrence. With her is Richard Gofe who plays Rembrandt's son, Titus.

wondering how I was to interpret her reply.

"They want me to start work now," she explained kindly. "I must run along. Oh, yes—what makes the best film? Well, personally, I favour big spectacle and historical stories."

"Big spectacle," I repeated dutifully, noting down the fact. "Now tell me—"

"Tell you what?" said a gruff voice.

For one moment I thought Miss Lawrence had effected a miraculously quick change into the honest son of toil into whom I had bumped. Then I saw that she was already miles away and on the set.

Realising the futility of trying to question Miss Lawrence further, I went over and made my adieu and headed for the long, long trail that winds somewhere to the sea of mud outside the studios on a wet day.

It is a real pleasure to interview Gertrude Lawrence—but I should just hate to do so if I had corns!

How it looks from the director's viewpoint. Robert Z. Leonard rehearses Louise Rainer in "Escapade." Inset: A recent portrait of the author of this article.



What I've Learned By Directing Women

ROBERT Z. LEONARD, the distinguished director, who has handled most famous artistes both past and present, believes in putting himself in the place of those he directs. Below he gives you his experiences on the studio sets.

IN trying to pick out rules and regulations as to handling women on the screen or in real life, the same principles apply to all.

By this I mean, in directing Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Myrna Loy, Constance Bennett, Mae Murray, Corinne Griffith, Marion Davies, Louise Fazenda, Polly Moran, Aileen Pringle, Gertrude Olmstead, Fanny Ward, Claire Windsor, Margarita Fischer, Mae Busch, and the numerous other players I have guided before the cameras, I have invariably put myself in their places.

I have found it works successfully.

I learned this as an actor. An actor senses immediately if he is in accord with a director.

When I became a director, I naturally put myself in the position of the person directed.

In handling women, you have to understand how they feel, to win their confidence.

Putting yourself in a woman's place often

requires a theoretic assumption of some of their characteristics.

Feminine attributes, even imaginatively conceived, are hardly in keeping with my bulk—I weigh in at well over 14 stone 4 pounds—and naturally in directing one of the stage and screen's greatest dancers of the silent days, Mae Murray, I found my dignity sorely tried.

In trying to show her some artistic point, I once discovered myself unwittingly in the ridiculous position of being poised on one toe with my hands aloft, until an electrician overhead called out, "Whoops, dearie!"

It is a far cry from Mae Murray to Greta Garbo, although a similar incident occurred when I took the latter's first screen test.

I found myself forced into imitating an *ingénue* by having to direct her in pantomime. New to America and very young, she could not speak a word of English.

The test required that Garbo be a modern American flapper—if you can imagine that!

Not being able to speak German, the only way I could show her what I wanted her to do was by going through the motions myself.

After watching me for some moments with increasing fright, Garbo ran to where Mauritz Stiller, her mentor, was standing. Excited conversation passed between the two.

Then Stiller came over and interpreted for her. In effect, what Garbo said was this: "If I have to act like that on the screen, this is no place for me. I shall go back to Sweden."

I recall an amusing incident while making the *Demi-Bride* with Norma Shearer. There was a sequence in which we had to do some fencing.

I had a slight knowledge of it and when the time came to make the scene, I proceeded to show Norma the few tricks I knew. After thrusting and parrying for thirty minutes for her benefit, I paused for breath.

Then she stepped up and informed me, with an arch smile, that she had been acclaimed the star in her fencing class in Canada. When the camera started, she was as dexterous with her foil as any veteran expert.

On one occasion, in trying to handle women, I was really up against it. That was in directing Charlotte Greenwood.

Endeavouring to be perfectly in sympathy with her—even to assuming for the moment her characteristics—my aroidupois put me absolutely at a standstill when it came to doing what is known as "the splits."

Joan Crawford came to me early in her career as a film actress with tears in her eyes. She had been at the studios for almost a year.

She was ready to quit and go back to New York.

All she needed was sympathy, which wasn't hard to give to the Joan (Lucille LeSueur) of those days. Joan was one of the most ambitious youngsters I have ever seen. She would sit on every set for hours, watching and learning.

She can pride herself on being a really self-made star, who attained success through tireless work and brains—minus temperament.

I have never really found "temperament" in the most publicised temperamental stars, for the simple reason that a sympathetic understanding can offset

most of their differences. I dare say that could be applied to women of all sorts.

The only real temperament with which I ever actually came in contact was in Gertrude Olmstead. I married her to keep her quiet!

There are some women who need no handling. Dear old Marie Dressler fell in this group. It would have been silly to have put myself in her place. She was willing to do anything—and everything she did was perfect.

Directing the same women over a period of years and putting yourself in their places brings to light some humorous contrasts.

I first directed Myrna Loy during the silent days, when she played exotic dancers and heavy-eyed sirens. When she started in *The Great Ziegfeld*, where she was her own sweet self, she came to me the first day to say, "Don't worry, Bob—I'm not going to dance!"

With the dynamic Louise Rainer, the most difficult thing is to make her believe she does anything well.

She has an inferiority complex and to convince her you have to tell her she is better than anyone else and she'll believe she's half as good as you say.

We men should keep abreast of the time in handling women. Every man should be careful to keep up with modern styles, for his wife is usually far ahead of him. A new style comes out and to a man it seems quite absurd. The chances are that he will ridicule a perfectly excellent new suggestion.

That is why I read every fashion magazine.



Stars of the Milky Way ! (Top left) Frances Day. (Above) Jane Carr with her "milk" hounds. (Left) Anna Lee, and (right) Aileen Marson. Seriously, though, they all find it most sustaining during the ardours of film making.



Shots with Our Candid Camera

(Above) A delightful study of Betty Stockfeld, who is playing opposite Tom Walls in his latest production, "Dishonour Bright." (Left) A cameraman catches Betty combining lunch with a study of her script between shots.

WHY GIRLS FALL in LOVE

With

ROBERT TAYLOR

IT has happened again. You fans have picked a winner and through your concerted acclaim have lifted him right up to the top. This time it is a lad named Robert Taylor. In one short year he has made most phenomenal and dazzling progress. And while he may never achieve the romantic idolatry of Valentino, there is no denying that he has taken feminine audiences by storm.

His fan mail is pouring in at the rate of some 2,500 letters per week. All over the country Robert Taylor fan clubs have sprung up like mushrooms. At the premiere of *The Great Ziegfeld* in America he was practically mobbed by enthusiastic fans. The upper register stars want him for their leading man. In fact, Robert Taylor is very much the young man of the hour.

A few years ago the same thing happened to a chap named Clark Gable. Overnight, he became the male sensation of the screen. Producers who had searched the highways and byways for another Valentino were puzzled.

Gable wasn't handsome in any matinee idol way. Rather, in looks, he was what had formerly been labelled a "heavy." He suggested menace. As one writer in analysing his appeal said: "He has a manner which indicates that while he might kiss a woman's lips, he might also, under provocation, slap her face."

In fact, as Ace Wilfong in *A Free Soul*, the picture which sent Mr. Gable to stardom, audiences were treated to the somewhat unprecedented spectacle of seeing Norma Shearer receive a neat sock on the jaw from cave-man Gable. Women, apparently, adored it and it started a new cycle in screen lovers.

All of which brings us back to Bob Taylor. He, in no way, follows the original Gable pattern which girls were supposed to be so crazy about. There is nothing cave-mannish, nothing menacing about him. He hasn't slapped any ladies down. He's not that type of man.

And audiences wouldn't believe him if he did. He is handsome in a matinee idol way. He typifies the good old moonlight-and-roses brand of romance. And if you'll ask any dozen girls of your acquaintance what they think of him, at least eight—and perhaps the entire dozen—will say: "I'm crazy about him."

Why? Is it merely because he has the sort of good looks girls can't resist? Or is the taste of the female of the species changing again? I put that question to several Taylor fans. Their replies are interesting as an indication of his appeal.

"I like Bob Taylor because he's so strictly American," said a high school girl. "He doesn't try to put on any foreign airs. He's natural and charming. There's nothing of that boastful, tongue-in-the-cheek wise-cracking about him. Personally, I think he represents everything that the ideal young American should be."

Said Claudine, the cute little blonde who does my hair: "Sure, I'm crazy about Robert

Taylor. Who isn't?" When pressed for a reason, she replied: "Well, I guess every girl has a mental picture of the sort of boy who'd be a perfect date. So far as I'm concerned, he's it."

It isn't so much because he's good-looking, although of course he is terribly handsome. What I like about him is that he has such grand manners. A girl likes to be proud of the man who takes her out. When he takes a girl out I'll bet he treats her like she was a princess—no matter who she is."

"I like him because he looks like he'd be such fun," said a co-ed. "Usually, I don't go for handsome men. They're too likely to be conceited. Bob Taylor never gives the impression of being the least bit conceited. And when he makes love he does it so easily and naturally. He's romantic without being gooey—if you know what I mean."

None of these girls had ever seen Robert Taylor in person. The fact that they instinctively hit upon his basic qualities in giving their reasons for being crazy about him would seem to prove that an actor cannot really hide his true personality behind grease-paint, make-up or art.

The Robert Taylor you meet in real life is very much as you would expect him to be—cordial, natural, likeable. In talking with him you have the feeling that his charm of manner is something that he was born with—not something which he takes out on Sundays or for special occasions or something which he had to "learn."



(Above) Robert Taylor and Joan Crawford in "The Gorgeous Hussy," and (right) an informal shot of the young actor who is rapidly rising to the front rank of stardom.



GRACE MACK tells you all about the star who has conquered all feminine hearts and has made a phenomenal bid for screen popularity. She gives a consensus of opinions as to the reason for his attractiveness to the opposite sex.

I suspect that Bob has always been popular with girls though he would be the first to deny this. He's extremely modest about things like that which is, of course, another reason why girls like him. If there had ever been anything of the I'm-God's-gift-to-women attitude about him an event like the following could never have happened, that's certain.

Soon after he enrolled at Pomona University Bob went to a college dance—alone. I can imagine how the co-eds' temperatures skyrocketed when they spotted Bob in the stag line and with their eyes they, doubtless, begged him to cut in. But Bob didn't do any cutting in and the reason was, that back in Nebraska, where he came from, they didn't dance in that nonchalant, collegiate way that the Pomona dancers indulged in and he didn't have nerve enough to ask a girl to dance *his* way.

"What's the matter, Taylor? Why aren't you dancing?" a friend inquired.

"This trick dancing is new to me," Bob explained. "I'm afraid to try it."

"Tell you what," said the friend. "Get yourself a girl from Sacramento. They're kinda old-fashioned up there. She'll probably dance the way you do."

"But how'll I know whether a girl comes from Sacramento or not?"

"Ask her, you dope!"

So Bob started in asking girls whether they hailed from Sacramento. If they said "No, Hollywood," or "Pomona," he passed them up and went on to the next. Finally, he found a Sacramento girl and sure enough her step matched his.

Bob is thoroughly American in his tastes. He likes good substantial American food, fast motor cars, and radios. In fact, wherever Bob is, there's usually a radio going full blast. He's crazy about tennis and he likes to dance. He hates to be alone and especially to dine alone. When it comes to dogs and women—he's a bit choosy. With dogs, personality comes first.

With girls—the first specification is that she be wholesome and natural.

"I like a girl who isn't always thinking about her hair or her make-up," he told me. "I like a girl who doesn't mind riding in an open car and letting the wind blow her hair about her face."

He likes a girl with natural eyebrows. Brows that have been plucked to a hairline economy have no appeal for him. And he could never be keen about a girl who is constantly taking out her make-up kit and painting on a new mouth. Neither does he like the girl who is always trying to create an impression or show off.

"That's one thing I like about Barbara Stanwyck," he said. "She's so completely natural. I've seen her run her hand through her hair or push it behind her ears without any thought whatever about the way it made her look. She's real."

But the girl who really upsets Bob's equilibrium is the one who is always late. "If a girl makes a date for eight o'clock I can't for the life of me see why she can't be ready at eight," he said. "If I have to wait around for an hour while a girl gets dressed, the evening's spoiled so far as I'm concerned."

"Did you ever try walking out on a girl like that," I asked, "just to teach her a lesson?"

"Yes, I've tried that a couple of times," he confessed. "And then the next day I'd feel ashamed of myself and send her flowers as a sort of apology."

Hereditary and background explain every man to a certain extent and it seems to me they go a long way toward explaining Robert Taylor. He comes of strictly American stock. He was born in Filley, Nebraska. He is the only son of cultured parents who considered such things as an appreciation of good music and good literature an important part of a boy's education. His father was a doctor, the sort of doctor who

is an influence for good in the community in which he lives. Bob's first ambition was to follow in his father's footsteps with the idea, eventually, of specializing in psychiatry. But college, of course, came first.

He selected Pomona University (which is about forty miles from Hollywood) because of its high rating and also because of its excellent music department. He had fallen heir to a very

fine old 'cello and he wished to study with the best instructors. The idea of becoming an actor had never once entered his head. He joined the college dramatic club because he thought it would be fun. During his senior year he was chosen for the leading role in *Journey's End* which the dramatic club presented at the school.

Following the performance, a stranger came up to Bob and offered his card, and asked if he would come to the M.-G.-M. Studio the following Saturday for a screen test. Bob wasn't particularly impressed with the idea of making a screen test. But the members of the dramatic club thought it would make a grand news item for the college weekly paper and urged him to do it. So he agreed. As soon as the film of the test was developed, studio heads took one look at it and offered Bob a contract. That's how well he screened.

"But I couldn't sign a contract," he told them. "I haven't finished school."

They suggested that if he could arrange to come to the studio twice a week and study under their dramatic instructor, Oliver Hinsdell, until his graduation the following June, they would hold their offer open. They wanted this young man.

Bob agreed to do this. But he soon found that the long trek to Culver City each week greatly interfered with his school work and he finally gave it up. Apparently, however, the studio sensed just what a good bet Bob was, and were unwilling to let him slip through their fingers. They promised to hold their offer open until he got around to allowing them to put his name on the payroll. It was almost a year later that he was in a position to accept their offer.

He was not terribly enthusiastic about pictures at first. Like most American boys, however, he is enthusiastic about making money. And, as he explained to me: "Suddenly it dawned upon me that if I went in for medicine I would have to spend years getting my training. That I couldn't hope to make a handsome income in less than ten years, whereas in the picture business, if I was lucky enough to click, it wouldn't take me long to become financially independent. Also, after I got used to working before the camera I discovered that I really liked it. There's something fascinating about it."

It would have been so easy for a boy as young as Bob is—he's twenty-three, I believe—whose success came so swiftly and so unsought as his did, to have lost his head a bit; to have done a little plain and fancy swaggering. The fact that he has remained modest and unassuming in spite of the adulation that has been showered upon him is evidence of his stability and level-headedness. He is mentally well-disciplined. And that is, to a large extent I think, the result of heredity and background.

He is well aware that the lap of fame is fickle. "And I realise that even though I may have gone up in a hurry," he says, "I could toboggan just as fast."

And there you have Robert Taylor—the young man of the hour. And after having spent several hours talking to him, I'll have to confess that I'm sort of crazy about him, too! Aren't you?

Next Week

PICTUREGOER'S "War Correspondent" has been visiting the battle front in Wiltshire where British troops and Chinese bandits have been engaged in fierce fighting during the making of the Gaumont British picture provisionally called "O.H.M.S."

His dispatch from the front line—in itself one of the major horrors of war!—will appear in next week's issue.

(Above) Studying his script in a quiet corner of the sound stage during a lull in production, and (right) with Loretta Young in "Secret Interlude."



LOVE COMES IN AT THE DOOR

MAX BREEN introduces to you that excellent little trouper, Bessie Love, who scored several successes in the early talkies and is now playing in a British film, "Live Again."

YOU know how people carry with them an "atmosphere" some more marked than others, but all to a greater or lesser degree?

Some have an atmosphere of distrust, some of friendliness, some of hostility, some of sadness, kindness, suspicion, tolerance, greed . . . if you're used to dealing with people you can develop a habit of "sensing" their atmosphere within a few seconds.

This week I came sharply into an atmosphere of love.

All right, Clever, I know what you're going to say! "Association of ideas—a cunningly-chosen name. Would you have felt the same way if you'd known her, not as Bessie Love, but by her real name of Juanita Horton?"

Yes, I would—and I can prove it.

Way back in . . . well, it isn't so long ago for me, but it's a whacking great slice out of Bessie Love's young life—I suppose it's a dozen years ago—I went to see a film which was the lineal ancestor of *King Kong*: Conan Doyle's *The Lost World*.

In this production strange prehistoric monsters roamed the earth; but I don't mind admitting I was more intrigued by the merry, wistful little slip of a girl who played Paula White, secretary to Professor Challenger, than by all the pterodactyls and dinosaurs and brontosaurus that ever flapped, pounded, or floundered in the dim dawn of Time.

It seemed to me that she radiated love; and it wasn't until I got outside and consulted the posters that I found her name was Bessie Love.

So there goes your "association of ideas" theory, blown galley-west.

Anyway, I can't claim to be the only person to have discovered this quality in Bessie; in the silent days she had a million or so adherents who voted her "lovely" . . . and meant it literally.

Maybe you belong to the generation of picturegoers who can just faintly remember toddling in, led by the hand, to see *King of Jazz*; and in that case the name of Bessie Love wouldn't mean a great deal to you.

But to us elders she stood for something that vanished from the screen when she left it—something that was never replaced. A certain quality of wistfulness, loveliness, frailty combined with the joy of living. . . .

A Los Angeles girl, straight out of high school, she started gaily by walking into D. W. Griffith's office and asking to see the man who was at that time the High Priest of Movies.

The friend who accompanied her, lying valiantly, declared that they had an appointment with the great man; and Griffith, who could pick faces and personalities as unerringly as you and I can pick a daisy, saw Bessie's face through a crack in the door while her friend was arguing with his secretary, and had them both in to see him.

After a few minutes' conversation he gave Bessie's friend work in the crowd—he was

making the gigantic film *Intolerance*, and there was plenty of room in the crowd—but Bessie herself was cast for the important rôle of the Bride of Canaan.

Never having set foot in a studio in her life, this five feet nothing of frail femininity, sixteen years old, found herself a full-blown film actress.

Was she petrified! Still, it was all so absorbing that she soon snapped out of her nervous tremors, and began with all her might to learn this strange job into which she had been pitchforked, and to discover what made the great stars of the day what they were—Lilian Gish, Mae Marsh, Nita Naldi, Mabel Van Beuren, Mae Murray. . . .

Oh, those were grand days in the studios! Days when the whole industry was a Tom Tiddler's ground, open to anyone who cared to exploit it; days when the wealthy and the influential scorned to be associated with the thing, and left it to the far-sighted and the enterprising to clean up a million or so if they felt inclined.

There was a lot of money to be made in those days out of fresh young girls with a natural talent for acting but little or no experience.

And believe me, a lot of money was made out of Bessie Love; she was put into picture after picture, through all of which she spread sweetness and light, leavened by a grand sense of humour.

But it wasn't merely her humour that "got her places"; as a dramatic actress she had a great following.

In those days (not so very long ago, when you come to think of it) there was a vogue for "expression"; film players, like their stage prototypes (and most of them had had stage experience), were expected to "register" emotions, and the film papers were full of pictures of Bessie Love, looking sideways for "Suspicion," casting her eyes up for "Rapture," frowning as fiercely as a schoolgirl might for "Anger." . . .

However, that phase soon passed, and Bessie learned the naturalness of manner which developed into one of her greatest assets.

She played in success after success in the silent days; and then . . . came the talkies, sweeping through Hollywood like a tornado, tearing down established reputations, tossing high hopes still higher into the air, to be blown in scattered wisps over a horizon of despair.

A great many well-known Hollywood stars went West; Bessie Love, just to be different, went East, playing in vaudeville in New York, singing, dancing, and strumming her inseparable "uke."

Wise heads wagged, long tongues murmured, "Poor Bessie—she's through," just as they had said, "Poor Mabel, and Mae, and Phyllis, and Clare, and Norah, and Evelyn, and Ivy, and Polly—they're through."

And suddenly heads and tongues stopped wagging, and eyes popped in amazement, for Bessie was back in Hollywood, and it transpired that she had been gaining experience for the great back-stage "all-musical, all-singing,

all-dancing" spectacle which M.-G.-M. were preparing to produce—*Broadway Melody*.

Well, you don't have to be an old-timer to know that that film, produced in 1929, made film history; and Bessie Love and Anita Page rode to talkie stardom on its crest.

Bessie played with success in a number of other talkies—*The Idle Rich*, *The Road Show*, *Chasing Rainbows*, *They Learned About Women*, *Girl in the Show*, *Good News*, *Conspiracy*, *See America Thirst*, *Morals for Women* . . . and then—

Well, didn't I say she radiated love? Very well, then. This accomplished girl with success at her feet, talents at her finger-tips, and talkie contracts for the asking, suddenly found that the most important thing in the world was love, and a husband, and a home, and a baby.

She had been firm in her resolution not to become engaged to be married, because you couldn't combine matrimony with a career; and, having met William Hawks, she stuck to her principles . . . and abandoned her career for marriage.

Four years ago Patricia Hawks was born; and until recently, Patricia has been sufficient of a career for any young mother; a charming young person with perfect manners and a tendency to ice-cream round the mouth.

But you can't get the grease paint out of your blood; and petite Bessie Love is no exception to that rule.

Last year, in Hollywood, she staged a comeback, in a quickie called *Farewell Party*, opposite Conway Tearle. In my opinion, if ever a star personality got a raw deal, it was in that picture. It might easily have turned out to be a farewell party for Bessie.

Don't let's talk about it.

Now, after a vaudeville tour in England, she is entrusting her fate to a British film—Morgan Productions' *Live Again*.

I feel confident about this, because the story gives her a chance to sing, to play, to act, to "do her stuff" as she has done it with such resounding success in the past.

Incidentally, I first saw her playing in a film with a Beery—Wallace in *The Lost World*—and I shall next see her playing with a Beery—Noah in *Live Again*.

And I assure you I shall not miss seeing her, for Gloom flies out at the window when Love comes in at the door.



The Bessie Love of 1936 still radiates charm and good humour.

FOR ten years the gatemen at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios have been familiar with the battered, black sedan, which carried the glamorous Garbo from her home to her work. The only changes ever made in the vehicle were a new set of tyres and a windshield wiper.

A few weeks ago a shiny new seven-passenger sedan drove up to the studio gates. An officer ordered it to stop. Garbo looked out and smiled at the bewildered officer, who stood aside and permitted the car to pass into the studio grounds.

Some person is unknowingly driving one of the most famous cars in Hollywood, the Swedish star's antiquated chariot!

Gable's Fatal Fortune

People who are wealthy always have relatives or friends who are willing to share the burden of riches.

In the case of married masculine film stars, trouble ensues when they separate from their wives. Rudy Vallee discovered this fact when his ex-mate, Fay Webb, attempted to set aside a property agreement. The case was recently settled by the payment to Fay of a fat sum.

Clark Gable has asked the Los Angeles courts to interpret a settlement recently agreed to by himself and his estranged wife. Gable claims that he understands that his wife intends to enter an action to set aside the agreement, and demand a much larger amount. He wishes to have the agreement held valid, and asks that Mrs. Gable be enjoined from attempting to set it aside.

The star's wife expressed surprise at the action, but had nothing more to say except that she did not contemplate a divorce at the present time.

I predict that we shall have interesting news when this case goes to trial!

Gary is Gallant!

Gary Cooper, now one of our leading stars, does not like the idea of hitting a woman under any conditions, and yet he was asked to do so in *The General Died at Dawn*. Madeleine Carroll, who needs no introduction to British fans, is the one who is supposed to be hit. Whilst many men would not mind striking certain ladies, very few would desire to hit the beautiful Miss Carroll.

After much pleading from director and studio executives, the scene was taken two different ways—one showing Gary hitting Madeleine, and another depicting him as he merely slaps the lady. If the punch does not seem too brutal, Gary is willing to leave it in the film.

I believe that we will see the punch on the screen.

A Hollywood Samaritan

A certain film actor drove out to a friend's home, and barely got there before his car broke down. Later his beloved telephoned him, and was willing to join him, but had no car. The host's car was in use.

So the C.F.A. telephoned another friend, and asked him to drive over and pick up the lady. The friend demurred, saying that he and his girl had a most important engagement. Then he asked:

"Where are you now?"



The Hollywood NEWSREEL

SHOT BY PHIL LONERGAN

The C.F.A. gave the name of his host, who is noted for lavish hospitality. The friend asked: "Are there any drinks?"

He was told that there were, whereupon he and his girl friend broke speed records dashing over there, and then brought the actor's beloved to the home of the generous host, where all spent a happy and probably hiccoughy evening!

A Timely Lesson

Loretta Young is noted for a very agreeable disposition, but she says that she was not always that way.

A few years ago, when Loretta was still in her teens, she indulged in fits of temper in the presence of her mother and sisters. The family went into conference, and then waited for the next outbreak. When it came, Loretta found a large, gilt star on her bedroom door!

The result—no more temperament!

Round the Studios

A call at a movie lot frequently develops a news of interest to the fans. One of my most interesting trips was to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer plant in Culver City.

It would be worth while to go back to a bygone day, to mingle with Loretta Young in the costume she wears for "Ramona."

Several large, expensive sets have been erected for *Good Earth*, whilst some of the *Romeo and Juliet* scenes have been remodelled to resemble the streets of a Chinese town for the same film. Out at Chatsworth, many miles north of Hollywood, a great farm has been constructed, representing a myriad of tiny tracts such as are used by Chinese farmers for raising their vegetables. Miles of water pipes have been laid beneath the soil, so that the ground can be kept moist, and the vegetables in proper shape. The cost of this one set is tremendous.

On one of the sound stages, Una O'Connor, playing a kindly keeper of a cheap rooming house, was tearfully telling Jean Harlow that she would have to put her out of her room. The picture is called *Suzy*. Una gave her usual fine performance, whilst Jean was as attractive as ever, although her platinum blonde hair is a thing of the past.

Interest

Those who believe that Barbara Stanwyck is not interested in Robert Taylor should have seen them on a set of *His Brother's Wife*, in which they play opposite one another. Between "takes" they seem very much preoccupied with each other.

Joseph Calleia has the role of a debonair man of the world, and was very effective in a scene with Miss Stanwyck, which was taken whilst I was on the set.

Calleia told me a funny story. It seems that he is one of four brothers. The other three boys are named John, Louis, and Ernest. His father frequently became confused as to names of his offspring, and, to be on the safe side, would call Joe by all four names: "John, Joseph, Louis, Ernest"!

Just what the father would have done if he had as many children as Papa Dionne, parent of the quintuplets, is hard to say!

Lucky Sally!

When Sally Eilers flew up to Montreal for a holiday, she was not aware that the French-Canadian movie fans there considered it "more blessed to give than to receive."

Used to American autograph hunters, Sally was slightly bewildered when the affectionate French-Canadian fans, with not a fountain pen in sight, began to ply her with tiny gifts.

The young actress received several exquisite linen handkerchiefs, bracelets, charms, and, most of all, a large number of religious medals of St. Christopher, the "saint of safe keeping."

Many American motorists, irrespective of their creed, make a practice of carrying a St. Christopher medal in their cars.

Cupid's Victim!

Fred MacMurray, one of the newest stars, who has recently scored success after success in the films, was recently married to Lillian La Mont, fashion model. The young couple flew by airplane to Las Vegas, Nevada, where the knot was tied, thus obviating delay, as in Los Angeles a wedding cannot be performed until three days after the marriage certificate is issued.

Lillian must love Fred, for he plays a saxophone!

NOT many weeks ago in an article called "Hollywood Comes to Town," which you all undoubtedly read, I bemoaned and bewailed the fact that June Clyde had been allowed to sit so long twiddling her thumbs without a part in a British film.

Actually, of course, if you knew June Clyde you'd realise that the thumb-twiddling bit was a joke, for June is the most active person, who works almost as hard when she isn't working as when she is, if you understand Irish.

And now, just so that I can claim the credit, she has been given a leading role in *Land Without Music*, the new Capitol production at Denham, with Richard Tauber, Schnozzle Durante, Diana Napier and Derrick de Marney.

Walter Forde is directing this. Walter recently went to Hollywood to find a cast for *Soldiers Three*, and returned without the film to direct.

He's one of what the studio publicity departments are fond of calling "one of England's ace directors."

In my humble opinion he's about a third of them.

Tauber Will Carol

Just how long the land is expected to continue without music with June Clyde in it, I'm not prepared to say; Herr Tauber, too, may be confidently expected to carol a stave or two.

This is the film which was to have followed *Pagliacci*; but Karl Grune's preparations were not ready in time, so Walter Forde has taken the floor first; and Herr Tauber will walk straight into *Pagliacci* as soon as, or even before, he has finished this one.

So now we have two Capitol productions on the floor—*Dishonour Bright*, which Tom Walls is directing as well as playing the lead; and *Land Without Music*. And two in preparation—*Pagliacci*, and the Ann Harding film.

All these, with the exception of *Pagliacci*, will be made at Denham, which is a pretty busy place nowadays, with these Capitol films in production as well as Korda's *Rembrandt*, for London Films, in which Charles Laughton is starring, and *Wings of the Morning*, with Annabella and Henry Fonda, for New World Productions, and the Edward G. Robinson vehicle, *Thunder in the City*, which Atlantic Films are making.

A Full House

Also, Grafton Films are putting the finishing touches to *Southern Roses* there, and Robert Flaherty has just returned from India to do interiors for London Films' *Elephant Boy*.

In addition to these, as soon as repairs are completed to the roof of Stages 6 and 7, which were damaged by fire last March, Victor Saville will leap into production of *Dark Journey*, with Miriam Hopkins and Conrad Veidt, and Lothar Mendes will start work on the first effort of Pall Mall Productions, entitled (at present) *Moonlight Sonata*.

There are two unusually interesting—and unusual—names in the cast-list of this last one.

One is Paderewski, the veteran pianist, and liberator of Poland, who will play the part of himself—his first screen appearance, as far as I know.

And the other is Marie Tempest, the famous stage actress, who has been one of the very few to hold aloof from talking pictures.

You must not, however, assume that it is her film debut; long years ago she played for a now almost forgotten company making silent films, called, I think, Transatlantic.

Sorting Them Out

Don't confuse this with Atlantic Films, who are now making *Thunder in the City*, or the Transatlantic Film Corporation which made *While Parents Sleep*, and which was the forerunner of Paul Soskin Productions.

It must be very difficult for a new production company to christen itself these days, when



E. G. COUSINS Covers

The BRITISH STUDIOS

there are almost as many new companies as films.

Talking of new companies, here's another of 'em.

It is Hope-Bell Productions, not to be confused, please, with Wren-Bellis Productions, who were going to make a film called *Half-mast* over a year ago.

This new one is composed of young men who have been at some pains to learn their jobs.

The founder of the company, for instance, by name Norman Hope-Bell, is twenty-two. He has been working for some time at Twickenham.

Then there is Clifford Gulliver, son of Charles Gulliver the music-hall magnate; he has been a sound engineer in the B. & D. studios up to the time when they burned flat, and now he is to have his first cut at direction.

And a third member of the firm is Maurice Fournier, who staged *Spread It Abroad* in the West End. He'll come of age next year.

Their first production, which will be made at Cricklewood for distribution by Butchers,

bears the somewhat equivocal title *Love Up the Pole*.

This sounds like an Ernie Lotinga vehicle.

And that's just what it is.

'Ware Confusion !

And now here's London and Continental Pictures' first production—*The World is Mine*.

This is an English version of the well-known Viennese musical comedy, *Liebesmelodie*, and Frances Day is playing the lead.

Along o' Frances we have Marie Lohr, Hugh Wakefield, Nelson Keys, Morris Harvey, Arthur Finn, Ivor Barnard, Frederick Bradshaw, Molly Hamley-Clifford and Charles Penrose.

A darned good cast.

By the way, just because this is being produced at the A.T.P. studios at Ealing Green, don't get London and Continental Pictures mixed up with Franco-London Films, who also did their first good deed at Ealing.

That was *Guilty Melody*, starring Gitta Alpar.

Okay for Sound

And, speaking of Gitta, just for a change let's have a look at another new company's first production.

This is *Because of Love*, and it's chiefly because of Gitta Alpar's lovely voice.

This is Tudor Films' initial essay in production, which Columbia are to release. The full cast at Highbury consists of Neil Hamilton, Laurence Goldsmith, H. F. Maltby, Bruce Winston, Vera Boggetti, Clarissa Selwyn, Wyn Weaver, Dorothy Boyd and Gerald Barry.



Alfred Hitchcock with his two stars, Sylvia Sidney and John Loder, between shots of "Sabotage" at Shepherd's Bush.

The recently-appointed Director of Opera to the B.B.C., Stanford Robinson, is conducting a "selected orchestra" of thirty performers.

I idly wonder, in passing, whether any orchestra *not* selected has ever performed anywhere.

By the way, keep your ears open for three numbers which have been specially composed and orchestrated by Hans May—"In the Spring," "Sooner or Later," and "Hearts Never Know."

J. Elder Wills is directing this production.

Galvanic Dino

Many picturegoers who are also listeners-in will be pleased to hear that Dino Galvani, who made a great success as the announcer in the original *Café Colette* on the air, has the same part in the film.

Dino broadcast in this character for twelve months at the B.B.C., and I know he was hoping to have the same part on the screen; but such hopes do not always materialise.

Café Colette is the first production of Garrick Films, and is being finished this week at Wembley.

Full cast? Here goes—Paul Cavanagh, Greta Nissen, Sally Gray, Esme Percy, Bruce Seton, Michel Morrell and Bill Watts.

Cavanagh, as you know, had very bad luck in *Dusty Ermine*—breaking an ankle while skiing, after a couple of days on location, and Anthony Bushell was substituted for him.

So, although it is not the first British film Cavanagh has played in for many years, it will be the first he has completed.

What was once merely the setting for a collection of radio dance-band items has now been used as the locale of a spy drama; Cavanagh is the secret agent, Greta Nissen is a Russian

spy, and Sally Gray is the heroine. Paul Stein is directing.

In Comes Bessie

Oh, by the way, here's news of a new production company. (Yes, I know it's become ludicrous—but what can I do? They *are* all new companies, and I have to tell you about them, haven't I?)

It's called Morgan Productions, Ltd.; and it also has a distribution end—National Provincial Film Distributors, Ltd.

The first production is a drama entitled *Live Again*, which has gone into production at the Rock studios, Elstree.

Arthur Maude is directing, Bessie Love and Noah Beery are co-starring, and the cast also includes John Garrick.

You may be surprised to hear that Noah Beery is playing a retired opera-singer in this. You didn't associate Beery with Grand Opera, huh?

Nevertheless, it was his earliest ambition to sing in this expensive branch of music, and he was trained for it. He gave up the idea of it to play villains, but there is quite enough of that magnificent voice left to convince a film audience that he was once a very fine singer.

Old Debbil Booze

In the story he is supposed to have lost his position through vanity and drink. However, he chances upon a young man with a fine voice, and decides to train him, to take the place he himself once held.

He feels that he will be able to "live again" in the boy's success; and naturally he is considerably peeved when along comes a girl and the young man falls for her like the walls of Jericho.

Worse still, the girl is a musical-comedy and cabaret star who suspects that the old man is only exploiting the boy to his own ends, and exerts her influence against Noah's.

This sounds a good kind of dramatic plot, having considerable possibilities of conflicting interests.

Here's the supporting cast:—Vi Caley, Stanley Paskin, Pamela Randel, Paddy Naismith, and Percy Bush, of the B.B.C., conducting his own orchestra.

Leigh At Last

And now, prepare for a shock. No, it isn't another new production company.

Vivien Leigh is to be starred on the screen.

Walter Reisch has just arrived from Vienna to write and direct a film for London Films, to be called *Triangle*. Well, as far as I know, the title hasn't been used before, although the situation it represents is a fairly old friend.

Such is fame that you probably never even heard the name of Walter Reisch; but when I tell you that he was the author and director of three famous Continental pictures, you will sit up and take notice.

And when you hear the names of those pictures, you will congratulate Vivien Leigh on having so sure a hand to guide her through the infinite and intricate perils and pitfalls of a first important film rôle.

They are *Masquerade* (afterwards remade in Hollywood as *Escapade*), *Unfinished Symphony* and *Episode*, which was the biggest box-office success on the Continent last year.

Walter Reisch made the film fame of Paula Wesseley; I hope he will do the same for Vivien Leigh. But first she will play in the Pommer production, *Fire Over England*.

Nonsense

Mind you, Korda isn't taking any blind risks in trusting his find to the skill and judgment of Reisch. He knows his man.

When Alex Korda was producing silent films in Vienna, Walter Reisch was his assistant.

And now for a spot of nonsense.

Down at Islington this week I found Ralph Lynn, Gina Malo, Claude Dampier and Jack Barty engaged in a riot known as *All In*, which was originally called *Tattenham Corner*.

It was also originally announced as a starring vehicle for Claude Hulbert, but I feel that the subject is almost ideal for Lynn, whose brittle nervousness of manner will be at its very best when he is thrown about by some of the toughest all-in wrestlers in England.

When I arrived at the studios they were witnessing what purported to be a televised picture of the Derby, which was taken specially for the purpose by Gainsborough cameramen.

I have a feeling that this is going to be one of the funniest things to come out of the Gainsborough studios for some time, and that's saying quite a lot.

Very good team, very good-tempered, thoroughly enjoying the production. As a matter of fact, I've noticed this before about units of which Marcel Varnel was the director.

"We've been on this scene for eleven minutes, and hardly a blow struck," Ralph Lynn assured me.

It sounds almost too good to be true.

Edmund Lowe and Constance Cummings in an exciting moment in "Seven Sinners."





Elaine Bradford (Jessie Matthews) poses as the mysterious Mrs. Smythe-Smythe, from India.



Challenged by an Indian colonel to a test of skill at shooting, Elaine makes her first acquaintance with a gun and brings down a chandelier.



Elaine is aided in her deception by Peter ton (Robert Young), a young man with brains and initiative who runs a popular column and is in love with Elaine.

In an effort to penetrate the mystery surrounding Mrs. Smythe-Smythe, Freddie (Sonnie Hale) disguises himself as an Indian rajah.



...e Matthews with Cyril Wells in the dance
finale of the production.



Elaine stages her act in a cabaret show.
Her dancing partner is Cyril Wells.

It's Love AGAIN



Elaine's audition with Raymond, famous stage
producer, takes place in a garden. Freddie and
the butler (Ernest Milton) watch eagerly for
the great man's reaction



"IT'S Love Again" is Jessie Mat-
thews' latest picture for Gaumont-
British. She has the role of a girl
seeking to win recognition of her
remarkable talents and does not hesi-
tate to adopt novel methods to achieve
her ambition. Needless to say she
succeeds, wins fame, and falls in love.

...n one of the dances which are a
this new musical romance.



Binnie Barnes

Always one of the most popular of actresses on the British screen, Binnie Barnes is winning still more laurels for her consistently good work in Hollywood. "Diamond Jim," "Rendezvous" and "Small Town Girl" have all added to the reputation of the girl who once worked on a farm near Sevenoaks. Her latest picture is "Last of the Mohicans."



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The sentry with rifle, asked for a pass and, having scrutinised it, inquired where they were going.

on your mind, nigger?" continued the voice. "Why are you standing against the wall?"

"It's just a wall, sir."

"Wall nothing. It's probably a secret room." The panel flew open. Out tumbled Virgie and Joanna. The rough voice, which Virgie saw belonged to a sergeant in the Union Army, went on: "Men, get inside and ransack the place. Bring the hams—anything there is. I'll talk to these two youngsters."

In the drawing-room the Sergeant, occupying one of Mamma's Hepplewhite chairs, ordered Virgie to take off his boots. She answered by tipping him over, chair and all. "I'll tan your hide for that!" he boomed. On the wide staircase he grabbed her. His coarse fingers plucked at her sticky face. "White, by gad!" he exclaimed. Mamma, coming upstairs from the hall, screamed: "Don't touch that child!"

"Let go! The brat needs spanking." Under the sergeant's push Mamma fell to the bottom of the flight. "Don't you dare hurt my Mamma!" Virgie screamed. The front door opened as Virgie knelt beside her mother. "Attention! What's going on here?" came a voice which Virgie recognised. Colonel Morrison stood there, looking angrier than Virgie had ever seen anyone. Instantly he ordered the sergeant to be taken out and given twenty-five lashes. The men were told to put back the things they had taken. Colonel Morrison turned to Mamma, whom he had helped to her feet.

"I can't tell you how sorry I am, ma'am—young lady. Allow me."

"I'm not crying," Virgie declared. Nevertheless, she had to admit that not all the marks left on the Colonel's clean handkerchief were caused by boot polish.

"Madam, it's my duty to ask you," the Colonel said. "A rebel scout is known to be in this neighbourhood. Have you seen him to-day?"

"No."

"Would you tell me if you had?"

"Would you expect me to?"

"I'm afraid not."

"All I can say is, he's left here, and I pray God he may have got away."

"I understand. There's no necessity for my staying here. Good day, ma'am. Good day to you, little rebel."

Virgie curtsied, but couldn't resist making a face. In days to come she often wished that anyone half as kind as Colonel Morrison could visit the plantation. As General Grant's battle-line pressed forward, fighting took place under the very gates of home. One night, in spite of pouring rain, the lovely colonnaded house, with its rare and beautiful furniture, caught fire and was gutted. Hiding Virgie under her cloak, Mamma escaped to the slaves' quarters, but worry and lack of adequate shelter, to one accustomed to comfort, took their distressing toll.

It became natural to Virgie to help black Mammy with the housework between seeing that Mamma's bedclothes were nicely tucked in and giving her warm drinks for the cough that racked her. Uncle Billy, one of the few whose devotion to the Carys stood the test during a



IF one lives at a time of Civil War, even if one is only six years old, moments may come when it's right not to tell the truth. Virgie Cary, being a staunch little Confederate from the firing of the first shot in condemnation of slavery, might have pondered on this queer change of moral outlook, for she was astonishingly mature for her years. Nevertheless, as the daughter of Captain Cary of the Richmond Grays, chosen spy of the Confederate Army, events proved altogether too exciting for contemplation of one's conduct—past, present, or future.

Perfect hostess at her sixth birthday party, seated round the horseshoe table in the big dance parlour of the gracious, colonnaded Southern home, Virgie was quick to learn the methods of war. Her first encounter with Captain Morrison, of the Union Army, took place in the grounds of the Cary plantation, with the aid of a slingshot. The tall, moustached captain, rubbing vigorously at the juncture of his dark blue uniform collar with a sun-tanned neck, looked down from his horse at the diminutive woman in hooped skirts and frilly pantaloons, in whose bright curls a million sunbeams danced.

"Did you do that?" he inquired, conscious of the restrained titters of the mounted troop behind him.

"I did. I'm a Confederate, and my Daddy's the best soldier in the world."

"Ah! Is your Daddy about just now?"

"If I knew, I wouldn't tell you," Virgie declared. "I'm not afraid of you." To show her defiance, she walked off singing "Dixie" at the top of her voice. The afternoon was

The Story of the Film **The LITTLEST REBEL** by Marjory Williams

memorable for a hurried visit from Daddy. Soon, as the word was passed among the plantation slaves that Massa Cary was coming through the gate, grooms hurried to take and water his mount. In the house, Mamma ordered Uncle Billy, soft-footed negro, who had grown white-haired in the Carys' service, to get a meal. Most of all, Virgie knew her adored Daddy wanted his uniform dusted, his boots pulled off, and the sweat washed from his face. She performed this last task herself with gentle passes of the soaked sponge.

"I'm so worried about you on these scouting expeditions," Mamma said. "If you're caught, you'd be shot as a spy."

"It's all in the day's march, dear. I must be getting along now. Have you told John Henry to get me another horse? In fact, I'll take as many spares as we have."

"I'm sorry. We've had to sell all but two for food."

"It's all right, dear." He swung Virgie to his shoulder. "Good-bye,

Honey! Keep smiling, and don't tell anyone you've seen Daddy."

She promised. When, soon after Daddy had gone, one of the piccaninies came running with the news that the Yankees were on their way to the plantation, Virgie bustled about with the slaves, putting food and valuables away in the room behind the mysterious sliding panel. Virgie liked this room, though it was dark, for its smell of bacon and cider, and its cupboards full of jams and stores. She was helping piccaninny Joanna hide hams when Uncle Billy, obeying Mamma's orders to shut Miss Virgie in the panel room, accomplished the deed so quickly that part of her hooped frock was caught in the door. She struggled to free herself, but it was useless; so Joanna helped her blacken her face with boot polish in case she should be discovered by the Yankees. Only too clearly they must have arrived at the house. Through the panel, Virgie could hear heavy footsteps and a rough voice ordering Uncle Billy to bring wine. "What's

war to free slaves, grew anxious; so anxious that one day he left the plantation on a search for Papa. Often in the future Uncle Billy was to tell Virgie how the Confederate camp was reached; how the Captain, hearing that his wife was so ill, agreed to Uncle Billy's plan for getting by night past the ranks of the Union Army.

Virgie remembered the day Daddy came and how glad Mamma was to see him. But, in the middle of her greeting, she was shaken by a terrible paroxysm. Uncle Billy hurried Virgie out of the room. Presently Papa came and took her hand.

"Is Mamma better?" Virgie asked.

"Yes, honey. . . . Something very beautiful has happened to her. That's how you must always think of it."

Walking beside Papa to Mamma's funeral, Virgie tried hard to believe that death was the beginning of something beautiful. For two reasons, on the way home, she couldn't help feeling excited: one was the new black dress she was wearing, the other that Daddy had promised to smuggle her through the Union Army lines to Richmond, to live with an aunt till the war was over.

"There's Colonel Morrison and the Union men!" Virgie cried, pointing to a bend in the road. Ordering the slaves to go to their cabins and Uncle Billy to keep watch, Papa hurried Virgie inside the cabin kitchen, with its hay-loft gained by a trapdoor in the ceiling.

"Honey, I know you've been caught never to tell a lie," Papa pleaded, "but now you'll have to do it for Daddy's sake. If the Yankees should stop here and ask you, tell them I was here, but I left an hour ago and you saw me cross the river."

Virgie nodded gravely. "If I've got to tell a lie, I'll tell a great big whopper."

"Right, darling. Now help me with this." They dragged an oak table from the wall to the room entre. Papa got on to it and disappeared into the loft. "Remember, act as if nothing has happened," he called. Uncle Billy helped push the table back, and the pair started to dance. They were dancing some time for the benefit of Colonel Morrison, who stood in the cabin entrance unnoticed.

"Well, how's the littlest rebel?" he asked, as Virgie stood poised after a double shuffle.

"Fine, thanks, Yankee."

"You two alone here?"

"Yes, sir. My Daddy was here a little while back, but he went. I saw him cross the river."

"Really! What was your father doing here?"

"He came because my Mamma was ill. Then she went away, and won't come back."

"I'm sorry. You see I have a little girl of my own." Virgie, quick to see that the Colonel noticed the scratches in the floor made by moving the table, couldn't quite restrain a start as he said: "You had that in the centre of the room just now. Is that a trapdoor in the ceiling?"

"No, sir."

"You've been lying to me. Tell me the truth, or I'll give you the worst licking you've ever had."

Virgie, torn between two fears, was fighting back the tears when the trapdoor opened and Papa climbed into the room. "That won't be necessary," Captain Cary said as Colonel Morrison drew his gun.

Virgie, thrilled to hear Papa talk so, not less when the Colonel answered: "I thought that would bring you down. The child was grand. I hadn't the slightest intention of whipping her. Let the darkie take her outside while we talk!" Harder than anything, almost, was being sent away with Uncle Billy when one was dying of curiosity to know what was going to happen.

"Was the Yankee nice to you, Daddy?" Virgie asked when given the signal to come in. "He couldn't be nicer than he is, dear," Papa said, with a catch in his voice. Virgie's last trace of dislike for the big man in the dark blue uniform vanished in the hug she gave him.

The full extent of the Colonel's niceness took a good deal of Papa's explaining. Instead of being shot as a spy, Captain Cary, wearing a spare uniform of Colonel Morrison's, which was being mended at the nearby Cartwright plantation, and provided with his pass, was to make a dash with Virgie through the enemy lines to Richmond.

"One thing the Colonel asked," Papa said, finishing the recital in his most serious voice. "In passing through the Yankee lines, Virgie, whatever I see and hear I'm to forget. The same goes for you, my child. Remember."

Again Virgie gave her promise and threw herself into the excitement of driving with Papa in one of the Cartwright wagons through the woods towards Richmond. It was getting dark, and Virgie's eyes would keep opening and shutting when they opened widely on her realisation that Papa was pulling up in front of a Yankee camp. Instantly she felt awake. The sentry with rifle, barring the way, asked for a pass and, having scrutinised it, inquired where Papa was going.

"Colonel Morrison asked me to take the child to Richmond."

"Where do you come from?"

"The Cary plantation, eighteen miles from here."

"We left there at twelve o'clock," Virgie chimed in, to show that she wasn't asleep. A figure who had been sitting by a camp fire at the roadside got up and turned. Fire-light flickered on his face. Virgie recognised the Union sergeant who had asked for his boots to be pulled

off. He came near the wagon carrying a lighted torch. "Ever seen me before, brat?"

"No."

"You certainly have. Listen, sentry. This kid's father is about the most dangerous scout in the rebel army. Take them both in."

Dark days followed for Virgie, who, under the care of Uncle Billy and John Henry, was taken to furnished rooms in the town where Papa and Colonel Morrison occupied adjoining cells in the Federal prison. Every day Uncle Billy took Virgie in her black hooped frock and round hat with plaid strings to talk to Captain Cary and the Colonel through the prison windows. She had to drag a box close to the wall to stand on, when she talked or sang, as she sometimes did to cheer the prisoners.

She had no idea that both had been sentenced by a higher as well as a lower court to be shot for treason, but Uncle Billy knew. As in the old days he had been accustomed to ask advice of "Massa Cary," so the appeal came to his daughter. "While you was talking to the gentlemen jus' now, a soldier man called me into his room and gave me money and a letter to take to a judge up in Washington," the darkie explained one day on the way home. "Maybe he could free your Papa and the Colonel. But the money ain't enough for us to get there. I been asking the ticket man at the station, and we's dollars short."

"How do people get money?" Virgie inquired. Something in the child's trust in him to answer called forth all the darkie's mental powers. "I sure have an idea, Miss Virgie. Remember the double shuffle that Uncle Billy taught you? Come, honey chile."

The idea proved a success. Backed by Uncle Billy, Virgie found that, for dancing, pavements were almost, if not quite, as good as the parquet floor at home, where she had danced a minuet with her friends at the memorable sixth birthday party, now, it seemed, so very far away. Passers-by smiled indulgently at the performance of the white-haired negro and the golden-haired child; then, stopping to watch the intricacy of their perfectly-timed steps, gave generously when the hat was passed.

One old gentleman in the crowd objected to putting twenty cents into a Confederate cap, but John Henry, who acted as collector, had thought of this contingency. "I brought a Union one, too, sir," he announced, holding out the dark blue felt, and the gentleman, being a man of honour, paid.

The day on which Virgie was taken by Uncle Billy to the White House in Washington was anxious and exciting. For some time they waited in an ante-room before being ushered in to the President. Years afterwards, Virgie remembered the bearded man who sat at a desk and looked at some papers on them before saying: "And how are you, Miss Virginia Cary?"

"Very nicely, sir." They shook hands, and Abraham Lincoln offered a hand to Uncle Billy, who accepted it after a hurried wipe on his coat. "Judge Van Allen has written to me about this case," the President went on, "but just suppose you come over here, Virginia, and tell the story in your own way." Lifting her up, he perched her on the desk in front of him. Virgie decided that, in spite

of the beard, she rather liked him. For so big a man, his voice was extremely gentle. He started to peel an apple. It looked deliciously ripe and rosy, but Virgie decided that it wouldn't do to seem eager for any; so she said hurriedly: "Well, you see, my Daddy went away to the war, but he always used to come home, till there were so many Yankee soldiers round; he couldn't any more. . . . Oh, thank you!" Munching, Virgie continued: "Then they burnt our house and Mamma got ill." She noticed that Abraham Lincoln was eating a piece of apple himself, and gave her another while she told him how Uncle Billy went to fetch Papa from camp. The President was so interested in her explanation of how Uncle Billy and Daddy drifted home down the river on a lumber pile, crouching on the far side as they passed the Yankee camp fires on the bank, that a portion of apple remained impaled on the point of the knife.

"Is this yours?" Abraham Lincoln inquired gravely.

"No, it's yours, sir. Not long after Daddy got home, Mamma was much worse, and then . . . she went away altogether . . . where she couldn't cough any more, Papa said. Then the Yankees came, and Papa had to hide in a garret. Then Colonel Morrison came. I like him. He has a little girl of his own. Thank you—that's my piece. . . . It was Colonel Morrison who wanted Daddy to take me to my Aunt Caroline in Richmond, so I could have enough to eat."

"I see, Miss Virginia. Now, on this journey you took with your Daddy before he was captured, did he write down anything?"

"No, sir."

"Nor stop to look at the Yankee soldiers—or count them or look at the cannons?"

"No, sir. Daddy told me that if we ever got to Richmond and anyone asked me what I'd seen I wasn't to tell them—on my word of honour. Colonel Morrison and Papa had a word of honour promise about that, too, and they shook hands on it."

"I see." Having given the final piece of apple to Virgie, the President began to write. "They accuse me," he said, raising his voice to a solemn pitch, "of pardoning too many people. . . . Virgie's heart contracted. All this long journey, all the long talk, were to end in nothing; only to be told that Papa and Colonel Morrison couldn't come out of prison. Tears would come. She felt herself lifted up and a hand gently stroking her cheek. The President's voice was kind again as he said: "Don't cry, my dear. All your fears are over. I'm writing an order for your father and Colonel Morrison to be set free."

There are moments when, if one is only six and comes before the highest tribunal, there is a reward for telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Virgie sought to set upon the just judge the highest stamp of her approval. "Mr. Lincoln!" she cried. "You're almost nice enough to be a Confederate!"



"You're almost nice enough to be a Confederate," Virgie cried.

Freely based on the film, "The Littlest Rebel," by permission of Twentieth Century Fox Pictures, Ltd. See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 26, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

Previews

CRITICISMS of the LATEST FILMS

THE PETRIFIED FOREST

I HAVE rarely seen a better acted or more brilliantly dialogued picture than this adaption of Robert Sherwood's stage success.

It is an exception to the rule that the most satisfying screen entertainment is that which confines its dialogue to the minimum and makes use of pictorial expression, the reason being that in this case the conversation is so human and psychologically illuminating, in a manner which combines the matter-of-fact with whimsicality, that the absence of pictorial expressiveness passes unnoticed.

The whimsical part of the story is represented by Leslie Howard, who, as a disillusioned author, Alan Squier, after eight years' married to a wealthy woman, discovers that he is just a "kept" man who has not achieved anything worth while in life.

He leaves her and wanders out in order to find some reason for his existence—something that will justify his life or his death.

No artiste could better have expressed the weariness of soul and the philosophy of life which the character possesses than Leslie Howard.

Just as in *Berkeley Square*, the spirit and sincerity of the man is brought out with an indefinable beauty which combines hard fact and delicate fantasy.

He meets at a lonely service station in the Arizona Desert, where his wandering footsteps have led him, a girl, Gabby, of French extraction, who is repressed by the barrenness all round her and longs to see life, to express herself in some way—art, love, literature.

Bette Davis plays this role in a wholly natural and human manner. She supplies the elemental matter-of-factness in contrast to Howard's whimsicality.

She has her dreams, but they are concrete, and she is rather mystified by the flowing philosophies of life which come so easily from the fertile imagination of the man who felt he must find his soul.

It was natural she should fall in love with him, even in the short space of a day, and equally natural that he should refuse her request to take her with him and go out to resume his wandering with five shillings she had pressed in his hand.

These opening sequences have a romantic charm of an unusual nature, heightened by the fact that Gabby, in her effort to express herself, had allowed her father's hired hand, Boze, to make love to her.

Boze is excellently played by Dick Foran, who portrays an unimaginative, he-man type, pleasant and good natured, but with both feet firmly planted on the earth.

Fate does not allow Alan to go away so unceremoniously. He is offered a lift to the coast by a man

and his wife who stop at the cafe for a fill-up for their car.

They do not get far on their way, however, before they are held up by Duke Mantee, a killer, who seizes their car and proceeds to the filling station to await the arrival of his confederates.

Alan walks back, and later the other two travellers arrive, their chauffeur having induced the bandits' discarded car to function.

We then have the novel situation of a gangster acting as "host" to a strangely assorted collection of people, who express their ideas, and in Alan's and Gabby's case, shape their lives under the vigilant watch of his henchmen's rifles.

The ending is—as it had to be logically—a sacrificial one.

Alan makes over his life insurance to Gabby—and begs Duke to shoot him. The police arrive and, just before trying to make a get-away, Duke fulfills his promise.

So Alan passes on to Gabby the chance to express herself, which he himself had failed to do—save by his death.

Archie L. Mayo's direction is admirable; in spite of the touch of fantasy in the make-up of the plot, there is always a sense of conviction; no stagey artificialities obtrude themselves.

Characterisations, down to the smallest bit players, are exceptionally good. Humphrey Bogart, as the killer, who has also a philosophy of his own, which is strangely in accord with Alan's, gives a most striking performance.

Charley Grapewin, as Gabby's grandfather, presents a perfect cameo of a garrulous old man who in his heart of hearts has an admiration for killers—a relic of the pioneering days.

Porter Hall is also good as Gabby's ineffectual father, while Paul Harvey scores as the pompous traveller who gives Alan a lift.

His wife, who in the stress of the circumstances is able to express the repression that had pursued her all her married life, is played by Genevieve Tobin. It is a small role,

but she makes her one big scene highly effective.

If you are looking for entertainment that is right out of the commonplace and which is replete with brilliant acting, I can recommend you nothing better than this.

OURSELVES ALONE

This picture may or may not have been inspired by the success of *The Informer*; at any rate, it deals with the Irish revolution of 1921, and has a good deal in common with the picture that put Victor McLaglen back on the movie map.

But, in the case of this B.I.P. production, I feel that the entertainment value for the general public is greater than that of its forerunner.

It is straight melodrama, extremely well directed, and acted by a cast which distinguishes itself by the quality and forcefulness of its characterisations.

The directors are Brian Desmond-Hurst, who has made several pictures of definitely academic value, and Walter Summers.

I should say that most of the interior sequences were made by the former, who makes his bow as a producer of "commercial" pictures, and that Walter Summers handled the exteriors.

Anyway, both are excellent. The story is dramatically developed and wholly convincing in its Irish atmosphere and background.

The action is fast and often thrilling, but it is not allowed to obscure the development of character.

John Lodge is forceful and perfectly cast as County Inspector Hannay, who is trying to lay a Republican leader, Michael O'Dea, by the heels.

As O'Dea, who is really Terence Elliott, brother of the Maureen to whom Hannay is engaged, Niell MacGinnis is equally good.

The two expressions of Irish opinion at the time are represented by these two, and the balance so equally held that there can be no offence taken by either school of thought.

As Maureen, Antoinette Cellier gives a natural and well-balanced performance, which speaks well for her future, while Maire O'Neill is certainly in character as her old nurse.

John Loder is quite good as Captain Wiltshire, an Intelligence officer attached to the R.I.C., who loves and is loved by Maureen, although neither of them has said so in words.

Jerry Verno supplies comedy

relief as Private Parsley, a Cockney lorry-driver.

Wally Hutchinson is excellent as Hennessy, an informer, while notable supporting studies come from Clifford Evans, Paul Farrell, Tony Quinn, and Fred O'Donovan, as Republicans, and by E. J. Kennedy and Pat Noonan, as members of the R.I.C.

I do not propose to give the story in detail, because it relies a good deal on its surprise twist to hold your interest.

It is sufficient to say that the romantic element is handled with restraint and is most effective, while the guerilla warfare of the opposing forces is thoroughly realistic.

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

Full-blooded melodrama, full of action and thrills, extremely well presented, and acted with the vigour its type demands.

It is based on an essay by Elbert Hubbard, who was inspired to write it by the account of a daring exploit by Lieutenant Rowan, who took a vital message to General Garcia, the Cuban leader who was hemmed in by Spaniards during the American-Spanish war of 1898.

John Boles plays the part of Rowan, who, through untold hardships, aided by a renegade American, Dory, and Raphaelita, daughter of a murdered Cuban landowner, made his way through the Spanish lines and delivered a message from President McKinley to Garcia informing him where the American troops would try to effect a break through.

One of the most dramatic sequences in the picture is when Rowan thinking he had reached the general's headquarters, finds himself in the hands of the international spy, Dr. Krug, who had been commissioned to hold him up—the fort having only been captured by the Spanish the day before.

His subsequent rescue—after torture by the unscrupulous Krug—by the Cuban cavalry provides a fine example of spectacular production.

Wallace Beery has a part which fits him admirably as the renegade Dory, who has no scruples, but who finally sacrifices himself in action to save Rowan, whom he had grown to respect during the course of their innumerable hardships.

The character is wholly convincing, and is one of the best performances Beery has given us for some time.

Barbara Stanwyck is excellent as Raphaelita, who is longing to revenge her father's murder and who is ready to face any danger to help Rowan get through.

The love romance between her and Rowan is just sufficiently stressed without obtruding on the main theme of the plot.

Alan Hale is particularly good as Dr. Krug, and the cast gives excellent support.

Herbert Mundin supplies light relief as a Cockney travelling in tin ware, who is lost in the swamp district. He is good in himself, but the role savours too much of musical comedy to be wholly effective.

George Marshall's direction makes the most of the thrills and conceals many of the artificialities. The continuity at times is rather jerky. Settings and camera work are particularly worthy of notice.



Wallace Beery, Barbara Stanwyck and John Boles in "A Message to Garcia."

(Continued on page 26)

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REVIEWS

The PICTUREGOER'S
quick reference index to
films just released

****DESIRE

**ONCE IN A MILLION

**THE LITTLEST REBEL

**MOONLIGHT MURDER

*YELLOW DUST

*PANIC ON THE AIR
CROWN v. STEVENS
PAL O' MINE

What the asterisks mean—

**** An outstanding feature.

*** Very good. ** Good.

* Average entertainment. c Also
suitable for children.

by Lionel COLLIER



Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich
in "Desire."

PREVIEWS—

Continued from page 24

FATAL LADY

A very artificial murder story set against a background of the opera house and theatre, which gives Mary Ellis a chance to sing several operatic excerpts from the classics which she does very well.

She is cast as Marion Stuart, a singer, who, on the night of her New York debut in opera, breaks down because the death of a man who loved her and interrogation by the police made her lose her voice through nervousness.

We next see her in a touring company. She is persistently followed by Phillip Roberts, a wealthy South American coffee planter, who loves her and whom she consistently refuses.

She meets in a small South American town, Uberto Malla and Martan Fontes who both become her suitors. Uberto is mysteriously murdered and once again Marion is under suspicion and flees to Paris, followed by the faithful Phillip.

She appears in a cafe chantant and later Phillip is mysteriously murdered.

Fontes had also arrived in Paris and is suspected of both crimes by David Roberts, Phillips' elder brother, who believes Marion is ruining his brother and has been trying hard to get him to leave her.

Finally the real murderer is discovered and a romance develops between David and Marion.

"Red herrings" are consistently drawn across the track, and the murderer turns out, not only to be the least likely, but also logically, one of the least fitted to commit a crime and successfully cover his traces.

Mary Ellis sings well and also acts with skill and makes her role as credible as possible.

As David Roberts, Walter Pidgeon is also good, but his pig-headedness is so overdrawn that one cannot believe in the romance that follows with the heroine after his brother has been killed.

Alan Mowbray is excellent as Uberto and John Halliday suave and sufficiently like a villain to deceive you into believing he is one as Martan Fontes.

Guy Gates Post does well as a maestro who desires nothing more than to see Marion a leading operatic star.

Some light relief is afforded by Samuel Hinds as the producer of a touring company and Ruth Donnelly as his wife.

The whole thing is well set, but continuity is disjointed and Marion's career is rendered less credible by the fact that so much has to be taken for granted—Lionel Collier.

On the Screens Now

****DESIRE

Paramount. American. "A" certificate.
Crime comedy-drama. Runs 99 minutes.

MARLENE DIETRICH.....Madeline de Beaupre
GARY COOPER.....Tom Bradley
JOHN HALLIDAY.....Carlos Margoli
WILLIAM FRAWLEY.....Mr. Gibson
ERNST COSSART.....Aristide Duvalle
AKIM TAMIROFF.....Police Official
ALAN MOWBRAY.....Doctor Pauquel
ZEFFIE TILBURY.....Aunt Olga

Directed by Frank Borzage from a story by
Hans Ssekely and R. A. Stemmle. Previewed
April, 11, 1936.

Easily one of the best pictures of the year; this picture gives Marlene Dietrich that chance for which she has been waiting ever since she found fame in *The Blue Angel*.

With Frank Borzage's direction under the brilliant supervision of Ernst Lubitsch as producer, Marlene Dietrich has found an outlet for the artistry which places her, in my opinion, above Garbo and makes her, perhaps, the greatest actress on the screen to-day.

She can run through the gamut of emotions from comedy to tragedy with equal facility and conviction. Also she has intelligence which shows itself in every word she speaks and in every expression of her mobile face.

The witty comedy-drama which serves as her vehicle is a subtle, sparkling affair, dealing with a jewel robbery and the romance consequent on it.

I do not want to give the plot away because it relies a great deal

on the ingenuity of its construction and its surprise element for its charm.

It is sufficient to say that the opening robbery in which Marlene Dietrich, as Madeline de Beaupre, is the chief participant, is one of the most amusing and ingenious I have seen on the screen, while its development is equally clever and subtle.

The romantic element which is derived from the love of a detective, Tom Bradley, for the beautiful thief, is light in touch, but also has its more tender moments, and to see Marlene kiss her lover is to realise that she has more vital sex appeal than any artiste on stage or screen.

But "sex appeal" is far from being the main weapon in Marlene's armoury; her artistry and acting ability play the greater part in her success.

Although the story is treated generally in a light vein, there is a thrill, too, in the ending, which is brought about in an entirely logical and satisfactory manner.

While Marlene Dietrich's performance puts her right back into the front rank of stardom, she is extremely well supported by Gary Cooper, who gives one of his best characterisations as the detective lover. He is natural and sincere, and forms an admirable partner for the star.

As a suave crook, John Halliday is extremely good, and as the jeweller who is robbed in the opening reel, Ernst Cossart is admirably in character.

Alan Mowbray plays the role of a very superior psychiatrist, who gets innocently involved in the affair, in a straight comedy vein.

Zeffie Tilbury is great as an old "lag," while William Frawley also puts in a clever comedy characterisation.

The small study of a Spanish policeman is made to register by Akim Tamiroff.

All the action takes place in Spain, which forms a colourful background and is most picturesquely set and artistically photographed.

**ONCE IN A MILLION

Wardour. British. "U." Romantic comedy.
Runs 77 minutes.

BUDDY ROGERS.....Pierre
MARY BRIAN.....Suzanne
W. H. BERRY.....Gallivert
JOHN HARWOOD.....Dupont
NORAH GALE.....Princess
BILLY MILTON.....Prince
CHARLES CARSON.....President
AUBREY MALLALIEU.....Hotel Manager
REGINALD SMITH.....Maier
NADINE MARCH.....Josette
VERONICA ROSE.....Caroline
IRIS HOEY.....Mrs. Fenwick
JIMMY GODDEN.....Plume
HAYER & LEE.....{Joe
Chief

Directed by Arthur Woods.

Bright inconsequential comedy which rattles along at quite a merry pace and while it is all rather conventional gives a chance for the American stars to show to quite good advantage.

Buddy Rogers is cast as Pierre, a self-possessed young man, who is sent by his firm to the bank with five million francs. His taxi collides with one carrying Suzanne, an attractive employee in a dress firm, also making for the bank, and both arrive too late. Forced to hold the money over the week-end, Pierre takes rooms in a fashionable hotel, and is mistaken for a millionaire, when he deposits the cash in the strong-room.

He keeps up the pretence, and again bumps into Suzanne now posing as a countess in the interests of her firm. Many, including Gallivert, Suzanne's employer, try to

pluck Pierre but he steers off trouble and returns the money intact. It is then revealed that he has saved his firm from being ruined in a bank crash, and his good work earns him a partnership. By this time Suzanne has reverted to her normal self and the two hitch up permanently.

Buddy Rogers presents an amiable character quite pleasing in personality and Mary Brian makes an attractive and extremely well dressed heroine.

W. H. Berry proves amusing as Gallivert and further comedy support is forthcoming from Haver and Lee and Reginald Smith.

While the director has hardly succeeded in getting the true Continental sparkle to the farcical situations he nevertheless handles his material well and keeps things going in a robustly humorous manner.

The hotel and dance room sequences are well set and the technical qualities are good in all respects.

**THE LITTLEST REBEL

Fox. American. "U" certificate. Romantic
period comedy-drama. Runs 73 minutes.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE.....Virgie Cary
JOHN BOLES.....Captain Herbert Cary
JACK HOLT.....Colonel Morrison
KAREN MORLEY.....Mrs. Cary
BILL ROBINSON.....Uncle Billy
GUINN WILLIAMS.....Sergeant Dudley
WILLIE BEST.....James Henry
FRANK MCGLYNN, Sen.....Abraham Lincoln
BESSIE LYLE.....Mammy
HANNAH WASHINGTON.....Sally Ann
Directed by David Butler from the play by
Edward Peple. Previewed February 8, 1936.
For story freely based on the Film by Marjory
Williams see page 22.

Bearing a strong family resemblance to *The Little Colonel*, this new Shirley Temple vehicle



Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian in
"Once in a Million"

exists mainly for the further exploitation of the little star's accomplishments which still continue to please her numerous fans.

The story of the picture, I believe, served as a medium for Mary Pickford about twenty years ago, and deals with the American Civil War.

Virgie Cary, the small daughter of Captain Herbert Cary, seeks to comfort her mother when her father joins the Confederate forces on the outbreak of the Civil War.

They are left homeless through the fortunes of war, and Mrs. Cary contracts a fatal illness.

Helped by his black servant, Uncle Billy, Cary breaks through the enemy lines and reaches his wife, who dies in his arms.

Soon after this, Cary is captured by Colonel Morrison, of the Union forces, but he allows him and Virgie to escape when he hears their story.

Both are again caught, however, and Cary is sentenced to death as a spy, and Morrison as a traitor.

The one hope of reprieve is to appeal to President Lincoln, and Virgie succeeds in this mission successfully.

Settings and costumes are much the same as in *The Little Colonel*, which was a post—not an actual war story.

The same negro, Bill Robinson, partners Shirley Temple in her dances, and the direction is in the hands of David Butler, who was responsible for her other success.

John Boles is good as Cary, and Jack Holt well cast as Morrison, and the remainder of the cast gives full support to the star, who remains in the limelight most of the time.

**MOONLIGHT MURDER

M.-G.-M. American. "A" certificate. Mystery drama. Runs 66 minutes.

CHESTER MORRIS.....Steve Farrell
MAOGG EVANS.....Toni Adams
LEO CARRILLO.....Gino d'Acosta
FRANK McHUGH.....Williamis
BENITA HUME.....Diana
GRANT MITCHELL.....Dr. Adams
KATHARINE ALEXANDER.....Louisa
CARROL NAISS.....Bejac
J. B. WARNER.....Godfrey Chiltern
DUNCAN RENALOO.....Pedro
LEONARD CEELEY.....Ivan Basloff
ROBERT McWAOE.....Quillan
RODOR DE COROGBA.....Swami
CHARLES TROWBRIDGE.....Stage Manager

Directed by Edwin L. Martin from a story by Albert Cohn and Robert T. Shannon.

Suspects are as thick as blackberries in this mystery drama, and it is due to this rather than to clever development, that the surprise solution is kept obscure to be end.

I have been reproved by readers lately for having given away the identity of the murderer in crime stories. I will try to mend my ways in this respect, but I do submit that it is difficult to criticise the acting of the said villain and the strength of his characterisation if he do not label him with his particular plot.

In this case a tenor, Gino d'Acosta, threatened with death if he sings in a certain night. He ignores the threat and is killed in mysterious circumstances.

A young detective, Steve Farrell, starts investigations with the help of his girl, Toni Adams, a scientist. They have not got far when another murder is committed, and Steve's prestige with his chief suffers a severe blow.

However, he tries again and is able to track down the murderer and discover his motive, which is rather an unusual one.

Chester Morris is good as Steve, and makes him a convincing figure, while Madge Evans scores as Toni.

The supporting cast is a strong one, and it is due largely to their well-drawn characterisations that the picture holds the interest it deserves. Acting, in fact, is far more important than plot values in this case, where development is somewhat diffuse and confusing.

Technically the production is exceedingly good. Operatic sequences are finely mounted, and the camera work and lighting give a whole thing a polished and workmanlike finish.

*YELLOW DUST

Radio. American. "A" certificate. Western romance. Runs 67 minutes.

RICHARD DIX.....Culpepper
LEILA HYAMS.....Nellie
MORONI OLSEN.....Missouri
JESSIE RALPH.....Mrs. Brian
ANNOY CLOYE.....Solitaire
ONSLAW STEVENS.....Hanway
VICTOR POTELE.....Jugger
ETHAN LAIOLAW.....Bogan
TEO OLIVER.....McLearney
Directed by Wallace Fox.

A frankly artificial and weak story which flags in the middle is redeemed to a large extent by the polished acting of Richard Dix, who enacts his part of a gold prospector, Bob, with naturalness and sincerity.

The picture opens with him meeting a veteran miner, Solitaire—also well characterised by Andy Clyde.

The pair strike gold, and intervene in a stage hold-up, during which Nellie Brian, a singer, is robbed of a locket by road agents. Arriving in Goldtown to stake his claim, Bob acquires the locket from the thief, and is thus ripe for arrest when Jack Hanway, saloon proprietor and admirer of Nellie's, frames the prospector.

Breaking gaol, Bob carries Nellie by force from the society of Hanway, who follows them. To save Bob's life, Nellie agrees to marry Hanway, but with the aid of Solitaire and a traitor in Hanway's camp, Bob escapes from the mountain stronghold, kills his rival, and marries the lady.

The main weakness is the obviousness of the story, which remains in spite of the interest occasioned by Bob's method of escape from the local prison.

It is helped by timely humour and amusing incidents, and also by picturesque, rocky scenery.

The period atmosphere also adds a certain amount of colour.

Leila Hyams, who discloses that she has a pleasant singing voice, is sound as Nellie, and Moroni Olsen is well in character as the chief bandit.



Leila Hyams in "Yellow Dust."

*PANIC ON THE AIR

Columbia. American. "A" certificate. Gangster melodrama. Runs 66 minutes.

ANN SOTHERN.....Fay Stevens
LLOYD NOLAN.....Neil Bennett
DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE.....Beau Gardner
JOHN ARLEOGE.....Eddie House
BERTON CHURCHILL.....J. J. Held
NANA BRYANT.....Miss Abbott
ROBERT MIOOLEMASS.....Dan McMahon
GEORGE MCKAY.....Mitch Cook
GENE MORGAN.....Ted Lane
CLOYE DILSON.....Nick Barrow
Directed by Albert S. Rogell, from a story by Henry Wales and Ferdinand Reyher.

As long as there is room for a new "racket," there will be no end to gangster pictures. They

have got a new one in this otherwise conventional story of crooks.

Neil Bennett, a radio engineer, discovers a means of cutting into radio messages and broadcasts, but has it stolen from him by Beau Gardner, a racketeer, when he becomes sufficiently interested in Fay Stevens, a singer employed by Gardner, to lose his job in trying to get her on the air.

While he is held prisoner by Gardner, Gardner interferes with programmes, attempts blackmail, and puts the onus on Neil. After making easy money, Gardner plans to bump off Neil and secure a big reward offered for his capture, but at the last minute Neil makes contact with his friends and they effect his release.

Gardner and his henchmen then get their deserts, while Neil turns his thoughts to romance.

The idea of extorting money from radio companies under threat of jamming programmes is ingenious, but the main plank on which the entertainment rests is the "rough stuff" and it is put over forcibly enough for those who like it.

Other interests are introduced in musical numbers, humour and, of course, romance.

Generally the proceedings are well staged; the broadcasting station interiors being particularly good.

Ann Sothern is unremarkable as Fay, and while Lloyd Nolan is sound as Neil, his speaking voice is none to pleasant.

Actually the supporting players give the best performances. Douglas Dumbrille, Berton Churchill and John Arledge all scoring in their respective roles.

CROWN v. STEVENS

Warner. British. "A" certificate. Crime thriller. Runs 66 minutes.

BEATRIX THOMPSON.....Doris Stevens
PATRIC KNOWLES.....Chris Jansen
GLENNIS LORIMER.....Molly
REGINALD PUROELL.....Alf (foreman to Stevens)
ALLEN JEAVES.....Dect. Carter
FREDERICK PIPER.....Arthur Stevens
GOOGIE WITHERS.....Ella
MABEL POULTON.....Mamie
BILLY WATTS.....Joe Andrews
DAVINA CRAIG.....Maggie
MORRIS HARVEY.....Julius Bayleek
Directed by Michael Powell.

A very discursive affair dealing with a young woman who commits murder. It is definitely conventional in presentation and theme.

Its appeal is directed mainly to the unsophisticated who prefer thrills served up plainly rather than artistically.

Beatrice Thompson is inclined to over-act, although her characterisation is sincere enough as Doris Stevens, wife of Arthur Stevens. Chris Jansen who is in the employ of Stevens, visits a pawnbroker and finds him dead and sees Doris leaving the house. She enforces silence on him, but his suspicion is strengthened when he is told of the sudden illness of her husband.

Later he goes to his employer's house; hearing a car engine running in a locked garage, he discovers Mr. Stevens nearly dead from an overdose of sleeping tablets. He challenges Mrs. Stevens with causing the death of the moneylender and later the murderer surrenders to the police.

As the employee Patric Knowles is likeable enough; he provides the contrast of the warm-hearted young man as opposed to the cold-blooded calculating woman.

Mabel Poulton who scored such a brilliant success in the silent days in *The Constant Nymph* gives a clever little cameo study here as a fickle young woman.

Some comedy relief is supplied by Reginald Purdell as a works' foreman and he scores his laughs quite successfully.

It is the general construction, rather than individual scenes, that is at fault and since Chris is never really dangerously threatened by Mrs. Stevens' actions the tension is not particularly strong.

The action too is apt to switch from one central character to another without quite making up its mind which of them is the main focal point.

PAL O' MINE

Radio. British. "U" certificate. Back-stage drama. Runs 41 minutes.

CHARLES PATON.....MacReady Phelps
HERBERT LANGLEY.....Bombasso
PETER COTES.....Archie
DORIS LONG.....Millie
ARTHUR GOMEZ.....The Guv'nor
STAN PASKIN.....Beano
TONY KARMEL.....Elbert Hall
GIRDA VALLE WITH HER BANO.....Tap Dancer
ALDO "PETER," the dog, MARIE LLOYD, Jun., HAROLD HEATH, JOHN MILTON, FREDDY SUMMERS, and THE EIGHT DANCING GIRLS.
Directed and written by Widgey R. Newman.

A very thin plot conventionally treated, which is slow in action and lacking in dramatic force.



Glennis Lorimer in "Crown v. Stevens"

It deals with Daddy Mac, an ex-actor and stage-door keeper, who worships his son Archie, a tap dancer at the music hall where he works.

The boy gets into bad company, and one night the safe is robbed. Daddy Mac, who finds a handkerchief belonging to his son, believes that he has done it, but takes the blame to shield him.

However, later on Archie arrives with the stolen money, and a lot more, which he had collected from toughs whom he had heard planning the robbery.

As the old stage-door keeper, Charles Paton is well in character and gives a good performance, despite the paucity of his material.

"Turns" are introduced through his agency. As he wanders through the music hall at night, he conjures up visions of Marie Lloyd and Chirgwin, who sing old favourites.

As an actor of the old school, Herbert Langley is excellent. Arthur Gomez as a theatre manager, and the rest of the cast, is adequate.

"Turns" are given by Marie Lloyd, jun., Harold Heath, John Milton, Freddy Summers, and the "Eight Dancing Sisters."



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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

WHERE BRITAIN LAGS BEHIND

Our Studios Must Reorganise

I HEARTILY agree with Guy Beacon's few lines on "Castles in the Air."

These few facts will show how right he is, and how far English films are behind American.

Have we as great a showman as Samuel Goldwyn? No.

Are any of our stars given such publicity as Garbo, Hepburn or Mae West? No.

Do we groom film actors or actresses like American? No.

Have we as great box-office draws as Gable, Tone, or William Powell? No.

Can we produce such pictures as *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, or *Barretts of Wimpole Street*, etc. No. Have we many "coming stars"? No. Our films are full of American stars, so, broadly speaking, we are depending on America. At the same time, pushing out any English talent we might have.

English films will have to be organised in a totally different way before they approach the standard of American films.—C. Burchett, 4 Shelley Road, Hove, Sussex.



Katharine Hepburn

I Dream Too Much

I had a dream and what a dream!

I'll tell you all about it, Though when you've heard what I've to say, You'll feel inclined to doubt it.

Walk up! Walk up! and see Mae West

In *Merely Mary Ann*, And Zasu Pitts as *Helen of Troy*, Believe it if you can.

Shirley Temple in *On the Spot*, The two-gun gangster kid, And Garbo as an orphan child.

Did I collapse? I did.

Sydney Howard as *Sherlock Holmes*, Clark Gable in "Our Gang."

Laugh if you dare at *Robertson Hare*

On a bareback wild mustang.

Marlene as a kitchen-maid!

Will wonders ever cease?

And Mussolini's first big role

In *How I Sought for Peace*.

Ronald Colman—cowboy!—in

The Curse of Custard Creek,

And Ramon Novarro starring in

A picture every week!

The vision fades—but holy smoke!

What is that fearful noise?

"To-night's dance-music played to you

By Toscanini's boys!"

—(Miss) A. Pybus, 5 Hanover Square, Sheffield, 3, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

Pitchforked into Pictures

It is amazing to me that any film to-day finds success, so crudely are we pitchforked into the sentimental atmosphere of kinemas.

Think of it! We wait in queues whilst newsboys endeavour to sell us newspapers or street entertainers strive to squeeze hard-earned shakels from us. We pass by gradual stages before a box wherein we deposit our entrance fee. We are handed a ticket which is promptly

torn in half by a young lady who flashes an electric torch at us.

Having been handed back one portion of our ticket, we are sorted out into "sixpennies," "ninepennies" and "shillings," and are then led to our seats.

From the distance we can hear the monotonous drone of "chocolates and cigarettes," then a tune is played, the lights go down, and we are expected to live in a world of romance and adventure for a brief spell.

Doesn't the theatre score in its system of advance bookings which so eliminates the prosaic chink of entrance money and minimises that feeling of sheep being graded and tossed into different pens? I think it does.—L. Turvey, 112 Tennyson Road, Portswood, Southampton, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

The Ideal Bank Holiday

Everyone is making plans for August Bank Holiday. If it were possible, this is the way I'd choose to spend it:—

A dip in the surf and breakfast at Malibu Beach, that million-dollar stretch of Californian coast popular with the movie colony. Then a trip by yacht to Santa Catalina Island, upon part of whose tropic shores many South Sea Island scenes are filmed.

Lunch over, fly back to the mainland and drive to Lake Arrowhead, five thousand feet up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains and a favourite week-end retreat with the stars.

After a paddle round in a canoe, have tea amidst the pine and cedar trees.

Wind up the day with a visit to Hollywood's Blackpool—Ocean Park—enjoying all the fun of the fair and having supper at the famous Ship Cafe, built to resemble a ship with even the waiters wearing sailors' clothes.

My companion? George Brent!—Betty Hazelton, Frogna, 35 The Chase, Coulsdon, Surrey.

Are "Pashes" Dead?

I remember in the old days how thrilled and excited I used to be over Pearl White, Theda Bara or Antonio Moreno in their serial exploits and all for 5 cents (2½d.) in Demerara. I wonder if the youngster of to-day gets the same kick out of seeing Greta Garbo or Ginger Rogers?

Somehow the kids to-day (except that they get highly amused) do not seem to "get a pash," as it were, for some star, or am I wrong in this?

I have certainly not noticed it in any of my young friends, whereas I would beg, borrow or steal to get a small film cutting of Pearl White, my favourite. I would never miss a part of the serial.—John de Caires, Woodside, Hassocks, Sussex.

(I am inclined to think fans are even more faithful to their stars than they were in our young days, Mr. De Caires!—"THINKER.")

Down Under

Seeing your short note in March 28 issue of PICTUREGOER WEEKLY on Miss Mary Maguire, whom Mr. Miles Mander chose to lead in the *Flying Doctor*, I confess I am willing to bet your pocket handkerchief against my shirt that she is the "goods." The little lady proved her worth in Charles Chauvel's *Heritage*, wherein she played opposite Frank Harvey.

Mr. Charles Farrell came to Australia under the impression that he was to be the *Flying Doctor*, but, as he said himself, he was only knocked around and unceremoniously killed.

(Continued on page 30)

-But see her
after seven!



She may be tired out at six o'clock, but see her after seven! Fresh and faultless daintiness, beauty's greatest charm, is always hers to command. Ten fragrant minutes spent in a bath with a Reckitt's bath cube in it will revive, refresh and renew her from top to toe. Alkaline water, soft as satin, clears and cleanses the waste of the day from every tiny pore. She steps out lively and lovely, *knowing* she's looking her best.

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WHO'S WHO

Joe E. Brown

BORN on July 28, 1892, at Holgate, Ohio, of Welsh and German parentage, as the seventh child of the family, he has had a varied and adventurous life. At the age of nine he joined a circus and became an acrobat. Later he was a professional baseball player and then migrated into vaudeville, and when playing in a burlesque show was offered a part in the film *Crooks Can't Win*.

He is married to Kathlyn McGrau and they have five children. He stands 5 ft. 8 in., has brown hair and blue eyes, and weighs a little over 10 stone. Among his hobbies are whistling, baseball and travel.

His films include: *Hit the Show, The Circus Kid, Burlesque, Take Me Home, Reputation, Sally, Top Speed, Going Wild, Molly and Me, My Lady's Past, Painted Faces, The Lottery Bride, On with the Show, Maybe It's Love, Song of the West, Hold Everything, Don't be Jealous, Broad-minded, Local Boy Makes Good, Fireman Save My Child, You Said a Mouthful, The Tenderfoot, Elmer the Great, Son of a Sailor, A Very Honourable Guy, The Circus Clown, Six Day Bike Rider, Alibi Ike, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Funny Face and Sons o' Guns*.

Tom Brown

TOM BROWN, who was born in New York on January 6, 1913, is the son of theatrical parents, his father, Harry Brown, being a well-known stage actor and producer, and his mother, known professionally as Marie Francis, a musical comedy star. Standing 5 ft. 9 in., he has blue eyes, medium brown hair and weighs 11 stone.

He has been in many radio programmes and in several stage plays including: *Neighbours, Many a Slip and Pardon My Glove*. Entering pictures in 1929, he has appeared in a large number of films among which are: *A Lady Lies, Queen High, Fast Companions, Tom Brown of Culver, Destination Unknown, Hell's Highway, Laughter in Hell, The Ferguson Case, Central Airport, Three-cornered Moon, Two Alone, Anne of Green Gables, This Side of Heaven, Judge Priest, Bachelor of Arts, The Witching Hour, Sweepstake Annie, Wanderlust, Black Sheep, Gentlemen of the Navy, Freckles and Annie Doesn't Live Here*.

Nigel Bruce

HE was born in San Diego, California, while his parents, Sir William Bruce, Bart., and Lady Bruce, were touring the U.S.A. in 1895; he was educated in England and on the outbreak of the Great War joined the Honourable Artillery Company. He was the first member of the company to be wounded and later was gazetted to the Somersetshire Light Infantry, but one of his injured legs failed him.

After the war he was given a small part on the stage by his friend, Aubrey Smith, and made a big reputation as a clever character actor. He stands 6 ft. in height, has blue-grey eyes and is married to Violet Campbell. They have two daughters—Pauline, born in 1922, and Jennifer, born in 1924.

He went into films in 1931 and appeared in several British pictures, including: *The Squeaker, Escape, Birds of Prey, The Calendar, Lord Camber's Ladies, The Midshipmaid, I Was a Spy, and Chunnel Crossing*. In 1934 he went to Hollywood where he has added enormously to his reputation.

The pictures he has made there include: *Springtime for Henry, Coming-out Party, Stand Up and Cheer, Murder in Trinidad, The Lady is Willing, Treasure Island, The Scarlet Pimpernel, Becky Sharp, She, Jalna, The White Angel, Charge of the Light Brigade and The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo*.

Virginia Bruce

BORN in Minneapolis on September 29, 1910, she is 5 ft. 6 in. in height, has blond hair and blue eyes, weighs 9 stone and was formerly married to John Gilbert.

A former Ziegfeld Follies girl, she later migrated to Hollywood where she has appeared in many pictures including: *Why Bring That Up? Woman Trap, Slightly Scarlet, Young Eagles, The Love Parade, Lillies of the Field, Only the Brave, Paramount on Parade (1930), Safety in Numbers, The Miracle Man, Winner Take All, Hell Divers, Are You Listening? The Wet Parade, Pongo, Jane Ayre, Dangerous Corner, The Mighty Barnum, Society Doctor, Shadow of Doubt, Times Square Lady, Metropolitan, Murder Man, Here Comes the Band, The Great Ziegfeld, False Faces, Escapade and The Garden Murder Case*.

What Do You Think? Cont.

Mr. James Raglan, the young Englishman, acted the title role.

Helen Twelvetrees' film, *Thoroughbred*, has just completed its first month at the Mayfair, Sydney, and looks like remaining there. The film centres round a horse, and the thrilling climax is where its jockey is shot during the running of the Melbourne Cup. John Longdon is in this, so you see the English acting fraternity is well represented at Pagewood.

Yet another is Dennis Hoey, the talented actor, who has just finished *Uncivilised*, a story of a white child brought up by blacks, and then he meets the white girl (Margot Rhys), and then. . . Rather like "Tarzan," what?

Cinesound is starting *Wilderness Orphan*. The film industry is booming, most likely because of the Quota Act, which is like the British one.

Stop Press! Victor Jory arrives next month to act here for Columbia under Mr. Clarence Badger, who arrives at the end of this month.—*Joyce Martin, 8 Parramatta Road, Homebush, N.S.W., Australia*.

Ten Commandments

The various controversies and heated arguments that have arisen from time to time about various matters have led me to compile a list of what I consider to be Hollywood's Ten Commandments.

- (1) Good plots never die.
- (2) Stars may change their mates, but not their type.
- (3) The more money spent, the better the product.
- (4) Will Hays find a way?

- (5) When in doubt inject a dash of sex-appeal.
- (6) The public cannot have too much of a good thing.
- (7) Stories must be tailored to fit the star.
- (8) "Yes, Mr. De Mille."
- (9) The box office is always right.
- (10) Originality seldom pays dividends.

I wonder how far I am wrong.—*Stanley O. Gore, 4 Middleton Close, Catton Grove, Norwich*.

Unequal Sound

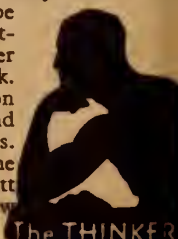
Do not think I am grouching, but I certainly think the talking machines in the cinema could be improved. For instance, there is a large super cinema in our district which shows the best films and has a large screen, yet the sound is shocking.

But if we care to walk through a muddy road to an awful, little, dirty-looking cinema the talking is marvellous and every word is as clear as a bell. Also the seats are much cheaper. Is this right?—*R. Baugh, 20 Lanbury Road, London, S.E.15*.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films. Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 is. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.



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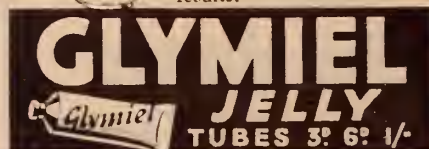
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Madeleine Carroll
Maurice Chevalier

June Clyde
Ronald Colman
Gary Cooper
Joan Crawford
Constance Cummings
Marlene Dietrich
Richard Dix
Robert Donat
Irene Dunne
Gracie Fields
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Ann Harding
Cedric Hardwicke

Jean Harlow
Katharine Hepburn
Benita Hume
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Let GEORGE Do It!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered in this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to 'George,' c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

LI (Barnet).—Write to the *All Star F.C. of England and America*, 29 Heaton Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 6. For details of fan clubs for the stars you mention. (2) Marlene Dietrich having finished *Garden of Allah*, comes to England to make *Knight Without Armour* with Robert Donat. (3) Herbert Marshall's latest film *Girls' Dormitory* with Ruth Chatterton and Simone Simon.

BETTE (Norwich).—Brian Aherne, b. May 1902, King's Norton, Worcestershire, ft. 1 in., blond hair, blue eyes; hobbies, golf, tennis, motorcycling and dancing. Randolph cott, b. Jan. 23, 1903, Orange, Va.; 6 ft. in., 185 lb.; light brown hair, hazel eyes; hobbies, football and travel.

A RUSSEL HARDIE FAN.—(1) Tom Brown took the part of Richard Barthelmess's mother in *Central Airport*. (2) John Mills under contract to make one film for Alexander Korda, title not yet settled. (3) Art lates: John Mills—Nov. 3, 1934; Russell lardie—April 13, 1935; front cover with Ian Parker, June 22, 1935. Back numbers obtainable from the Publishing Dept. 6, Atharine St., London, W.C.2. for 3d. each, post free.

POWELL FAN (Croydon).—Dick Powell, Nov. 14, 1904; 6 ft., blue eyes, auburn hair, 172 lb.; ma. Mildred Maund (mar. is.). Latest films, *Hearts Divided*, to make *Gold Diggers* of 1937.

BARBARA.—Tullio Carminati's latest film, *The Three Maxims*, with Leslie Banks and Anna Neagle for Herbert Wilcox Productions. Ivo Martini to make *The Gay Desperado* for Twentieth Century Fox.

COOPER FAN (E.12).—Rosalind Russell did not play in *The Melody Lingers On*, Josephine Hutchinson played the lead in this film and she did play the piano herself. You might try the film company Paramount for the print you require.

DOUBTFUL (Cheshire).—Josephine Dunn took the role of Al Jolson's wife in *The Singing Fool*.

STONE FAN.—Franchot Tone recites 'England, My England' in the film *Lives of Bengal Lancer*. This poem is by William Ernest Henley.

CURIOUS (Edmonton).—Alice Faye, b. May 5, about 23 years ago, New York; unmarried; blond hair and blue eyes, 5 ft. in., 111 lb.; hobbies, riding and walking. Latest film, *Sing, Baby, Sing*. Photograph obtainable from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, 1.6d. a dozen.

GINGERITE (Liverpool).—Ginger Rogers, July 16, 1911, Independence, U.S.A.; ft. 4 in.; married (a) Jack Pepper (mar. is.), (b) Lew Ayres (separated); brown hair and eyes. Latest film, *I Won't Dance*, with Fred Astaire.

ELEANOR ADMIRER.—Recorded numbers on Broadway Melody of 1936—"I've Got Feeling You're Fooling" and "You Are My Lucky Star," sung by Eleanor Powell, M.V. B8396. Same two numbers are played by Eddie Duchin and his band on M.V. BD263.

FIVE ASTHER FANS.—(1) Write to Columbia Pictures re-issue of *The Bitter Tea of General Yen*. (2) Mr. Wu was silent film released Feb. 9, 1928. (3) Photograph of Nils Asther obtainable from the Postcard Salon, address above. (4) Plates published—Sept. 26, 1931

FAN CLUB NOTICES

BORIS KARLOFF CLUB (formerly the **BORIS KARLOFF FAN CLUB**) now under complete new management. All new members are ardently welcome. Our president, Mr. Karloff, takes a personal interest in his club. There are now facilities for socials, dances, meals, hikes, whist drives, etc. All interested please apply to the new hon. secretary, Miss K. Nap, 162 Croydon Road, Croydon, London, S.E.20. Stamped addressed envelope for reply, please! Motto—Join our club and have some fun!

THE PHOENIX FILM SOCIETY is a unique form of Correspondence Club with members over the world who are nearly all ardent and well-informed filmgoers. They correspond amongst each other according to their various other hobbies—a list of which is sent alongside each member's name in the Social Membership Lists. All members receive the bi-monthly club organ, *Phoenix*, which keeps them informed of all film news and contains the club's complete index to the best releases compiled by the

and Jan. 27, 1934. Back numbers obtainable from the Publishing Dept. (See previous column.)

R. F. (Herts).—Jean Harlow's latest film, *Suzy*, with Franchot Tone and Cary Grant for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures, Ltd.

MAD ABOUT RONNIE.—(1) Art plates published Ronald Colman—Oct. 29, 1932, and May 30, 1936. (2) Centre spreads—*Arrowsmith*, March 26, 1932; *Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back*, Oct. 20, 1934; *Tale of Two Cities*, Jan. 11, 1936; *Cynara*, March 18, 1933. (3) No, Loretta Young is not married to Ronald Colman.

MICKEY (New Barnet).—Richard Cromwell, b. Jan. 8, 1910, Los Angeles; real name Roy Radabaugh; 5 ft. 10 in., 140 lb.; brown hair, grey eyes; hobbies, painting, swimming, riding and tennis. Latest film, *Poppy*, with W. C. Fields and Rochelle Hudson. Commenced film career in *Tol'able David*. Art plate published Aug. 31, 1935.

F. W. (Dagenham).—(1) George Raft, b. Sept. 27, 1903, New York; German and Italian parentage; 5 ft. 10 in.; olive complexion, black hair, brown eyes; married Grace Mulrooney (mar. dis.); hobbies, baseball and boxing. Latest film, *Yours for the Asking*, with Ida Lupino and Dolores Costello Barrymore. (2) Gene Raymond, b. Aug. 13, 1908, New York, of French parentage; real name Raymond Guion; 5 ft. 10 in.; blue eyes, blond hair and 157 lb.; bobby, polo. Latest film, *The Bride Walks Out*, with Barbara Stanwyck. (3) Edmund Lowe, b. Mar. 3, 1893, San Jose, California, U.S.A. Ed. Santa Clara University, B.A. degree at eighteen; 6 ft., blue eyes, light brown hair; married (a) Lilyan Tashman (dec.), (b) Rita Kaufmann; latest film, *Seven Sinners* (re-make of *The Wrecker*) with Constance Cummings.

K. J. S. (Worcester).—Centre spreads—*Cavalcade*, Mch. 11, 1933; *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, Christmas No., 1934; *Thirty-nine Steps*, June 15, 1935. Back numbers, see previous column.

R. D. (Oldbury).—Photographs of Paul Robeson, Jan Kiepura, Eddie Cantor, Pat O'Brien, Fred Astaire, Richard Dix, Buck Jones, Claude Rains, George Brent, Jessie Matthews and Jean Harlow obtainable from the Postcard Salon, address above.

FILM CRAZY.—Mae West, b. Brooklyn, New York; 5 ft. 4 in.; blue eyes, yellow hair; address her c/o Paramount. Photograph obtainable from the Postcard Salon.

ANNA AND MAE FAN.—(1) Anna May Wong has not made any films recently. (2) Mae West, see above, not married. (3) Grace Fields, b. Jan. 9, 1898.

PUZZLED (Hove).—Greta Garbo's films as follows: *The Atonement* of Gosta Berling; first American role—*The Torrent*; *The Temptress*, *The Kiss*, *Flesh and the Devil*, *Love*, *The Divine Woman*, *Wild Orchids*, *The Mysterious Lady*, *The Single Standard*, *A Woman of Affairs*; talkies—*Anna Christie*, *Romance*, *Inspiration*, *The Rise of Helga*, *As You Desire Me*, *Grand Hotel*, *Queen Christina*, *The Painted Veil*, *Anna Karenina*; to make, *Camille*, with Robert Taylor.

President, up-to-date film news, previews of the big films and articles on photography, literature, radio, gramophone records, travel, dance music, etc., all contributed by the members themselves, to whom the columns are always open, subject to the usual agreements. Write to Donald J. Thornton, Gledhow, Wellington Walk, Southmead, Bristol, for full particulars.

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Leave IT to ANNE

FEW are born beautiful, but nowadays most of us can improve upon Nature. If you are not quite sure about the beautifying business, let me help you. Your letter should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope if you would like a reply by post.

I WRITE so often of the wonderful beauty aids that come out of pots and bottles. To-day we will have a complete change and think of Nature's great beauty aid—sleep. Even yet comparatively little is known about the process of sleep. But this we do know. It is the great restorative and while we sleep all the wastage of the day is being made good.

We do not need to be scientific about it. Your mirror will tell you all you want to know about the lack of sleep. Look in the glass after a very late or a very restless night, and what do you see? Muddy skin, dull eyes and a furred tongue.

The average person requires eight hours' sleep in the twenty-four. Two hours before midnight are worth much more than two hours after midnight.

Do you get the best out of sleep? Do you fall asleep soon after your head touches the pillow and do you jump up in the morning almost as soon as you wake?

Or do you take a glance at the early cup of tea and turn over for another snooze, getting up in a dreadful hurry twenty minutes later, with a dry mouth and hating the aroma of bacon that comes to you from below stairs?

If that is the way in which you greet another day, you most certainly are not getting full value for sleep and, what is more, there is something wrong with you and your habits.

Dull Eyes

So many of my correspondents write of heavy eyes and dark circles, in spite of good eyes that do not need assistance in the way of glasses. Modern life, perhaps, doesn't conduce to good sleep, and I have tried to sort out the reasons for these troubles.

Where young women and girls are concerned I would put the first one as going to bed too late.

The wireless, the cinema, an interesting book, or a pleasant young man to entertain are excellent reasons for allowing the hours to slip past unnoticed.

Of course, I am not so old and stuffy myself that I would suggest early to bed every night. But there are limits. Always be ready to sit up for a very good cause, but make up the lost sleep next night and other nights, too, when there is nothing special to do.

Then comes the next class—generally somewhat older these folks—who go to bed at a reasonable hour, but can't get off to sleep for ages.

These sleepers take the day's troubles to bed with them. They re-live the petty troubles of the office; they go over the quarrel scene with the other typist as they would have played it had there been time to think about it; they worry out ways and means of getting that new dress or shoes when funds are short; or they start planning for the future.

Needless to say, they do not jump out of bed next morning. It perhaps needs a great effort to switch off your mind as you would the radio, and it is easiest if the thoughts are deliberately diverted an hour before bedtime. Do a crossword puzzle, read a book or go for a walk—anything that is a change.

Indigestion

Another frequent cause of heavy eyes and dark circles is indigestion, and incomplete elimination. If you go to bed with a full stomach and an over-

loaded colon, nothing can give you undisturbed sleep. Either you do not sleep a wink, or if you do it is heavy, disturbed, nightmarish kind of slumber. Let three hours or more elapse after your last meal before you think of bed. And don't be tempted to take a snack afterwards in case you should wake up hungry in the night. You won't.

If, in spite of careful feeding, you still have a tendency to indigestion and liverishness which disturbs your sleep and makes you wake heavy and sluggish, then try a little milk of magnesia night and morning, or a herbal concoction with gentian after meals.

See that you get plenty of fresh air in the bedroom and let your bed be reasonably comfortable. There is not much excuse for sagging mattresses in these days, when really luxuriously sprung affairs are to be bought for little more than a wire overlay used to cost a few years ago.

Don't Snooze

Whatever you do, be sure to get up at once. If you really have had a good night's rest, jump out of bed with a will. It is none lazy of you to turn over for another five minutes. Moreover, that five minutes does positive harm. Have you ever noticed that you are much less fresh after that stolen interlude than you were when first you opened your eyes?

If, in spite of good habits and comfort, you still do not sleep as well as you should, what of artificial aids.

Drugs are tahoo, of course. Inducing sleep by such methods is pure folly, for the more you take the more you need. But there are simpler and harmless aids. Herb pillows have helped many to sound sleep. The pillow is filled with fragrant aromatic herbs which soothe the nerves and create a state of mind suitable for sleep.

Then there are herbal tisanes such as lime blossom tea and orange flower tea. These are pleasant aids to peaceful sleep, particularly if taken in conjunction with lime blossom baths. This preparation can be bought in a tin and added to the bath water at night.

Talkie Title Tales

THIS week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Gerald Beard, Park Road, Guilsfield, Montgomeryshire, for:

Rookery Nook
A Cuckoo in the Nest

Afterwards
Are These Our Children?

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:—
Norman Grace, 8 Circular Road W., Liverpool 11, for:—

After Office Hours
The Subway Express
The Crowd Roars
Get Off My Foot

Miss M. McArthur, 82 Barfillan Street, Cardonald, Glasgow, S.W.2, for:—

Hooray for Love
Twenty Million Sweethearts
No Limit
Whoopee

A Steeds, 22 Nelson Street, Bedminster Down, Bristol 3, for:—

Love Before Breakfast
Someone at the Door
Embarrassing Moments

The Interrupted Honeymoon

Trevor Diggory, Holly Bush Farm, Bradley, near Wrexham, North Wales, for:—

Death Flies East
The Ghost Goes West
East Meets West

As you can see, the idea of Talkie Titles is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o "Picturegoer," Martlett House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no other rules, except that I must insist that your "titles" are submitted on a postcard—and only one attempt on each card.

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No. 272 (New Series), Vol. 6

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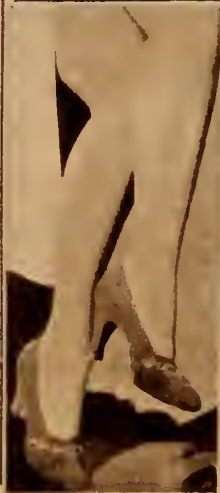
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ALL THE GOSSIP

WHEN is a serious film funny? There are several answers to this question. When it is so badly produced as to forfeit all conviction; when it approaches its subject with a pompous dignity that must be a butt for the jokes of the ribald; when it entirely misses the mark at which it is aimed.

But it is probably funniest of all when it is shown at a time long after it was produced, or produced in the style of a bygone day.

However, to be really funny, *it must be deadly serious.*

Recently, America has had a grand time with the revival of ancient films by the Museum of Modern Art of New York.

This body, aided by a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, has been digging up and circulating through museums, colleges, and study groups, all the old films it could find, with the laudable idea of building up a visual history of the film industry from 1894 to the present day.

Eighty thousand people, it is estimated, have seen these hoary old veterans.

Still Fresh

Some of these, like D. W. Griffith's *Intolerance*, produced twenty years ago, are extraordinarily fresh and up-to-date; even such early productions as Sarah Bernhardt's *Queen Elizabeth* show unmistakable signs of the genius of the stage players who figure in them.

But others, ranging from *The Great Train Robbery* of 1903 to the first Theda Bara film, *A Fool There Was*, are extremely though unintentionally funny.

I remember, not so long ago, attending a film party, of which the star item was the screening of several silent films from the first decade of this century.

A hand-tinted colour version of *Mary Queen of Scots* was received with a good deal of ribald comment, but the climax of the evening's entertainment was reached with a very early Continental version of *Noah's Ark*, in which, as the producers obviously had only one camel, the patient beast was led up the gang-plank into the Ark twice over!

Solemn Absurdity

The solemnity with which this was done was, of course, responsible for the roar of laughter which greeted it; and the extraordinarily gymnastic ways of conveying emotion in those far-off days were the cause of a good many sore throats before the evening was out.

Not many years ago—perhaps eight—Christopher Morley, one of America's leading writers, conceived the idea of staging some of the ancient melodramas in a dingy theatre in Hoboken, just across the Hudson from New York City.

These proved successful beyond his wildest dreams; and when he grew tired of the sport, other producers took it up, one of them being Harry Bannister, ex-husband of Ann Harding.

Bannister put on *The Drunkard*—and took it off after two years so that the cast could have a rest!

A Museum Piece

The Drunkard, one of the most famous of melodramas, was first produced in 1844, by the celebrated P. T. Barnum, at Huber's Museum in New York; and it certainly is a museum piece.

It concerns a young married couple and their child. Influenced by a villainous squire, the young husband takes to drink, and deserts his family.

There is also a faithful friend and his half-witted sister, and a poor old mother—all the ingredients of a first-rate heart-wringer.

And hearts it undoubtedly wrung, ninety-two years ago.

But when it was revived, so completely had the fashion changed that it was ludicrous in the extreme.

There was no need to exaggerate the grotesqueness of the piece; they played it in dead earnest, just as it had been played nearly a century before.

Pat Paterson certainly is an eyeful as she sits on the edge of her Hollywood swimming pool. She will next be seen opposite Henry Fonda in "Spendthrift."



Gingered Up

Now the old play has been filmed; but unfortunately, in the manner of movie producers, its screen sponsors have done a little quite superfluous "gingering up" . . .

They have staged the melodrama in a shabby little old-time theatre; they have provided a modern audience, drinking beer and eating pretzels, and interjecting remarks and "razz-berries"; and they have so burlesqued the actual production that it is merely a travesty of what it once was.

I saw it privately the other day, and I'm bound to say I found it excruciatingly unfunny. During thirty-five minutes I had two laughs—one at a remark of the dying mother, which had obviously been interpolated, and the other at a bit of "business" which was certainly not in the original play.

The point was that the piece was supposed to be played by a company of amateurs—who would most certainly not have burlesqued it.

Absurdities

Obviously its sponsors hope it will receive the kind of success which attended *Young*

England on the stage—a riotous acceptance of its flagrant absurdities.

But when the players are so plainly conscious of the absurdity of the whole thing, the audience is robbed of the satisfaction of discovering that absurdity for itself.

To me, the film's chief interest lay in the appearance, in the title-role, of James Murray.

This stalwart young good-looker made his film debut in *The Pilgrims* in 1923, having had no stage experience whatsoever.

Then King Vidor chose him for the role of "John Sims" in his epoch-making film *The Crowd*—and that was the beginning of a twelve years' screen career in Hollywood, during which Murray was idolised by the fans.

Couldn't Take It

Gradually, however, his engagements became fewer and farther between. The titles of his films, towards the end of his career, grew more and more ominous. *Heroes for Sale*, *Twenty Dollars a Week* . . . and, finally, *The Drunkard*.

Poor James Murray! Like many another

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

before him, he "couldn't stand corn." His sudden prosperity and popularity had gone to his head, and he became unemployable.

The Drunkard, made last year, was in the nature of a come-back for him; but the come-back did not develop into a stay-back.

A few weeks ago a body was recovered from the black waters of the New York river; and not for forty-eight hours were the police able to identify the dead man as thirty-five-year-old James Murray, the darling of the fans.

And as a crowning stroke of irony, when he first appeared on the screen in *The Drunkard*, people around me exclaimed, "Why, it's Dick Powell!"

Penalty

And so James Murray joins the long list of Hollywood celebrities whose success was their undoing.

Jeanne Eagels, Wally Reid, Alma Rubens, Barbara La Marr, Mabel Normand, Jack Pickford, Olive Thomas, Karl Dane, Robert Ames—all went the pace too fast, and paid the penalty.

Contemplating a list like that, one is inclined to assume that all Hollywood stars are tarred with the same brush of recklessness.

But this is far from the truth.

For instance, I was mildly surprised to hear recently that a check-up on Hollywood motorists showed the film folk to be the most careful drivers.

The daddy of them all is Sir Guy Standing, who began to drive when it was first considered reasonably safe to sit in a motor-car.

Although he is a member of the Midlands Race Track Association, to which some of the fastest drivers in Britain belong, he has yet to receive his first summons for a traffic offence.

Gary Started Young

Then there is Gary Cooper, who has been driving for nearly twenty years, starting as soon as he was big enough to reach the gear-levers.

He owns some of the most powerful cars in the film colony, and always drives himself, yet he has never had an accident; by the way, he actually did that speeding you saw him do in *Desire*—in one sequence exceeding eighty miles an hour.

Fred MacMurray, too, has a clean sheet, although he has driven practically all his life.

And as for the women—Carole Lombard, involved in a serious crash which nearly ruined her career (and which happened when she was not driving), now refuses to trust herself to anyone's driving but her own.

Claudette Colbert and Gladys Swarthout, too, are "safe" drivers, but they both envy the record of Carl Brisson, who has driven through practically every country in Europe, part of Africa, and most of the United States, and had neither a crash nor a "ticket."

S.O.S.

By the way, speaking of the exhibition of old silent films, I have just heard that Morley College, the famous educational centre for working men and women in Westminster Bridge Road, London, has had to suspend the operations of its film society because of lack of funds for the reconstruction of its apparatus.

This society has done good work in interesting the College's adult students in film technique and appreciation, by means of lectures, etc., and has

also exhibited many classic silent films in its hall, which seats 600.

The society is now anxious to find funds to convert its apparatus from silent to sound, and would welcome any assistance from well-wishers in this respect.

Anyone interested should get in touch with the Secretary, Mr. G. Cottrell, at the College.

Bright Holidays Ahead

Whether it rains or shines, there is one holiday companion you cannot afford to be without—the "Picturegoer Summer Annual." Here is the ideal magazine for those restful hours when the office and the daily routine have gracefully retired—at least temporarily—into the background. One hundred pages packed with interesting articles dealing with the stars at work and play, as well as many full-page pictures of your favourites.

Jeanette MacDonald writes an intriguing article on the modern man—or rather, on the lack of him, for she avers he does not exist! Adam is still the old Adam.

The stories and brief criticisms of twelve notable releases and a long complete story of "Wife versus Secretary," are also included.

"The True Story of a Famous Star" is another of the scintillating articles in this attractive Annual. His identity remains concealed, but he seeks your advice on a matter of heart interest which he tells with amazing frankness.

You will have spent sixpence wisely if you invest in the "Picturegoer Summer Annual."

High Priest

One of the most interesting personalities I have met with recently is Irving Berlin, the High Priest of Jazz, who has been taking a big holiday in England.

Ever since the far-off day (probably before most of you were born) when I first picked out

"Alexander's Rag-time Band" with one finger in the treble, I have been wanting to meet its creator; and since he has gone from triumph to triumph, the desire has become an urge.

So we sat for over an hour in the Savoy Hotel, arguing amiably the respective merits and peculiarities of rag-time and jazz.

You probably think I have a colossal nerve to argue with an expert like that; but that's the kind of fellow Irving Berlin is.

He's so modest that you forget he's an acknowledged world-expert; ballyhoo-modesty, he slyly calls it, but that's nonsense.

Three Fingers

"There's a legend," I said, "that when you composed 'Alexander's Rag-time Band' you couldn't read or write a note of music. Is that true?"

"It was true then, and it's true now," he declared. "People are inclined to make out that there's something remarkable in that, but I want to debunk that idea here and now."

"Reading and writing music is one accomplishment; composing is another. Some fortunate people have both accomplishments. I suppose if I tried hard to learn to score melodies, I could manage it in a few months; but mightn't I lose something by being tied down, conventionalised?"

"Look!" he said, holding up two fingers of his right hand and one of his left. "That's all I use—on a battered twenty-five-year-old piano. That gives me all the counterpoint I need."

Words and Music

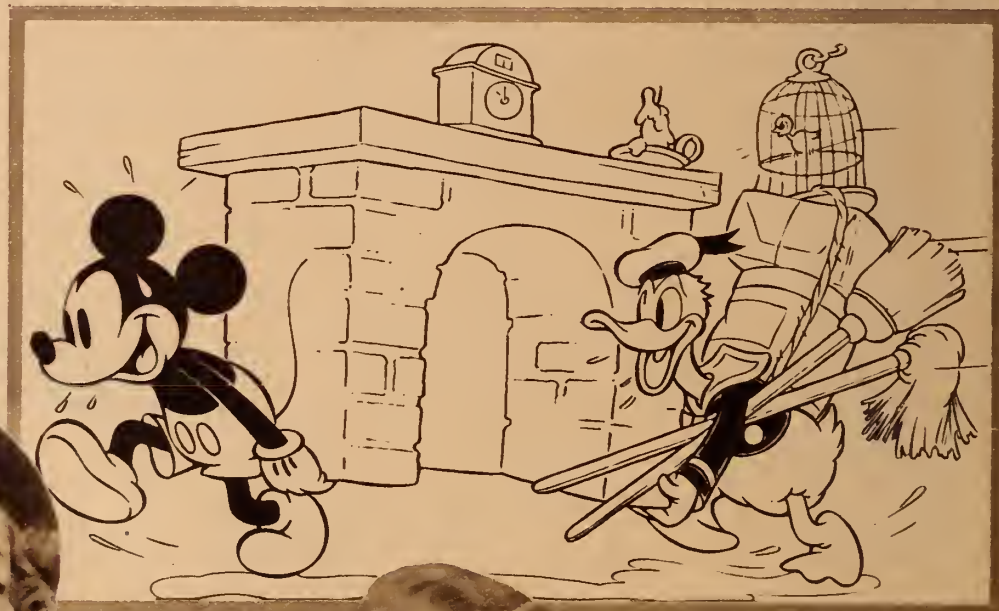
"And does someone write it down as you go?" I asked.

"No, I finish the work, whatever it is, before a note is written down."

"Remembering it all as you go?"

"Well, I compose the words as well as the music, and each helps me to remember the other."

I tried to get some idea of how he thought of his songs.



We're afraid Donald Duck is doing a little more scene-stealing in the new Mickey Mouse film "Moving Day."



Two favourites—Shirley Temple and Frank Morgan in "Bowery Princess."



Mr. Berlin (emphasis on the first syllable, please, to rhyme with Merlin) declares that every man and woman has *one* original tune in their head that's just natural. "But if they can go on turning 'em out," he added, "that's something else."

Certainly he has that "something else," for he is able to turn them out with astonishing freshness and facility.

Indeed, he recently completed six new songs for *On the Avenue* that bid fair to equal the best of his work.

Star Pupil

Fans of Shirley Temple (who recently finished her work in *Dimples*) will be interested to hear that their heroine has passed her exams, with high honours after her second year of schooling.

Left: Clark Gable and his inseparable companion Snooper. Below: John Halliday, Esther Ralston and Maurice Costello in "Hollywood Boulevard."



"Take 'Cheek to Cheek,'" he suggested. "The title-phrase was out of a song I'd written some time earlier. The tune was one I'd thought of for a song about Italy. And as it was a song for Fred Astaire to dance to, and Fred dances a long time, it had to be a long song."

Sounds simple, doesn't it?

Singing Waiter

But as he told me how he'd started, this Russian-born boy who was Singing Waiter in a Chinatown eating-house, I became conscious that his very simplicity is his great strength.

He is admittedly "of the people"; and he knows the people, knows their needs, their tastes, their whims; and by following these (and also, to a great extent, by moulding these), he has made a fortune and provided us with some of the best jazz music of modern times.

"Say It With Music," "What'll I Do?" "All Alone," "Because I Love You," "Always," "Top Hat," "Isn't It a Lovely Day?" "We Saw the Sea," "I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket"—these are a few of his contributions to the gaiety of nations.

Now he has composed all the music for the new Twentieth Century-Fox film, *On the Avenue*, of which he wrote the story, too.

Would you care to know in what departments Miss Temple has chiefly distinguished herself?

Take a deep breath.

Reading, arithmetic, co-operativeness, courtesy, dependability, industry, initiative, judgment, orderliness, promptness, self-reliance, and thrift.

From what we know of the infant star, they might have added "tap-dancing, charm, curly-headedness, cheerfulness, and popularity."

Shirley is now to begin French lessons, and her mother will also give her piano lessons.

Shirley already plays many popular airs with one finger.

For Men Only

I am now addressing myself exclusively to you men—and especially those of you who object to waiting around for half an hour or so while the girl-friend "just slips into" an evening frock.

Be thankful you didn't live in 1823.

In those days a party frock took two hours to "slip into"—even with the assistance of two maids.

That was Joan Crawford's time for getting into a party frock for a scene in *The Gorgeous Hussy*.

First she had to assume eleven petticoats, which took several minutes each to adjust; then

came the fastening of 125 small hooks, which took 33 minutes.

And after the two hours were over, they had to start dressing Joan's hair, which took half an hour or so.

Can't you imagine her escort pacing up and down the hall like a caged lion while all that was going on?

Murder!

Two hundred thousand people now living in America will commit murder before they die.

This statement, based on criminal statistics, was recently made by the chief of the American Federal Bureau of Investigation; but before he made it, Radio Pictures had already launched two screen stories on the subject at their Hollywood studios—*We Who Are About to Die* and *Don't Turn 'Em Loose*.

The first is by a young man who, while under sentence of death for murder, spent thirteen months in the Death Row in St. Quentin Prison, California, before being reprieved.

The second deals with the premature release of vicious criminals who violate their parole.

There is abundant screen material in the subject, and both films should prove to contain strong meat.

Only a Bob

I have just received a little book, "Pros and Cons," which is a collection of reminiscences by celebrated concert artistes, edited and compiled by my old friend Fred Rome, with a foreword by J. B. Priestley.

Many old pierrots are now film stars, and that makes it all the more interesting.

Anyway, the book costs only one shilling, and the money goes to the Concert Artistes' Benevolent Fund.

Film Folk

Charles Boyer will be co-starred with Greta Garbo in M.-G.-M.'s Napoleonic film *Beloved*.

The Marx Brothers are trying out their new film *A Day at the Races* on the stage, as they did with *A Night at the Opera*.

The Eleanor Powell film *Easy to Love* has been re-titled *Born to Dance*. James Stewart plays opposite her in a tap-dancing role.

Four-year-old Juanita Quigley will also tap-dance with Eleanor Powell in *Born to Dance*—her ninth film.

Jean Harlow and Robert Montgomery are to be co-starred for the first time in M.-G.-M.'s *Love on the Run*.

Thornton Martin, associate editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, visiting Hollywood, was bombarded with requests for autographs by fans of Spencer Tracy, whom he strongly resembles. He obliged.

William Hall, Universal's new 6 ft. 4 in. player, has been cast with Victor McLaglen as a kind of Flagg and Quirt team, in *A Fool for Blondes*. Binnie Barnes plays feminine lead.

James Whale, British director of *Show Boat*, will next direct *Time Out of Mind* for Universal.

Buck Jones, having completed *The Boss Rider of Gun Creek*, will shortly start on *Empty Saddles*.

Gloria Stuart has been cast opposite Edmund Lowe in Universal's *Rich and Reckless*.

Dolores del Rio's first subject under her new Columbia contract will be *Continental*.

James Dunn will next be seen in Columbia's *The Fighter*, opposite June Clayworth.

Jack Holt is back at Columbia, where his first role under his new contract will be *The Road to Nowhere*.

Gary Cooper's father and mother will shortly visit Dunstable, where Judge Cooper has not been for fifty-four years, and where Gary spent two years at school.

GUY BEACON.



Left: A recent portrait of Ronald Colman, who is one of the most self-effacing and modest of all film stars.

THREE I've seen death reach out for Ronald Colman—first time was a few years ago in Spain on the ranch of the famed Spanish grandee who raises the fiercest and deadliest bulls used in Spain's bull-fights. Colman was travelling in Spain. He'd caught up, in Madrid, with Ruth Chatterton and George Brent. There they'd met a newspaperman who's a bull-fight fan. His delight is to take American visitors to the bull ranch, get them feeling good, and then urge them into a bull ring to make a pass or two at some of the bulls. "They won't hurt you," he tells them, blandly. "They're only young bulls." He doesn't add, though, the tales of the banderilleros who've been killed there, gored to death by those "harmless" young bulls. . . . They're not tales to talk about.

Well, anyway, Colman fell for the young American newspaperman's gag. Feeling good, he let himself be handed a red cape, and led into the ring. In the stands, Chatterton and Brent (George had already made a successful pass or two in the ring) laughed at Colman baiting the bull. Of a sudden the laugh changed to a cry of horror. Colman, after all a tyro at this sort of thing, had slipped, fallen full length. And the bull, already snorting with rage, was lunging at him . . . !

In a spot like that, one of two things may happen: the man on the ground may be gored, probably fatally. Or the banderilleros who stand about may, luckily, rush in and with their own capes and shouts and gestures distract the bull and divert his attack. In this case the bull charged straight for Colman, who couldn't possibly get out of the way. It looked like the end for him. Chatterton covered her eyes; Brent was leaping into the ring. Then, by one of those quirks of fate, the bull caught the flash of a banderillero's madly-waving cape at one side, and in that instant he swerved, made for the other man instead of Colman. It was sheer luck—or maybe it was that same providence that saved Colman one day, later, at the M-G-M. studios.

That was when they were shooting that Devil's Island picture, some time ago. There was a scene wherein Colman dives from a low pier into the sea. Soldiers swarm the pier after him, but Colman does not reappear. They believe he has drowned, and leave. But all the time Colman is supposed to have come

The PRIVATE LIFE of RONALD COLMAN

HARRY LANG is the author of this, the first of a series of three articles by different writers dealing with various aspects in the life of the famous star. The author draws aside the veil of self-effacement in which Ronald Colman shrouds himself and shows you the man as his close friends really know him.

up under the pier while the soldiers tramp vainly overhead, seeking him. Something went wrong. The set wasn't strongly built. Colman did his dive neatly. The soldiers swarmed the pier. And Colman, as calculated, came up under it. But the pier, with the soldiers' weight, had sagged several inches. There wasn't room for Colman to bring his head out of water so that he could breathe. The trampling overhead of the soldiers drowned the noise of his knockings—and almost drowned Colman, too. By the time his plight was discovered he was so exhausted that it was an hour or more before he was sufficiently recovered to

Above: Ronald Colman with another of the British colony, Herbert Mundin, in a scene from "Under Two Flags." Below: Two of Colman's closest friends, Richard Barthelmess and William Powell.



resume shooting. That was his second escape from the Old Man with the Scythe.

And the third—that was not so long ago near Yuma, Arizona, where they were shooting *Under Two Flags*. In one scene, a knife is thrown to hit Colman, but it misses, sticks quivering into a post just beside his head. At least, that's the way the scene *should* have gone. 20th Century-Fox had hired Hollywood's most famous knife-thrower. In 20 practice throws he had stuck the knife into the post. Then came the "take." Colman walked unconcernedly into the scene. Director Frank Lloyd gave the signal for the knife-thrower to do his stuff. His arm flipped, the knife whizzed flashing. It zipped by Colman's ear so close he could hear it hiss. It hit the post—BUT it didn't stick—the knife ricocheted, grazed Colman's neck and buried itself in the sand. One more inch and Colman's jugular vein

would have been severed. Colman just grinned. Director Lloyd turned his back, fearing the worst.

Say anything? No—he didn't say anything. Colman never says anything. That's his one predominant characteristic—the fact that he doesn't talk. He's a male Garbo, that way. Those escapes from death show that luck must be with him. He lived through those, he'll probably live through others. Live to go on and keep adding fine portrayals; live to go on enjoying life in his quiet, retiring fashion; live, perhaps, to marry again.

Yes, we might as well mention it. It's the question that is asked by the great majority of fans who ask about Colman: Will he marry again? He did have one unfortunate venture but it was ended by divorce not so long ago. As to his plans, if any, about women, Colman himself is as silent as three sphinxes. BUT—and this is significant!—there's a studio attaché who works pretty closely to Colman much of the time. "Marry again?" says this chap, when asked about Colman's love-life; "Oh, shucks—I wouldn't be surprised if he runs off to-morrow, elopes and marries her." "Marries who?" you ask. And the fellow grins and apes Colman by not mentioning a name. But we in Hollywood know that his closest feminine friends are Ruth Chatterton and Benita Hume.

As for asking Ronnie—don't. Because he won't answer. Ronnie will not talk about women. He's a 100-per cent. adherent to the gentleman's code. There has risen from his silence about women the legend that he's a woman-hater. Far from it, FAR! He's quite the ladies' man. As a host to women he's almost too solicitous. He showers them with those little attentions they love. Whoever happens to be with him, that woman must imagine that she's the only love in his life. What with jumping up and down to light her cigarette, help her in and out of her car and see to her every imaginable whim before she's even aware of it herself, Colman, in a woman's presence, is the acme of perpetual attentiveness. What a man . . . ! But talk about them?—NO! Not even his best friends know, from him, who's top in his heart—whether it's Benita or somebody else. They can only judge and guess by his actions, and hers.

His home—and only recently has he consented to move into a Beverly Hills house—is a bachelor's haven. All his servants are men. The only time the female influence really disturbs it is when Ronnie's Filipino houseboy falls in love with some Boulevard blonde and fails to show up for work on time. Then Ronnie gets another Filipino. Major-Domo of the Colman ménage is one Tommy Turner, whose

Elizabeth Allan, who is another of his close friends, with Ronald Colman in a scene from "A Tale of Two Cities."



duties are so inclusive that he's a sort of "deputy-colman." If he wasn't such a swell guy you'd call him Colman's "stooge." He's social secretary, housekeeper, liaison-man, companion and friend to Colman. Without Tommy as his buffer, Colman would suffer. Much of his hermit-like home life would be less easy on him.

Colman detests any form of ostentation or personal ballyhoo. He doesn't care about publicity. And as for his personal "flash"—why, there simply isn't any. He doesn't dress up. And his car—there's a perfect example. I don't think even Garbo would be seen riding in what Colman quaintly calls his automobile. It's a super-annuated old heap but he loves it. He likes to get into some old clothes, pull a battered cap down over his face, get in that ancient car of his and drive somewhere alone. That's his idea of a swell time. And it'll probably be the desert he'll drive to—where he can get away from people. Even in midsummer, when the thermometer is 'way up above the 100-mark, Colman will drive out to his desert shack to get away from crowds.

Colman carries that gentlemanly trait of his of "not-talking-about-women" even farther. He carries it to the point wherein he won't even talk about his enemies!—and that, in Hollywood, is extraordinary. Like anyone else who's found success, Ronnie has enemies—people who envy him, and who have maligned him. But those who are close to Ronnie can't recall his ever having said an unkind word about anyone, no matter the provocation. The very deepest to which he's ever gone in expressing dislike for any individual was a few months ago, when someone asked him what he thought of a certain fellow who'd just played him an unspeakably dirty trick: "Er—well—ah—the fellow's a bit annoyin' . . ."

Social life for Colman is expressed in terms of a tennis game with Bill Powell. Bill is one of Ronnie's few close friends. Besides Bill, there are the Dick Barthelmesses, the Warner Baxters, and a few others. Warner's one of his pals, but it took Warner a long time to know him. Ever since he can remember, Baxter admits, Colman has been his ideal. And now, Warner, with Powell and Barthelmess, and "Liz" Allan and Ruth Chatterton and Benita—these constitute a sort of closed circle, a social world of their own. Their gatherings are confined to the walls of their own homes; they shun and abhor night-clubs. They believe in individual privacy. They are the few in Hollywood who have, for the most part, succeeded in keeping their private lives private. And Colman has ever been their ring-leader.

Besides tennis, boats are his great passion—boats and travel. He wants to own a boat of his own, but can't find one quite "crummy" enough to satisfy him. He doesn't want it for swank. They try to sell him fancy yachts like Chaplin's or Howard Hughes', but all Colman wants is a sturdy old tub that'll sail the seas and not be pointed out by Catalina glass-bottom boat sightseers.

When and if he finally finds one like that, he wants to sail to out-of-the-way places, and not be "receptioned" to death. He hates that sort of thing. That's why he finds it so difficult to travel—he can't get away from the fan-worship when he's recognised. He's tried hard enough. Usually, for example, he hires a courier when travelling abroad. The courier's job is to precede him from place to place and make hotel reservations. In a swank hotel he reserves rooms in Colman's name and in a little side-street dump he reserves rooms for himself. Then Colman slips into town, moves into the side-street joint and lets the courier occupy the swanky suite reserved for the star! The courier tells the swank hotel proprietor that M'sieu' Colman has

change' heels mind and weel not come to town. And in the meantime, Colman, *incognito*, is having the time of his life right there in town!

Once it didn't work. That, too, was in Spain. The courier had done his stuff, but somehow, the owner of the little side-street hotel had got wise to the gag. Colman didn't know this, though. Comfortable that night in his little second-rate room, Colman answered a knock at the door, was astounded to see the manager, resplendent in evening clothes, inquire suavely: "An, now, weel Meestair Colman please to come to de banquet?" Colman, aghast, investigated—and there in the dining-hall, sure enough, was a banquet table with scores of the town's big shots waiting for him. Admitting defeat, Colman sat at the festal board, learned that the astute hotel-manager had plastered the town with posters announcing "un gran fête" at which Colman was to preside, and sold tickets to the banquet at five dollars a head! Next day, Colman left town on the first train.

Yet with all his crowd-dodging, Colman is a charming fellow among those with whom he works. He's not up-stage. To his co-workers he's Ronnie, and not "Mister Colman." He doesn't "star it" around the lot. He doesn't have a private table at the studio commissary for lunch; he'd rather have a ham sandwich at the counter with a fellow from the publicity department. This lack of swank manifests itself in downright timidity at times. Just the other day, at M.-G.-M., he wanted to visit a set next to the one he was working on. Between "takes" on his own picture, he wandered over, but the guard gave him a dirty look, not recognising him. Colman, of course, could have said to the man: "Look here, I'm Ronald Colman and I want to visit this set." But did he? No—frightened, he fled to his Tommy Turner who arranged the visit.

It's hard to sum the man up. His friends insist he's one of the grandest guys in the world. To others he's a tight-lipped stranger. To interviewers he's a terror, because they get nothing out of him about which to write. But once, to an interviewer, Colman himself said some highly illuminating things. He was discussing *Sidney Carton*, the character he portrayed in the memorable *Tale of Two Cities*.

"*Carton*," Colman said, "is the direct antithesis of the Hollywood yes-man. It was impossible for *Carton* to make compromises with others, or with himself, or with the problems of life. He was the most unheroic of heroes, but he had the fundamental fortitude to march to the guillotine with a smile on his lips because he was strong enough to be himself. He'd never truckle to anybody; he'd always be himself, and damn the consequences. He utterly lacked the desire to court popularity, although he was a brilliant man. He lived his life without a thought for the impression he was making on those around him . . ."

That's what Ronnie Colman said about *Sidney Carton*. I wonder if he knew, as he said those words, that he was giving the best picture OF HIMSELF?

NEXT WEEK

Ronald Colman, in an interview with Katherine Hartley, discusses the part he plays in his new picture, "*Lost Horizons*," and explains his own philosophy of life. As Bob Conway, an adventurer with a strong streak of idealism in his mental make-up, the famous star has a part which appeals to him enormously. This remarkable article sheds a new light on the ideals, interests, and mental outlook of the famous star.

WAR OVER WILTSHIRE

BRUCE WOODHOUSE, "Picturegoer's" War Correspondent, visited the Gaumont-British front at Amesbury during the making of "O.H.M.S." His first, and last, dispatch from this battle area appears below.

dents always call "the lull before the storm"—fell on the battle field.

At various points of vantage, cameramen crouched over their machines grimly determined to shoot all who came within range; dismounted brigands crouched discreetly from view among the tall rushes; mounted brigands did likewise over their saddles. With the other camp followers who had considerably been removed from the immediate scene of carnage, I crouched over my notebook.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a Great Voice, like the voice of Destiny itself—the Army having kindly loaned something rather super in the way of amplifiers.

"All right," said the Great Voice. "Come on, those horsemen."

Their leader, mounted on a magnificent grey which, to lend additional colour to the scene, had acquired not only a perfect rash of black spots, but a mane of exceptional thickness, raised his rifle and charged down the winding track towards the fort. Behind him, streamed his men mounted on what appeared to be Mongolian steeds—New Forest ponies have uses undreamed of by the average motorist.

As they thundered towards their objective, their comrades broke cover to join in the sortie. Calling loudly upon the tribal gods of Lancs., of Brum. and of Surrey—in private soldier life they belong to the Loyals (North Lancashire), the Royal Warwickshire and the Queen's Regiments—they stormed forward.

Would the attack prove successful? Apparently not, for even when it seemed that the operation was being carried out according to plan—as we War Correspondents are wont to observe—the Great Voice aforesaid ordered all ranks to take up their original positions preparatory to emulating old soldiers by fighting their battles o'er again.

All really efficient war correspondents mix with the troops to record the least censorable portions of their merry prattle. This is known as "getting the human angle on Armageddon," and here's my contribution.

Cried a muddled infantryman to a very tall comrade mounted on a very small pony that refused to do more than amble: "Get off and carry him, chum, or you'll miss the blinkin' battle!"

A later attack proved more successful, and I am happy to say that the battle ended in good time for the warriors to have their tea at 5.30. In fact, throughout the campaign the time schedule was strictly adhered to, and when you realise that over a thousand troops were concerned, this is a very great feather in the Gaumont-British tin hat.

At a conference at the Gaumont-British G.H.Q. held in Amesbury after the battle, I learnt that the title of the picture, "O.H.M.S." (which suggests Income Tax rather than Box Office returns) is only provisional. I ventured to suggest that, with so much that is Chinese in the picture, it might well be called, *The Chink in the Armour*, and was promptly placed under close arrest and returned to London under escort.

But not before I had collected a lot of swell Chinese battle news.

And a lot of swell Wiltshire mud!



Above: Lieut.-Col. F. G. Bailey in full war paint as the leader of the Chinese bandits. Below: Raoul Walsh complete with bandit escort, presides over the battle.



With the Troops in the Field

WE all cherish a secret ambition in our inmost hearts. Some of us yearn to win fame as a Garbo or Colman, or even as twenty-five per cent of the Four Marx Brothers. For my own part I had long yearned to figure as a war correspondent and now I have had my big moment.

Recently, war broke out in Wiltshire, and the reason is as follows. Gaumont-British have been busy of late on their new picture which centres round life in the Army, and the War House—as we military *wallahs* call the War Office—has been lending a hand. Not only technical advice but troops of all branches of the service have been generously provided so that the battle sequences may have the authentic touch.

Now, one of the highlights of the picture is a fierce and gory fight between Chinese bandits and a battalion of the "Wessex" Regiment, whose men are hardy rather than Thomas Hardy warriors. The battle was arranged to take place close to the attractive Wiltshire village of Amesbury, and when this piece of military intelligence leaked out, I was ordered to the front to see what I could do in the way of a graphic dispatch for PICTUREGOER.

I departed so quickly that you could not see me for dust. When I returned, you could not see me for mud—but that is another story!

As I approached the battlefield, it was plain that stirring deeds were already afoot. The Gaumont-British High Command under Director Raoul Walsh were in earnest conference with sundry military advisors in one corner of a vast expanse of meadow land fringed on three sides with tall rushes, bushes and trees destined to provide the lurking banditti with lots of cover—and mud.

Away in the distance on a hill topped by a

large barn, now resplendent with a roof ornamented with dragons and other examples of Chinese decoration, waited a party of mounted bandits. Suddenly the ground near where I stood thundered—or rather, squelched—to the tramp of armed men, and down the lane behind me appeared the main body of the bandits.

Their uniform, designed on lines of simplicity rather than smartness, consisted of what appeared to be the nether portion of a pair of exceptionally shop-soiled pyjamas. Soft sandals and a battered, conical straw hat which would put the average scarecrow to shame, completed the picture.

When the Army really lets itself go in the interests of art, it does not do things by half-measures. Thus it was almost impossible to believe that these scruffy-looking gentry were the same men who, earlier in the day, had charged over the ground with all the controlled energy of a British regiment of Foot going into action.

When the time came for the aforesaid brigandry to take up battle positions, however, the speed and orderly manner in which orders were carried out would have put the genuine Chinese article off his opium for a fortnight. Even the sight of one doughty warrior who bore on his back a banner with the strange device: *Charlie Chan in Shanghai* could not destroy the illusion.

A sudden hush—what we War Correspondents



Leslie Howard, Romeo, and Edna May Oliver, Juliet's nurse, take a well-earned rest between scenes.



(Left) George Cukor, directing Norma Shearer, Juliet, and Ralph Forbes, Paris, in the ballroom scene, and above, suggesting an "entrance" for Romeo into the presence of C. Aubrey Smith and Violet Kemble Cooper as Lord and Lady Capulet.

Shots with Our Candid Camera

LET loose in the studios where George Cukor was directing *Romeo and Juliet*, our cameraman obtained these shots of some of the all-star cast on and off the set.



(Left) Reading from left to right, Conway Tearle, Prince of Verona; Reginald Denny, Benvolio; Ralph Forbes, Paris; Henry Kolker, Friar Lawrence; and Basil Rathbone, Tybalt.

Leslie Howard and John Barrymore, Mercutio, still appear to be seriously Shakespeare conscious, even off the set.

BERGNER & Win Our



OUR readers' votes have placed Elisabeth Bergner and Leslie Howard at the top of the ballot for our gold medals which in the past four years have become the most coveted of honours to be bestowed on screen artistes.

We take this opportunity to thank the great percentage of readers who have co-operated with us in making these awards really representative of the opinion of filmgoers in this country.

Not only have they helped pay a well-merited tribute to the artistes who entertained them, but they have also given an indication to producing companies and exhibitors of the trend of public taste in the matter both of pictures and artistes.

The number of performances which have received votes in the poll are, by men 113, and by women 99.

This, naturally, includes votes cast for the same artistes in two or three of their pictures released during 1935.

The positions of the first ten actors with the percentage of votes they received are as follows:—

	Per cent.
1. Leslie Howard. <i>The Scarlet Pimpernel</i> ...	15
2. Gary Cooper. <i>Lives of a Bengal Lancer</i> ...	14.5
3. Robert Donat. <i>The Count of Monte Cristo</i> ...	7.5
4. Franchot Tone. <i>The Lives of a Bengal Lancer</i> ...	7.2
5. Robert Donat. <i>Thirty-Nine Steps</i> ...	7
6. Victor McLaglen. <i>The Informer</i> ...	6.4
7. Freddie Bartholomew. <i>David Copperfield</i> ...	6.1
8. Clark Gable. <i>China Seas</i> ...	6
8. Ronald Colman. <i>Clive of India</i> ...	6
9. Charles Laughton. <i>Ruggles of Red Gap</i> ...	5.9
10. W. C. Fields. <i>David Copperfield</i> ...	5

It is interesting to compare this with the votes recorded for the performances in the 1934 releases.

	Per cent.
1. Clark Gable. <i>It Happened One Night</i> ...	30
2. William Powell. <i>The Thin Man</i> ...	7.3
3. Charles Laughton. <i>Henry VIII</i> ...	7.3
4. Fredric March. <i>Barretts of Wimpole Street</i> ...	6
5. George Arliss. <i>House of Rothschild</i> ...	5
6. Charles Laughton. <i>Barretts of Wimpole Street</i> ...	4.6
7. John Gilbert. <i>Queen Christina</i> ...	3.6
8. Conrad Veidt. <i>The Wandering Jew</i> ...	2.6
9. Conrad Veidt. <i>Jew Suss</i> ...	1.8
10. Leslie Howard. <i>Berkeley Square</i> ...	1.6

As can be seen last year's winner was streets ahead of his nearest rival, while in this year's ballot very little divides the first and second, and the next eight are also close on each other's heels.

Only three of last year's leaders are in the present list. Clark Gable, who drops from first to eighth position, Leslie Howard who comes from tenth to first place, and Charles Laughton, who

Elisabeth Bergner is awarded the gold medal for the best performance by an actress, for her brilliant character study in "Escape Me Never."



Robert Donat with Elissa Landi in "The Count of Monte Cristo." He was placed third in the ballot for his work in that picture.

Greta Garbo secured second place for her characterisation in "The Painted Veil."

HOWARD

Gold Medals

Leslie Howard, who wins the gold medal award for actors for his performance in "The Scarlet Pimpernel." He is seen with Merle Oberon.

had the honour of being voted into two leading places in last year's ballot, now ninth.

This year Donat has this distinction for an American and a British picture.

The runners-up appear in the following order. John Mills in *For Ever England*; Fredric March, *Les Misérables*; Nils Asther, *Abdul the Damned*; Edward G. Robinson, *Passport to Fame*; Nelson Eddy, *Naughty Marietta*; John Beal, *The Little Minister*; Herbert Marshall, *The Painted Veil*; Charles Boyer, *Private Worlds*; Peter Lorre, *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, and Paul Muni, *Black Fury*. Of last year's first ten, William Powell, *Evelyn Prentice*, Conrad Veidt, *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, and George Arliss, *The Last Gentleman*, polled very moderately.

The voting for the performances of actresses also yields some surprises in comparison with last year's ballot. The first ten are as follows:—

Per cent.

1. Elisabeth Bergner. *Escape Me Never* 28.7
2. Greta Garbo. *The Painted Veil* ... 16.3
3. Katharine Hepburn. *The Little Minister* ... 7.2
4. Anne Neagle. *Nell Gwynn* ... 6.9
5. Bette Davis. *Of Human Bondage* ... 6.5
6. Anne Shirley. *Anne of Green Gables* 6.2
7. Joan Crawford. *Forsaking All Others* 5.8
8. Miriam Hopkins. *Becky Sharpe* ... 4.5
9. Shirley Temple. *The Little Colonel* ... 3.8
10. Claudette Colbert. *Private Worlds* ... 2.6
10. Grace Moore. *One Night of Love* ... 2.6

For purposes of comparison here is the order of the ballot for the 1934 releases:—

Per cent.

1. Greta Garbo. *Queen Christina* ... 42
2. Norma Shearer. *Barretts of Wimpole Street* ... 21
3. Nova Pilbeam. *Little Friend* ... 8
4. Myrna Loy. *The Thin Man* ... 5
5. Claudette Colbert. *It Happened One Night* ... 4
6. Jessie Matthews. *Evergreen* ... 3.2
7. Katharine Hepburn. *Little Women* ... 2.4
8. Margaret Sullavan. *Only Yesterday* ... 2
9. Elisabeth Bergner. *Catherine the Great* ... 1.8
10. Maureen O'Sullivan. *Barretts of Wimpole Street* ... 1.6

Here again the overwhelming voting for the first place has given way to a fairly close fight for this year's two leading positions. Although they are well ahead of the third favourite, Katharine Hepburn.

Four of this year's first ten were placed in the last year's voting, but notable absentees are Jessie Matthews, Myrna Loy and Norma Shearer, the last mentioned had no release in 1935.

The runners-up are as follows: Edna May Oliver, *David Copperfield*, who runs Grace Moore and Claudette Colbert very close for the tenth place; Jean Harlow, *China Seas*; Margaret Sullavan, *The Good Fairy*; Bette Davis, *Border Town*; Jeanette MacDonald, *Naughty Marietta*; Merle Oberon, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*; Paula Wessley, *Masquerade*; Ginger Rogers, *Roberta*; Maureen O'Sullivan, *The Hide Out*; Myrna Loy, *Evelyn Prentice*; Margaret Sullavan, *Little Man What Now*; Diana Wynyard, *Over the River*; Maureen O'Sullivan *David Copperfield*; Mady Christians, *A Wicked Woman*; Myrna Loy, *Strictly Confidential*; Nova Pilbeam, *The Man Who Knew Too Much*.

Jessie Matthews, sixth last year, received



fair support for her performance in *First a Girl*.

Everybody, I think, will agree that Elisabeth Bergner's work in *Escape Me Never* fully deserved the recognition it has received from the film-going public, and we congratulate her on her success.

Leslie Howard, too, is fully deserving of the position he has gained, which was hotly contested by Gary Cooper for his fine work in *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*.

Incidentally I was rather surprised that Sir Guy Standing did not poll many votes for his outstanding performance in the same picture.

As in past years the voting has not been restricted to residents of the British Isles. We have had numerous post cards from foreign countries supporting the artistes who, in their opinion, have given the best acting performances during 1935.

We shall shortly be giving details of the presentation of our gold medals to the winners, and in the meantime we should like to reiterate our thanks to our readers who have once again helped us to make PICTUREGOER'S awards of definitely critical value, and to honour those stars who have worked so hard to entertain us.

Just as a postscript the names of the winners in the first and second years of the Gold Medal Awards may be of interest. For 1932-33, Ronald Colman in *Arrowsmith*, and the late Marie Dressler in *Emma* headed the list. In 1933-34, Norma Shearer in *Smilin' Through*, and Clive Brook in *Cavalcade* were chosen.

Katharine Hepburn was voted into third place for her work in "The Little Minister," while Gary Cooper comes second for his fine performance in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer."



IAST week I told you Vivien Leigh was to play the lead in a film to be made at Denham shortly.

Meanwhile, she figures prominently in the brilliant cast which Erich Pommer has assembled for his first British production, to be presented by London Films—*Fire Over England*.

Denham has gone completely Elizabethan for the occasion; ruffs and buckled shoon are such a commonplace that the people without them feel like intruders from another age.

Queen Elizabeth herself is Flora Robson, one of the cleverest actresses of our day, and, incidentally, a charming woman.

Then the important part of Philip of Spain is in the hands of Raymond Massey, and you can just imagine what a suave, debonair, sinister figure Massey will make of His Catholic Majesty.

The Earl of Leicester will be Leslie Banks; you see?—all the people who have already made successful appearances in previous London films.

And this is as it should be.

Romance

Laurence Olivier is playing the romantic role of Michael Ingolby, and Vivien Leigh plays Cynthia, opposite him. Then my dear old friend Morton Selten (who claims to be a hundred and seventy years old) plays Lord Burleigh, and Tamara Desni the glamorous is Elena, whoever Elena may be. But I'll bet she's a wow.

The other roles that have so far been filled are a couple of Ambassadors. One Spanish, Henry Oscar. One French, Lawrence Hanray.

William K. Howard of Hollywood is directing it; and the cameraman, Chinese by birth and American by persuasion, knows his job. It is James Wong Howe, who photographed *Whipsaw*, *Viva Villa*, and *The Thin Man*. Does he know his job?

The settings will include rooms in the Queen's palace, the palace courtyard, and a military camp scene at Tilbury with over a thousand extras.

In addition, Erich Pommer has hired Cornwall and the English Channel, and will use them both in the film.

Music Barred

For some time I have been expecting June Clyde to begin work in *Star of the Circus* at B.I.P., opposite Charles Buddy Rogers; but that has rather hung fire, and now June is playing with Tauber in *Land Without Music* at Denham.

And her compatriot Schnozzle Durante is playing her father.

Durante plays the part of John F. Whistler, special European Correspondent of the *New York Evening Echo* in the year 1830.

Accompanied by his daughter Sadie (that's June, that was) he crosses to Europe, somewhat retarded by the fact that he always travels by donkey-cart, and arrives in Lucca (not far, I gather, from the Ruritanian border) just as the Princess Regent has banned all forms of music from her land.

Diana Napier is the Princess Regent, so don't be too dumbfounded if the strolling singer who causes her to change her mind turns out to be Richard Tauber.

So then they call the banns for the girl who banned the bands. . . .

As June Clyde would say, "Every line a cue-line."

Building Hotels

I'll bet you won't recognise Schnozzle in a wig . . . provided it comes far enough forward.

Anyway, I'll be tickled to death to see whether in that far-off day, over a century ago, he was "mordified" or "boined up."

All this, of course, is at Denham; yes, I almost meant that "of course" literally.

Most of the important production seems to be up between Denham and Elstree is getting keen.

There is this matter of hotels.

There has been a good deal of talk about building a hotel at Denham to accommodate

the hundreds and hundreds and *hundreds* of film folk who will presently be working there; but nothing very much seems to have been done about it.

So Tom Walls took the matter in hand, and built a huge hotel on the set for *Dishonour Bright*, the Capitol-Cecil film which he is starring in as well as directing.

To Make You Whistle

Not to be outbuilt, Elstree proceeded to erect a still larger one, big enough to make you whistle—and, appropriately on the set of the Jack Buchanan picture for Herbert Wilcox Productions, *This'll Make You Whistle*.

On the largest stage in the B.I.P. studios, having an area (in case you like areas) of fifteen thousand square feet and goodness knows how many million cubic ones, has been built the Airport Hotel at a French resort, showing two storeys facing and flanking a terraced patio containing a swimming pool and backed by two pergolas covered with wistaria and grape-vines.

Looks pretty good, I'll say.

Also there's a wide outside staircase from the ground floor to the Upstairs.

A Little Sum

The swimming-pool is 825 square feet in area, and if you want to know the depth all you have to do is to take the capacity (sixty thousand gallons of water) and work it out from that, always bearing in mind that a pint of water weighs twenty ounces avoirdupois.

This gives us . . . well, anyway, there are fifty-odd trees with green and silver artificial leaves, and the courtyard is lined with dozens of flowering shrubs, hydrangea, magnolia, geranium, phlox. . . .

End of gardening section. Beginning of joinery section.

Forty thousand feet of timber, twelve thousand square feet of insulating material . . . I think the joinery section might end here; I've said enough to indicate that this is about the largest and most elaborate set ever built indoors in Britain.

Just in case I haven't already given you the cast, and apologising deeply if I have, here it comes: Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, Jean Gillie, William Kendal (Harry's young brother Bill, that is), David Hutcheson, Tony Holles, Marjorie Brooks, Irene Vere, Maidie Hope, Jo Monkhouse, and Miki Hood, who is the latest addition to Herbert Wilcox's contract list.

Troops Massing

Seems to me it's some time since we looked in at Sound City; well, this is a good moment to repair that omission, for they are shooting important scenes in the Universal-Wainwright production *The Secret of Stamboul*, which Andrew Marton is directing.

Here again we have a whacking big set, completely filling the new 150 ft. sound-stage—the gateway and courtyard of Prince Ali's palace.

Here the troops have been massing for revolt (well, who wouldn't mass for revolt at a guinea a day?); two hundred of 'em, supplied with Turkish uniforms, swords, rifles, hand grenades, machine-guns, boxes of ammunition, and a guinea a day, win or lose. These are great days for the crowd people—that is, those of them who habitually get the work; but it's confined to only a fraction of those who think they ought to have it.

James Mason and Valerie Hobson are playing the leads in this. Valerie, as you know, has been in Hollywood for the last couple of years, on contract to Universal. She's still very young—I mean *really* very young, twenty or so—and easy as ABC to look at, but much more interesting.

No Monster

Incidentally, because she played the title-role in *The Bride of Frankenstein*, many people (who didn't see that picture) imagine she's a kind of female monster.

Actually, of course, it wasn't Frankenstein who was the monster at all; he was the bloke who *made* the monster; but you can't get that



E. G. COUSINS COVERS

The BRITISH STUDIOS

into the heads of the people who declare they saw Boris Karloff as Frankenstein.

Good cast here, by the way. Frank Vosper, Kay Walsh, Peter Haddon, Cecil Ramage, and—one of the last of the important stage actresses to yield to the persuasion of pictures—Laura Cowie.

It isn't any cinch being a villain in this film. Frank Vosper has spent most of the week being knocked on the head and lying bound and gagged.

And now let us switch without ceremony to Ealing Green, where there is a new answer to the maiden's prayer.

He is Frederick Bradshaw. Age, 26. Height about 6 ft. 2 in., I should think, though I didn't have my tape-measure with me. Broad-shouldered and pretty hefty, or he wouldn't have worked as a lumberjack, which he did in Canada.

Reason he went to Canada was that working in a banana-company's office in London wasn't exciting enough. Worked in a bank in Canada, then drifted into a large department store, and from there progressed to jacking lumber, which he found much more satisfactory than jacking bananas.

However, somewhere or other he had contracted footlightitis, which is a dread disease urging its victims to go on the stage.

He joined a repertory company in Vancouver, B.C.—the initials denoting place, not time. Remember, he's only 26.

Going Places

Then he came home, and for the last eighteen months he has been playing bits, tiny parts



On the "Dishonour Bright" set at Denham; left to right are Tom Walls, C. M. Woolf, Betty Stockfeld, Max Schach and George Sanders.



Annabella, the charming French star, who is appearing opposite Henry Fonda in "Wings of the Morning" at Denham.

me the change of setting adds to the excitement. Alfred Zeisler will direct.

There's a new development down at Denham, the spiritual home of new developments.

Those of you who have shouted "Come on, Steve!" at the Derby and elsewhere, when your shirt depended on Steve coming on, and also all the rest of you, will be interested to hear that Steve Donoghue will ride the Derby winner in New World's Technicolour film *Wings of the Morning*, in which Annabella and Henry are starring.

Add this illustrious name to those of Leslie Banks, John McCormack (the famous Irish tenor who is a Count of the Holy Roman Empire) and Harry Tate, and it will be obvious that no pains or expense are being spared to collect an interesting cast.

Leslie Banks is playing the hero in the prologue, Fonda in the modern part, and Annabella heroine in both.

Rival Songbirds

There is certainly a good deal of vocal music flowing into the Denham microphones at present, to be potted and thereafter released in full blast from your neighbourhood screens, for

in quota quickies—anything that would gain him recognition.

And at last he got it, while he was playing the radio announcer in the late lamented City Films' *Radio Lover*. A talent scout spotted him, and persuaded London and Continental to give him a part in *The World is Mine*, opposite Frances Day, in which he is now playing.

London and Continental have signed him up for four films. He's an attractive-looking youngster. I have a feeling he's going places.

This is certainly an interesting production, and an ambitious one for a new production-company to undertake.

Consider the cast, how it shines! Besides the blonde, talented, and highly-amusing Miss Day, and the newly-arrived Mr. Bradshaw, we have Nelson ("Bunch") Keys, Marie Lohr, Eliot Makeham, Margaret Yarde, Morris Harvey, Ivor Barnard, Charles Penrose, Arthur Finn (there are some of the cleverest character actors in England) and Dolly Hamley Clifford.

Reginald Denham, who gave Frances Day her first leading part on the English stage, is directing it.

Ann and Margot

Here are two items of news about women—one an American who is often mistaken for an Englishwoman, and the other vice versa, if you get me.

The American is Ann Harding, and it has just been announced what film she will star in for Max Schach of Capitol.

It is *Love From a Stranger*, which has been running as a play in the West End of London for about four months.

The Englishwoman is Margot Grahame; there was a possibility she might play opposite

Edward G. Robinson in *Thunder in the City*, but I feel sure she would have been miscast in that.

Instead, she has a good strong dramatic part, one into which she can get her teeth, for the new Criterion film at Worton Hall.

They haven't yet tied a tag on this, which makes it a little awkward to refer to; however, I suppose it'll be christened before long.

Gangsters

In this, Margot will play a gangster's moll; the gangster will be Basil Sydney, who is a very fine actor, and the scene of the story, which is adapted from "The House of a Thousand Windows," is a large department store in London.

There is usually a certain amount of reluctance to show American gangsters in London, except in a comedy, but I don't see why. It seems to

two of the greatest tenors of all time—Richard Tauber and John McCormack—are supplying it.

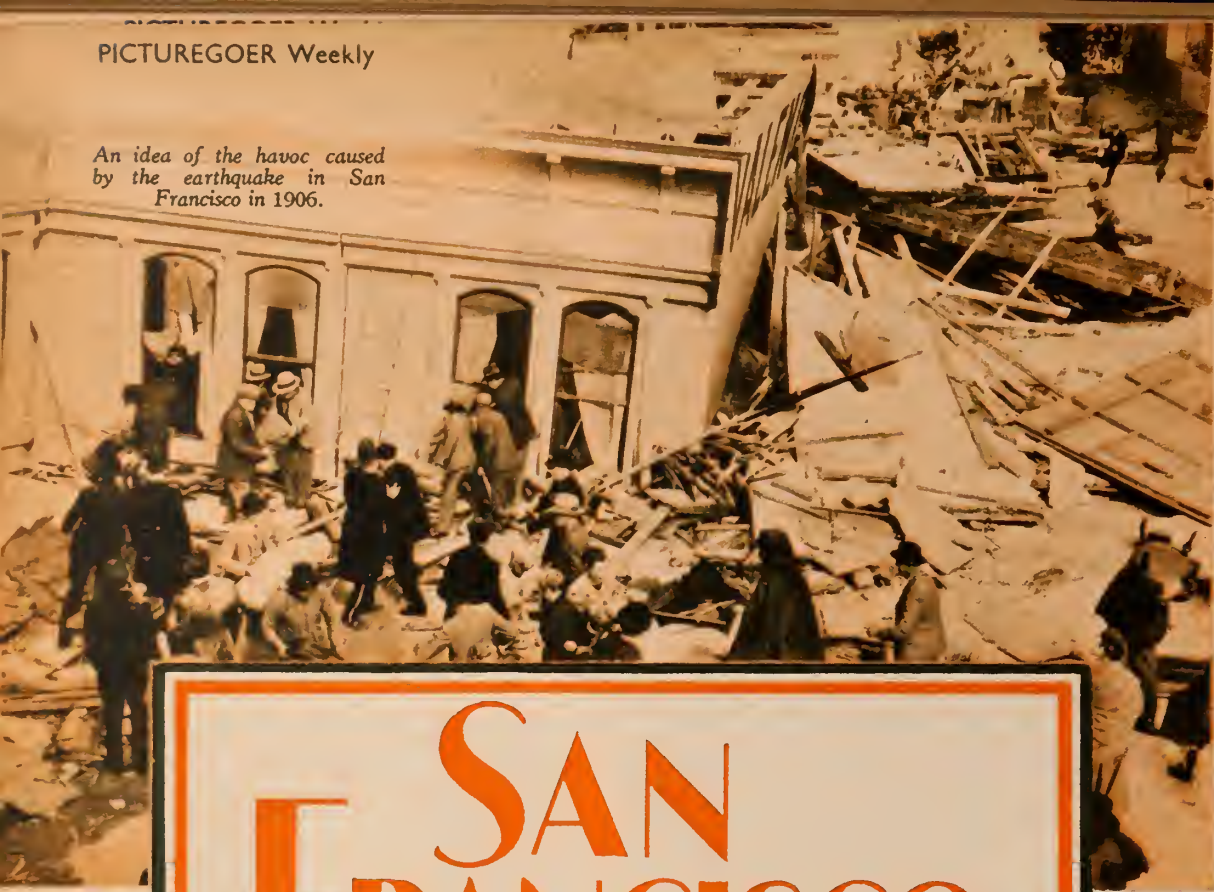
There must be a good deal of friendly rivalry between the various unit sound engineers as to which will be able to bag the best-sustained high notes.

By the way, I think Flora Robson as Queen Elizabeth in *Fire Over England* must have one of the toughest jobs at Denham at the moment.

For the Tapestry Room scene she has to wear a dress weighing over 100 lbs., in addition to a high and heavy wig of reddish hair, glittering with jewels.

Her make-up takes two and a half hours to put on every morning; and, as you can easily work out for yourselves, if she wants to be on the set at nine (which she does), she must roll reluctantly out of her crib at 5.45, and be at the studio before seven.

An idea of the havoc caused by the earthquake in San Francisco in 1906.



SAN FRANCISCO



After the earthquake. Jeanette was in a fashion show when the catastrophe occurred, hence the

Clark Gable takes Jeanette MacDonald for a buggy ride. A delicious bit of love-making on his part.





THIS actually justifies the heading "Stupendous Production." The story is built round the famous San Francisco earthquake of 1906, but there is an excellent love interest between Clark Gable and Jeanette MacDonald, and Spencer Tracy deserves great credit for his playing of a straight-hitting padre—an unusual role for him. Jeanette has grand opportunities for using her beautiful voice. Altogether a picture to make sure of seeing.

Clark Gable searching the streets of San Francisco after the earthquake, for Jeanette.

resort when



Jeanette takes her place in the choir at the dedication of the new organ in Spencer Tracy's church.

Father Spencer Tracy having a heart-to-heart talk with saloon-singer Jeanette MacDonald.





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"And you look it! It's your mouth. I don't expect you'll tell me—but what lipstick do you use?"

"Why, Elfrida. I thought you knew. I suppose you use one of those pricey ones—3/6 or thereabouts."

"Yes. Why—how much is yours?"

"Sixpence."

"Nonsense! The colour harmonises so well and brings out your beauty and you say it's sixpence!"

"It's true! I got sick of paying those ghastly prices for cosmetics. I couldn't afford them. Yet I had to be beautiful, and now I've found Elfrida! Get it at Woolworth's or any chemist."

"I certainly shall."



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The Hollywood

NEWSREEL

SHOT BY PHIL LONERGAN

AFTER the production of *One Rainy Afternoon* and *The Gay Desperado* (the latter may have a new title before it reaches England) Mary Pickford and Jesse Lasky, heads of Pickford-Lasky Corporation, have decided to suspend production.

The announcement causes Hollywood to wonder if Mary has decided to cease making pictures. She has a keen production mind, and a very positive one, so much so that I wondered, when she and Lasky announced their affiliation, how long the agreement would last. Lasky, one of the founders of Paramount, is used to having his own way, and so is Mary, once the queen of the films. Rumours have been current that the two celebrities have clashed. Possibly there is truth to these reports.

Another yarn is that Mary will soon be elected President of United Artists, of which she is one of the partners.

Mary Pickford is a very capable woman, one who could give splendid productions to the screen, but *not* as a co-producer. She will not permit interference and, to be successful, should be unhampered, with free rein to select directors, stars and staff of which she approves.

Chaplin's Protégée

Paulette Goddard probably was not born with a silver spoon in her mouth, but Charlie Chaplin has provided the utensil! The door to film opportunity, so eagerly sought by millions of talented girls, has been unlocked to Paulette by the clever British comedian.

Chaplin admits that he plans to star Paulette next season in at least one feature, to be produced and directed by himself, and is also willing to loan her to other studios if she is given parts that he considers worthy of her talents. Paulette's feature for the British star will be a talkie, unlike all previous Chaplin releases, which have heretofore been silents.

Chaplin and Paulette refuse to admit they are married, although the well-known columnist, Walter Winchell, declares that Paulette told him she has been the star's bride since her birthday in 1934.

A Lady's Age

Kay Francis announces that a Los Angeles newspaper was in error when it stated she was born in 1899. She says she made her advent in this world of sorrows in 1905, a matter of six years later.

The actress, who won fame in *The Angel of Mercy*, recently made application to have her name, so far as legality is concerned, registered as Kay Francis, the cognomen under which she won screen fame.

When Kay was born, her name was Katherine Gibbs. Later she married J. Dwight Francis, William Gaston II, and Leo Maziner, known better to the films as Kenneth MacKenna, actor-director. All three husbands were divorced.

Miss Francis says she will never marry again. However, Kay is charming and beautiful, so we never know!

Loving Hearts!

Cupid shoots his darts as usual, with a sickening fear that possibly some of his arrows may end in the divorce courts.

Well, here is the report:

Myrna Loy, glamorous screen actress, married Arthur Hornblow, Paramount studio executive, who for several years was associated with Samuel Goldwyn, of United Artists. Hornblow had a previous matrimonial experience, but Myrna had none.

Harry Wilcoxon, British actor, who made a

great hit in *The Crusades*, surrendered to the charms of an American girl when he married Sheila Browning, young film actress.

Corinne Griffith, who is well acquainted with wedding bells, journeyed to Armond, New York, where she married George Marshall, a millionaire, who made his wealth in the laundry business.

This is the romantic news to date! More to follow!

A Bride's Welcome

Hollywood is confident that when Joan Blondell receives her final divorce decree from George Barnes in September, wedding bells will be ringing for Joan's nuptials to Dick Powell.

Dick has a bachelor place, but I hear he plans to dispose of it, and acquire a larger home.

Why should Dick move, unless he contemplates matrimony?

Glorifying Marriage!

Many film husbands and wives, in cases where they have both won film fame, feel they should have the opportunity to play opposite each other. This is done on the stage, but has not gone over so well in the movies.

Among those married folk who like to make mimic love on the screen are Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, Heather Angel and Ralph Forbes, John Beal and Helen Craig.

Actors are illogical folk, and cannot realise that fans have no interest in watching an actor and an actress apparently fall in love in a picture, when the audience is well aware that they are already married in real life!

Claudette Reflects

Claudette Colbert induced Adrian, the famous studio dress designer, to re-decorate her home.

One of the most striking features is the star's boudoir. The blinds, when closed, become a mirror and give Claudette a full-length view of herself.

Needless to say, Claudette is delighted!

A Drain-Pipe Daddy

Oliva Dionne, father of the famous quintuplets, is a devoted parent, as he recently demonstrated.

Mr. Dionne was refused permission to see the quintuplets, because the older children, living with their parents, were suffering from measles. So he crawled through a drain-pipe, gained admission to the grounds of the hospital where the quins have lived since their birth, and looked at his offspring through a window. He was noticed by the guards, but, as he did not attempt to enter the hospital building, he was not molested.

Dr. Dafoe, the children's guardian, says that Papa and Mamma Dionne may visit the quintuplets as soon as the other children recover from the measles.

The Sad Sea Waves!

Margaret Lindsay, the American girl who won her chance in Hollywood by pretending to be an English actress, recently did plenty of worrying whilst out in a small boat off Catalina Island, accompanied by Donald Woods and Humphrey Bogart, who were on location with her. The three decided to sail from the Catalina Isthmus to Avalon, which is located at the other end of the island.

The motor went dead, and for three hours Margaret and her companions tossed about in a heavy sea until they were rescued by a passing motor boat.

When we realise that the waters about Catalina are often as rough as the British Channel, it is easy to imagine the feelings of the helpless players!



Lucille Ball, young Radio Pictures contract player, is said to be the best-dressed woman in Hollywood.

"YOU should never have allowed yourself to be blackmailed, Helen."

Of all errors that he could have conceivably accused Helen Dearden, Bunny Jeffers felt this to be the worst. As Lady Dearden, wife of Sir Alan Dearden, about to be appointed England's youngest Attorney-General, Helen had never lost the virginal loveliness of mind and body that called from her husband little less than worship. With the attitude of one who is hopelessly in love with the woman he hasn't married, Bunny continued to pile the blame on her.

"Why, instead of eating out of the blackmailing boulder's hand, going down to Dover, changing the two thousand-pound notes at the bank, and so forth, didn't you turn him over to Alan?" he demanded.

"I didn't dare."

"Of course, Alan would be obliged to arrest him, and there'd have been a nice scandal, I admit. Your husband's letters before marriage to Diana Rogers, of Mallet Street, would have appeared in court and—good-bye to England's youngest attorney."

"Exactly. You don't suppose I should have gone to Dover if I hadn't thought out everything very carefully. If only the wretch hadn't made me go on the cliff and throw the bag of money over, before digging up those letters of Alan's from the hole by the tree!"

"Did you say it was going up, or coming down the cliff you met George Metford?"

"Going up, I think. Bunny, sometimes, when I read how he's in court day after day, being tried for the murder of his wife by pushing her over the cliff, I feel I shall go mad if I don't come forward. Did you see to-day's papers? 'Phantom woman witness, Metford's only hope.' To think there are forty millions of people in Britain, and I had to be the one who saw Metford on the cliff path and heard him shout to his wife: 'Don't go too near the edge, darling!' When Alan makes one of his cocksure speeches in court for the Crown, suggesting that the missing woman doesn't come forward because she doesn't exist, I know I oughtn't to keep away."

"If you tell Alan the truth, his career goes up in smoke."

"And if I don't, an innocent man goes to the gallows. Surely you can think of some way of saving Metford?"

"Of course I will, but we don't have to rush things. Lots of things can happen before the trial ends."

Poor Bunny's troubles were not exactly lessened in attending the christening of the first baby of Eloise Cameron, Helen's cousin. Alan, who was to stand godfather, telephoned his inability to put in an appearance at the ceremony, whereupon Bunny was called upon to act as proxy. Having concluded the task, during which the baby howled without cessation, Bunny thankfully accepted Helen's invitation to dine. Alan had not long arrived home by cocktail hour, at which he was inevitably swept by his aunt, Lady Hathaway, into discussion of the Metford trial.

"I was so proud of you to-day in



THE UNGUARDED HOUR

The Story of the Film
by MARJORY WILLIAMS

court, Alan," Lady Hathaway purred. "How long will the trial last, do you think?"

"Another week, at least."

"Then I mustn't miss seeing you get the better of the prisoner, a single day."

"Lady Hathaway would have made a most charming cannibal," Bunny observed with a mild drawl. "Can't you see her dancing round the pot while the victim boils? I wouldn't like to go through the rest of my life with the spook of old Metford sitting on my shoulder."

Alan rose quickly to the challenge. "Look here, Bunny; not so sweeping. You're a pretty good lawyer; at least you would be if you hadn't so much money. Submit one point in Metford's favour."

"Very well. The phantom woman. I don't entirely believe she is a phantom."

"Then why doesn't she come forward?"

"Dozens of reasons. She may be abroad. She might have been in Dover that day under conditions that would have made it impossible for her to appear in court. . . Ah! General Lawrence! How do you do, sir?" The tall, distinguished Chief of Scotland Yard had entered the Deardens' drawing-room. Talk became general till Bunny, who was standing near Eloise Cameron, heard her say to Alan with a note of reproof in a fascinating contralto: "Alan, dear; Thornton Edward George Haig Pennyfield Cameron will never forgive you for not handing him over to the clergyman this afternoon."

"I was sorry, Eloise—important business."

"In Mallet Street?"

Bunny pricked up his ears. Was it possible that Alan still kept in touch with Diana Rogers of that address? No. His devotion to Helen was too sincere for that, yet . . .

"On the way to the christening I thought I saw you turning into Mallet Street from the Embankment," Eloise was saying. "I could have sworn it was you. You must have a double in London."

"Well, I'm satisfied, so long as he doesn't start putting my name to cheques," Alan chaffed. Helen's concealed look of distress at Eloise's reference to Mallet Street, coupled with the feeling that something had to be done to win Alan's sympathy with George Metford, induced Bunny after dinner to embark upon a ruse which he hoped would have the desired effect.

The bridge table, vacated by Lord Hathaway, who, whatever he was doing, retired to bed at 10.30, consisted of General Lawrence, Alan, and himself.

"Alan, old boy, you shouldn't play any more to-night. Your mind isn't on the game," Bunny accused.

"Why did you lead the knave of diamonds up to the king?"

"Ah! Post-mortems in order, I see, General. It's an old family custom. The Deardens always lead the knave to the king."

"I suppose you thought I had the ace; though why you did, heaven only knows. You wouldn't look at my hand, yet you were sure I had the ace. You didn't see Metford kill his wife, and you're sure he did," Bunny pressed.

"Why bring up the Metford case?"

"That cut on your hand—I remember you said it was caused by a nail. Let me have a look at it."

"Because the chances are he's as innocent as I."

"Mr. Jeffers, you don't really believe that?" inquired General Lawrence. "The chain of evidence is complete."

"Might be just a series of coincidences. We all at times have our unguarded hour, when everything is against us—when we can't remember faces, dates, or places. Metford had his unguarded hour; but, unfortunately, it synchronised with his wife's death. Take the murderer's first line of defence. He must tell a consistent story. Now the real criminal provides such a story in advance."

"Naturally."

"But the innocent man, ask him where he was and what he did at such an hour, and he'll have the greatest difficulty in answering you. People don't bother to remember these things."

"An innocent man could."

"But could he? Could you?"

"Definitely."

"All right. Let's assume a crime was committed this afternoon, and that you're under suspicion. Could you prove an alibi? Say, for instance, the crime was committed between five and six. Where were you during that hour? I choose it because I happen to know you failed to keep an appointment at 5.15."

"Well, Bunny, to tell the truth, I thought you'd make a better-looking godfather."

"Don't evade. Where were you between five and six? You're stopping to think already."

"I'm not. Shortly before five I had a letter pertaining to urgent business. I told my clerk to telephone Helen, left chambers, and got home about 6.15."

"Not so fast! You'd never allow a witness to explain away an hour in this way."

"I'm afraid he's right, Alan," put in the General.

"Well, when I left chambers, I sent the car home because I thought Helen might want it."

"What about the plain-clothes man the General detailed to guard you since you broke up the race-course gang?"

"I dismissed him. I just couldn't have him dogging my footsteps. He was getting on my nerves."

"Then I suppose you realise that in getting rid of Sergeant Burns you've lost the only witness who could prove definitely where you spent the time in question, Alan? Do you see the implication? You are now under suspicion. Already you've done two things you never do as a rule. Dismissed your chauffeur and the detective assigned to guard you."

"But why bother with all this? There hasn't been a crime."

"No, but if there had been and you were suspected—that would be considered as suspicious circumstances." At this point Alan, certainly disturbed from his usual composure, rang for drinks. Bunny, however, was relentless. Remorselessly, he pressed Alan; extracting from him an admission that he had walked to keep an appointment in what turned out to be a deserted office, after which he had looked at the river from the Embankment.

"And have you got one witness to prove," Bunny persisted, "that, after you'd failed to find your client in, you meandered along the Embankment? Remember your life may depend on this."

"Yes—er—I bought a paper at the corner of Charing Cross Bridge. The *Chronicle*—no, the *Record*. No, I haven't got it with me. I must have dropped it somewhere."

"Delightfully vague, eh, General? Now I'm coming to something quite different and much more pertinent to a practically condemned man. Your bandaged right hand. You told the General and myself, before we started bridge, that you'd scratched the palm on a nail in a taxi."

"Quite true."

"Sure you didn't get it in a life-and-death struggle with the victim?"

"Nonsense! Bunny, you're carrying this joke a little too far."

"But all the evening you've been agitated; pale; unlike yourself. Besides, I don't forget that Eloise, who, after all, has known you all her life, thought she saw you in Mallet Street round about five o'clock."

"Inspector Grainger to see General Lawrence," the butler announced. Bunny and Alan rose. Half an hour later they returned to the library. The General, ignoring a drink on the mantelpiece, had dropped even the faintest manner of a guest. In a judicial voice he spoke to Alan.

"That cut on your hand—I remember you said it was caused by a nail. Let me have a look at it. Can't be too careful about these things, you know. The bandage is too tight, for one thing. I saw you exercise the fingers just now; sure sign of a tight bandage. Ah!"

"Looks exactly like a cut from a knife, Alan," Bunny exclaimed. "A nail doesn't make a clean cut like that."

"For heaven's sake, stop it, Bunny."

"Fancy you're trying to humbug me. That's a cut from a knife, my boy. If it had been done by a man you'd have told us; so it must have been done by a woman."

"Will you shut up?"

"But I see it all clearly. What were you doing this evening? After your marriage to Helen, the past rises up. A former lady friend by a ruse gets you to her apartment. There is a clash of temperament, the lady grabs a knife—"

"Stop being an ass!"

"I wish I had you in the witness box. I'd have riddled that idiotic arm of yours about deserted offices, trolls on the embankment, and visions about Mallet Street."

"Strange," General Lawrence interrupted. Recalled from imagination's flight, Bunny realised the intense solemnity of the General's utterance. "It's a curious coincidence. I suppose I shouldn't tell you, but the fact remains. The naginary crime you have been describing was committed this evening in Mallet Street. A woman was found strangled in her flat—Diana Rogers. The doctor places her death between five and six. An opened copy of the evening edition of the *Chronicle* was found on her divan; on the floor, beside her, a knife with which she had evidently been defending herself. There was blood on the blade. So we are looking for a murderer with cut on the right hand."

General Lawrence's voice ceased. There was a pause while Alan lazily lighted a cigarette. "Do you mind if I open a window?" Bunny asked chokily. Alan's voice behind him was emphatic. "I

didn't do it, but I'm nicely tied up. I had a letter, which I threw in the wastepaper basket from Diana Rogers, asking me to see her at five. The General will find that letter. It will be the last link in his chain of evidence against me, you'll see."

"If only you knew how sorry I am; if you could trust me to get you out of this. You've got a passport. Leave England to-night."

"Why should I? If it hadn't been for your asinine talk about alibis this would never have happened. Go home, Bunny. The General won't arrest me here and now. He's got to make sure of the facts beside proving motive."

The Metford trial, the importance of which seemed to have dwindled in Bunny's mind to relatively nothing, at once assumed importance when Helen asked to be subpoenaed. Eloise's reference to Mallet Street, added to Alan's look of strain, had convinced Helen that her husband was still interested in Diana, at all events she could save George Metford from the gallows. Composed and dignified in dark ensemble and furs, she took the oath in the witness box at the Old Bailey. Unflatteringly, in answer to counsel's questions, she described her walk on the Dover cliff, her meeting with George Metford, and acknowledged having heard him warn his wife not to go too near the cliff edge. When however, counsel for the defence pressed her as to her reasons for visiting Dover, Bunny saw her hesitate.

"Must I answer these questions? What does it matter what I was doing at Dover or who I went to see?" Helen protested. The Judge leaned forward. "I think counsel's questions perfectly proper, Lady Dearden."

Throughout the explanation that followed, Bunny no more admired Helen's clarity of statement than Alan's attempts to save his wife from making a full confession. Obviously, it was impossible for him to succeed. One by one the facts were made known; the blackmailer, whose name even now Helen could not recall, the demand for two thousand pounds in lieu of letters written before his marriage by Sir Alan to a woman, the journey to Dover, the changing of the notes at the bank, the throwing of the bag containing the money over the cliff to an agent of the blackmailer's waiting at the base. The Judge spoke. "Lady Dearden, you say you have forgotten the name of the blackmailer in question. Nevertheless, he is guilty of extortion, and his name ought to be divulged in court. It is, however, in your power to tell me the name of the woman, who, it must be assumed, was party to the extortion. I refer to the recipient of Sir Alan's letters."

"Her name was Diana Rogers."

"Of 44 Mallet Street?"

"Yes."

Through the glass half of the door leading to the ante-room, Bunny could see that General Lawrence, with members of his staff, had been listening to every word uttered in court. Lawyer that he might have been, Bunny could not fail to bow to the tremendous fact that in Helen's final admission lay Alan's very motive for murder, for which the General was no doubt waiting. Bunny's fears were justified. Within ten minutes of George Metford's acquittal, the court having risen, reporters were crowding the telephone booths. "Diana Rogers, former sweetheart of Sir Alan

Dearden! Lady Dearden's testimony has undoubtedly saved Metford from the gallows and placed her husband in the dock! Sensational arrest of Sir Alan Dearden, victim of a blackmail plot, charged with murder of former sweetheart!" So the wires hummed.

In the ante-room, listening to Alan's statement to General Lawrence, Bunny wondered that the strain was less apparent in the speaker than on the night when truth had put on the guise of fiction. "As soon as I entered Diana Rogers' flat," Alan said, "in answer to the letter she sent me, she rushed at me with a knife. Obviously she was expecting to see someone else. I put up my right hand to ward off the blow; hence the cut on my right hand. She raised the knife again. My fingers tightened on her windpipe. She collapsed, not fainting, as I thought—but dead." General Lawrence looked grave. "Of course, you realise your plea of self-defence, Dearden, depends entirely on the man for whom Diana Rogers mistook you. Unless he appears and admits having quarrelled with her prior to your arrival, I'm afraid your story won't stand up."

Ten days later, in General Lawrence's office, Bunny looked for the first time on the tall figure and clean-shaven face of Helen's blackmailer. "This is Hugh Lewis, one-time husband of Diana Rogers," the General said. "I have brought him and the prisoner here to compare their statements. I will read Lewis's statement first. 'On the day in question, I called upon my estranged wife at four-thirty to discuss a divorce. She was drunk and abusive. She ordered me out of the flat and, as I went down the stairs, called out: "If you ever come back here, I'll kill you." I make this statement voluntarily, in the interests of justice.' Is that in order, Mr. Lewis?"

"Certainly."

"Sign your name, please. With this testimony, Sir Alan's jury should be out hardly an hour." The pen had scarcely ceased to touch the

paper when Alan seized the blackmailer's arm, wrenching off the glove on his right hand. "Hold that, Lewis! I want General Lawrence to look at this. As I thought. You killed Diana Rogers. The cut across your palm proves it. The cut on mine is an inch short of the blood-mark left by the wound as registered in the life-size photo of the neck of Diana Rogers. I was pretty sure you were the murderer, but my plan was to make you think you were not suspect, so that you would come forward as an alibi witness. My wife will tell you how much you blackmailed her for this time, for the statement you have just signed."

"Ten thousand pounds, darling," Helen said. "Mr. Lewis stepped in my car as I was leaving the house to see you this morning."

"Very clever of Lady Dearden," Mr. Lewis dark, tall and suave, complimented, smoothly, "to circulate a description of her former blackmailer as an undersized, rather stupid looking man, bald, with fair moustache; and very clever of you, Sir Alan, to lull me into a false security with your confession. When I read it I could only think that I hadn't killed Diana; merely choked her into unconsciousness."

"Darling Alan, I didn't know you could lie so beautifully!" Helen sobbed. Looking absently into the wall-mirror, Bunny felt pleased with himself for the first time for weeks. "Don't forget, when you're handing out the diplomas Bunny said that I was the genius who manufactured the undersized, stupid-looking man, bald, with fair—Good heavens, I must have been describing myself!"

Freely based on the film "The Unguarded Hour," by permission of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures, Ltd. See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 24, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.



"Must I answer these questions? What does it matter what I was doing at Dover or who I went to see?" Helen protested.

Previews

CRITICISMS of the LATEST FILMS

FLORIDA SPECIAL

The vogue for collecting an assortment of characters on a charabanc, aeroplane, or train and throwing in a murder amidst a series of comedy situations still obtains.

In this case a train is the venue of a millionaire, carrying a fortune in jewels; his yes-man secretary; his niece, who hates him; her ex-fiancé, a police inspector on holiday; a hostess in the recreation car; a tough newspaper reporter; and a fair sprinkling of crooks.

It is played throughout in a broad comedy vein, but there is one murder—the secretary is “bumped off.”

You do not have to spot the murderer; the mystery lies in the strange disappearance of the millionaire, and where and how he vanished.

The opening is very amusing, with Kent Taylor as the ex-fiancé, arriving very drunk on the Florida Special in an effort to go away and forget his late love, not knowing that she is on the train.

Accompanying him is the irresponsible reporter, Jack Oakie, who had no intention of going to Florida, but boards with Kent Taylor and goes to sleep before the train starts.

A love interest is introduced by making Kent Taylor fall in love with Sally Eilers, the recreation-car hostess, who in her turn is being blackmailed by a crook, excellently played by Sidney Blackmer.

Kent Taylor makes a virile lover and Jack Oakie is in good form. He has a fair number of wise-cracks to fire off, which he does with his usual aplomb.

Sally Eilers is very good as the heroine and Frances Drake shows to advantage as the millionaire's niece.

As the millionaire himself, Claude Gillingwater is well in character, as is J. Farrell MacDonald as the police inspector.

Two good little character studies come from Matthew Betz and Sam Hearn.

Ralph Murphy's direction is brisk and polished technically, but the story itself sags in the middle, and the interest which is roused in the opening sequences is lost in the succeeding conventional development in spite of an effort to spring a surprise or two.

On the whole, it is entertaining enough to pass an hour pleasantly. L.C.

THE WALKING DEAD

If we must have “horror” pictures (and apparently we must), I prefer them to be like this one.

That is to say, I want—as I believe the great majority of picturegoers want—a modicum of common sense mixed with my horror.

All the mumbo-jumbo of witchery which attends the usual spine-chiller has been so overdone that it is now almost ludicrous; this time we are confronted with pseudo-scientific marvels that are fascinating in themselves, quite apart from the horror angle.

The “science” is employed in bringing back from the dead a man who has been unjustly executed; and

as the scientist who performs the miracle, Edmund Gwenn is sufficiently matter-of-fact to be convincing.

While in “the Beyond,” the subject of this experiment has learned the identity of the men who sent him to his death; and, obsessed with this knowledge, he sets about persecuting them in turn.

The outcome is so dramatic that I decline to spoil your enjoyment by relating it here; there are no ghostly clutching hands, no rattling skeletons no tall veiled women with piercing eyes . . . and yet I guarantee you won't readily forget the vengeance which the living corpse exacts.

Boris Karloff, seen for once without his usual 5 cwt. of disguise, gives an excellent performance which engages the audience's sympathy from the start; and he cleverly differentiates between his “living” and “dead” impersonations.

Ricardo Cortez is, as usual, first-rate as the shyster lawyer; in fact, the whole thing is very well acted and produced.

This is a “horror” picture I could sit through again; and that, from a person as averse from the ordinary “creepy” as I am, is quite high praise. E. G. C.

On the Screens Now

***WHERE THERE'S A WILL

G.B.D. British. “A” certificate. Broad farce. Runs 80 minutes.

WILL HAY.....	Benjamin Stubbins
HARTLEY POWER.....	Duke
GINA MALO.....	Goldie Kelly
GRAHAM MOFFATT.....	Office Boy
F. H. MALTRY.....	Sir Roger Wimpleton
NORMA VARDEN.....	Lady Margery Wimpleton
PEGGY SIMPSON.....	Barbara Stubbins
GIBB McLAUGHLIN.....	Martin
EDDIE HOUGHTON.....	Slug
HAL WALTERS.....	Nick
JOHN TURNBULL.....	Detective Collins
SYBIL BROOKE.....	Landlady
DAVINA CRAIG.....	Lucie
MICKEY BRANTFORD.....	Jimmy

HENRY ADNES.....Pawnbroker
FREDERICK PIPER.....Finger Print Expert
Directed by William Breaudine from an original story by Leslie Arliss and Sydney Gilliat.
Previewed July 4, 1936.

This picture puts Will Hay firmly on the movie map and confirms him as being one of the best comedy bets in this country. He is a comedian who never forgets that characterisation is an essential part of his clowning.

British farces, on the whole, run much to type, and generally suffer from heavy-handed treatment and lack of good timing.

In this case the timing is excellent and the film, as a whole, represents British broad comedy at its best.

The director—an American, by the way—has got the utmost out of an ingenious crook plot, which does not have to go back to the Ark for its jokes and gags.

Just to let you know that the chief character is Will Hay, the picture opens with him interviewing his unpaid and pert office boy.

As the plot proper develops we learn that Stubbins—that's the solicitor's name—has a pretty daughter who is being brought up by his sister-in-law and her husband on condition that he appears on the scene as seldom as possible.

Thoroughly broke, he goes down to see his daughter, who is engaged to the son of Lord Burbank, and disgraces himself by making the butler—and incidentally himself—extremely drunk.

He retires in disorder to his office, where a fellow-boarder, Nick, introduces him to a gang of crooks, who pose as wealthy Americans who wish to unearth their ancestry. Actually his office is above the bank, and they mean to cut through the floor and burgle the premises below.

Getting more money than he had ever had before, Stubbins shows off to his family, but by mischance goes to the office the night the burglary is taking place and falls through the hole in the floor, where he is promptly silenced by the crook.

Later they convince him that he can't give them away because his are the only finger prints on the safe, and the best thing for him to do is to hide in the country.

He goes to his sister-in-law, and there finds some of the gang acting as servants. There is a general hold-up, but Stubbins manages to

outwit the crooks and earn the gratitude of all concerned.

***THE UNGUARDED HOUR

M.-G.-M. American. “A” certificate. Crime drama. Runs 80 minutes.
LORETTA YOUNG.....Lady Helen Dearden
FRANCHOT TONE.....Sir Alau Dearden
LEWIS STONE.....General Lawrence
ROLAND YOUNG.....Bunny
JESSIE RALPH.....Lady Hathaway
DUDLEY DIGGES.....Metford
HENRY DANIELL.....Hugh Lewis
ROBERT GREIG.....Henderson
E. E. CLIVE.....Lord Hathaway
WALLIS CLARK.....Grainger
JOHN BUCKLER.....Counsel for Defence
AILEEN PRINGLE.....Diana Rogers
Directed by Sam Wood, from the play by Ladeslaus Fedor. For story freely based on the film see page 20. Previewed June 13, 1936.

The dangers of circumstantial evidence in a capital charge are extremely well illustrated in this rather novel picture, which contains one of the best examples I have seen of a cross-examination which puts an entirely innocent man into a thoroughly false position.

I will not go into details of the story, which is told in full on another page in this issue.

It has several artificialities, and its concluding scenes are definitely theatrical and melodramatic, but the good in it completely outweighs the bad.

Scenes in the Old Bailey are faithfully reproduced, and the procedure—except for a bad solecism—is convincing and strongly dramatic.

Franchot Tone is not too well cast as Sir Alan Dearden, a K.C. in running for the Attorney Generalship. He acts well, but hardly convinces you of his position or calling.

Loretta Young gives an attractive and intelligent portrayal as his wife, and Lewis Stone is very good as General Lawrence, of Scotland Yard.

But the best performance of all is that given by Roland Young as Dearden's friend, whose playful cross-examination of the K.C. in order to emphasise the dangers of jumping to conclusions ends in the latter being suspected of murder.

Dudley Digges is also extremely good as the accused in a murder trial, as is Henry Daniell as a black-mailer.

**LOVE ON A BET

Radio. American. “U” certificate. Crime drama. Runs 77 minutes.

GENE RAYMOND.....	Michael
WENDY BARRIE.....	Paula
HELEN BRODERICK.....	Aunt Charlotte
WILLIAM COLLIER, SENR.....	Uncle Carlton
SPENCER CHARTERS.....	Hotel Proprietor
WALTER JOHNSON.....	Stephen
ADDISON RANDALL.....	Jackson Wallace
EDDIE GRIBBON.....	Donovan
MORGAN WALLACE.....	Morton

Directed by Leigh Jason from a screen play by P. J. Wolfson and Philip G. Epstein.

While the theme generally is wholly improbable, this picture moves along so briskly and is accompanied by such good dialogue that that weakness is well enough concealed.

Gene Raymond puts his usual vigour and forcefulness into the role of Michael, a would-be play producer who tries to get his Uncle Carlton to finance him in backing a play in which a young man, turned loose in New York streets in his underwear, arrives in Los Angeles ten days later with a new suit, a hundred dollars, and engaged to a beautiful girl. The uncle declares it is an impossible idea, so Michael offers to do it himself, on condition that if he succeeds his uncle will back the play, and if he fails he will go to work in his uncle's factory.

He sets out, gradually working (and fighting) his way to better equipment; on the way he falls in



Jackie Oakie, Sally Eilers and Kent Taylor in “Florida Special”

(Continued on page 24)



A Jealous Wife's Confession

"I KNEW my husband's affection was cooling off. At 20 I had a pretty face and fresh clear skin. But housework and bringing up two children soon brought lines and wrinkles. At 30 I could easily have been taken for 40. Then I read about the amazing discovery of Biocel by some great doctor in Vienna, which enables women to get back their youthful looks. I got a jar of Biocel Skinfood at once, and used it that night. The very next morning my skin seemed to be fresher and clearer. In a week my husband said: 'Why, Emily, you actually look younger.' In a month all my friends were commenting on the change in my appearance."



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REVIEWS

The PICTUREGOER'S
quick reference index to
films just released

***WHERE THERE'S A
WILL
***THE UNGUARDED
HOUR
**LOVE ON A BET
**THE PREVIEW MURDER
MYSTERY
**THE CRIMSON CIRCLE
c**KLIU THE TIGER
c*TREACHERY RIDES
THE RANGE
*HAPPY DAYS ARE
HERE AGAIN
*WEDDING GROUP
*SONG AND DANCE
MAN
c*WESTERN COURAGE
c*DESERT GOLD
*SUICIDE SQUAD
THE HOWARD CASE
HOT NEWS

What the asterisks mean—

**** An outstanding feature.
*** Very good. ** Good.
* Average entertainment. c Also
suitable for children.

(Continued from page 22)

with Paula Gilbert, who is going to Los Angeles with her Aunt Charlotte to marry for money. They capture a pair of crooks and win the reward, and after the inevitable misunderstandings between the young people, Michael wins his bet and his bride at the last second.

Helen Broderick is excellent as Aunt Charlotte and makes the utmost of the telling lines she is given.

Wendy Barrie, as Paula, is somewhat weak; she tends to be rather stilted and none too convincing.

The motor ride across America gives scope for excellent detail work and the characterisations are all sound.

The action, most of which takes place out of doors, is excellently photographed.

**THE PREVIEW MURDER MYSTERY

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Murder mystery drama. Runs 60 minutes. REGINALD DENNY.....Johnny Morgan FRANCES DRAKE.....Peggy Madison GAIL PATRICK.....Claire Woodward ROD LA ROCQUE.....Neil Du Beck IAN KEITH.....E. Gordon Smith GEORGE BARBER.....Jerome Hewitt CONWAY TEARLE.....Edwin Strange THOMAS JACKSON.....Det.-Lt. McKane JACK RAYMOND.....George Tyson COLIN TAPLEY.....Studio Manager JACK MULHALL.....Jack Rawlins BRYANT WASHBURN.....Karl Jennings FRANKLIN FARNUM.....James Daley CHESTER CONKLIN and HANK MANN.....Comedians

Directed by Robert Florey from a story by Garnett Weston.

A modern film studio forms the back-ground for this murder mystery, which is quite ingeniously developed, even if it is not very credible.

On the completion of a film, the star receives a mysterious warning telling him that he will not live to see the preview. The threat is

by Lionel COLLIER



Michael Whalen and Claire Trevor
in "Song and Dance Man"

carried out. The leading lady, wife of the producer, is the next to receive a warning. An attempt is made on her life, but fails; but the producer is later found murdered.

The police take command, but their vigilance only leads to the murder of one of their own men. At this juncture the publicity man has a hunch and is able to identify the cause of the trouble.

The thrills are fairly hectic, but they register well, and there is good romantic and comedy interest.

The acting honours are equally shared by Reginald Denny, Ian Keith, Gail Patrick, Frances Drake, Rod La Rocque, George Barbier, and Conway Tearle; they give a very good example of team work.

Settings in the studio are realistic and form an added source of interest in their authenticity.

**THE CRIMSON CIRCLE

Universal. British. "A" certificate. Mystery. Runs 75 minutes.

HUGH WAKEFIELD.....Derek Yale ALFRED DRAYTON.....Inspector Parr JUNE DUPREZ..... Sylvia Hammond NOAH BEERY.....Felix Marl NIALl MCGINNIS.....Jack Beardmore PAUL BLAKE.....Sergeant Webster BASIL GILL.....James Beardmore GORDON MCLEOD.....Brabazon RENEE GADD.....Millie Macroy RALPH TRUMAN.....Lawrence Fuller ROBERT RENDELL.....Commissioner

Directed by Reginald Denham, from the play by Edgar Wallace.

Quite a good example of the "spot the murderer" type of picture, which is entertaining while it concentrates on the main plot, but slackens in interest when it deals with the love interest.

The story shows how a wealthy banker becomes the third victim of a gang of blackmailers, known as the Crimson Circle. Scotland Yard takes a hand, and there evolves a duel of wits between crooks and police, with strong intervention of a private detective of the "silly ass" type.

Hugh Wakefield is in particularly happy vein as Yale, the private detective, and Alfred Drayton is good as the Yard man; these two carry most of the burden of the picture.

Noah Beery is theatrical as a member of the gang and Niall

McGinnis is poor as the banker's nephew, who is in love with his uncle's secretary, Sylvia, a role played in a somewhat insipid manner by June Duprez.

"Red herrings" are numerous, but there is a good element of surprise in the revelation of the murderer's identity.

c**KLIU THE TIGER

Wardour. American. "U" certificate. Documentary film. Runs 49 minutes. ALL-NATIVE CAST.

Directed and Produced by The Marquis de la Falaise. Previewed May 2, 1936.

The Marquis de la Falaise has succeeded in giving us some beautiful scenic qualities and interesting sidelights on the life of Mois natives of Annam, in Indo-China, in this all-Technicolour picture—the first of its kind to be shot entirely in the jungle.

It has not the charm of some of his earlier efforts so far as the story is concerned, but its main attraction, a tiger hunt, has thrills and is excellently photographed.

Such story as there is tells of a hunter in search of a tiger which has mauled his chief, with whose daughter he is in love. Witch doctors state that if he kills it the chief's life will be saved. Setting out with his bow and arrows and the chief's young son, he kills the animal, saves the chief's life, and is affianced to his daughter.

The all-native cast gives sincere and convincing performances, and the director has introduced his animals naturally and not as if he were presenting exhibits from a zoo, which is so frequently the case in travel pictures.

He spent eight months in the jungle under the most trying conditions to get this documentary film, and I think it was well worth it.

c*TREACHERY RIDES THE RANGE

Warner. American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 57 minutes.

DICK FORAN.....Capt. Red Tyler MONTE BLUE.....Col. Drummond HENRY OTHO.....Burley Barton JIM THORPE.....Chief Red Smoke CARLYLE MOORE, JR.....Little Big Wolf GENE ALSACE.....Scout Blackburne TOM WILSON.....Denver DICK BOTTLER.....Antelope Boy PAULA STONE.....Ruth Drummond CRAIG REYNOLDS.....Wade Carter DON BARCLAY.....Corp. Bunce FRANK BRUNO.....Little Big Fox MONTE MONTAGUE.....Nebraska BILL MILT KIBBEE.....Eph Billings BUD OSBORNE.....Pawnee Pete

Directed by Frank MacDonald.

Another Western which caters mostly for juveniles: its plot and construction are rather too ingenuous for the average picture-goer.

There is, however, plenty of action, fights with Indians, buffalo hunts, and the usual quota of fisticuffs.

Dick Foran is robust as the hero and sings equally robustly.

Monte Blue is sound as the colonel in charge of a fort and Craig Reynolds is good as the villain.

Paula Stone makes a pretty heroine, which is all that is required of her.

Pictorial composition is good.

*HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

A.P.D. Argyle. British. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy. Runs 84 minutes.

BILLIE HOUSTON.....Mickey Grayson RENEE HOUSTON.....Kitty Grayson (Harvey Sisters) BILLIE WATTS.....Reg Jarvis SALLY MACBRIDE.....Ella VIOLA COMPTON.....Lil Grayson HARRY MILTON.....Chris TONY SMYTHE.....Bert BILLIE DIX.....Maisie GEORGIE HARRIS.....Brainwave MARK STONE.....Alf SHIRLEY HOUSTON.....Nita IDA BARR.....Girlic

HERBERT CAMERON.....Jim Grayson With SYD SEYMOUR and his Mad Hatters Band.

Directed by Norman Lee from a story by Dan Birt and F. H. Bickerton.

The story of this picture is, I believe, intended to be biographical, in that it reveals the manner in which the Houston Sisters became famous.

There is a certain interest from that point of view, but otherwise it is lacking in imagination and does not by any means adequately exploit its theme.

Renee and Billie Houston play the roles of Kitty and Mickey Grayson, sisters, who blossom out in the music hall profession as a double act, following the forced retirement of their parents, but find the going hard, and are soon compelled to close down their pierrot troupe.

Later, after making a fresh start, they fall out when half-way up the ladder of fame, through each suffering from a swollen head. In the end, however, commonsense triumphs, and they are reunited, thanks to the tactful work of Reg Jarvis, a booking agent. They then cash into revue with phenomenal success.

The Houston Sisters are rarely off the stage and they work hard in putting over their stage repertoire.

*WEDDING GROUP

Fox. British. "U" certificate. Romantic period drama. Runs 69 minutes.

FAY COMPTON.....Florence Nightingale BARBARA GREENE.....Janet Graham PATRIC KNOWLES.....Robert Smith ALASTAIR SIM.....Angus Graham ETHEL GLENDINNING.....Margaret Graham BRUCE SETON.....Dr. Jock Carnegie DAVE HUTCHESON.....George Harkness NAOMI PLASKITT.....Jessie ARTHUR YOUNG.....Dr. Grainger

Directed by Campbell Gullan and Alex Bryce from a radio play by Philip Wade.

While very slight and simple in design, there is a charm about this picturisation of a radio play which passes an hour pleasantly and restfully.

It tells the story of Janet and Margaret Graham, daughters of a Scottish minister, who are rivals for Robert Smith, a dashing young soldier. He is in love with Janet, but, when they plan to elope, Margaret creates a misunderstanding that results in their parting.

Following this, Robert goes to the Crimean War and Janet joins forces with Florence Nightingale's expedition. Later she is the means of saving Robert's life, and on their return Margaret's treachery is revealed and so is love allowed to triumph.

An excellent performance comes from Alastair Sim as the minister and the girls are well contrasted by Barbara Greene as Janet and Ethel Glendinning as Margaret.

Patric Knowles is well in character as Robert and Fay Compton makes her brief appearance as Florence Nightingale telling.

It is all very delicate and even precious but the atmosphere of the Scottish homeland scenes and the war sequences are convincing and in the case of the former definitely artistic.

*SONG AND DANCE MAN

20th Century-Fox. American. "U" certificate. Back-stage drama. Runs 72 minutes.

CLAIRE TREVOR.....Julie Carroll PAUL KELLY.....Hap Farrell MICHAEL WHALEN.....Alan Davis RUTH DONNELLY.....Patsy O'Madigan JAMES BURKE.....Lieutenant Mike Boyle HELEN TROY.....Sally LESTER MATTHEWS.....C. B. Nelson RALF HAROLINE.....Dolores GLORIA ROY.....Dolores MARGARET DUMONT.....Mrs. Whitney BILLY BEVAN.....Curtis IRENE FRANKLIN.....Goldie McGuffey

Directed by Alan Dwan. Based on the play by George M. Cohen.

Loyalty amongst troupers is the theme of this conventional backstage drama. It is adequately acted but is all rather too familiar in design to interest one more than superficially.

The story deals with Julie Carroll and Hap Farrell, a vaudeville team who are compelled to take a rest when the improvident boastful Hap injures his ankle. In trying to pawn a revolver, Julie is mistaken for a crook by Alan Davis, a society youth, and he, following satisfactory explanations, persuades his friend, C. B. Belson, an impresario, to put her in revue.

Hap is not wanted, but when he finds that Julie is prepared to put her loyalty before her career, and that an unscrupulous producer is trying to queer her pitch, he stages the big "white man" act with the desired effect.

While Claire Trevor acts capably enough, she is not quite good enough a dancer and singer to fill the role of Julie more than adequately. Paul Kelly, too, suffers from the same limitations.

James Burke and Ruth Donnelly gives the comedy sequences full value, and Michael Whalen is sound as Alan.

* WESTERN COURAGE

Columbia. American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 57 minutes.

KEN MAYNARD.....Ken Baxter
GENEVA MITCHELL.....Gloria Hanley
CHARLES FRENCH.....Mr. Hanley
BETTY BLYTHE.....Mrs. Hanley
CORNELIUS KEEFE.....Eric
WARD BOND.....La Crosse
CAPT. E. H. CALVERT.....Colonel Austin
RENEE WHITNEY.....Betty Johns.
Directed by Spencer Gordon Bennet from a story by Charles Francis Royal.

Typical Western, with all the usual concomitants, with Ken Maynard putting over a virile performance as a rancher who falls in love with and wins a wealthy man's daughter, who is being chased by a fortune hunter.

Geneva Mitchell gives a capable performance as the heroine and Cornelius Keefe typifies the complete boulder as the fortune hunter.

Scenic qualities are picturesque and the treatment vigorous. Just the stuff for the youngsters.

* DESERT GOLD

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Outdoor drama. Runs 58 minutes.

LARRY "BUSTER" CRABBE.....Moya
MONTE BLUE.....Chetley Kasedon
GLENN ERIKSON.....Glenn Kasedon
RAYMOND HATTON.....Doc. Belding
MARSHA HUNT.....Judith Belding
TOM KEENE.....Randolph Gale
ROBERT CUMMINGS.....Fordyce Mortimer
VALTER MILLER.....Hank Lade
FRANK MAYO.....Bert Lash
Directed by James Hogan from a story by Zane Grey.

Hardly Zane Grey at his best. Rather an artless picture of cowboys and Indians, without quite the usual punch of its type. It would appeal mainly to juveniles.

The picturesque backgrounds are an asset, but they do not compensate for the ingenueness of the picture as a whole.

Buster Crabbe plays the role of an Indian chief adequately, while Tom Keene and Monte Blue are heroic villain respectively on stereotyped lines.

Marsha Hunt makes a fair heroine and Raymond Hatton the most of a comedy role.

* SUICIDE SQUAD

the. American. "U" certificate. Fire Brigade melodrama. Runs 59 minutes.

IRMAN FOSTER.....Larry
JOYCE COMPTON.....Mary
IL F. KRAMER.....Ed
BERE HOLMANS.....Tim

Directed by Raymond K. Johnson from a scenario by Honor King Jordan.

Fire thrills are the chief asset of this high-pressure melodrama, which is in the nature of propaganda for a branch of America's fire brigade known as The Suicide Squad.

Larry, a bumptious, conceited youth, falls in love with Mary, daughter of Captain Tim, of the Fire Department, and through her influence he enlists. His eagerness to hit the front page at the cost of his comrades' safety, however, soon gets him in bad odour, and he is forced to resign.

Nevertheless, he realises by this time that it is team spirit that counts, and he earns his reinstatement and restitution in Mary's good books by an act of conspicuous bravery.

Norman Foster is true to type as Larry, and he puts the necessary virility into his role.

Joyce Compton is quite pleasing as Mary, and Phil E. Kramer and Robert Holmans are good in support.

THE HOWARD CASE

Universal. British. "A" certificate. Crime melodrama. Runs 62 minutes.

OLIVE MELVILLE.....Pat Kershaw
JACK LIVESY.....Jettie Parkington
ARTHUR SEATON.....Ian Howard and Geoffrey Phillips

DAVID KEIR.....Barnes
ERNEST BORRAND.....Inspector Gliston
JACK VIVYAN.....Sergeant Halliday
OLIVE SLOANE.....Lena Maxwell
VINCENT STERNROYD.....Rev. J. Kershaw
GLADYS MASON.....Mrs. Kershaw
RENAUD LOCKWOOD.....Dr. Bryce
Directed by Fraser Foulsham from H. F. Maltby's play "Fraud."

Very slow and obvious story, mechanically put over with a minimum of imagination and indifferent technique.

Arthur Seaton is quite good in a dual role, and the other artists make the most of the material at their command under somewhat trying circumstances.

The story deals with Jerry, a wild youth, who prefers motor racing to looking after his interests as a partner in a law firm. His girl, Pat, tries to shake him up by taking a job with the firm, and she finds irregularities in the books. When approached, Howard the senior partner, frankly tells Jerry that he has gambled away clients' money in gold shares, and then walks out leaving Jerry to carry the baby.

Following this, Howard kills his cousin, Phillips, a lunatic, whom he closely resembles, and attempts to stage a suicide act. At first Jerry and Pat are suspected of his murder, but Howard's ruse is discovered, and he takes his life to avoid arrest. The gold shares turn up trumps and pave the way to a happy ending.

HOT NEWS

Columbia. British. "U" certificate. Gangster comedy. Runs 77 minutes.

LUPINO LANE.....Jimmy Selby
PHYLLIS CLARE.....Betty Mason
WALLACE LUPINO.....Horace Wells
BEN WELDEN.....Slug Wilson
REGINALD LONG.....Prince Stephan Antanov
BARBARA KILNER.....Princess Ina Antanov
GLEN RAYNHAM.....Barbara O'Neil
FRED A. LESLIE.....Leslie Fredericks
EDWARD PIERCE.....Red Murphy
GEORGE PUGHE.....Slim McGill
SCOTT HAROLD.....Castle
GEOFFREY CLARKE.....Sir Ronald Sinclair
HENRY LONGHURST.....Frank Harvey
THE DORCHESTER GIRLS.....Sextuplets
Directed by W. P. Kellino.

Lupino Lane is the mainstay of this gangster comedy, which is lacking in slickness and polish; practically its only asset is his personality.

The plot is weak, with hackneyed slapstick gags, and lacks imaginative treatment.

In its efforts to emulate American comedies of the same type it falls short of its aim and its appeal is only to the unsophisticated.



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BLOCK LETTERS

PR

What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

WHO ARE THE SCREEN'S ARISTOCRATS?

Stars Who Fail "To Be A Lady"



SEVERAL "stars" fail pathetically when called upon to play the part of a real lady. They lack that infinitesimal something which distinguishes the aristocrat by birth.

From this stricture I would certainly except Mona Barrie, the finest aristocrat on the screen, as witness her performance in *The Melody Lingers On* and previous films.

Apart from her beautiful features and exquisitely modulated voice, she possesses more than any other artiste that superb repose of manner "which stamps the cast of Vere de Vere."—Geo. Tremaine, 42 Sterling Place, Hove, Sussex.



Mona Barrie

Younger British Heroes

British films have practically no heroes that possess the charm of youth.

The reason is obvious. Many of Britain's film heroes are recruited from the stage after a number of years behind the footlights. Consequently, they are not young men—and the camera clearly reveals that fact.

They may be splendid actors, but, unfortunately for them, it is the young men that film fans wish to see.

But if youth cannot be secured from the stage, surely it can be sought elsewhere?

Hollywood film chiefs go to great pains in seeking potential film stars from the ranks of office-clerks, soldiers, sailors, labourers and even unemployed men.

Very often they spend huge sums on boosting unknown men to stardom. Moreover, they generally find that this method pays.

And if Hollywood, by this means, can secure the types of heroes that really attract, surely British studios can do the same.—J. Moore, 30 Theberton Street, Upper Street, Islington, N.1, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

"Brownette"

Oh, Harlow of the once-white locks, Why have you changed to medium brown? I love you best in "cleavage" frocks, Tossing on high your famous "crown."

I fear this altered colour scheme Will not go down with many fans, Nor will they like the new-formed team, With Tracy's homeliest of "pans."

And so, dear Jean, I you beseech, Forsake this craze for mousy hue; Forward once more into the bleach, And please the many, not the few! —M. Slonier, 30 Paignton Road, Liverpool, 16, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Golden Male Voices

I am a regular reader of your wonderful film-paper, and I take great interest in all its articles and portraits. But the page which intrigues me most is the "Thinker's."

From time to time, I have read complimentary (and otherwise) criticisms of the stars made by

your readers. Perfect smiles, the best looks, the most talented artiste, and a host of other things. But, so far as I know, no reference has been made to the actor who might possess the perfect speaking voice. The actresses were dealt with on another page some time ago, but the actors have been left severely alone!

Might I be permitted to set the ball rolling by selecting the star whom I consider has the most musical speaking voice on the screen?

Above all other masculine film-stars, I suggest that Mr. Otto Kruger possesses the golden voice. —(Countess) Hélène Magriska, 7 Park Parade, Roker, Sunderland.

Yo, Ho, Ho!

Now that *Mutiny on the Bounty* has proved that sea-subjects are popular, why doesn't an enterprising British director use Captain Marryat's sea novels? They are packed with thrilling melodrama, sea fights between single ships and fleets occur almost every other chapter, and the heroes are as handsome as any female film-fan could wish!

It's true that they depict this country's fight with France under Napoleon, but even sparing French susceptibilities, there is sufficient material left to make half a dozen colourful films.

They could be made replete with sea fights against pirates and rescues of wealthy, high-born beautiful girls from the clutches of bona-fide villains blacker than even Hollywood's imagination can paint them!

Marryat's novels have stood the test of a hundred years of reading, so why not give them a new lease of life in sound and celluloid? —David Morgan, 47 Cumcelyn Road, Blaina, Mon.

North versus South

In childhood days we read tales of handsome Vikings, Norsemen and Saxons, but where are the Northern heroes of the screen? Must a hero, if not British or American, possess Latin blood to be beloved of kinemagoers?

We have Tullio Carminati, Francis Lederer, Ramon Novarro and the never-to-be-forgotten Rudolph Valentino and scores of lesser known players, but, with the exception of Carl Brisson and Otto Kruger, there are no northern heroes.

With the ladies it seems to be the opposite way round. Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Greta Nissen and others shine for Nordic countries, but, with the exception of Claudette Colbert, the only southern ladies are Mexicans—Dolores Del Rio, Mona Maris.

Surely Spain, with its notoriously beautiful women, could produce a heart-throb to rival Garbo or have Latin women been so much more looked after and kept in the home than northerners that a film star's life has been denied them? —(Miss) Joyce I. Corlett, "Bonshaw" Selbourne Drive, Douglas, Isle of Man.

Exploiting Artistes' Generosity

I would like to comment upon a "racket" wherein film and variety stars have been exploited, namely, the charity performance.

I do not say this is the general rule, but it is more prevalent than is, perhaps, imagined.

No one would think of asking a bricklayer to give his services gratis, in the cause of charity, yet this is exactly what is expected of the professional, sometimes giving two or three shows in one day; if he refuses he is said to be selfish and high-hat.

The main point is, however, on perusing the balance sheet, the charity has benefited very little, owing to the very heavy "expenses"; thus, the generosity of a hard-working body of people is used to line the pocket of some unscrupulous promoter.

What Do You Think? Cont.

I suggest that if the artistes received their fee in the usual way, they could forward their cheque to the right channels; by so doing, they would sound the death-knell to a very nasty practice.—E. J. W. Bacon, 81 Heath Park Road, Romford, Essex.

Give Teachers a Chance

Why are school teachers so often ridiculed on the films? Teachers' foibles are manifold, and we all enjoy a good laugh at them, but it is not wise to give children such entertainment.

Parents and school teachers find the modern child no easy problem to deal with. The films could make their task less difficult by helping to maintain the dignity of teachers and parents in the eyes of the children.

This is not a Mrs. Grundy outburst. It is the view of a young teacher, who has always enjoyed, and always will enjoy, the films.—(Miss) Jean Hannah, 46 Stanley Avenue, Copnor, Portsmouth.

Why No Contraltos?

As a regular filmgoer, and one who has patronised every kind of film, one thing has always struck me as being rather strange. To my knowledge, the screen does not possess a contralto singer of any repute—if it possesses one at all. I cannot recall ever having heard one.

Yet, it has catered for all other tastes—male and female crooners by the dozen; sopranos, tenors and baritones who are really singers.

In my opinion, there is no richer voice than the

contralto, and, surely, there are many who agree with me. Why, then, are we not catered for? —(Mrs.) Jean Hamilton, 27 Kestrel Road, Glasgow, W.3.

Pipe Down!

When the film *Top Hat* was "going the rounds" of the local kinemas I was unfortunately prevented from seeing it. This omission has now been remedied and I was again impressed by the wonderful dancing of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, to say nothing of Edward Horton's timidity.

However, the film had one very disturbing fault. The dancing scenes were marred by orchestral drowning. It was almost impossible at times to hear the rhythmic taps of the dancers; which brings us once again to the question. When is this incidental music bogey to be laid? —C. H. Procter, 23 Brancaster Road, Newbury Park, Ilford, Essex.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 rs. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.



WHO'S WHO

Jack Buchanan

BORN in Glasgow on April 2, 1891, Jack Buchanan, who stands 6 ft. 2 in., and has brown, curly hair and brown eyes, made his stage debut at the Grand Theatre, Glasgow, in 1912. After some years of hard struggle he finally won recognition as a talented musical comedy and revue actor, his dancing being particularly noteworthy.

His stage successes include: *To-Night's The Night*, *Bubbly*, *Battling Butler*, *Charlot's Revue*, in which he went to America, *Toni*, *Sonny*, *That's A Good Girl*, *Stand Up and Sing*, *Wake Up and Dream* and *The Flying Trapeze*. He has made pictures both in America and England.

Among his pictures are:—*Monte Carlo*, *The Glee Quartette*, *The Happy Ending*, *Confetti*, *Bulldog Drummond's Third Round*, *Man of Mayfair*, *Good-Night Vienna*, *Yes Mr. Brown*, *That's a Good Girl*, *Brewster's Millions*, *Come Out of the Pantry*, *Limelight* (in which he made a brief appearance), *When Knights Were Bold* and *This'll Make You Whistle*.

Dorothy Burgess

BROWN-HAIRED, blue-eyed Dorothy Burgess was born in Los Angeles on March 4, 1907. After attending various private schools, she was sent to a finishing school in New York, and then turned her attention to the stage. After some experience in revue, she went in for drama, making her first New York appearance in "straight" plays in 1925 in *The Adorable Liar*. Among other plays in which she appeared were *The Squall*, *Lulu Belle* and *Dancing Mothers*, in which last she appeared in the part made famous on the screen by Clara Bow.

She made her screen debut in 1929, her pictures including: *Pleasure Crazy*, *Protection*, *In Old Arizona*, *Song of Kentucky*, *Beyond Victory*, *Swing High*, *Recaptured Love*, *Lasca of the Rio Grande*, *Taxi*, *Cleopatra*, *The Squall*, *Bird of Fame*, *The Broken Wing*, *Malay Nights*, *Easy Millions*, *Ladies Must Love*, *The Important Witness*, *I Love That Man*, *Hold Your Man*, *From Headquarters*, *Kidnapped*, *Evidence in Camera*, *Orient Express*, *Fashion Follies of 1934*, *A Modern Hero*, *Affairs of a Gentleman*, *Circus Town*, *Friends of Mr. Sweeney*, *Hat*, *Coat and Glove*, *Gambling*, *Midnight Butterflies* and *Village Tale*.

Billie Burke

BORN in Washington on August 7, 1885, she is the widow of the famous Florenz Ziegfeld. She was a great favourite on our stage and enjoyed a big success at the London Pavilion in 1902, and also starred in pantomime in Glasgow and Sheffield. Apart from many stage successes in revue, musical comedy and "straight" plays on both sides of the Atlantic, she starred in many pictures in the days of the silent film.

Her pictures include: *Wanted A Husband*, *Good Gracious Annabelle*, *Let's Get A Divorce*, *Peggy*, *Eve's Daughter*, *Sadie Love*, *Ranch House Blues*, *A Bill of Divorcement*, *Finishing School*, *Christopher Strong*, *Dinner at Eight*, *Only Yesterday*, *We're Rich Again*, *The Dover Road*, *Forsaking All Others*, *Society Doctor*, *After Office Hours*, *A Feather in Her Hat*, *Becky Sharp*, *Doubling Thomas* and *Splendour*.

George Burns and Gracie Allen

THE former, whose real name is Nathan Birbaum, was born in New York. He is 5 ft. 9 in. tall, has brown eyes and black hair, and is married to his professional partner, Gracie Allen. He started on the stage when twelve years of age and since then he has appeared in hundreds of variety acts. While playing at the Union Hall, New Jersey, he met his future wife, and they teamed up together. Gracie is also an old trouser. She was born in San Francisco, is 5 ft. tall, with brown eyes and black hair, and when only thirteen and fourteen years of age, she spent her summer holidays from school doing a single act in vaudeville around San Francisco. With her three sisters she formed the vaudeville team of the Allen Sisters and later joined the Reilly Company.

After having worked together for four years, George and Gracie signed a unique six years' contract with RKO Theatres. They are among the most popular radio stars in America. Their films include a series of shorts for Paramount made in 1931, and also *The Big Broadcast*, *College Humour*, *International House*, *Six of a Kind*, *We're Not Dressing*, *Many Happy Returns*, *Love in Bloom*, *The Plot Thickens* and *The Big Broadcast* of 1936.

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their new powder shades the exact
tints of lovely skin.



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Let GEORGE DO IT!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters
received from readers each week, the only queries answered
on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future,
if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please
send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to
"George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House,
Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

MOVIE MINDED (London).—Brian Don-
levy, b. Feb. 9, Portadown, Ireland; light
brown hair and grey-green eyes, 5 ft. 11 in.,
190 lb.; real name Brian Waldo Donlevy,
unmarried. Latest films, *Thirteen Hours by
Air*, *Human Cargo*, and *Half Angel*. Address
c/o Twentieth Century Studios.

BUBBLES.—John Hayward, Wendy Barrie,
Robert Cummings, Eleanor Whitney took
the chief rôles in *Millions in the Air*.

CRAZY ON CLARK (Clapton).—Centre
Spread, *It Happened One Night*, April 21,
1934. (2) Plates of Gable as follows: Aug. 29,
1931; July 9, 1932; Oct. 21, 1933; April 13,
1935. Front covers: Nov. 26, 1932; June 1,
1935; Sept. 21, 1935; May 9, 1936. (3)
Articles: May 23, 1936—"On the Heights
—But Not High Hat"; "My Life Story,"
by Clark Gable—April 21, 1934; April 28,
1934; May 12, 1934; and May 19, 1934;
"Gable Selects the Ten Most Attractive
Women"—Feb. 23, 1935; "The Man's
Man Women Like," by Jim Tully—July 6,
1935; "What I Have Learned from Women,"
"Picturegoer Summer Annual," 1934.

S. F. (Manchester).—Greta Garbo, b.
Sept. 18, 1906; June Knight, Jan. 22, 1913.

F D. (London).—Charles Bickford, b.
Jan. 1, 1892, Cambridge, Massachusetts;
latest film, *Rose of the Rancho*. (2) Latest
film—Elizabeth Young, *China Seas*; Jane
Withers, *Pepper*; Eleanor Powell, *Born to
Dance*.

ROGERS-ASTAIRE FAN (London).—(1)
When writing to a star in America the best
thing to do is to obtain an International
Money Order from your local Post Office
for the return postage plus 1/- (the usual
charge for an autographed photograph) and
enclose it in your letter to the star addressed
c/o their studio. A letter to America costs
14d. (2) Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers
have appeared in the following films
together—*Gay Divorce*, *Flying Down to Rio*,
Roberta, *Tot Hat*, *Follow the Fleet*, and *I
Won't Dance*.

LOVER OF THE "PICTUREGOER" (I.O.W.).—
Write to Clark Gable c/o Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer and Gracie Fields c/o Associated
Talking Pictures.

DICK POWELL LOVER (Nottingham).—
Dick Powell, b. Nov. 14, 1904, Pittsburgh;
6 ft., blue eyes, auburn hair, 172 lb., mar.
Mildred Maund (mar. dis.). Latest film,
Hearts Divided, with Marion Davies.

THE GARBOITES.—I am afraid it is too
early for a cast of *Camille* and we cannot say
whether Greta Garbo will play in a colour
film. The other rumours you have heard
have no foundation in fact.

A. M. G.—Photograph of John Loder
obtainable from the Postcard Salon, 87 Long
Acre, London, W.C.2., for 3d. each, 2/6 a dozen.

R. O. (Bedfordshire).—Sydney Blackmer;
b. July 13, 1894, North Carolina, U.S.A.,
6 ft., 195 lb., black hair, brown eyes, married
Lenore Ulric; hobby, all sports.

D. G. (Sussex).—The rumour you have
heard re Mr. and Mrs. Temple is incorrect.

Y. E.—Veronica Rose, b. 1911, Edinburgh.
Flaxen gold hair and hazel eyes. Films
include *Cuckoo in the Nest*, *Turkey Time*, *A
Cup of Kindness*, *Fighting Stock*, *Stormy
Weather*.

D. R. H. (Blackheath).—The rumour you
have heard about Greta Garbo is absolutely
incorrect.

LESLIE HOWARD FAN.—(1) I suggest you
write to London Films about a re-issue of
The Scarlet Pimpernel. (2) *The Petrified
Forest* has not been generally released yet.
(3) Leslie Howard b. April 3, 1893, married
Ruth Evelyn Martin, has a son and daughter.

J. B. L. (Leeds).—Robert Taylor b.
Filley, Nebraska, Aug. 1911; real name
Arlington Brough (Bru.), 6 ft., dark brown
hair and blue eyes, unmarried; expert
tennis player and at horseback riding;
accomplished pianist. Latest films—*Secret
Interlude* with Loretta Young, and *The
Gorgeous Hussy* with Joan Crawford.

KRUGER ADMIRER.—(1) Otto Kruger plays
the lover in *Dracula's Daughter*, not a horror
rôle. (2) *Living Dangerously* released Aug.
24, 1936.

LOVER OF PAT (Birmingham).—Pat O'Brien
b. Sept. 1, Milwaukee, brown eyes and hair;
married Eloise Taylor. Latest films—*Ceiling
Zero* and *Slim*.

ANOTHER FAN (London).—(1) Brian
Donlevy took the rôle of a henchman to the
murderer in *Mary Burns Fugitive*, and the
detective, Dr. Everts, in *Thirteen Hours by
Air*. (2) *Rhythm on the Range*, and *This'll
Make You Whistle*, release date not fixed.
(3) Brian Donlevy; see MOVIE MINDED above.
(4) Write to Jack Buchanan c/o British and
Dominions Studios.

ARDENT ASTHER ADMIRER (Bloomsbury).—
Nils Asther's films and leading ladies.
Laugh Clown Laugh, Loretta Young; *The
Cossacks*, Renee Adoree; *Wild Orchids*,
Greta Garbo; *Our Dancing Daughters*,
Dorothy Sebastian; *The Single Standard*,
Greta Garbo; *But the Flesh is Weak*, Heather
Thatcher, Nora Gregor; *Letty Lynton*, Joan
Crawford; *As You Desire Me*, Greta Garbo;
The Bitter Tea of General Yen, Fay Wray;
Mad Masquerade, Karen Morley; *Storm at
Daybreak*, Kay Francis; *Hollywood Party*,
Lupe Velez; *By Candlelight*, Elissa Landi;
The Right to Romance, Ann Harding; *Madame
Spy*, Fay Wray; *Behold We Live*, Irene
Dunne; *Crime Doctor*, Karen Morley;
Lovetime, Pat Paterson; *Abdul the Damned*,
Adrienne Ames; *The Marriage of Corbo*,
Hazel Terry.

M. W.—Robert Donat, b. Mar. 18, 1907,
Withington, Manchester, 6 ft. 154 lbs.,
brown hair, brown eyes, Ed. Manchester;
hobbies horse riding, fencing, swimming and
motoring. Married Ella Voysey; two chil-
dren. To make *Knight Without Armour*
with Marlene Dietrich.

D. T. (Ilford).—"The Touch of Your
Lips" was not from *Follow the Fleet*; but
"Let Yourself Go" was in this film.

MARGARET.—Jimmie Hanley took the part
of Leonard in *Little Friend*. His other films
are *Boys Will be Boys*, *Royal Cavalcade*,
Forever England and *The Tunnel*.

MICKY (Surbiton).—Brian Donlevy; see
MOVIE MINDED above.

GEORGINA (Wimbledon).—Una Merkel b.
Dec. 10, 1903, Covington, U.S.A., 5 ft. 5 ins.,
fair hair, blue eyes; married Ronald Burta;
hobbies: reading and swimming.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

A large party of the members of the HENRY
EDWARDS BRITISH FILM CLUB accepted the
kind invitation of the Cinematograph
Benevolent Fund to visit Gblelands, the
Fund's Convalescent and Rest Home, at
Wokingham, on Sunday, July 12, and a
very happy time was spent. Mr. Viveash,
the genial Secretary of the Fund, and Mr.
Gibb McLaughlin, the popular Vice-
President of the Club, were there to welcome
them, the only disappointment being that
Mr. Henry Edwards, the ever-popular
President, was unfortunately unable to be
there also, owing to work on the film *Beauty
and the Barge*. In spite of somewhat
dreary weather, a very delightful time was
enjoyed by every one. The party on arrival
were taken on a tour of inspection of the
beautiful house and grounds, and then sat
down to tea. After tea they were able to
spend some time in the grounds, and then
went to the beautiful swimming pool on the
adjoining estate, by the kind invitation of
Mr. Carthrow Martin, where a very enjoyable
time was spent. After a vote of thanks to the
C.T.B. Fund, Mr. Viveash, Mr. McLaughlin,
Mr. and Mrs. Diver and Mr. Carthrow
Martin, the happy party returned to Town by

the eight o'clock train. By kind permission
of the C.T.B. Fund, the Club will hold a
Garden Party in aid of the Fund, in the
beautiful grounds of Gblelands next summer.
The next Dance will be held in October, and
it is hoped to hold another of their popular
Private Film Shows in November. New
members are welcomed. Full particulars
can be obtained on receipt of a stamped
addressed envelope, from the Hon. Secretary,
32 Amesbury Avenue, Streatham Hill,
S.W.2.

No. 272 (New Series) Vol. 6
August 8, 1936.

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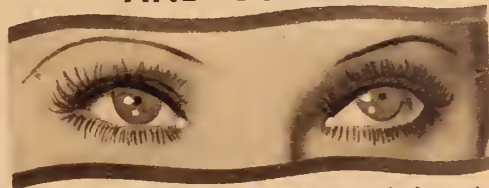
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Pic., 8/8/36

LEAVE It to ANNE

Here is a mixed bag of queries from my correspondents. Maybe one of them applies to your special problem. If not, let me have a line with a stamped addressed envelope enclosed and I shall be delighted to give your query personal attention.

"MY upper lip," says a reader, "is far too long for good looks. What can I do about it?" You can make it appear much shorter by skilful placing of lipstick. Build up the mouth with the colouring, taking the tint to the extreme edge of the lip, or if you are very clever just a shade beyond it. Keep a clean edge and wipe off any smudginess with a wisp of muslin dipped in cold water.

Lashes that are brittle trouble several correspondents. They can do one of two things. Mascara is obtainable that is made with a castor oil base. This counteracts the tendency to dry out the lashes. It is obtainable in half a dozen tints. On the other hand if you have a block that must be used up first, try treating it with castor oil. Pour three drops on to the block. Let it sink in, repeating the process two or three times. Apply this mascara in the ordinary way, moistening the brush with water. At night time apply to the eyes a mixture of castor oil and vaseline. Warm them and take one part oil to two parts vaseline. Apply to the lashes with a sharpened match stick. Use a fresh stick for each eye.

Eyeshadow comes to the assistance of those with too deep-set eyes. Take the eye shadow and place it very close to the lashes. Do not take it all over the eyelid. Just a trace may be placed underneath the eyebrows. This leaves the top part of the eyelid quite white and clear and thus throws the eyes into relief, and minimises the sunken effect.

Brittle nails are very troublesome. Some. An absolute cure is not known, for brittleness is often due to some obscure constitutional cause. It is a point on which we are not absolutely sure.

But they may be improved. Be sure to use a varnish remover with an oily base. At intervals give the nails a holiday from varnish and use a cream polish instead. Iodine oil should be painted on the nails night and morning with a small brush. The nails should always be filed to shape with an emery board rather than cut with scissors.

Keep the hands out of hot water as much as possible. If you have to do washing and cleaning, wear rubber gloves. Internally, calcium and halibut liver oil will help.

Swimming is the best of all exercises for developing the bust. If you cannot take up swimming, then practise the breast stroke every morning, lying face down-

wards on your bed. An arm circling exercise also helps. With the arms out level with the shoulders, twirl them first of all twenty times backwards, and then twenty times forwards. Keep the movements in the shoulder joints.

If you cannot wait for results, or if you are one of those obstinate cases that never develop whatever the exercise, you have two remedies. Either wear a "sling" brassiere which is so rounded and shaped that it emphasises the most modest bust, or wear a false bust. These are most ingeniously and naturally devised. They are comfortable and elegant and are worn like a brassiere.

Many dry skins suffer badly in the hot weather. Here is one way of combating this trouble. Place in the palm of your hand a small knob of your usual feeding cream. Add to it a few drops of tissue oil. Knead together and massage into the skin. Remove surplus cream before going to bed, but leave the skin just moist. Next morning massage in a little more and leave it on while you dress. Take it off when you are ready to do your make-up.

Tannic acid treatment is the up-to-date method of treating burns. It has superseded the old-fashioned carron oil. It is equally successful in treating burns caused by careless sun bathing. A makeshift remedy is to use freshly infused tea leaves that have been allowed to cool. A better way is to use the tannin in a specially prepared cream out of a tube.

Blisters can turn a holiday into a nightmare. If you are subject to them always powder the insides of your stockings or your sports socks with a mixture of equal parts of boracic, zinc, and starch powder.

If a blister has already formed, dab on a little pure Eau de Cologne, prick with a sterilised needle and

then cut away the ragged skin with a pair of sterilised nail scissors. Be sure both needle and scissors are sterilised. Cover with a piece of clean white rag and a pad of boracic ointment. Renew twice a day and in a couple of days it should be healed.

If you have spent your holiday without a hat and your hair has been bleached in consequence, you are now probably bemoaning its lack of colour and its lack of gloss.

Olive oil will come to the rescue. Add a teaspoon of olive oil to your favourite shampoo before mixing it. Use a little less water than usual. This will make the hair glossy and restore some of the natural oil dried out by the sun. It is also good if your hair is suffering from too much artificial bleaching.

So many readers are seeking to obtain a good figure in a few weeks, as they do not care for the sideways view of themselves in bathing costume. Very often I give you "get-beautiful-quick" remedies, but in such cases you have me beaten. Sylph-like lines were never induced in a fortnight.

The next best thing is to control the tummy with a special bathing suit or a bathing corset. Many swim suits are made of lastex yarn. These cling closely to one's skin, at the same time moulding and restraining the figure.

Or the newest figure-controlling bathing suits are made of lastex rubber. They have a very strong pull which continuously supports and controls the figure, and a decorative crinkly surface that does not soak up water and become heavy when wet. A bathing corset, made pantee style so that it does not ride up, is the cheapest way of solving the figure difficulty. It is quite indiscernible under a swim suit and a brassiere to match ensures slender firm lines in and out of the water.

TALKIE TITLE TALES

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Thomas Thompson, 7 Lovell Street, Sheffield, 4, for:—

Behind Office Doors
After Office Hours
Strictly Business
You're Telling Me

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:—
Miss L. Linstead, 14 Dunloe Avenue, Tottenham, N.17, for:—

Bad Boy
Come Out of the Pantry
He Who Gets Slapped
Serves You Right

Miss Mary Gordon, 44 Moss-side Road, Glasgow, S.1, for:—
Leap Year
Marry Me
Little Man, What Now?
Night Flight

Miss Elise Morey (aged 15), "Killara," Dyke Close, Hove 4, Sussex, for:—

Heat Wave
We're Not Dressing
Delay in the Sun
Les Miserables

Miss N. Hill, 12 Harewood Street, Middlesbrough, Yorks, for:—
Doctor's Orders
What, No Beer?
Just My Luck

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no other rules, except that I must insist that your "titles" are submitted on a postcard and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.



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the *real* flavour) and "butterscotch" at its lightest and crispest . . . then this masterpiece of confectionery, called (for want of a sublimer word) candy, flavoured well and plentifully with choice almonds . . . CREST! And the price (believe it or not) is 2d.!



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in "THE CASE AGAINST Mrs. AMES"
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Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN	Dark ☐	If hair is Grey, check type above
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The Picturegoer Weekly.

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August 15, 1936

Picturegoer

The Nation's Most Popular Magazine

2^d
WEEKLY

Jessie
MATTHEWS

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"MEDIUM"
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THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

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F RILLS and T H RILLS of the Screen!



SNAPPY BEACHWEAR!
That's Jane Hamilton
above—in a fetching beach
suit from the Summer
Annual.

WIFE VERSUS SECRETARY
Here's Jean Harlow with "Boss"
Clark Gable in a scene from the
full-length story of this super film
which is fascinatingly told in "The
Picturegoer Summer Annual."

ARE YOU LIKE HER?
The simple coiffure of
Constance Bennett is
most becoming to women
of her type. Read about
it in "The Picturegoer
Summer Annual."

WHAT thrilling holiday fashion secrets has Hollywood up her sleeve? What glorious creations are screenland's brightest stars wearing? See the whole pageant of the screen's latest fashions, between the fascinating covers of "The Picturegoer Summer Annual"—then plan your own holiday outfit from its secrets. This wonderful 100-page spectacle of the glories of the screen, now on sale, price 6d., is packed with scores of wonderful surprises . . . with thrills . . . large art-plate portraits of your movie favourites and many amazing features.

Want to look like your favourite screen star? Then read Jack Dawn's advice on "Making Up to Type." The grand old lady of film-land—May Robson—tells you a thing or two about L-O-V-E. Bob Montgomery, as an outdoor man, reveals a few secrets you didn't know before. And there's a *True Love Story of a Famous Star* that will make you open your eyes in amazement. How do stars keep healthy? Is it a Woman's World? Why won't certain stars marry? There's an answer to these, too, in the hundred fascinating pages of "The Picturegoer Summer Annual."

Whatever else you do—don't miss this thrill of a lifetime. Before it is too late—get a copy from your newsagent or bookstall NOW—price 6d.



What waves .. what curls .. what lovely girls!

★ No sea-breezes have *these* waves at their mercy. They are Amami waves, ruled only by Amami Wave Set. Here's how Amami girls keep "appeal" in their hair and join in all the fun of the beach. After the weekly shampoo . . . an application of Amami Wave Set and careful attention in professional manner. Daily afterwards . . . a quick touch of this fragrant lotion to restore the depth of waves, the tightness of curls. Remember! six complete settings in every 6d. bottle

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WAVE SET ... 6^d & 1/3
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The essential treatment for every sun and sea-drenched head is a weekly Amami shampoo. It keeps hair and scalp at normality, correcting excessive faults, giving health and gleaming vitality.

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*Friday Night
is Amami Night*

How to get an even, rich tan and no sun-burn



DON'T just bare your skin to the sun and hope for the best—or you'll suffer from burn and turn an ugly red, too. But you needn't buy costly lotions and creams to get—painlessly—the bronzed beauty you long for!

There's a way that's easy and inexpensive, yet so effective that

many of the loveliest women in Society prefer it to anything else: *before and after* you sunbathe—and *while* you are sunbathing—use Pond's Cold Cream. It helps your skin to tan evenly without burning and it resupplies the fine oils that keep your skin soft and supple.

Also, this cool, delightful cream

won't stain your towels; in fact, it washes out very easily.

★ ★ ★

NEXT TIME you sun yourself in the garden or on the beach, and when you go hiking or motoring, use Pond's Cold Cream. Also smooth it on before you bathe in the sea, to protect your skin against the drying, coarsening effect of salt water. Pond's Cold Cream is obtainable at chemists everywhere.

Picturegoer—The Screen's Most Popular Magazine



player who will feel it beneath his or her dignity to come over for one or two pictures.

Some authorities will tell you that it was the influx of Hollywood talent that started this happy "virtuous circle"; but the problem of which came first, the chicken or the egg, need not concern us now.

To Their Advantage—

What matters is that most of the recent importations are a real asset to British pictures—because we understand better how to exploit them.

Some of the Hollywood stars are being better photographed and better directed in British pictures than they have ever been before; partly by American cameramen and directors, it's true, but that's all part of our progress—we are able to get hold of good American technicians as well as players.

No one can complain of a dearth of big American names here now.

Look at our studios—Marlene Dietrich, Ann Harding, Edward G. Robinson, Miriam Hopkins, Doug. Fairbanks, jun., Constance Bennett, Henry Fonda, Sylvia Sydney, all engaged in the same praise-

Meanwhile, the position is more satisfactory than it has been for some time, and our film-makers are entitled to be just a *little* pleased with themselves.

Stage Struck

Some years ago a little Irish-American boy in Paterson, New Jersey, played hookey from school to go to the theatre.

He had an uncle who stood very high in his esteem, for he filled the honourable position of bill-poster to the local theatre, and always managed to get tickets for his young nephew, who spent five nights a week at the theatre when he should have been doing his homework. And when his friends were playing baseball (or cricket, which thrives in Paterson owing to the thousands of English working in the silk mills there), he was hanging about the stage door. The stage-struck kid was tough, and fought whenever he got the chance; and after a more than usually violent combat he was removed from school and put to work in a silk mill.

Dreams Come True

But the life of a silkworm didn't appeal very much to young Bert, and after wasting three weeks of his life there, he got a job heaving "props" about in the theatre.

And as he could sing a little, and "hoof" a little, he always dreamed dreams of being a Broadway actor with his name in lights, some day.

And his dream came true. After touring for eleven years or so, including a trip to England, he became the star of *Ziegfeld's Follies*; and then he was put in another Ziegfeld show—*Rio Rita*—with an eccentric comedian named Robert Woolsey. And that was the beginning of great things.

Bert Wheeler told me all about it the other day, as we sat in his luxurious London "apartment."

Luck—And Something More

"I've been lucky," he said in a soft brogue that I had never been completely overlaid by an American twang; "I've had some bad luck, but mostly good."

"I've been lucky enough to have the same manager for seventeen years—Leo Fitzgerald. He's done everything for me; I wouldn't be anywhere without him. And another stroke of luck—a year after I quit the stage for the screen, the theatre in America went phut!"

Well, luck helps, I admit, but you've got to have something else besides. Luck threw him into association with Woolsey—but they made good together, or they wouldn't have been put into Radio's film version of *Rio Rita*—the only two from the stage cast.

"Funny thing is, we've never officially been a team," he told me. "We have two different managers, and until recently we had separate pay-cheques."

"But about three years ago we stood out for a percentage basis—and on the first film after that we made £13,000 more than we had been getting in salary!"

Try-out

"Do you ever think of going out on the road to try-out your new film stories, as the Marx Brothers do?" I asked.

"Lots of times," he told me; "but we never got as far as *doing* it. Something's always cropped up—Woolsey's been ill, and so on . . . though he's all right again now."

"But it's a good thing to do. You *never* can tell what's funny till you've tried it on an audience. And another thing—you can't rely on gags any more, because the radio uses them all up. You've got to have situations."

He told me some good stories about playing in England.

(Continued on page 6)

ALL THE GOSSIP

AMERICAN players are continuing to flock to London; and this in itself is nothing new. But a great change has come over the spirit of the scene since this time last year.

I recently came across an article I wrote about then, in which I deplored the importation of American film actors to our studios.

I pointed out that very few players would dream of coming to England if they could get a job in Hollywood, and that for too many of them this was a forlorn hope.

I also gave a list of about sixty visiting players (miscalled "stars" by their managers and publicity agents) and demanded of what benefit their importation had been to the cause of British production.

In the great majority of cases the honest answer would have been "none."

Virtuous Circle

Nowadays, however, the case is altered. By way of compensation for all the "vicious circles" from which we have had to suffer in the past, we are now experiencing a "virtuous circle," as welcome as it is unusual.

It works this way. British films having improved considerably in the past year, bigger and better American players are being tempted over to play in them; and these better American players make for still better British pictures, which in turn will bring still bigger names over . . . until at last there will be no Hollywood

You may prefer this two-piece sports dress of russet homespun—but we prefer the contents, Gail Patrick.

worthy pursuit—making British films better.

—And to Ours

Consider the reactions.

A motherly Quota Act insists on a large proportion of the cast being British.

The presence of a great Hollywood name in the cast will go a long way towards assuring a favourable reception for such films in America.

And thus our homegrown players will have a chance to appear before American audiences, and this is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Better still, of course, if our own players can be built up to star strength; it has been done in the case of Jessie Matthews, as Max Breen tells you on pages 12 and 13 this week, and it will be done again.



(Continued from page 5)

"In 1919, after a successful tour of twelve or fourteen weeks, I reached Manchester, and, boy, did they despise me! Gee, I expected them to come right up on the stage. I was praying for the week to end—and then came a railway strike, and I had to stay on at the same theatre for another week!

"That was one time my luck didn't hold."

Sturdy

After that he went to the Palladium, London, where he made a big hit. But he's still glad when he hears it's raining on Manchester.

When he was telling me of his early days, this tough, sturdy Irish-American troupier with the twinkling blue eyes yielded a curious glimpse of the stage-struck, pugnacious schoolboy back in Paterson, N.J.

He is still as stage-struck as ever, and still a fighter.

"We only make one film every five months now," he told me, "so I get a chance to travel. I love London. . . . Maybe we'll come over and make a film here next February or so."

Okay, Bert. See you then! So long!

General Joan

Mark Twain said of the French Legion of Honour, "Few there be who escape it."

The same might almost be said of the distinction (if you can still call it that) of being a "Kentucky Colonel."

There are a large number of such colonels in Hollywood, and repeated efforts have been made to rope Joan Crawford in as one; but she has always dodged.

"No," said Joan firmly, "I'll be a general or nothing!"

Recently a messenger arrived from Kentucky at the home of the Tones, bearing a bulky package addressed "General Joan Crawford Tone."

Consumed with curiosity, Joan broke the seals, and sure enough, it was a parchment commission to the rank of general in the Kentucky army.

There's nothing like standing up for your rights!

Stars Play "Bits"

Here is news of two strange things from Hollywood—an unusual film, and an extraordinary occurrence.

The film is Paramount's *Hollywood Boulevard*, in which John Halliday has been playing the leading role.

The story deals with the sensational come-back of a fallen screen idol of the silent film days.

In the earlier sequences such old-timers as Bryant Washburn (who also, by the way, appeared in *The Drunkard*), Creighton Hale, Jack Mulhall, Harry Myers, Frank Mayo, Jack

Mrs. Rogers conducts the coaching school at Radio Pictures studio; here she is with her devoted friend and famous daughter, Ginger.

Mower, and Albert Conti were roped in to represent themselves.

But the modern sequences are the more startling part. Scenes from well-known Hollywood resorts have been included, and in these will appear producer Mack Sennett, director Marshall Neilan, Gary Cooper, Harold Lloyd, William Farnum, Richard Talmadge, Charles Ray—all doing "bits."

Not since *Fascinating Youth* have so many celebrities appeared incidentally in a film.

Across the World

The strange occurrence took place when, Barbara Stanwyck heard her own voice from 12,000 miles away.

J. Roy Hunt, cameraman on Radio's feature screen production *The Bride Walks Out*, in which Barbara Stanwyck is starred, invited Barbara to his home to see a short-wave wireless receiving and transmitting set which he had constructed—one of the most powerful in America.

They chatted with people in South America and Hawaii, and finally tuned-in to a Radio Pictures official in Sydney, Australia.

He told Barbara that *Annie Oakley* was playing at a local theatre, and asked her to wait while he got the theatre on the telephone.

The film was on the screen at the time, so the sound of the dialogue was relayed over the 'phone to the radio transmitter, and Barbara Stanwyck heard it in Hollywood.

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth. . . ."

Warned by Warners

The latest trouble at the Warner Bros. plant at Burbank concerns Bette Davis, who, after winning the Academy award for her work in *Dangerous*, has again scored heavily in *The Petrified Forest*.

Bette was working on the film *God's Country and the Woman* when she suddenly decided that God's country would have to do without the woman, and walked out.

The reason she gave was that she wanted her salary (which stands at only £250 a week) doubled, "or else."

Warners promptly suspended her for not

Magnificent as ever in a beard, C. Aubrey Smith plays the priest in "The Garden of Allah."



living up to the terms of her contract, and declare she won't be allowed back until she agrees to "play ball."

If Bette wins a case in the courts, as Ann Dvorak did, the whole affair will simmer down in time.

Ann is just back, after an eight months' absence, with all forgiven and forgotten; Jimmy Cagney, on the other hand, is still awaiting the result of Warner Bros. appeal from a verdict in his favour.

If this kind of thing continues at Burbank, we shall be spelling it Warner Bothers.

Substitutes

Hollywood has lately changed its mind about screen "doubles."

Up to a few weeks ago it was considered a definite handicap to look too much like any leading player.

Now the studios are inclined to look more favourably on a player who is of the same general type as one of their contract stars, because the latter are evincing an increasing tendency to "walk out" on a production, and it's handy to have someone, who can step into the absentee's shoes without causing too much alteration to the script.

For instance, Bette Davis was given a certain date by which she must return to the Warner Studios—"or else."

She ignored the warning, still holding out for a "rise," so Warners struck her off the

payroll and put Beverly Roberts into her part in *God's Country and the Woman*.

Struggle

So Bette Davis has committed herself to that long and arduous struggle which may mean victory and may mean defeat, but even the victory is apt to be a barren one.

James Cagney, for example, finds himself the poorer by more than £30,000 through his fight with Warners, the first round of which he has won.

Ann Dvorak has come back to work, kissed and made friends, and all is forgiven and forgotten; but she has lost about £10,000 by her rebellion, which takes a lot of the gilt off the reconciliation.

Of course, it sometimes works; Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers, and Fred Astaire have all recently had differences with the managements, and got away with it; but there is the recent expensive case which Frances Day lost against Gaumont-British to remind us that artistes sometimes lose.

Quins on Show

Three items of news from America suggest that audiences are overflowing the banks of their proper domain—the theatres.

First, I hear that *The Country Doctor*, the film in which the Dionne Quintuplets appeared, has resulted in such an increase in the number of tourists who want to see the Quins, that special accommodation has been provided for them.

The famous ladies now have a recreation ground, with an oval grass plot, a miniature concrete paddling-pool, and a circular concrete pit filled with sand; there are also small pine trees dotted about.

This is surrounded by a passageway for sightseers, floored with felt and cork so as not to attract the attention of the children, and provided with a fine wire mesh through which the tourists can see without being seen.

Star-gazing De Luxe

The second item concerns the people who would rather line up outside a kinema to watch the stars going in, than pay to see them on the screen.

At every big Hollywood premiere, hundreds of fans push and shove and mill around on the sidewalk, watching the stars arrive in their luxurious cars; and until recently all the attention they got was to be pushed in the face or prodded in the tummy by a cop when they grew over-zealous.

At the premiere of *Anthony Adverse* at the

Carthay Circle Theatre, however, Warners tried an experiment. They erected banks of benches on the sidewalk, and sightseers were able to obtain a grandstand view of their favourites.

May we look forward to the day when, for the smart openings at the Leicester Square Theatre, seats are built in the gardens round Shakespeare's statue?

That would be a pretty piece of irony.

Invading the Studios

The third section of the audience is swamping the studios.

The exhibitions at San Diego, Dallas, and Fort Worth are attracting thousands of tourists, and excursions are being run from these centres to Hollywood "to see the studios."

All that the majority of trippers will ever see is the outside of the walls; but some hundreds of people are able to exert some sort of influence that will get them past the outer portals, especially large parties of "friendly society" members—Elks, Buffaloes, and the like.

Burning with a desire to see their favourites in the flesh, the visitors are conducted through the studio grounds, and are lucky to catch a distant glimpse of a player walking from a stage to the dressing-room block; the stages, dressing-rooms, and restaurant are rigidly barred to them.

I have often thought it would be a paying proposition for production companies to run excursions to the studios.

Perhaps Elstree, Denham, and Sound City will come to it in time.

Young Toughs

Those of us who saw and enjoyed Dorothy Peterson's fine performance in *The Country Doctor* have been wondering when we should see her again—especially as it was announced that she was not to play in the sequel, which would again feature the Dionne quintuplets and Jean Hersholt.

Now I hear that she is to play Mickey Rooney's mother in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film *The Devil is a Sissy*.

In this, Freddie Bartholomew plays an English boy who is thrown among young Americans in a New York public school.

Jackie Cooper will be one of the youthful "gang" leaders, and the film looks tough to me, for the work of the juvenile court figures in it.

Shirley Ross has her first leading part in this picture, and two favourite character actors, Gene Lockhart and Etienne Girardot, have prominent roles.

Rowland Brown, who wrote the story, will also direct.

This seems a pretty good example of casting for type, and may depict some of Freddie's real-life experiences in America.

Film Folk

John Ford, having broken his rule not to direct feminine stars by directing Katharine Hepburn in *Mary of Scotland*, will next direct Barbara Stanwyck in *The Plough and the Stars*.

The *Mary of Scotland* unit contains four Academy Award winners—Katharine Hepburn, Fredric March, John Ford, director, and Dudley Nichols, who adapted the story for the screen.

Radio Pictures have taken options on all the "Saint" stories by Leslie Charteris, and will shortly produce one of these, *Saint in New York*, in which the central character lends his talents to the police in a campaign to rid New York of gangsters.

Under Claudette Colbert's new contract with Paramount, she will appear in seven Paramount productions in the next two and a half years, starting a new picture every four months. In between these she has a right to play in three films for other companies.

Anne Shirley, at eighteen, has just completed the high-school course prescribed by the State of California. She has just finished playing the title-role in *M'Liss* for Radio.

In all their nineteen pictures, Wheeler and Woolsey have had only four leading ladies. Dorothy Lee appeared in sixteen of them, Mary Carlisle in one, Betty Grable in one, and now Barbara Pepper is in *Mummy's Boys*.

The British Film Industry has sent twelve British films to the annual Film Festival, now in progress in Venice.

Lee Tung Foo, celebrated Chinese actor and opera-singer for 30 years, is with Gary Cooper in *The General Died at Dawn*.

And in the same film there figures a "Yung Kum," which is a musical instrument, not unlike a xylophone, about 2,500 years old.

Fredric March has declared that "the Earl of Bothwell" in *Mary of Scotland* will be his last "costume" role—at least for some years.

Cecil B. De Mille has had 100 members of his *The Plainsman* unit vaccinated against spotted fever epidemic in Montana.

M.-G.-M.'s new Tarzan picture is to include a strong comedy element.

Jane Withers' next film for 20th Century-Fox will be *Can This Be Dixie?*

In the Philippines, native audiences have a habit of throwing bolo knives at the screen when they don't like the villain. Paper screens are being installed.

Billie Burke has joined the cast of Columbia's *Craig's Wife*, with John Boles, and Rosalind Russell. Dorothy Arzner is directing.

During a fight in Columbia's *The Fighter*, Jimmy Dunn broke a bone in his right hand.

Gertrude Michael, Sir Guy Standing, and Ray Milland play the leads in Paramounts *The Return of Sophie Lang*, a sequel to *The Notorious Sophie Lang*.

So far *The Garden of Allah* has cost 1,700,000 dollars (about £340,000).

"His Master's Voice" will shortly issue records taken from actual Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphony films.

Harpo Marx has been invited to play the harp at the Hollywood Bowl with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra.

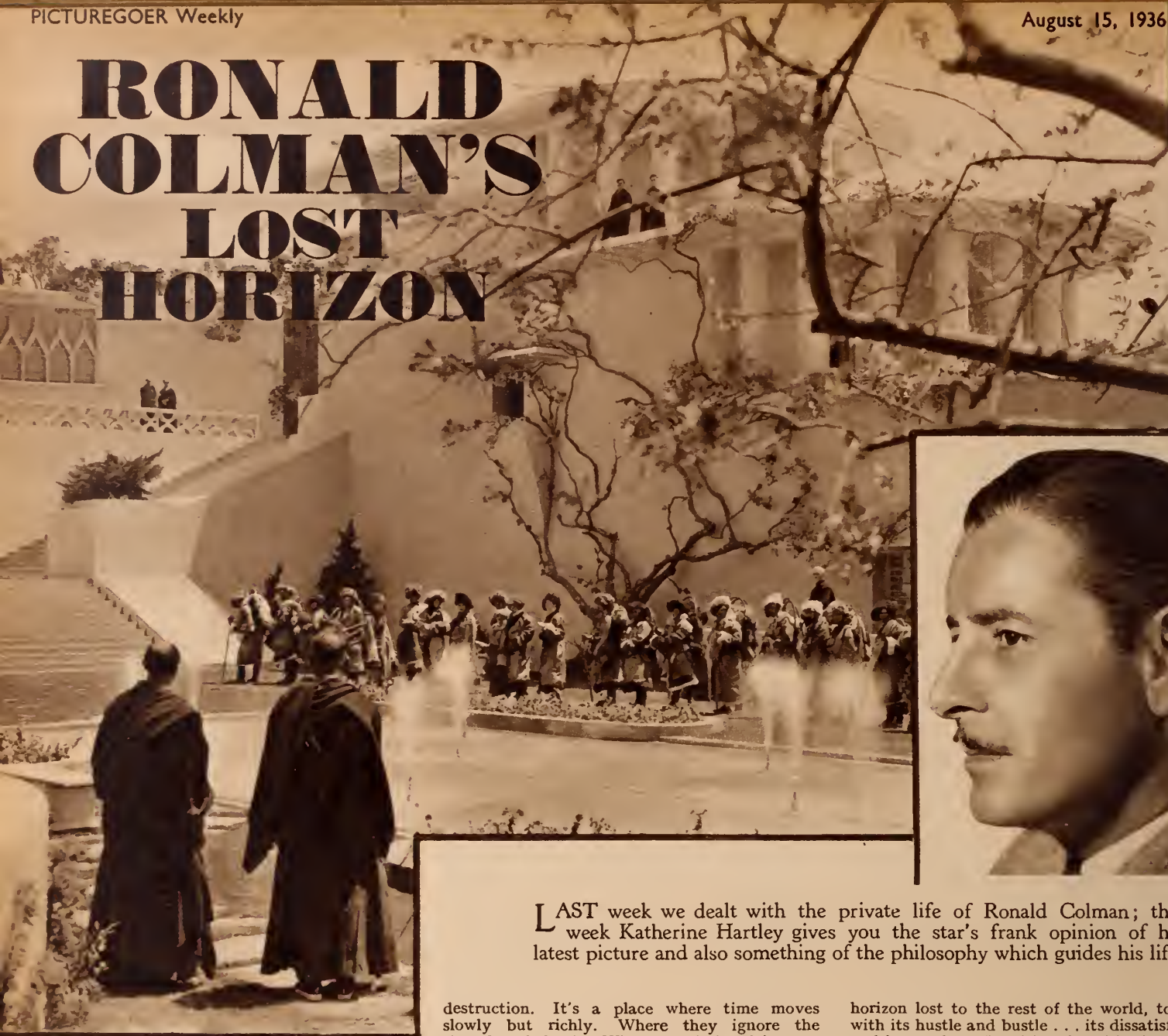
Edmund Gwenn and Stuart Erwin have started work in *Chain Lightning* for M.-G.-M.

GUY BEACON.



Joan Crawford gives Robert Taylor a treat on a warm afternoon, while Tom Carr, Carlyle Blackwell, jun., and Bryant Washburn, jun., await their turn. They are all in "The Gorgeous Hussy" together.

RONALD COLMAN'S LOST HORIZON



A scene from "Lost Horizons" depicting the arrival of Ronald Colman, Isabel Jewell, John Howard, Edward Everett Horton and Thomas Mitchell at the Tibetan Lamasery which is in a mountain valley 10,000 feet high and far from civilisation.



LAST week we dealt with the private life of Ronald Colman; this week Katherine Hartley gives you the star's frank opinion of his latest picture and also something of the philosophy which guides his life.

destruction. It's a place where time moves slowly but richly. Where they ignore the thought of death. Where death itself is rare. People at Shangri-la live many years beyond their allotted time. A woman of sixty still appears to be a girl of twenty-two. The High Lama is a man over 200 years old when he finally dies. Of course that part of it is fantastic. But the rest . . . " Mr. Colman paused a moment.

"As for the rest," he said simply, "it not only sounds desirable, but highly sensible to me. What could be better? Call it a treasure trove against the world, if you like. Not gold, though there is gold in Shangri-la, but that is of the least importance. What is more important is the treasure in its great library, in its art collection, in its music rooms . . . and the treasure in the hearts of its people. Wisdom and peace and humility and meekness. It's a

horizon lost to the rest of the world, too busy with its hustle and bustle . . . its dissatisfactions and its warfare. But it's a found horizon to the people of Shangri-la. To some people I suppose a quiet place like that would be an awful bore. To me . . . well . . ."

His expression was eloquent. At that moment any nincompoop could have seen the focus spot for the far-away look in the Colman eyes, the vision behind the smile . . . and known that the lost horizon of the picture is Ronald Colman's, too!

"Everyone has his lost horizon, I suppose. To the painter it may be a south sea isle filled with wild, riotous colours. To the machinist it might be a world run like clock-work. To the backfence gossip—"he grinned—"it might be

HERE is something about Ronald Colman, a mystery in his smile, an enigma in his eyes, an "X" quality that has baffled the world. Even friends who have known him for years have to admit that they don't know him well. And as for writers—well, he's one riddle that most of us gave up long ago. And we gave up easily—Mr. Colman is the kind of a gentleman you just don't try to batter down!

I never would have purposely striven for the answer myself. It was an answer that I stumbled on quite by accident, as happens even in advanced algebra now and then. As far as I am concerned at least, the Ronald Colman "unknown quantity" is no more.

It all came out of an ordinary shop-talk conversation, about Mr. Colman's new picture, no less.

"Lost Horizons is the story of Shangri-la," he told me. "A sort of 'Utopia,' in Tibet. A place where everything is calm and peaceful, where people live in utter tranquillity, ignoring the qualms of the outer world, gathering together their own rich treasure against the day when the outer world will defeat itself with its own fury, and its fighting, and its lust for

Ronald Colman, as Bob Conway, the adventurer who goes to Shangri-la in Tibet and lives amongst its peaceful inhabitants. Isabel Jewell and Edward Everett Horton also appear in the scene.



Hollywood. To me it's something quite different. Any quiet nook where there's peace. My car will do, when it's parked along a good fishing stream a hundred miles from nowhere. Or anybody's creaky old boat, as long as it has the sea around it. Most often, with the doors closed, it's my library at home."

Then suddenly he changed his mood and his tone. "You know it's a funny thing about people. Take this fellow, Bob Conway, the man in the picture, the part I play, for example. He was an adventurer before he went to Shangri-la. Always ferreting out excitement, always jumping headlong into the thick of things, always curious, eager to try anything once. Yet when he is brought by force to Shangri-la, along with several fellow travellers, he is the first to fall under the spell. The rest hate it, fear it, as something ominous and strange. Yet from the beginning Conway falls in to the peaceful pattern of the place.

"Some people may find that difficult to understand. But I understand it, perfectly. Because in a lesser degree I used to follow excitement around too. Of course I was never decorated for bravery or anything like that. I never made English conquests in Africa. Unlike Conway, I never did anything really noble or daring. But I did try to. Like millions of other young men I saw zest in everything, even in war. Like millions of others, too, I found there was nothing zestful about it. But I wasn't cured. Why I even saw the jobless aftermath as a glorious experience—a chance to prove my mettle, to strike out on my own.

"What man, but a very young one, a very curious and equally confident one, would dare to set sail for a new country with thirty-seven dollars in his pocket. Yet in those days I was like that. I'd try anything once, just for the sheer adventure of it.

"Now, it's different. Oh I still like new places, at least places that are new to me, and I like new roads to take me there. I'm still on the look-out for new experiences. But it's different. I used to seek novelty to blow off steam. All young people do. Now I seek it for something else . . . knowledge. I'm sure that's why Shangri-la appeals to Conway so much. That's why my library appeals to me . . . a place for reaping, after so much rush and doing!

"In a way I suppose, it's sort of a selfish horizon. Where friends are concerned at least. But have you ever stopped to realise how much time friends take? So much time to build a friendship, even more to keep it! If I haven't many friends, it isn't because I haven't found many. It's because not many have found me a friend. I'm afraid I make a very poor one . . . always shutting myself away, wanting my time for other things, too—not



John Moynihan Tettemer (seated at the piano) was a Passionist monk who served as consultant general to the Passionate Order in Rome sixteen years ago. He donned monastic robes again to appear as a lama in "Lost Horizons." He is seen with Colman and Jane Wyatt, the American stage star who plays the feminine lead.

that they give a tinker's cuss!" he added with his characteristic modesty. "But anyway, I do."

And there you have, for the first time, I believe, Ronald Colman's own explanation of his hermitage . . . the secret behind his seclusion. Not shyness. Not modesty. Not even his reserved Scottish-English breeding. Not any of the things we have thought. But merely a liking for the new quiet kind of adventure he finds in books, and in art, and in thought-browsing.

Yet for details about these things I had to go to someone else. Already Ronald Colman had talked more about himself than I had ever heard him talk before.

"His library! Why yes, of course, it's the most precious room in his house," one of his good English friends told me. "He has a wonderful collection of books, hundreds of volumes. Then there's his art collection. He never speaks about it much. But I know it means a lot to him, especially his Raeburn. It's his favourite. 'Portrait of a Man.' He's had it for years I guess. It was one of the first things he bought when he began to make money. He has a lot of good English prints, too. But you know, it's funny about Ronnie. He never 'talks' art,

like a lot of people do. He never talks books. He never makes speeches about anything. The only reason I know that his Raeburn means a lot to him is the way I've seen him look at it at times. But then I've seen him look that way too when you talk to him about fishing! I spent a lot of time at a crab fisherman's town one year and when I came back Ronnie couldn't hear enough about them. How they looked. What they talked about, what happiness they got out of life.

"It's hard to explain . . . sounds foolish I suppose . . . but he relished them the same way he relishes that paining. Drinks it all in. You see, for a while Ronnie tried to go out and see these things for himself. But his fame always caught up with him and got in his way. Curious fans, mobs, publicity seeking hotel proprietors. You know, the sort of thing that big stars always run into. He finally had to give that up. So now he lets his books and his paintings and his music and his friends bring these things to him, and he stores them away, in sort of a . . . yes, that's it . . . as you say, like a treasure trove against the world. Now that you mention it I suppose that's what makes him so peaceful . . . the kind of a man who's never lonely even when he's alone.

"By jove, I used to wonder about Ronnie . . . wonder why he liked to be alone so much. It's always bothered me a little. But now . . . it's a funny thing, now that you bring up that treasure business . . . a funny thing! Now it isn't a mystery any more."



H. B. Warner, Margo and Ronald Colman in another scene from "Lost Horizons," the theme of which is explained in the text.

The Star Who Didn't WANT TO ENTER FILMS

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS who is starring in "The Northing Tramp," at Shepherd's Bush, tells Kathleen Portlock about her work in British Studios.



Constance Cummings and Hugh Sinclair, who play the leading roles in "The Northing Tramp."

WHEN I saw Constance Cummings at the Gaumont-British Studios at Shepherd's Bush, she was waiting to go on the set of *The Northing Tramp*. On my way up to her dressing-room I had paid a visit to the set and there was a great deal of activity going on, the centre of which seemed to be a two-seater car. It was a close afternoon and the general atmosphere was warm veering to slightly harassed.

Miss Cummings greeted me and having established me with a cigarette, chatted in a manner that banished constraint. She has a delightfully frank way with her and told me that she is enjoying her present work very much.

"It's difficult to tell you anything about the picture without telling you the whole story. It's adapted from an Edgar Wallace tale and the title means a tramp going northwards—I mention this because several people have asked me its meaning. The story is strong in comedy and there are a lot of laughs in it—we have plenty of fun on the set!"

Mention of this film led me to ask her what she thought of the British Studios as

compared with Hollywood.

"What do you find is the greatest difference?" I inquired.

A puzzled little frown appeared between her eyes and she looked thoughtful for a second.

"That's rather a difficult question to answer," she said, replacing the frown with a smile, "there is a difference but it's almost too subtle to put into words. You only know that you feel it the moment you start work over here.

"Hollywood is so much bigger, there are so many more studios that the competition is much keener. It's a better organised concern over there—as it should be from the box-office point of view. But here it's as if a party of people got together and said: 'Let's make a film!'"

She paused to light another cigarette. Her hands are expressive, they move quickly to give emphasis to a point and the long slender fingers seem full of nervous vitality.

"That's why it's a difficult sort of thing to express,—this 'difference,'" she went on, "you can't say 'this is it!' or 'that is it!'—you can't give it a name—it's more of a general atmosphere than anything else," she smiled at me, a charming smile, and her blue eyes regarded me with a twinkle.

"How did you come to enter pictures?" I asked, "Had you made up your mind to do so or was it by chance?"

"It was this way," she replied to my question in her soft American accent, "I didn't really want to go in movies, but an agent in New York who used to get me parts told me one day that there was something exciting going on—Ronald Colman was looking for a leading lady. Well, I didn't get excited! I never seriously considered it a possibility that I could be Ronald Colman's leading lady, but when the agent said: 'We're going to send you for the test,' I didn't like to refuse in case they thought me 'choosy' and wouldn't bother with me afterwards. So I went, and even then I didn't get excited, thousands of girls must have been tested and I didn't take it seriously. But I was chosen! And I was so bad I got kicked out of the picture!" She laughed gaily at the memory of it. "Then after that parts seemed to come along."

"What sort of part do you prefer to play? Have you any favourites?"

"No. I can't say that I have," she replied thoughtfully, "except that I enjoyed making *Movie Crazy* with Harold Lloyd more than most. But generally each part becomes the favourite for the time. I got heartily sick of being somebody's secretary or somebody's daughter and having to hang around the set just to say 'ooh!' I like a rôle which requires acting—that's why I like the part I'm playing now," she sat forward enthusiastically. "I like character parts and I suppose I ought to have one part I want to play more than any other,—but I haven't!"

Apropos of this, I asked her if she thought the Americans over-groomed their stars. She was candid.

"No, I don't think they do. What they look for in Hollywood is, primarily, something outstanding in personality. A certain amount of talent and acting ability there must be, naturally, but most important of all to them is the personality. I think if you looked at the photos of the stars side by side you would see that each had something distinctive of her own, some outstanding point. Perhaps Garbo plucks her eyebrows and then everyone else does the same, occasionally things like that happen and it may give them all a similarity—but not often."

"And what types of film do you consider the Americans and the English are best at—respectively?"

"Quick fire comedies—I think the Americans do these very well."

"Like, *It Happened One Night*?" I suggested.

"Yes, after that style. But that film was different, it had something outstanding about it—don't you think so!"

I agreed.

"And the English," she continued, "drawing-room comedies of a similar type, but slower pace."

When I apologised for my list of questions, she told me the following amusing stories.

"There's one thing that's different over here, and its rather a relief—your schoolchildren don't come for interviews as they do in America. We get bombarded by them—boys and girls in High School who are on their school papers."

"At one time the children got so troublesome that Leslie Howard had a brilliant idea. He invited them down to the studio and allowed one question per child so that they could pool their information afterwards. There were three hundred of them! He stood up in a sort of pulpit arrangement to answer them and it took him two hours."

"As for myself, when anyone mentions a list of questions to me, I always think of one very shy little boy whom I saw hanging around the studio. He was too shy to ask for an interview, so at last I asked him what he wanted and we fixed a date. When he came he didn't start to question me, and I wondered what was the matter. Then he told me he'd sat up all the night before making a long list which he'd forgotten to bring! It was awful!"

"I'm not very good at this sort of thing unless I'm asked a few questions to get me going, and so, wondering what on earth I could talk to him about, I tried to make conversation for half-an-hour. He couldn't remember a single question! It was the most difficult interview I've ever had in my life! He was such a sweet kid too—I felt so sorry for him! And autographs!" she exclaimed, "can you tell me what people do with autographs? I'm sure I've signed the same child's book at least six times!"

From autograph hunters our conversation turned to her flat in Knightsbridge. She likes quaint old-world Kensington and thinks it is a part of London with a lot of character. I left her in the little room, high up in the Gaumont-British building, still waiting for her call to go on the set. But she looked very trim and gav as she waved me off down the corridor.

Shots with Our Candid Camera

Claudette Colbert enjoys a brief respite from work on her new picture, "Maid of Salem," at her new Beverly Hills home.



Our cameraman caught Mr. and Mrs. Alan Dinehart in the garden of their house at Riverside, California. Mrs. Dinehart's stage name is Mozell Britton.

When Francis Lederer gets a chance to break away from his new film, "My American Wife," he spends his time on his ranch in San Fernando Valley supervising the harvesting of his crops.



No wonder the Dalmatian has apparently wagged his tail off. To be owned by Jessie Matthews would make any dog proud.



Myrna Loy repeats her successful portrayal of wives on the screen in real life. Here she is with her husband, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., at their Bel Air home.

BRITAIN'S FIRST WORLD WOMAN STAR

WHAT manner of girl is Jessie Matthews, who has won this coveted distinction? America is asking—and the answer is here plainly set forth by MAX BREEN

HAVE you been watching the race? You've had plenty of time—it has been in progress for two or three years.

It's the Grand British Star Challenge Stakes, and although there are any number of runners, only two have a ghost of a chance of winning—Jessie Matthews and Anna Neagle.

Now, comparisons may be odious, but they are also inevitable—especially when two young women stand out so conspicuously from the mass—and when both began in the chorus of London theatres.

We have had few British stars, principally because British producers have not cared enough, or known enough, or been able to afford enough money, to build them up to star strength.

Madeleine Carroll represents one effort, but not a sufficiently sustained one; her rise has been spasmodic; and she certainly meant precious little to American audiences before going to Hollywood.

But the case of Jessie Matthews and Anna Neagle is different.

They have been gradually built up; and they have been featured in films which have meant something beyond the Atlantic.

The case of Anna Neagle is a paradox. Her films have been a little *too* good.

Too good, that is, for her own personal interests; the attention of the American critics and audiences have been focused on the films themselves rather than on Anna.

Nell Gwynn went down very well in New York; so did *Peg of Old Drury*; so, to a certain extent, did *Limelight*.

But in each case Anna Neagle was accepted as part of the production; she fitted in, and they loved her on that account.

Jessie Matthews has scored a more *personal* success.

I don't intent to be lured into any discussion of the merits of these two cases.

But I do know which is better from the star-making point of view; and star-making, rightly or wrongly, is an all-important factor in film prosperity.

This fact has been recognised for years. Names of varying degrees of eminence have been hauled across the Atlantic to appear in British pictures and to make them acceptable in the United States; but few British companies considered it worth while to build up stars of their own whose names alone would sell their product overseas.

And have they done it? After all, it's results that tell. In the case of Anna Neagle, I'm inclined to doubt whether her name alone would yet sell the celluloid in the U.S.A.—though undoubtedly it does in Britain.

Jessie Matthews, on the other hand, has become, in herself, a definite box-office proposition in America. The films in which she has been seen there have been received with en-

"An elegant stream-lined chassis." Below we see Jessie in a costume she wore in "First a Girl."



Did you recognise husband Sonnie Hale in "It's Love Again"?

Instead, we ought to cling to her for dear life, and build up her films to Hollywood standard—which, of course, some of them have already reached. But we should persevere until they are *better* than the corresponding Hollywood productions.

America will flock to see them, not because they are good British pictures, but because Jessie Matthews is in them; and America will certainly demand more films—not only musicals, but other types as well—from the same source.

That's the way we can get a footing for our product in America; and it will be due to the genius of Jessie Matthews, and to Gaumont-British who have developed that genius into first-class screen material.

And now, America is asking questions. Who is she? Where is she from? What is she like?

I'm glad I became a journalist instead of a Civil Servant; I might have been given a job in the passport office; and it might have been my business to fill in the particulars under the heading "description" on Jessie Matthews' passport.

And I should have made a frightful mess of it, because I am much too conscientious to dismiss her features in a word, as the heartless, soul-less passport officials do.

"Hair" would have presented few difficulties. I should simply have written "dark, shining, free, and tempestuous," and let it go at that.

(As a matter of fact, it usually behaves very decorously, especially since she abandoned her fringe; but I like best to think of it as it is when she is rehearsing a vigorous dance—wild and woolly, with errant curls.)

"Eyes." H'mph. Would I have been allowed to put "large, dark, bright, shining, glowing, innocent and wickedly mischievous by turns, solemn and screwed up with irrepressible laughter, fringed with lashes to trip the feet of prudence itself?"

No, I certainly should not. I should have got the sack.

And supposing I described her nose as "tip-tilted, impudent, independent, gay"; I'd probably have got a fearful rap over the knuckles for telling the truth on a Government form.

thusiasm; but still more enthusiasm has been expended on Jessie herself.

Here's the kind of thing they're saying—those newspapers right across the great American continent.

"Miss Matthews not only sings and dances exceedingly well, but compares favourably with Ginger Rogers, Eleanor Powell, Ruby Keeler, and the rest of them." . . . "An exhilarating dancer and a treat for the eyes." . . . "The Roxy audience sat thrilled and spellbound at the emergence of a new kinematic star, aptly described as a dancing divinity."

"One of the most attractive of actresses." . . . "Her dancing is far superior to that of any of her celluloid competitors." . . . "Bubbles over with youthful charm—fair of face and fascinating of figure. Hollywood, are you listening?" . . . "Her dancing and singing are a revelation." . . . "A female Fred Astaire." . . .

All this and a great deal more for our Jessie. And so what?

Should we immediately arrange to ship this exhilarating, bubbling divinity off to Hollywood, so that we may have the honour and glory of sending a full-blown world-star there (instead of a promising featured player who has to be built up), and at the same time give Jessie Matthews the advantage of appearing in a major Hollywood production?

Not on your life!



When it came to her mouth, I'd have been in worse trouble still. "Full-lipped, petulant, provoking, threatening to open any moment into a wide, dazzling smileful of perfect teeth"—Lord, can't you imagine the Secretary for Foreign Affairs ticking me off for that piece of candour!

Maybe I'd better stop at that. What the Right Honourable Gentleman would do if I continued the category won't bear thinking of.

But you see how difficult it is to say: "Jessie Matthews is like this and that; she has such and such features." . . . Bah! It doesn't mean a thing!

Jessie is not a classical beauty any more than, say, Claudette Colbert is. But her beauty is informed by three things as old as the world yet eternally young—the joy of living, the glory of rhythmic movement, and the desire to please.

She herself would not claim to be very remarkable. Essentially she is a pretty girl with an elegant streamline chassis (didn't one German-born executive of Gaumont-British refer to her habitually as "Chassis Matthews"?), a talent for acting, singing, and—especially—dancing, and, what has been much more important, the intelligence and driving-force to turn those advantages to account.

But to me, one of the most remarkable things about her is the amazing way she has cut her life into two halves.

We know, of course, that she is "of the people"; and that goes for most of the great men and women who have entertained the people, led the people, amused the people, comforted the people, enthralled the people, placed the people in their everlasting debt by their talent and industry.

We know that she was the fourth daughter of a family of seven daughters and four sons, who lived within a biscuit-toss of Piccadilly.

We know that her brother Billy was Billy Matthews the light-weight—as stout-hearted a battler in the ring as she has been in life.

We know that her eldest sister was at once her inspiration and her motive power—that is to say, she coaxed her on from in front and gave her a good hefty shove behind when she lagged.

There is a lovely story about this sister entering Jessie for an elocution competition with strict instructions to win a gold medal—



(Above) "Anna Neagle is undoubtedly a big draw in Britain." On the right, Jessie as she appears in "Head Over Heels."

and giving her the rough edge of her tongue when she secured only third place!

We know that Jessie and her family were not over-blessed with this world's goods; Jessie will tell you that. She also admits with pride her great debt to her eldest sister.

But beyond that, I defy you to draw her out on the subject of her early life.

I have known Jessie for some years, and have heard her speak warmly of those brave, rich, early days of struggle and triumph and doubt and disappointment; but since she has "made the headlines" she has developed what the psychiatrists would call a phobia.

She has a dread of "cheap" publicity.

All her life, so far, she has been determined to make good, to reach the top of the tree by industry and the employment of such talents as Nature bestowed upon her, and to let her fame depend upon what she has made of her life, not upon what life (in quite problematical circumstances) might have made of her.

So she has raised a barrier—polite, impalpable, almost imperceptible—between Jessie Matthews, the girl who has grown up to be Mrs. Sonnie Hale, and Jessie Matthews the film star.

She argues, not that they won't mix, but that there is no need to mix them; it is hard to think of an answer to that.

So I, for one, am content to respect her scruples, and open the book of her career at the page and paragraph where she attended an audition for "Charlot's Revue," and, after waiting for hours in a queue on the stage, lost patience, walked up to the great Andre Charlot, and said: "What the hell do you mean by keeping us all waiting here? I want my lunch!"



Greatly to the general surprise, she was not ignominiously ejected for her pains. Instead, Charlot asked her name, and said: "Well, Miss Matthews, go and get your lunch. You can consider yourself engaged."

That was the beginning of the brilliant career of Jessie Matthews, which is now getting fairly into its stride.

The rest is history, and thrilling history at that. She understudied Gertrude Lawrence with striking success, and as a result became leading lady in *The 1926 Revue* at the Prince of Wales Theatre; and she was only 18.

Then C. B. Cochran starred her in *One Dam Thing After Another*, and from then on her stage career was just one blessed thing after another. In fact, she became so completely a part of the London theatre that she found it extremely difficult to tear herself away—to the studios.

Her first film was not impressive; at her second, the Gaumont-British production *Here Comes the Bride*, we pundits shouted "Here Comes a Star"—and she has been coming along strongly ever since.

The Good Companions, *Out of the Blue*, *The Midshipmaid*, *The Man from Toronto*, *Friday the Thirteenth*, *Waltzes from Vienna* . . . and then *Evergreen*, which made America sit up and take notice.

First a Girl and *It's Love Again* still further cemented that success, and now she is working in *Head Over Heels*.

Slim, sparkling, hard-working Jessie Matthews (though certainly not wedge-shaped!) represents the thin end of our wedge into the American market, and I contend that we should give her all the help we can—even to the extent of complying with her wishes when she shuts down the lid of her private life with a firm "Leave that alone, please! It's mine."

AN EXPERT ON BEAUTY

Max Factor, the make-up genius of Hollywood, gives some hints worth taking.

It must be applied with such care that nobody can possibly accuse you of looking artificial!

EDITOR'S Note.—

Max factor has lived in Hollywood for 26 years. He has applied make-up to nearly every film star. In this article he tells you exactly what he tells the stars—about the importance of eye make-up, and how to make your eyes look larger and more beautiful.

I remember hearing someone ask Mae West what she did to have such shining eyes.

"I never rub or press them hard," she explained. "And I make a point of using them!"

She was right. The lady who exercises her eyes has a much more brilliant pair than the one who goes through life scarcely lifting a lid. (No one could accuse Mae West.)

Now supposing you are preparing for a party. You want to look your best. Begin by cleansing your face as usual,

then apply pads dipped in warm water. Lie back and relax for a few minutes with your eyes closed.

Afterwards apply skin and tissue cream with the cushions of your fingers, smoothing out well where the lines are most noticeable. Use it in a circular movement around your eyes very gently. (There is no other part of the face where the tissue is so delicate.)

Next, rinse the skin with astringent, and bathe your eyes with an eye-bath.

Purposely I have left mention of the eyebrows to the last. I wish I could bring home to you their importance the way I see it.

Do you know that in changing your eyebrows you change the entire character of your face? So think twice before you do that!

Pluck stray hairs out if you like. Extend the line. But follow the natural structure. That is my advice in nine cases out of ten.

In Hollywood we have discovered that women who wear their eyebrows unnaturally high and artificially thin weaken their eyes to the point where glasses become a necessity. Because, for one thing, eyebrows also serve as light reflectors.

Remember, I am not suggesting that you can't improve the shape of your eyebrows by plucking. Of course you can. But don't distort them—that is what so many American women do.

The minute you have a straight eyebrow and slant it off high you suggest the heavily dramatic type. (Marlene Dietrich.)

In real life the thing to do is to keep the natural shape of your eyebrows, because they give you character.

But here is a little tip.

If you like you can shape your eyebrows very carefully and delicately so that the ends turn up just a trifle. This won't alter your character. But it will help to give you that wide-awake look which men always admire in a woman. It is quite a useful little trick. It lifts up your whole personality—gives you a look of animation.

NEXT WEEK

"It has not been easy work reaching the top," says Nino Martini, "in spite of the fact that I seem to have been born under a lucky star." Next week the famous Metropolitan opera tenor, who will soon be seen in "The World is Mine," tells you of his lucky "breaks" and of the struggles that have gone to make him a star of the stage and screen.



(Above) Ann Dvorak demonstrates the use of Max Factor eye shadow; on the right is Mr. Factor himself, making-up Virginia Bruce.



THE beauty of a woman is centred in her eyes—beauty of soul, of expression, of character.

Please realise that.

I have some very special things to say to you in regard to eye make-up. New things that have been discovered in Hollywood. Remember, my laboratory in Hollywood is essentially a *beauty* laboratory where I am constantly making test after test. The stars—the most beautiful women in the world—demand perfection in make-up. And what I have told them I now tell you!

First of all I want to state very definitely that eye make-up is not just for stage and screen artistes. It is for every woman who prides herself on her appearance. In other words, YOU.

And the secret of clever make-up is to appear natural. If a woman looks artificial it only means that her make-up is badly applied.

Now here are some beauty secrets for you.

How to enlarge the eyes—that is what I am asked most frequently.

Begin by taking your eyebrow pencil and drawing a line fine under the lashes on the lower lid. This line should be very faint in the middle and darker at the ends. But don't bring it up into the corner of the eye nearest the nose.

That immediately gives an artificial effect—which is to be avoided at all costs.

With eye make-up you have to progress from the obvious to the subtle through practice. Never draw a heavy solid line either under your lashes or on your eyebrows. Don't be in a hurry. Blend the lower line with the fingertip until it is nothing but a shadow.

Now we come to the eyelash make-up.

Touch the upper lashes with careful strokes, placing the greater part of the make-up towards

the outer edge of the lashes. You can see what this does. It not only makes the lashes appear thicker and longer but it emphasises the colourful beauty of the eyes.

Beaded effects with your eyelashes are taboo.

To overcome even a suggestion of this it is wise to separate the lashes with a small brush after you have applied the make-up. Those on the lower lid should have just the tips darkened.

Here is a trick you can try one day if you want a slightly exotic effect.

Extend the line of the upper and lower lids at the outer corner of the eye with your eyebrow pencil. Shade delicately with fingertips. Now take the eyelash make-up. Use most of it on the lashes at the ends of your eyes.

By stressing the outer corner, you get a slanting oriental effect that is charming on many women.

And finally, of course, there is always eyeshadow to increase the beauty and size of your eyes.

A woman with blue eyes should wear grey eyeshadow in the day time, blue shadow at night. (Blue eyeshadow looks artificial in the day time.)

A woman with brown eyes should always use brown shadow.

As Irene Dunne says: "It has the knack of putting your eyes in the right spot! If they bulge, it puts them back where they belong, and it enlarges them if they're too small."

But I want to warn you about putting on eyeshadow carelessly. It must not be noticeable.

The Hollywood NEWSREEL

SHOT BY PHIL LONERGAN

DUGLAS FAIRBANKS, SEN., has been carrying about a wedding present for Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow the last seven months, waiting for the happy event to take place.

He was temporarily forestalled when he read in the papers that the pair were married at Ensenada in Old Mexico. But, with characteristic Fairbanks agility, a special 'plane was chartered, Doug. bundled his new bride, the former Lady Ashley, into it, and they were away to Mexico to join the wedding party at the Playa Ensenada Hotel.

Unfortunately, after reaching Ensenada, it was discovered that the wedding present had been left in Hollywood!

Harlow For Ever!

Jean Harlow, by permission of the Californian courts, has cast aside four cognomens which meant something to her at various times during her young life.

When Jean was born she was known as Harlean Carpenter. Later, before she attained fame in the movies, she married Charles McGrew of Chicago, from whom she was divorced. Then she became Mrs. Paul Bern, and, after the death of Bern, she married Hal Rosson, film cameraman, from whom she was also separated by the courts.

So Jean, appalled by all the names to which she was legally entitled, was overjoyed when the judge told her that her legal name was Jean Harlow!

Garbo's Sketches

Greta Garbo has a complete set of sketches of gowns made by Adrian, noted costume designer. The dresses were designed for the Swedish star, commencing in far-off 1927 when she commenced her Hollywood career.

The blonde charmer thinks so much of these sketches that she is having plans drawn for a room at her new home to house the pictures. They comprise sixteen sets, 100 drawings.

Absent Parents

The minute the camera stops on his current film, Freddie Bartholomew will leave on a six weeks' vacation, an auto trip to Vancouver, B.C. The party will take its time, stopping off at auto camps, fishing and hiking whenever they feel like it.

In the group, besides Freddie, will be Aunt "Cissy" Bartholomew, Freddie's grandparents and the chauffeur.

The boy star's parents, who recently figured in a legal battle with the aunt, and are now in Hollywood, will not accompany the party.

A Modest Lady

Although Joan Bennett is one of the most photographed stars in motion pictures, she does not keep any photographs of herself at home.

The actress finds the presence of a photograph too significant a reminder of studio work for the relaxing atmosphere of a home.

Joan's two little daughters, Diana and Melinda, have a large oil painting of their mother in the nursery.

There is another exception, however. Producer Gene Markey, her husband, still clings to a

six-year-old picture of Joan for his typewriter table, and declares himself "dratted" if he will give it up!

Hollywood Wins

Eleanor Powell, dancing star of the New York stage, scored a hit in *Broadway Melody of 1936*, and then journeyed to New York, doubtless expecting to be hailed as a returning heroine. But, sad to say, Broadway was cool, and she found her name, in smaller letters than those of another star in a New York theatrical production. So Eleanor likes Hollywood!

She says that New Yorkers turned a cold shoulder to her when she mentioned Hollywood, but she feels that the California studios are humanly warm, and she is going to devote her taps to the screen from now on.

Hollywood, however, does not approve of Eleanor's bicycle. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio feels that it is too risky for the star's indulgence, so she has been told to abstain from her favourite exercise.

Detective Fans

Autograph hunters have a technique which A would do credit to Scotland Yard or the American "G-Men."

They have formed an organisation which spreads from the front door of a theatre to the stage entrance, so, when a star appears, he or she is quickly cornered, as a warning cry comes from the scout who has "spotted" the screen luminary. Then a mob charges upon the hapless star.

A Devoted Admirer

For the past several months Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor have had regular Saturday night engagements, as Hollywood gossip hounds have been quick to discover.

When Barbara was scheduled to work on a beach location one recent Saturday night, the two did not let it interfere with their regular date. Taylor came out to the location, eighteen miles north of Malibu, and watched his beloved emote before the cameras. He joined in a party with the cast and crew after work was completed.

Polo De Luxe

Hollywood stars recently participated in a polo game, which is not unusual for them, but this time they had capable feminine assistance.

Among the players were Charles Farrell, "Big Boy" Williams, Director Frank Borzage, Producer Lucien Hubbard and others famous in the film world.

The hostess was Joan Crawford. Gloria Swanson and Heather Angel were sponsors for the teams. Joe E. Brown was the announcer.

A good time was had by all!

A British Farmer

Herbert Marshall is branching out as a gentleman rancher, as they term it in California. He has purchased a forty-acre citrus grove in San Diego County, near the Mexican Border, where he will raise Grade-A fruit for the markets. The star will also construct a Monterey-type house on the ranch.

Marshall feels that the place, in addition to



Jane Rhodes, one of the new Hollywood beauties, tries her hand at fishing, and seems to get more fun out of the sport than most people.

the citrus crop, will provide seclusion for himself and his friends, where they can forget the hustle and bustle of film work, wear old clothes and relax in the sunshine.

Here's hoping that Herbert is not disappointed.

A Summer Christmas

The Brown Derby recently made its bi-yearly distribution of Christmas presents to the stars who were absent from Hollywood during the holiday season.

Deluged with presents from the fans, who do not know the stars' addresses and sent them to the restaurant, the Brown Derby, in turn, sends them on to the stars.

Now, although it is summer, Christmas presents have been distributed by the Brown Derby to Anna Sten, James Melton, Elissa Landi, Ben Bernie, Lupe Velez and many other recently returned stars.

An Angry Star

Wallace Beery likes his dressing-room on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, so he was rather indignant when he had to move.

The reason was that an earthquake scene was being staged on the lot during Wally's absence. The thrilling episode was incorporated in *San Francisco*, which deals with the earthquake in the California city in 1905. Buildings rocked and fell, and, during the commotion a telephone pole and a brick wall crashed into Wally's dressing-room, demolishing it almost completely.

What the actor said would not be passed by the censors!

A Film Paradox

William Powell and Carole Lombard are divorced, and yet they are seen together in *My Man Godfrey*, a Universal picture, in which they play fond lovers.

The players are still friendly, liking each other although they know that they could not make a go of it in matrimonial life.

Carole had dreamy music played during the love scenes, the one she liked best being "Lover, Come Back to Me!"

Whether this song is an omen of reconciliation, I refuse to state.

Anyway, Bill and Carole are fine people, and everyone in Hollywood would be glad if they decided to resume their matrimonial status.



E. G. COUSINS COVERS

The BRITISH STUDIOS

THE grumble season is in full swing. Every year about this time I receive a solemn ticking-off from readers who don't like the way I write my studio notes; and this year is no exception.

I browse, they complain. I dally. I ramble hither and yon, instead of reporting briefly, swiftly, and concisely just what new productions are on, who is in 'em, and where they are being made.

Well, I aim to please. There are at present thirty-six pictures now being produced, or in process of preparation, in our studios, or on location.

I propose, this week, to report them all. You may get a bit out of breath, following me, but the exercise will probably do you good.

Hold tight! Here we go.

Four at the Bush

First of all, Shepherd's Bush; and here there are three films actually on the floor—and occasionally bobbing out on to location when

the weather lets up for a spell—and one in the throes of cutting.

The three in production are *O.H.M.S.* (of whose location adventures in Wiltshire you read last week), *Head Over Heels*, and *The Nelson Touch*.

The celluloid in the cutting-room is called *Sabotage*, and it has almost passed beyond our ken until the time when it shall emerge as the latest Hitchcock masterpiece.

But in the studios still lingers the pleasant click of Sylvia Sidney's knitting needles, a ghostly reminder of the cheery little trouper who has gone to the Continent for a well-earned holiday before returning to America.

It is estimated that she knitted about five hundred feet of scarf between shots of this picture; and on the Gaumont-British lot at Northolt the carpenters built an equal length of streets, with shops, offices, and all the London scene beloved of "Hitch."

We shall look forward to seeing this film emerge from its ordeal by scissors.

Likely Newcomers

On the *Head Over Heels* set I found Jessie going through a scene with Louis Borell, the young Dutch actor who has been winning

Director Maurice Elvey gets down to it in discussing the script of "Spy of Napoleon" with Dolly Haas.

golden opinions by his stage acting; so far his film work has not been of sufficient importance to judge him by.

He does not, however, get the girl—this time. That privilege belongs to young Robert Fleming, a British actor who is getting a big break in this. Large, hefty, fair-haired and good looking, he is regarded by G.-B. as a "white hope."

Edward Cooper is another young man who makes his first important screen appearance in this.

I heard him doing "songs at the piano" in cabaret (at the Carlton Hotel, if I remember rightly) some time ago, and was greatly taken with his breezy style and his excellent "stage presence."

Son of a Lancashire mill-owner, he put in two years at a desk before he noticed that his fingers were playing tunes on it. So he very wisely joined a touring revue company, and his brilliant piano-playing, *risque* songs (many of which he writes himself) and pleasant voice have brought him right along into popular favour.

Of course, it didn't do him any harm being darned good-looking as

well; anyway, none of the girls I know seem to object. So there you are.

Jessie—and George

This new Jessie Matthews picture, I feel it in my bones, is going to advance Jessie still farther in the world's estimation. I'm not going to say any more about her just now, because Max Breen has already told you all about her progress, on pages 12 and 13; but just you keep your eye skinned for *Head Over Heels*.

In *The Nelson Touch*, Nelson is divided into two distinct halves, each being a half of George Arliss, and one half of Nelson getting a half-nelson on the other half, though neither is actually playing Nelson.

I feel that could have been put just a little bit more clearly. Moisten the lips and start again.

George Arliss does not play Nelson in this picture; instead, he plays two brothers, one a pompous ass and the other a gayish dog with the Nelson touch.

It's an offence punishable with death (almost) to move anything on the *Nelson Touch* set; the prop-men wouldn't even let Nelson touch, for great use is being made of the "split screen," the device by means of which Arliss can converse and even shake hands with Arliss.

It is vitally important that all objects should be in exactly the same place during both exposures, and consequently everything clampable is clamped down.

I bet they'd have a job to clamp Rene Ray

down; she's the most irrepressible person in the cast.

No Delay

Unfortunately, although the production has so far come up to expectations, the unit has had bad luck, since Mr. Arliss has twice been absent from the studios with a slight illness.

However, during his absence, director Herbert Mason has made good progress with the Arabian sequences which form the beginning of the exciting story, in which the Emir Abdullah (Basil Gill to you) is murdered at the foot of his throne by his ministers.

This impoliteness leads to international complications, disentangled by the prompt Nelson-like action of Arliss No. 2.

And that's Shepherd's Bush.

Down at Sound City, which is rapidly growing in importance as a production-centre, they are making the first of the twelve James Fitzpatrick Productions for release by M.-G.-M.

This is *David Livingstone*, and they've already filmed places in Africa which the great explorer actually visited.

Percy Marmont plays the title-rôle.

A Censored Queen

Queen Victoria will be portrayed by Pamela Stanley, granddaughter of Lord Derby, making her film debut, though she has played the part in the banned stage-play *Victoria Regina*.

But we are not permitted by our rulers to see Queen Victoria on the screen; so she will only appear in the copies of the film destined for America and abroad, and rigorously cut out of those intended for home consumption.

But we mustn't linger here.

Elstree? Well, only about seven productions to report there at the moment—and I say only about seven, because it doesn't seem abundantly clear just which productions will be in the cutting-room by the time you read this, or which will be out on location.

Anyway, there's the Jack Buchanan opus *This'll Make You Whistle*.

This piece has rather a strange history. First of all it was a stage farce, which toured the "key towns" last autumn and winter, for twenty weeks.

Then Buchanan went off to the Bahamas for a holiday (cue-line for song: "How Do I Look in My Holiday Bahamas?")

Sandwich

Well, then they wanted a new Buchanan film (who did? Why, everybody!) and decided to use *This'll Make You Whistle*; so they're making that. And next month it will go on in the West End of London as a stage farce again.

A neat farce sandwich with a filling of film.

I told you the cast last week, but here are the salient names—Elsie Randolph, Jean Gillie, William Kendall, David Hutcheson, Marjorie Brooks.

Herbert Wilcox is directing it—for Herbert Wilcox Productions, which sounds like a good bit of self-help.

B.I.P. have just polished off *The Tenth Man*, the Somerset Maugham financial drama, with John Lodge, Antoinette Cellier (keep your eye on Antoinette Cellier, by the way), Athole Stewart, George Graves, Aileen Marson, Iris Hoey, Muriel Aked, and others.

Brian Desmond Hurst, who directed it, recently made a resounding success with *Ourselves Alone*, the story of the Irish "troubles," which he directed at Elstree.

Important Hurst

In that one film he established himself as one of the most important directors on the B.I.P. roster, and has now been put in charge of one of the biggest of the new productions which B.I.P. are lining up—*Star of the Circus*.

Buddy Rogers will have one of the starring roles in it; Noah Beery is to be a circus proprietor, and Clifford Evans, who made a success in *Ourselves Alone*, will play a clown.

There will also be George Graves, W. H. Berry,

NEXT WEEK

ONE of the most illustrious Hollywood stars ever to come to our shores is Marlene Dietrich, who recently arrived to play opposite Robert Donat in "Knight Without Armour."

In next week's PICTUREGOER you will be able to read the most intimate and revealing article ever written about this beautiful and remarkable woman. The truth about Marlene as an actress—as a woman—as a mother—as a wife, told for the first time; fact made as thrilling as fiction.

In addition to other special articles and all the regular features, there will be the third and last of the present series about Ronald Colman, explaining the secrets of his great success.

Whether on holiday or at home, don't miss it!

and Steve Geray, which sounds a pretty strong team to me. And, if only June Clyde is through with *Land Without Music* in time to play opposite Charles Buddy R., a great many fans will be delighted.

Meanwhile, John Lodge, whom Hurst directed in *Ourselves Alone*, is to play the husband in the film version of *The Dominant Sex*—the part that Richard Bird played so magnificently on the stage. And Herbert Brenon, who directed *Living Dangerously* at Elstree, will direct him.

And John Lodge is to be the latest of our gallery of Bulldog Drummonds, in *Bulldog Drummond at Bay*, for B.I.P. also.

Actors

Then there is the Rock unit out from Elstree, disporting itself in the Shetland Islands on *Edge of the World*; however, director Michael Powell took plenty of actors out with him, so he's not likely to have to bring odd islanders back to do interiors.

Three Twickenham films complete the Elstree output at the moment; and in case you think I've got a bit mixed in my geography, let me assure you that Twickenham has long since burst the bounds of Middlesex, and Twickenham films are now shot at Elstree and Hammersmith as well as at St. Margarets, the parent stem.

First, there is *Spy of Napoleon*, which has

reverted to that title after being *Fall of an Empire* for a spell.

This is the Napoleon III spy story starring Dolly Haas and Richard Barthelmess, which Maurice Elvey has been directing. It has now been completed, with a week or so on Loch Lomond for exteriors.

Then we have *The Man in the Mirror*, with Maurice Elvey again in command.

This is the one with Edward Everett Horton and Genevieve Tobin, in which the former finds his reflection in the mirror stepping out and joining in the fun and games; which sounds to me more like Rene Clair than Maurice Elvey, but one never knows with directors. They seem to be almost as versatile as actors these days.

Plumb Crazy

Twickenham is also, you will be interested to hear, busy at Twickenham—with *Underneath the Arches*; and if this isn't a crazy outfit, my real name is not Gumblemarsh.

Imagine, to begin with, Flanagan and Allen, as ex-soldiers, stowing away on a ship, which carries also a professor with a gas which makes everyone friendly and a beautiful spy trying to get the formula; then proceed to a country in revolution, in which the government soldiers have only one leg to their trousers because there are not enough to go round, and you will get a pretty good idea of the crazy time that is being had by all.

Redd Davis is directing, which is apt to make it rather crazier than ever, Redd being a gag-man by birth and upbringing. And Enid Stamp-Taylor is the spy, so I shall go and see the film, however crazy it may be.

Enid changed to brownette just before Jean Harlow did, sacrificing her elegant lavender-blond coiffure. I'm rather sorry; I liked it, and it photographed marvellously.

Director in Demand

Gosh, we haven't much time to finish our round! Well, at Beaconsfield we have Renee Houston, Donald Stewart, Francis L. Sullivan, Jack Hobbs, Mary Sheridan, and Henry Victor playing in a comedy called *Fine Feathers*, with Leslie Hiscott directing.

Sporting Love, the Stanley Lupino racing comedy, has just finished there, and its director, Jim Elder Wills, has gone to Highbury, almost without waiting to change his collar, to direct Gittar Alpar and Neil Hamilton in *Because of Love*—which, let me tell you, will not be the final title if Jim Wills has any say in the matter.

Jim is in demand these days, because there is by no means a superabundance of British directors who understand their job.

Well, then, at Cricklewood they are making the Ernie Lotinga film *Love Up the Pole*—and by "they" I mean Hope-Bell Productions; and at Snodland, in a converted schoolhouse, Medway Productions are making *International Cabaret*; and at Isleworth Criterion Films have *Gang and High Treason* on tap—for the latter of which they have just been to Scotland to shoot the Battle of Flodden Field.

This is the one in which Doug. Fairbanks, Jr., will play the lead.

Odd Ends

And now I've come practically to the end of my tether, and I haven't said a word about *David Livingstone*, or *Mill on the Floss*, or *Grand Finale* or *Abide With Me*, all being made at Sound City.

And not a word about *Everybody Dance* or *All In* at Islington.

And less than nothing about the important films on the floor and in preparation at Denham—*Rembrandt*, *Fire Over England*, *Elephant Boy*, *Knight Without Armour*, *Bicycle Made for Two*, *Wings of the Morning*, *Thunder in the City*, *Moonlight Sonata*, *Land Without Music*, *Dark Journey*, and *Love from a Stranger*.

Any one of these may turn out to be "the" film of 1937, and it's very likely that one of them will.

Well, nobody can say I didn't try.

However, I'll have a go at those next week. But I give you all fair warning—I'm going to browse.



"We're being followed!" Fred Conyngham and Betty Ann Davis supply the romance in "Chick."

Mr. Deeds Goes to TO



Mr. Deeds (Gary Cooper) makes elaborate preparation for a visit by his friend, Babe Bennett.



The great send-off from Deeds' home-town. Next to him on the car-platform is Cornelius Cobb, one of his caretakers (Lionel Stander).

Below is a glimpse of one of the best courtroom scenes for years, in which Deeds is trying to prove his sanity. The judge is H. B. Warner, and Babe Bennett (Jean Arthur) is being examined by John Cedar, the crook attorney (Douglass Dumbrille).



Babe Bennett, the young reporter, is congratulated by her editor (George Bancroft) on her scoop in ridiculing Deeds.

On the right, Deeds, who is unaware that Babe Bennett is a reporter, escorts her home.



Deeds visits the flat shared by Babe and her partner, unaware that the reporters have arrived before him.



Deeds finds inspiration in his tuba—and in Babe Bennett.



While operating his great scheme for putting farmers on the land, Deeds is arrested as being mentally unfit to have control of his money.

ONCE again Frank Capra, Columbia's ace director, has provided us with a feast for the eyes, the ears, the intelligence, and the sense of humour.

His latest film tells of a young, small-town poet who inherits £4,000,000, and promptly becomes the natural prey of sharks, financial and social. However, he sorts them out to his own satisfaction, and after a stormy passage he reaches a solution of all his problems.

Deeds and Babe (right) go sight-seeing together, and, ignorant of her profession or the fact that she is writing about him in her paper, he falls in love



The AMATEUR GENTLEMAN

ALL too readily in the life of an amateur gentleman, particularly to one born in the Regency period, comes a time when, if convinced that his gentility is more than skin-deep, he must comport himself as a commoner. Distasteful, none the less to Barnabas Barty, proved such an occasion, obliging him as it did to face Lady Cleone Meredith for the first time with a cut over the left eye.

"The devil take me for boxing with my own father," he thought, "because I can't stomach his agreement with capital punishment. What difference do my opinions make? A man will be hanged in the market-place to-morrow for stealing a watch, and I have to wait on an angel looking like a street brawler."

Meanwhile, the divinity standing in the inn doorway, wearing the then fashionable high-wasted frogged coat and high-crowned hat, adorned with cockade and feathers, appeared likewise to have a complaint. "Is there no one to attend to us?" she queried in a voice confirming her aristocratic bearing. "My grandfather spoke to me of being waited upon by glorious John Barty. The glory appears to me to be a trifle dim."

From the floor where, two minutes earlier, Barnabas' right uppercut had landed him, John Barty rose to assume the duties of mine host. "Who is she?" Barnabas inquired of Natty Bell, ex-prize fighter and general factotum of the "Pride of the Fancy." An elderly gentleman, whose gold-headed cane, carried in a gloved hand, matched the importance of his cloth coat and beaver top-hat, was being assisted up the oak stairs by John Barty.

"**H**im's the Marquess of Camberhurst," Natty informed. "The lady's his grand-daughter, and the toff with the quizzing glass and big nose goes by the name of Mr. Louis Chichester."

"And now, seeing as we're short-handed, I'll trouble you to help tidy up in here. You might start with your own face."

Having plastered his cut, Barnabas, with unusual eagerness, donned the green baize apron of servitor. Especially did he busy himself in the coffee-room after hearing the Marquess declare in favour of immediate retirement for the night. "I'll have my supper tray here," Barnabas heard him say. "Louis, you can dine with Cleone—and talk to her."

"Sir, I have already done so."
"Eh! What's the result? Accepted? Good. Tell her to come in,

"To think that the thief turned out to be John Barty; but there the necklace was—in the fellow's desk."



The Story of the Film by Marjory Williams

on her way to bed, and I'll ratify the engagement."

Which conversation calculated to dim an innkeeper's son's hopes by no means destroyed those of Barnabas. Besides being tall, well set up, and of beyond average looks, Barnabas was conscious on his mother's side of having gentle blood. "My father shall not have struggled to educate and teach me the laws of etiquette for nothing," he declared to Natty. "Remember the rules for bowing: 'The hand should be lifted gracefully and laid lightly on the bosom; above all, the depth of the bow should be regulated to the person saluted.' Watch me with Lady Cleone." Yet Barnabas was not entirely taken up with his fine bow to the divinity when she appeared in the coffee-room in her Empire gown, her aureole of golden hair uncovered. Half his attention at least must be paid to Mr. Louis Chichester, who raised his glass of negus to Lady Cleone with: "To wedded bliss, Cleone!"

"We're not married yet."

"A chilly thing to say to a lover on a chilly evening."

"If I were a nobody—I wonder—would you still be a lover?"

"My dear Cleone. Don't be absurd. Of course not."

"So you don't even pretend to be in love with me?"

"Wasn't it part of the bargain that I don't flatter you?"

Hugging this exchange of words to himself, Barnabas served dinner and inquired of Mr. Chichester if he wished a warming-pan taken to his room.

"To mine, please," Lady Cleone ordered. "Tell my maid I shall be

coming in a moment." "Your inn's filling up," the somewhat haughty maid informed Barnabas from the window of the second-best bedroom. "Land's sakes!" she cried. "If that isn't Lord Ronald stepped out of the chaise, and a dark, handsome piece with him."

"And who may Lord Ronald be?" Barnabas inquired.

"Her ladyship's brother; sauce-box." In truth, as Barnabas arrived downstairs, Natty was showing a young blood, complete with quizzing glass and frilled stock, through the parlour. The coffee-room door was opened by Louis Chichester. Barnabas distinctly heard Lord Ronald say in an agitated aside: "Chichester, be a good fellow. See if you can't get me a room at the other end of the building. I've got Pauline Darville with me. You might talk to her. Explain that my sister's here."

"Yes—yes—I'll see her. I'll do everything. Go right ahead, and for heaven's sake be natural."

Almost more curious as to how Chichester would deal with Pauline Darville, who was hurried into the small parlour, Barnabas found it easier to overhear snatches of conversation between Lady Cleone and her brother. "I'm ashamed of you. You drink. You gamble. You come begging to me for money. You disgust me," he heard her say, at the same time rather liking the frank face of the accused. More disturbing was the intimacy which Barnabas, entering the small parlour with excuse to draw the curtains, saw Chichester employing towards Pauline. Complaints about her

being down to her last penny were followed by Chichester's rapid outburst.

"No use appealing to me. I've barely enough for to-night's bill."

"Suppose I were to have a talk with Cleone? Tell her that the day is not so far gone when you promised to marry me."

"Pauline! You wouldn't do that."

"Wouldn't I? I can't wait till you marry a rich wife to collect my owings. This is my chance, and I shall take it."

"Don't be so shrill! Give me a kiss. That's better."

Without time to ponder on these dual revelations, Barnabas obeyed his father's summons to be ready to take up the Marquess' supper-tray.

Taking the stairs in the execution of his errand at the double, Barnabas shortly cannoned into Louis Chichester, who stood with his ear very close to the panel of the Marquess' bedroom door. "You clumsy fool!" Chichester exploded. "What sort of an inn do you call this? Lots of servants!"

Aware that Lady Cleone had barely seen the accident before turning in the direction of her room, Barnabas had scant sympathy for the result of the tray's collision with Chichester's coat and nankeen breeches. John Barty, arriving on the scene, ignoring mention of the

kinship, properly trounced his son by ordering Natty to send the despoiler of gentlemen's travelling coats out of the house.

"I believe you done it on purpose, Barney," Natty challenged as he joined the impenitent below stairs.

"And to think Lady Cleone saw it all!" Barnabas chuckled. "What's more, Natty, she's no more in love with that pompous eavesdropping adventurer than she is with me!"

"Now, Barney. Lady Cleone's one of the quality."

"Wasn't my mother Lady Joan Beverley, even if she did marry an innkeeper? Natty, I'm in love. I may not like the feeling, but I have to see the object of my devotion again."

Following a night spent without sleeping and a breakfast taken without eating at neighbourly Mother Tucket's, Barnabas arrived at the inn to find his father emerging in charge of Belcher, the local constable. His first words struck Barnabas with the force of a physical blow. "Robbery's a hanging matter, John Barty."

Natty, following Barnabas from room to room, supplied facts and consolation. "Someone robbed his lordship in the night. Lady Cleone's pearls and the money's gone altogether, but necklaces and his lordship's watch were found in your father's desk. Now—don't take on so. It'll be six weeks to the trial. Time to prove John Barty's innocence, I say, and if neither me nor you, nor your father, did it, 'oos left? One of the nobs; that's what I say."

"Lord Ronald!"

"Maybe. 'E went off early and
(Continued on page 22)



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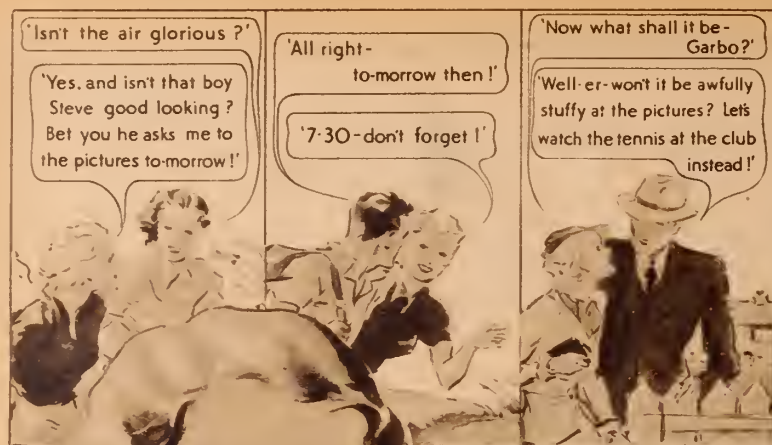
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'That's how I started using Odo-ro-no

He wouldn't stay near me. And suddenly I realised why. I'd relied on daily baths to take care of this business—but it wasn't enough! Perspiration goes stale so quickly and begins to smell. Then I found Odo-ro-no—thank goodness!

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saves clothes

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quiet like with the dark piece wot he came here with. I found this bit of 'arf-burnt paper in 'is room. Maybe you can make out the writing."

"The enclosed notes should satisfy your immediate needs. . . . Keep the . . . debt I owe you," Barnabas read aloud before pocketing the fragment. "Natty, I don't know which of the nob's, as you call them, wrote that, but I'm going to London to find out."

"London?"

"Yes, London. The only place where I could get friendly with these rogues and worm out their secrets. Natty, behold our first lucky throw. Chichester's left his clothes behind. Just a few moments. . . . There. How do I look?"

"Like a gentleman, lad. I shouldn't have known you."

"The amateur gentleman, Natty."

"Now, while I've been transforming myself, what have you been downstairs to fetch?"

"My stocking, lad."

"You don't keep all that money in one stocking?"

"Certainly; but a deal of it's copper. The gents don't tip as well as they used. Take it. What's the good of money to me if John Barty's hanged? By the way, what do we call ourselves?"

"My mother was a Beverley. How d'you like the name, John Beverley, Esquire?"

So Barnabas Barty, otherwise John Beverley, came to London, accompanied by Natty Bell, a gentleman's gentleman, and chanced to drive among the narrow streets of Covent Garden at theatre-leaving time. Whereupon Barnabas, furious with a carter for ill-treating his horse, instituted a fair fight. Naked above his nankeen breeches, having listened thus far to the high tearful adjuration of Natty, "Mind your clothes," the innkeeper's son dealt out his famous thrusts and parries. Little he cared that, among the crowd gathered to watch the sparring, the Prince Regent had backed the amateur gentleman twenty guineas to win. Nor did Barnabas even realise the identity of the royal winner who shook his subject's hand and referred him to a young blood of the name of Townsend.

"Johnnie Townsend will do his best for you," the Prince remarked as he rejoined his chaise. "I should like to meet His Highness again," Barnabas said, unabashed at discovering to whom he had been talking.

"Then you undoubtedly will. His Highness expects me to bring you to Carlton House. Young man, where are you staying?"

"I advise the Albany. You'll join Brook's Club, of course."

"Darling, I can't kiss you here. What do we do?" Barnabas urged,

THE STORY of the

Thus launched in society, the amateur gentleman's wish eventually became granted. In the Marquess' pillared, lofty rooms, and on the marble staircases of the houses near Regent's Park, Barnabas met Lord Ronald, who at once engaged him to play faro, and Louis Chichester, who, in spite of a foxy look on being introduced, also betrayed no sign of recognition. At the Marquess' reception one evening the conversation turned on the theft at the "Pride and Fancy." "To think the thief turned out to be John Barty," his lordship was booming as he passed the ladies' card table. "You could have knocked me down with a feather; but there the necklace was, in the fellow's desk. Nothing else besides a watch was found. All gone. Even the snuff box my wife gave me, and Cleone's pearls."

"Hanging's too good for the man who took your pearls, Lady Cleone," Barnabas said. "All the same, it's a comfort, isn't it, to know that he will go to the gallows?"

"I don't understand you, Mr. Beverley."

"What! An English lady not value her pearls more highly than the life of an innkeeper!"

Two months passed. John Barty, convicted of theft, was doomed to die in four days when Barnabas encountered Ronald at home talking to Georgina, the pretty, dark-haired child of seventeen, who appeared entirely to have usurped Pauline's place in the young man's affections. "Excuse me," Barnabas observed. "Lady Cleone has just entered the drawing-room. I believe she is asking for me."

"You flatter yourself, my dear fellow. She can't bear the sight of you." Divinity, whom, notwithstanding, Barnabas joined at the fireplace, was clothed more austere than usual. The classical gown, parting in front over a simple petticoat, was in tune with her manner as she said: "I hoped you would remember my request of some weeks since. Ronald is young and reckless at cards. Won't you, please, stop taking advantage of his ignorance in knowing when to cease play?"

"If I were sure, Lady Cleone, that he was only young and foolish, I would promise not to allow his ruin, particularly as I know he is



FILM *Continued*

in love with Miss Georgina. As it is, unfortunately. . . .

He moved on to the card-room. About midnight Ronald called from the table: "Cleone, Cleone, you always bring me luck. Throw for me."

"I'd better explain," Barnabas said gravely, ignoring Chichester, who with Pauline Darville had partnered the game. "Your brother has been so unfortunate as to lose twenty-five thousand pounds to me. We agreed, no doubt rashly, to throw double or quits. Either I gain or lose everything. Will you throw?"

Staring at the dice, expertly loaded by Barnabas over last night's candle, Ronald scrawled an I.O.U. before giving himself up to mental anguish. A moment's pause before Barnabas, tearing the I.O.U. in half, turned to Cleone. "Forgive me," he said. "All this time I have been trying to identify your brother's handwriting with that on a piece of burned paper I found in the room Pauline Darville occupied in my father's inn. Here it is. I know now that Ronald is not the thief."

"And—you think that Louis might be." The voice was so low that Barnabas scarcely thought the words spoken. Realising that they were sheltered from the others by the window embrasure, he took her hand. "Cleone, would that hurt you very much? Would it?" Thrilled by the answer in her eyes, he added: "I accuse no one till I have proof, but I must have it quickly, or my father will be hanged. Will you do something for me? Come with me to Newgate. You could bring a chaperone. Trust me. Nothing shall harm you."

Ever afterwards Barnabas recalled Cleone's loveliness beneath a bonnet with an upstanding feather against the forbidding surroundings of the prison. Profoundly he blessed her for engaging (no hard ask) the attention of the turn-key while, with Natty's help, a file and plan of direction were pushed between the bars of John Bart's cell.

Knowing that thick fog had materially aided his father's escape, Barnabas repaired to the Albany to dress for the forthcoming Carlton House Ball, hoping for a consummation of his plans. The unmistakable feeling that someone was in his living-room warned him as he entered. Pauline stood up beside the secretaire. "A delightful surprise, Mrs. Darville," he observed. "I see you are looking for something. Give me that." He took the piece of burnt paper from her. "Who brought you here?" he pressed. "No one."

"How did you open that drawer?"

"A hand, moving the long window curtains, was thrust forth. A knife flashed. A moment later the open window showed a murderer's path of escape, while Barnabas, supporting Pauline's dead body, stared at the pearls fallen from her corsage, not worn as a jewel, but wrapped in the gentleman's handkerchief.

Chroniclers have described the Carlton House Ball in all its splendour without mention of how Barnabas Bart, alias John Beverley, one of a dandy than ever, passed under the chandeliers as a suspect, indeed, to avoid arrest for the

murder of Pauline Darville, Louis Chichester, having cleverly set Bow Street runners on Barnabas' trail, left early disguised as the Marquess' coachman. Driving the coach containing the Marquess, Chichester, and Lady Cleone at breakneck speed, he drew up at the "Pride of the Fancy."

"Where's that rascally coachman?" his lordship demanded, hitting his head on the oak beams of the coffee-room. "John Bart, I'll have none of your breakfasts till I find out what's going on here. . . . Why, Mr. Beverley!"

"That's not his name, sir," Chichester thrust in. "I'm sorry to upset Cleone, but it's time she knew this imposter is John Bart's son."

"My lord," Barnabas exclaimed, "I only brought you here to prove my father's innocence. Natty, hand me that banknote. It's one of your lordship's. Mrs. Darville paid the bill with it, the night she stayed here with your grandson. And this note I found afterwards in her room. Perhaps you recognise the handwriting." With a threatening gesture, Chichester seized the burnt paper. "My dear Beverley, a childish trick. This charge is preposterous." The honest face of Constable Belcher, supported by two runners, appeared at the door. "Anyone present of the name of John Bart?" he inquired. "Wanted for gaol break."

Chichester smiled. "And, while you're here, what about the other Bart, my good fellow?"

"Quite so, sir. Murder, ain't it? Mrs. Darville—found stabbed last night in the Albany. Steady, my lad. The handcuffs go on easy if you don't struggle." Conscious of Cleone's distressed face, Barnabas awaited the final coup of his planned arrest. Belcher played his part well. Picking up the handkerchief which he had adroitly dropped, the constable handed it to Chichester, who was moving towards the door with: "Is this yours, sir?"

"Ah! Thanks, my man!"

"Sure it's yours, sir?"

"Of course. There's the initial." Belcher chuckled. "Found on the corpse, that was. That's how we planned it, didn't we, young Barnabas. . . . Oh, no you don't!" Stripping off the unlocked handcuffs, Barnabas leapt upon Chichester, who was threatening Belcher with a knife ripped from the handle of the adventurer's quizzing glass. Down went Chichester under a practiced uppercut. Comporting himself as a commoner, Barnabas vindicated the gentleman's right to put a thief and murderer in his place.

"Darling, I can't kiss you here. What do we do?" Barnabas urged after the Marquess had insisted on John Bart's remaining at the inn to help its most important client to bed. "There's Georgina and Ronald stopping in their chaise. If they're running away, and Joan Beverley ran away with John Bart, why shouldn't you with me?" Cleone answered.

Freely based on the film, "The Amateur Gentleman," by permission of United Artists Films, Ltd. See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 24, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

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C.F.H. 216

Previews

CRITICISMS of the LATEST FILMS

SAN FRANCISCO

IF YOU find this story of the San Francisco of the first decade of the present century somewhat highly coloured and melodramatic you cannot help but be thoroughly entertained by the high quality of the acting and the amazing spectacle of the earthquake and fire which razed that city to the ground in 1906.

It is a scene of terror which is enhanced by the intense realism achieved by the camera and technicians. I shall long remember the awesome shaking which preluded one of the century's greatest and most appalling calamities.

The story is by G. Robert Hopkins and the screen adaptation by Anita Loos who seems to have become rather pedestrian in her development of the theme.

It concerns a young singer May Blake who is signed up by Blackie Norton, the proprietor of a saloon on the Barbary Coast—that is the toughest section of San Francisco—and who falls in love with him. Mary's voice is so beautiful that she is approached to sing in the opera house by Jack Burley, one of the city's wealthiest citizens.

Her contract with Blackie forbids it, and he refuses to let her go. This causes a battle royal between Burley, who has also fallen in love with her, and Blackie.

A priest who has known the saloon proprietor since childhood and who is as cognisant of his faults as he is of the real virtue in the man at heart, takes a hand and stops Mary from marrying Blackie.

Thereafter Mary wavers indecisively between marrying the man whom she loves, Blackie, or the man who would make her a good solid husband, Burley.

It takes an earthquake to solve her problem for it kills off Burley and brings out the good in Blackie.

In spite of its melodramatic situations there is real sincerity in the characterisations and realism in the settings of the San Francisco of the period.

Indeed the production generally reaches a very high level of stagecraft and technical efficiency.

The directors are John Emerson and Bernard H. Hyman, and a great deal of praise is due to them, especially for the handling of the big spectacular scenes of the earthquake and fire.

Just one point by the way. The fire following the earthquake in 1906 lasted for three weeks, but in this case it is evidently curtailed to a day or two for Blackie returns, with the rest to the stricken city, when the fire is extinguished, with the clot of blood on his face occasioned during the earthquake and only about two days' growth of beard. Mary, wearing the costume she had on during the disaster wears it when she returns with him in a quite remarkably spotless condition.

Clark Gable as Blackie is well cast and plays the role with an immense amount of vitality. Jeanette MacDonald is also good as Mary Blake. She has a number of songs to sing including excerpts from opera. One sequence a "potted" version of Faust is extremely well put over, giving a kaleidoscopic impression of the opera and excerpts from the most famous numbers.

But the most interesting characterisation comes from Spencer Tracy as a Roman Catholic priest. He is depicted as a "fighting parson," but he brings to the character a sincerity and spirituality which I have always felt was present in the man himself however tough the role he was playing. It is a notable study and is excellent evidence of Spencer Tracy's versatility.

It is pleasing to see Jack Holt again too as the none too scrupulous and distinctly he-mannish lover, Burley.

Mrs. Burley, his mother is extremely well portrayed by Jessie Ralph.

Light relief comes from Ted Healy, but he is not called upon to exercise his humour to any very great extent.

The remainder of the cast all give effective characterisations.

LABURNUM GROVE

Adapted from the extremely successful stage play by J. B. Priestly, *Laburnum Grove* seems to have lost something in its transference to the screen.

Naturally, it relies on its dialogue and owes little to action, and such action sequences as have been added strike a farcical note out of keeping with the straight comedy of the picture as a whole.

The story deals with a suburban household, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Radfern, their daughter Elsie, Mrs. Baxley, Mrs. Radfern's sister-in-law, and her husband.

To all appearances, the master of the house is a quiet respectable business man, but, in order to

frighten off an unwanted young man who wants to marry his daughter, and also to get rid of his limpet-like relations, Mr. Radfern pretends to be a crook working in the counterfeit money racket.

He frightens the young man away, and also terrifies his relations into leaving, and, eventually, it turns out that he is really a crook and suspected by the police. He sends his family away and then tries to evade the law himself.

The plot does not bear very close analysis. It is very unlikely that the crook—even to get rid of undesirable people—would detail his crimes to his daughter and relatives. Later, of course, his daughter and wife believe he has been pulling their legs, but the fact remains that the story is incredible in itself.

The way the relations, too, walk about in terror of the police, loses some of its comedy value, owing to over-exaggeration.

The chief asset, then, is not the plot, but characterisation, and in this department Edmund Gwenn scores a deserved success as Mr. Radfern.

He is quietly natural and generally convincing.

On the other hand, Cedric Hardwicke, as the ne'er-do-well brother-in-law who has been in India and does not let anyone forget it, is inclined to overact. His part demands that he chew bananas at frequent intervals; he also chews up the scenery at times.

Victoria Hopper is somewhat colourless as the daughter.

Katie Johnson is gently clinging and well in character as Mrs. Radfern. Ethel Coleridge is good as Mrs. Baxley, though she, too, is inclined to caricature her role.

A very convincing performance comes from David Hawthorne as a police inspector. It is a pity we do not see more of this well-known stage actor on the screen.

Altogether, taking the good with the bad, this conversation piece provides good average entertainment; but, somehow, one feels it might have been very much better had it been more fully adapted to the medium of the screen.

UNDER TWO FLAGS

In spite of some very good acting and excellent settings, there is something dated about this adaptation of Ouida's famous Victorian romance. It does not grip one very strongly because of the underlying artificiality which is capped by the hero going to see a hostile Arab chief and informing him that he had

been at Balliol while he was a Magdalen, and did he remember the teas given by one of the professors?

Ouida was rather given to such solecisms; one of the most famous being in the description of a boat race: "All rowed fast, but none so fast as stroke."

But in spite of its faults there is that atmosphere of romance which seems unswerving in its appeal to many picturegoers.

You have Ronald Colman as a Sergeant Victor in the Foreign Legion making love to Cigarette, the mascot of the battalion. He makes love, too, to Lady Venetia Cunningham, who is visiting the station; his affections change so rapidly that it lessens the tragedy that comes with the death of Cigarette when she, realising she is supplanted, sets out to try and save the man she loves.

These love passages are unduly drawn out; indeed, the whole picture would profit by fairly drastic cutting.

We get action, however, when we come to a battle between the Arabs and the Foreign Legion. This is extremely well done and the desert scenery is convincing and realistic.

Victor McLaglen as the colonel of the battalion who loves Cigarette, but determines to see that Victor does not come back alive, is well in character, and the fighting is admirably directed by Otto Bremer.

The picture as a whole is directed by Raymond Griffith, and in spite of his leisurely treatment he has managed to get in some good character drawings and touches of human comedy.

Acting honours go to Claudette Colbert as Cigarette. She is vital and natural, and makes the role an outstanding one.

Ronald Colman heroically "stout fellow" is well cast as an ex-guardsman who joined the Legion to shield his younger brother. He makes love as romantically as ever and also brings naturalness to his somewhat artificial role.

Rosalind Russell is good as Venetia, who falls unbelievably easily to his charms, and Herbert Mundin supplies some comedy relief with an unexaggerated Cockney study.

Nigel Bruce is in great form as an Englishman who has come to buy Arab horses; and other really worthwhile performances are given by Gregory Ratoff as a Legionnaire and C. Henry Gordon as an officer.

Onslow Stevens is dignified and striking as the rebel Arab leader who was at Oxford with Victor.

The general effect is colourful and, in spite of its slowness, it can be thoroughly recommended to romantically minded filmgoers, especially since the stars acquit themselves so well.

SEVEN SINNERS

There is real snap and punch in this extremely good adaptation of Arnold Ridley and Bernard Merivale's story, *The Wrecker*. It does not follow its original very closely, but L. Du Garde Peach has translated it admirably into terms of the screen, and Sidney Gilliat's dialogue is first-rate.

British films are not, on the whole, notable for their dialogue, but in this case there is both wit and wisdom in the conversation.

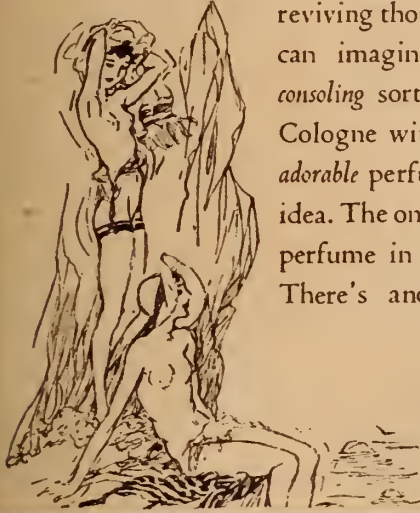
This is the second time *The Wrecker* has been filmed; it was made as a silent by Gainsborough Films some time ago.



Clark Gable as Blackie Norton in one of the earthquake sequences from "San Francisco."

"We came across this Cornish farm-house on Monday—parked the car in a stable and moved in for the rest of the holiday. It's at the end of a lane walled in with honeysuckle and there's a very private cove only five minutes away. I'm enjoying the simple life, especially the junket. But between the heat and the walking and everything, I've blessed my "4711" perfumed Eau de Cologne at least four times a day. It's the newest, utterly

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REVIEWS

The PICTUREGOER'S
quick reference index to
films just released

****THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN**
cNEVADA**
****LOVE BEFORE BREAKFAST**
****DANCING FEET**
cCHATTERBOX**
***PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER**
***THE OLD HOMESTEAD**
***RHYTHM OF THE RIVER**
***NIGHT CARGO**
***PICTORIAL REVIEW**
cRIO RATTLER
FROM NINE TO NINE
*****DIRIGIBLE (Re-Issue)**
***NOW AND FOREVER (Re-Issue)**

What the asterisks mean—

**** An outstanding feature.

*** Very good. ** Good.

* Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

by Lionel COLLIER



Carole Lombard and Cesar Romero
in "Love Before Breakfast"

who work under the cloak of a society for the prevention of war, Henry Oscar, Felix Aylmer, and Joyce Kennedy are effective, while an excellent little study comes from O. B. Clarence as a registrar.

Mark Lester registers laughs as a chief constable in the country, and Edwin Lawrence is most amusing in a brief appearance as a guide at the Guildhall.

There is plenty of variety in the scenery. The action takes one from the Riviera to Paris and from thence to London and a small country village.

Suspense is excellently maintained and every sequence has its full quota of comedy and surprise element. The train wrecks are most effective—they are realistic without being pretentious or over-prolonged.

If British pictures kept to this standard, we should be more likely to attain that supremacy which we are told is just around the corner.

—Lionel Collier.

On the Screens Now

**LOVE BEFORE BREAKFAST

CAROLE LOMBARD.....Kay Colby
PRESTON FOSTER.....Scott Miller
JANET BEECHER.....Mrs. Colby
CESAR ROMERO.....Bill
BETTY LAWFORD.....Contessa Campanella
DON BRIGGS.....Stuart Farnum
ANDRE BERANGER.....Charles
RICHARD CARLE.....Brinkerhoff
ED BARTON.....Jerry

Directed by Walter Lang, from a novel, "Spinster Dinner," by Faith Baldwin. Previewed July 25, 1936.

In spite of the absurd situations in which the characters find themselves, they prove amusing owing to the excellence of their performances and the polished direction of Walter Lang.

Love Before Breakfast is a sophisticated modern comedy, in which Carole Lombard plays the role of a shrewish young girl who is engaged to one man, but secretly loves another.

She gives a very good performance and puts plenty of pep into the portrayal of this exceedingly lively young lady.

As her fiancé, who is inclined to

put business before love, and who is sent to Japan by his wealthy rival, Cesar Romero is effective.

The rival is exceedingly well played by Preston Foster, who eventually succeeds by he-man tactics in winning the headstrong heroine.

Janet Beecher gives a fine character study as the heroine's mother and Betty Lawford is sound as a Contessa who is out to win Preston Foster for his fortune.

**THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN

United Artists. British. "A" certificate. Romantic period drama. Runs 100 minutes.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JUN.

Barnabas Barty (John Beverley)
ELISSA LANDI.....Lady Cleone
GORDON HARKER.....Natty Bells
FRANK PETTINGELL.....John Barty
BASIL SYDNEY.....Chichester
ATHOLE STEWART.....The Marquess
HUGH WILLIAMS.....Ronald
CORAL BROWN.....Pauline D'Arville
IRENE BROWN.....Lady Hunstanton
MARGARET LOCKWOOD.....Georgina
ESME PERCY.....Townsend
FRANK BETRAM.....Belcher
GILBERT DAVIS.....The Prince Regent
Directed by Thornton Freeland, from the novel by Jeffrey Farnol. Previewed February 8, 1936. For story freely based on the film, by Margory Williams, see page 8.

This is a very free adaptation of Jeffery Farnol's novel, and it would have been better if it had followed its original more closely. On the other hand, as Douglas Fairbanks, jun.'s production debut in this country it is highly commendable and supplies good romantic entertainment of a popular order.



Joan Marsh and Eddie Nugent in
"Dancing Feet"

The story, in brief, shows how an innkeeper's son, by posing as a Regency "buck," clears his father of a charge of theft for which he is to be hanged and wins the love of a nobleman's daughter.

Its main fault is a tendency to slowness and an insistence on the spectacular part of the picture at the expense of plot values.

Douglas Fairbanks, jun., is good as the son of the innkeeper; but he has occasional lapses into theatricalism.

As his father, Frank Pettingell is excellent, and Gordon Harker's Cockney humour, as his friend, makes most amusing light relief. As the heroine, Elissa Landi is somewhat colourless, but Basil Sydney, the villain of the piece, who is engaged to her, is polished and suave in his portrayal.

Other excellent supporting studies come from Athole Stewart, Coral

Brown, Irene Brown and Margaret Lockwood.

Hugh Williams is fair as the heroine's brother.

As a whole, the production is excellently set and the direction is competent.

c**NEVADA

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Outdoor drama. Runs 58 minutes.

LARRY "BUSTER" CRABBE.....Nevada
KATHLEEN BURKE.....Hettie Ide
SID SAYLOR.....Cash Burridge
MONTE BLUE.....Clan Dillon
WILLIAM DUNCAN.....Ben Ide
RICHARD CARLE.....Judge Franklidge
STANLEY ANDREWS.....Cawthorne
FRANK SHERIDAN.....Tom Blaine
RAYMOND HATTON.....The Sheriff
GLEN ERIKSON.....Bill Ide

Directed by Charles Barton, from a story by Zane Grey.

Besides the usual vigorous riding and fighting, there is a good and well-developed story in this Western, which will appeal to all lovers of outdoor drama.

It deals with Nevada, a young Westerner with a reputation for being unscrupulous and tough. He sees an old man fleeced out of his ranch at cards and takes it from the cheat with the intention of returning it to the old-timer. The original owner, however, kills himself and Nevada is left with the ranch on his hands.

He determines to run it, and falls in with the neighbouring ranch owners when they organise a big cattle drive. Later rustlers raid the cattle, and Nevada is suspected, but he clears himself and ends the cattle war for good by capturing and revealing the identity of the master crook, one of the ranch owners. Romance, of course, automatically follows.

Buster Crabbe plays the leading role, while Monte Blue is a sound villain. Kathleen Burke also makes an attractive heroine.

The supporting cast all put in well drawn character studies.

c**CHATTERBOX

Radio. American. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy. Runs 72 minutes.

ANNE SHIRLEY.....Jenny Yates
PHILLIPS HOLMES.....Philip Green, jun.
EDWARD ELLIS.....Uriah Lowell
ERIK RHODES.....Archie Fisher
MARGARET HAMILTON.....Emily Tipton
GRANVILLE BATES.....Philip Greene, sen.
ALLEN VINCENT.....Harrison
LUCILLE BALL.....Lillian Temple
GEORGE OFFERMAN, JUN.....Michael Arbuckle
MAXINE JENNINGS.....Actress
RICHARD ABBOTT.....Blythe
WILFRID LUCAS.....Character Mac
MARGARET ARMSTRONG.....Character Woman

Directed by George Nicholls, jun., from the play by David Cobb.

Anne Shirley, who won fame in *Anne of Green Gables*, gives a clever and natural performance as an orphan in this unpretentious picture, which suffers from a surplus of dialogue, but is otherwise quite charming in a leisurely manner.

Jenny Yates, an unsophisticated orphan girl, takes after her mother in her longing for a stage career. Believing that her puritanical grand father, Uriah Lowell, has locked her out because she has disobeyed his wishes in attending a local theatre to witness a play in which her mother was famous, she steals a ride to town in a car owned by Philip Green, a young member of the company.

He takes pity on her and gives her a letter of introduction to the producer, and she accepts a contract to appear in a burlesque, believing that it is serious drama. She receives a shock when she discovers that her lack of experience has been cruelly exploited, but it cures her infatuation for the stage and she finds compensation in romance with Philip.

PREVIEWS—

Continued from page 24

It tells the story of an American detective and a girl from the Pearl Assurance Company of America, who are ordered to try and trace some jewels lost by a lady of title in England, but who get involved in a series of train wrecks and murders totally unconnected with their case.

I do not intend to go into the plot in any detail, because it relies upon its surprise twists and ingenious development to hold your attention, and to give them away would be to partially spoil your entertainment of an exceedingly good British picture.

Albert de Courville deserves to be congratulated on his slick and polished direction, which is better than anything he has done hitherto. It is live and vital, and characterisation, even in the minor roles, is not neglected.

Edmund Lowe is excellent in the role of the nonchalant detective, and he is ably partnered by Constance Cummings as the agent from the insurance company.

These two make an excellent team and approximate, to my mind, very closely to the Powell-Loy partnership.

It is good to know that Constance Cummings will be stopping here, but a pity that she is not likely to be teamed again with Lowe, who has gone back to America.

While the stars are given most of the limelight, they do not dominate the picture. The acting is universally good and the cast works admirably as a team.

Thomy Bourdelle, for instance, is right in character as a French detective engaged on clearing up the mystery of a train smash on the Riviera, which is followed at short intervals by two more wrecks in England. His delineation is natural and convincing.

As members of a gun-running gang

Phillips Holmes is as well in character as the artistically inclined Philip, and Edward Ellis gives a sound study as Uriah.

**DANCING FEET

British Lion. American. "A" certificate. Musical comedy-drama. Runs 73 minutes.
 BEN LYON.....Peyton
 JOAN MARSH.....Judy
 JAMES BURKE.....Phil
 PURNELL PRATT.....Silas
 VINCE BARNETT.....Willoughby
 NICK CONDOS.....Speciality Dancer
 HERBERT RAWLINSON.....Groves
 LILLIAN HARMER.....Aggie
 HERBERT CORTHELL.....Jenkins
 JIMMY BURTIS.....Stupe
 EDDIE NUGENT.....Jimmy
 ISABEL JEWELL.....Mabel
 HARRY BRADLEY.....Assistant Manager
 CY. KENDALL.....Hotel Detective
 LYNTON BRENT.....Hotel Clerk
 WILSON BENGE.....Silas' Butler
 FERN EMMETT.....Silas' Secretary
 GLADYS GALE.....Mrs. Blane
 GRACE HALE.....Mrs. Worthington
 J. C. EDWARDS AND ORCHESTRA.
Directed by Joseph Santley, from a novel by Rob Eden.

Good team work, bright presentation, and tuneful numbers help to put over this rather inconsequential comedy-drama. The picture also has the advantage of being well balanced in story values.

Joan Marsh acts with feeling and as intelligence as Judy, the granddaughter of a peppery, old millionaire, who cultivates the friendship of Peyton Wells, an irresponsible youth.

As Wells, Ben Lyon is good, and Eddie Nugent is engaging and effective as Jimmy, a youth who wants to get on the air as a dance instructor and who teams up with Judy, and ultimately wins her love.

Isabel Jewell and Purnell Pratt both give good supporting studies. The whole thing is well staged and presents good light entertainment of a popular order.

*PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER

z. American. "A" certificate. Ruritanian romance. Runs 77 minutes.

CTOR MCLAGLEN.....Michael Donovan
 EDDIE BARTHOLOMEW Peter (the little King)
 ORIA STUART.....Countess Sonia
 NSTANCE COLLIER.....Augusta
 CBAEL WHALDEN.....George Foster
 HENRY GORDON.....Gino
 DRO DE CORDOBA.....Stefan Bernaldo
 MSDEN HARE.....Valdis
 ALTER KINGSFORD.....Ledgard
 STER MATTHEWS.....Prince Edirc
 KIE DUNBAR.....Entertainer
 LO LLOYD.....Member of the Cabinet
 URICE CASS.....M. Le Noir
 NERAL SAVITSKY.....Mischa
ected by Tay Garnett, from a story by Damon Runyon. Previewed May 30, 1936.

Except for a very good performance by Freddie Bartholomew as a young king who is abducted by his enemies, but restored to the throne with the help of an adventurer, there is very little in this picture.

It is all highly incredible, but it is possible to get entertainment out of it very artlessly if you do not take it too seriously.

Victor McLaglen only has to put over some rough-stuff without much attempt at characterisation as the adventurer, and the production generally adds little either to his or Bartholomew's reputation.

Production qualities are good and technical work is first rate.

*NIGHT CARGO

Widow. American. "A" certificate. Triangle melodrama. Runs 64 minutes.

LYD HUGHES.....Bruce Donaldson
 JUELIN WELLS.....Claire Martineau (alias Marty)
 WTER MILLER.....Shark Moran
 C. OTTA MONTI.....Tiana
 LYD WHITLOCK.....Spider Blake
 GRCE REGAS.....Gus Noble
 JES AUBREY.....Huggins
 JES INCE.....Captain (boat)
Directed by Charles Hutchinson.

There is more punch than plausibility in this melodrama, set in the tropics. It starts quite well, but it gradually becomes very

naïve in its effort to achieve a happy ending.

Shark Moran, a planter, falls for Claire Martineau, a dancer in a café financed with his money, but is rejected because of her love for another who is removed from the scene by his upstage parents. Later, Shark saves Bruce Donaldson, a despondent youth, from suicide, gives him a job on his plantation, and eventually makes him a partner.

When he next calls at the café, intent upon forcing his crooked partners to repay the loan, Shark discovers that Bruce is his rival for Claire. He cannot control his rage, and is killed and robbed in circumstances that incriminate Claire. The truth, however, comes out when she visits the plantation, and following this she and Bruce are reconciled.

Jacqueline Wells is attractive as Claire, and both Lloyd Hughes as Bruce and Walter Miller as Shark make the most of their material.

James Aubrey supplies the comedy relief.

*RHYTHM OF THE RIVER

First National. American. "U" certificate. Collegiate comedy. Runs 68 minutes.

FRANK MCHUGH.....Coach Hammond
 PATRICIA ELLIS.....Joan Simpkins
 WARREN HULL.....Bob Wilson
 JOE CAWTHORNE.....Wilson, sen.



Phillips Holmes and Anne Shirley in "Chatterbox"

GEORGE E. STONE.....E. Prendergast Biddle
 MARY TREEN.....Squirmey
 HENRY O'NEILL.....Pres. Simpkins
 ALMA LLOYD.....Sandra
 ANITA KERRY.....Princess Oggi
 JOHNNY ARTHUR.....Fields
 WALTER JOHNSON.....Tody Foster
 JOSEPH SAWYER.....Coach Kendall
 FLORENCE FAIR.....Mrs. Norton
 SPEC O'DONNELL.....Eddie
Directed by William McGann.

Irresponsible plot in which college athletics are eulogised, and a boat race, in which very unorthodox methods are used by the rival crews to ensure victory is a highlight.

Actually the main support of the picture is Frank McHugh, who is cast as a rowing coach. He gets innumerable laughs for his fooling.

Patricia Ellis is quite good as the daughter of a college president—she captures the affections of two oarsmen from another college and gets them to row in her father's boat, and caps it by acquiring a cox who is musically inclined.

Tony and Bob, the oarsmen, quarrel over her, but Bob relents and takes his place in the boat. The rival coach, knowing the other crew had been trained to row to musical rhythm, engages an opposition orchestra, but in spite of this the college wins the race.

*THE OLD HOMESTEAD

A.B.F.D. American. "U" certificate. Musical comedy drama. Runs 70 minutes.

MARY CARLISLE.....Nancy
 LAWRENCE GRAY.....Bob
 DOROTHY LEE.....Elsie Wilson
 WILLIAM ROBERTSON.....Uncle Jed
 EDDIE NUGENT.....Rudy Nash
 LILLIAN MILES.....Peggy
 FUZZY KNIGHT.....Lem
 EDDIE KANE.....Mr. Wertheimer
 HARRY CONLEY.....Press Agent
Directed by William Nigh.

Leisurely plot, which introduces some "rustic" vocalists who sing over the radio. They are cast as farm hands who come to New York and score a success. Most of the humour is derived from their behaviour in, and reaction to, the city. Love interest is provided by the farmer's neice and a crooner, while the farmer himself falls for a gold-digger.

William Robertson is likeable in his rôle as the farmer, and Mary Carlisle is also good as his neice.

Lawrence Gray, as the crooner, acts better than he sings.

The whole thing is of an ingenuous character, but the songs are put over with originality and plenty of variety.

*PICTORIAL REVIEW

Pathé. British. "A" certificate. Variety show. Runs 40 minutes.

ROBB WILTON, RONALD FRANKAU, ERIC WOODBURN, CHARLES COBORN, O'GORMAN BROS., GERALDO AND HIS ORCHESTRA, COLLINSON AND DEAN, RUPERT HAZELL AND ELSIE DAY, SERENO AND JUNE, THE DIAMONDOS, JACONELLI.

Compered by Ronald Frankau. Directed by Fred Watts.

There is little originality in the presentation of "turns" which have appeared from time to time in the Pathé Pictorials, but Frankau makes a good master of ceremonies and the items are well compiled. Camera work is not too good at times.

The artistes in order of merit are: Robb Wilton, who appears in a bright comedy sketch; Geraldo and his orchestra; Eric Woodburn, dramatic vocalist; O'Gorman Brothers, cross-talk, knockabout comedians; Sereno and June, acrobatic dancers; Collinson and Dean; and Charles Coborn, the G.O.M. of the music-halls.

RIO RATTLER

General F.D. American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 53 minutes.

TOM TYLER.....Tom Deuton
 MARION SHILLING.....Helen Adams
 TOM LONDON.....Bob Adams
 CHAS. WHITAKER.....Rattler
 FRANK ELLIS.....Tootie
 EDDIE GRIBBON.....Soapy
 WILLIAM GOULD.....Frank Mason
 LAKE MCKEE.....Pop
 ACE CAIN.....Sam
Directed by Franklyn Shamray.

Tom Tyler's horsemanship is the main asset in this very conventional and rather colourless Western. It will pass muster with juveniles.

The story deals with Tom Denton, a roaming Westerner, who assumes the identity of a murdered ranger in order to round up a gang of cut-throats and avenge the man's death. Complications arise when Helen, the deceased man's sister, appears on the scene, but she soon becomes Denton's ally, and between them they finally put paid to the crooks.

FROM NINE TO NINE

Universal. Canadian. "A" certificate. Crime melodrama. Runs 73 minutes.

RUTH ROLAND.....Cornella Du Play
 ROLAND DREW.....Inspector Vernon
 KENNETH DUNCAN.....John Somerset
 MIRIAM BATTISTA.....Toinette
 DORIS COVERT.....Yvonne Balsac
 EUGENE SIGALOFF.....Schubin
 ARTHUR STENNING.....Williams
 JULIAN GRAY.....Balsac
 GEORGE A. TEMPLE.....Ivanov
 FREDERIC DODDS.....Slade
Directed by Edgar George Ulmer.

Ruth Roland, the ertswile star of silent serials, appears at pathetic disadvantage in this crude and totally unappealing picture.

It is weak in all departments and cannot be recommended.

***DIRIGIBLE (Re-Issue)

Columbia. American. "A" certificate. Runs 99 minutes.

JACK HOLT.....Bradford
 RALPH GRAVES.....Frisky Pierce
 FAY WRAY.....Helen
 HOBART BOSWORTH.....Rondelle
 ROSCOE KARNS.....Sock McGaire
 HAROLD GOODWIN.....Hansel
 CLARENCE MUSE.....Clarence
 ENMET CORRIGAN.....Admiral Martin
 AL ROSCOE.....Cmdr. of U.S.S. Lexington
 SELMER JACKSON.....Lieut. Rowland
Directed by Frank Capra. Reviewed January 16, 1932.

Once you have got over the American flag-waving which postulates—shades of Scott, and Shackleton—the discovery of the South Pole by an American airship and aeroplane, you cannot help but be thoroughly thrilled by the brilliance and adventurous spirit of this excellently produced picture.

Everyone has been asking for action. Well, here it is in abundance.

There are exceptionally fine sequences of the airship's battle against the elements and an equally thrilling aeroplane crash at the Pole, followed by the survivor's desperate attempts to reach his base.

But it is not only the action that makes the picture so enthralling; the characterisation is also perfect. Jack Holt and Ralph Graves, always a very effective team, excel themselves as the commanders of an airship and an aeroplane respectively.

The plot depicts the way in which their close friendship is broken by their rivalry both in aeronautics and in love.

The most artificial part of the picture is this love interest, introduced by Fay Wray, who, while acting extremely well, is unable to make the way she behaves to her husband at all convincing.

One instance of this is when she writes a letter which is only to be opened when her husband (Ralph Graves) reaches the South Pole in his aeroplane.

In it she announces her intention of divorcing him and marrying his rival (Jack Holt). The long arm of screen coincidence comes to the rescue at this point and afflicts him with snow-blindness, so that at the last reel he can be reconciled to his wife without knowing of her intentions.

But, apart from these artificialities it is a picture which will hold your interest from first to last.

*NOW AND FOREVER (Re-Issue)

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Reformation drama. Runs 81 minutes.

GARY COOPER.....Jerry Day
 CAROLE LOMBARD.....Toni Day
 SHIRLEY TEMPLE.....Penelope Day
 SIR GUY STANDING.....Felix Evans
 CHARLOTTE GRANGILLE.....Mrs. Crade
 GILBERT EMERY.....James Higginson
 HENRY KOLKER.....Mr. Clark
 TETSU KOMAI.....Mr. Ling
Directed by Henry Hathaway, from a story by Jack Kirkland and Melville Baker. Reviewed March 23, 1935. Previewed October 20, 1934.

Now and Forever is mainly for the Shirley Temple fans. If you are still under the spell of the little star you will enjoy it immensely. Otherwise, there is very little in it, apart from a delightful performance by Sir Guy Standing as a jewel thief with ingratiating manners.

Gary Cooper, as Jerry, and Carole Lombard, as Toni, are for the most part "stooges" for Shirley.

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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

FICKLENESS OF FILM FAME

Forgetting the First Favourites

THE passing of Thomas Meighan in comparative obscurity provides yet another example of the fickleness of film fame. The announcement of his death came as a distinct shock to me, as it must have done to numerous other fans who are old enough to remember the days when "Tommy" was one of the screen's best-loved stars, and I feel I would like to pay some tribute, however small, to the memory of the charming actor who, because of his straightforwardness and sincerity, must always be associated with the finer traditions of Hollywood; there was never any nonsense about him, no distasteful publicity was ever connected with his name, and I don't think there was anyone who did not like him. And now he has gone, the handsome, unspoiled idol of *The Miracle Man*, *The Prince Chap*, *Cappy Ricks* and the rest. Gone from the world which gave so much and took so much away, to join those other glamorous people who have gone before him, and perhaps to look back at the great stars of to-day with a wistful smile in which there must be just a trace of cynicism, as though to say: "Yes, make the most of your fame while you have it—revel in the applause of the public before they forsake you for another, newer idol. It seems now that your glory can never be dimmed, yet in a few short years—"

How time flies and how easily we forget!
—Ernest H. Jakins, 7 Chestnut Wash,
Cheshunt, Herts.

"Only A Film"

Recently, at a local kinema, I saw a woman surreptitiously dabbing her eyes when viewing a sentimental film. A friend with her told her not to be silly, and that it was "only a film, anyway."

I thought at the time of what that woman has missed and will miss if she continues to see films in that cynical state of mind. How much more enjoyment she would get if she were to relax and let her imagination run by itself!

A friend to whom I mentioned this said that he expected a child to be "carried away," but for a normal adult he considered it mental weakness.

That may be, but I am sure the person who "lives" the film through gets more value-for-money than the one who views it on the surface in an apathetic "third person" manner—S. M. Shead, 57 Thornsbeach Road, Catford, S.E.6, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

Does He Weep Alone?

I have been going to the motion pictures for a good many years. I have watched stars wax and wane, rise and fall. I have never gone to criticise, but as part of a big audience.

I have wept and laughed, suffered and thrilled

with that audience. I have never seen a picture so bad that there wasn't something in it that I liked, or which interested me. I have seen very few pictures so good that I wanted to see them again.

Am I the one and only male sentimental film fan?—Reginald J. Olsen, 22 Bentinck Street, Birkenhead, Ches.

Anæmic Films

At the recent Methodist Conference held in Newcastle-on-Tyne, a great deal of criticism was directed against the cinema industry. At the same time, these critics were so convinced of the popularity of the cinema (in spite of the alleged defects and limitations) that they strongly urged the governing body of the Church to pay special attention to the establishment and development of film propaganda.

I sincerely hope that future developments will not result in a war of words between the "legitimate" motion-picture industry and that grafted on to motion-picture production by religious organisations because if it does, the latter will suffer severely.

Anything more anemic and "wishy-washy" than the pictures produced up to date to correct the alleged influence of the Hollywood-British regular output I cannot imagine.

I am afraid the aforesaid critics will have to get up rather early in the morning to teach American or British producers anything in the art of creating films which do attract the British public.—(Mrs.) H. J. S. Billing, 46 Powis Square, Bayswater, London, W.11, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Films for Kids

Many of our children go to the pictures once and sometimes twice a week, but I find that the average child is rarely very enthusiastic about the films.

He enjoys a good detective drama (provided the plot is not too involved) and he quite likes the "Wild West" cowboy type of film, but the ordinary American film which shows the "After Office Hours" pleasures and love affairs of the young people of New York, is definitely boring to the child.

We want children's films showing life as it has been experienced by them—tales of school life, boy scouts' adventures at camp, the life of the orphan child in the institution. Films showing the lives of young people in training on board ship, at the university and in the factories would have a very wide appeal.

The educational value of such films to the children would be enormous.—(Mrs.) D. E. Hirst, Barnby Hall, Cauthorne, Barnsley.

"Astounding Value"

AS a regular reader of your excellent paper, I recently purchased a "Summer Extra." The sixpennyworth is astounding, and I've told all my friends about it. Thank you for such a fine book.

I should also like to thank you for forwarding letters on to stars to which I address c/o "The Picturegoer."

Thank you once again. From a regular reader.—(Miss) Mary Walker, Breydon, Meadowcourt Road, Leicester.

"Human" Stars

Living in a great seaport town I am privileged to see many famous Hollywood stars entering or leaving this country.

Almost without exception, I have found the
(continued on page 30)

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WHO'S WHO

Anthony Bushell

STANDING 6 ft. 2 in., with fair hair and blue eyes, he was born in Westerham, Kent, on May 19, 1904. He married Zelma O'Neal (mar. dis.). Both at Magdalen College School and later at Hertford College, Oxford, he distinguished himself in athletic pursuits, being an excellent middle-weight boxer and the stroke of his college eight. On coming down from Oxford he studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and made his first stage appearance in *Diplomacy*, with Gladys Cooper at the Adelphi Theatre. Other plays in which he appeared are *Iris*, *Peter Pan*, *Is Zat So?* *Her Cardboard Lover*, and *The Enemy*.

He made his screen debut in *Disraeli* and his other pictures include: *The Flirting Widow*, *Journey's End*, *The Silver Greyhound*, *Dangerous Ground*, *Sally Bishop*, *The Midshipmaid*, *I Was a Spy*, *The Ghoul*, *Soldiers of the King*, *Channel Crossing*, *The Crime on the Hill*, *The Red Wagon*, *Love At Second Sight*, *Forbidden Territory*, *Lilies of the Field*, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, *Admirals All*, and *Dusty Ermine*.

Charles Butterworth

BORN at South Bend, Indiana, on July 26, 1899, his first intention was to practise law. He later turned his hand to a variety of occupations, including journalism, piano-playing and secretarial work, being for some time secretary to the famous writer, J. P. McEvoy. When the latter staged his first revue, *Americana*, Butterworth was given a role and appeared in several other successful stage productions, including *Sweet Adeline*, *Good Boy* and *Flying Colours*.

He made his screen debut in 1930 in *The Life of the Party* and has since appeared in many pictures including: *Manhattan Parade*, *The Nuisance*, *Penthouse*, *The Cat and the Fiddle*, *My Weakness*, *Hollywood Party*, *Student Tour*, *Forsaking All Others*, *Bulldog Drummond Strikes*

Back, *The Night is Young*, *Baby Face Harrington*, *Orchids to You*, *Magnificent Obsession*.

Spring Byington

BORN in Colorado Springs in 1898 she made her first stage appearance with a local "stock" company and after some years in this branch of work appeared for the first time in New York in February, 1924, at the Broadhurst Theatre in *Beggar on Horseback*. She has since appeared in many other important stage plays and made her screen debut in 1933 in *Little Women*. Other films in which she has appeared include: *Werewolf of London*, *On Wings of Song*, *Orchids to You*, *Way Down East*, *Muliny on the Bounty*, *The Great Impersonation*, *Ah! Wilderness*, *The Voice of Bugle Ann*, *Broadway Hostess*, and *Every Saturday Night*.

Walter Byron

THE son of theatrical parents, Walter Byron, whose real name is Butler, was born in Leicester on June 11, 1899. He stands 6 ft. and has blue eyes and brown hair. Enlisting during the Great War at the age of 15, he rose to the rank of sergeant-major. After the Armistice he took up stage work and later appeared in many British pictures, including: *Monkey Nuts*, *White Heat*, *One of the Best*, *Passion Island* and *Tommy Atkins*.

In 1928 he received an American contract and has played in *The Awakening*, *Queen Kelly*, *The Flame*, *Not Damaged*, *The Dancers*, *Last Flight*, *The Yellow Ticket*, *Leftover Ladies*, *Blonde Baby*, *The Menace*, *Three Wise Girls*, *Slightly Married*, *The Savage Girl*, *Kiss of Araby*, *Charlie Chan's Greatest Case*, *Man of Two Worlds*, *Two in a Million*, *Once to Every Woman*, *All Men Are Enemies*, *Heaven Bound*, *The Man with Two Faces*, *British Agent*, *The Man from the Folies Bergere*, *Don't Bet on Blondes*, *If You Could Only Cook*, and *Broken Links*.

What Do You Think? Cont.

feminine stars to be undeniably beautiful, yet lacking in that aura of glamour which characterises them upon the screen. Instead, there is something delightfully "human" about them all; a something which makes one wonder why Hollywood ever chose to "groom" them and obscure the very fact that they are, in fact, but as ourselves.

Frankly, I envy the PICTUREGOER representative who interviews them. Temperamental they may be, but the famous men and women of the movies that I have seen have always had a cheery smile for the dock-workers who have paused in their work to stare at them.

One can say that of very few other ocean travellers.—L. T.

How It Started

I have recently been reading some old volumes of "The Magazine of Music," published round about fifty years ago, and in the issue for October, 1889, I noticed this paragraph:

"Mr. Edison's phonograph has, it is said, undergone fresh development. An ingenious friend has suggested that to the existing instrument there should be added an apparatus which takes instantaneous photographs of the speaker or singer at equal intervals of one-tenth of a second.

"These, like the phonogram itself, can then be reproduced, with the result that, in addition to the re-uttered song or speech, the spectators will be presented with the facial expression and gestures of their author.

"This looks very interesting on paper, but it would be rather hard on a good many of our musicians, whose performances do not at all gain in grace or dignity from their tricks of pantomimic expression."

This must be one of the earliest suggestions of experiments which have developed into the

wonderful talking pictures that we know to-day, and it strikes me as being remarkably prophetic considering it was written so long ago.—N. Lilley, 33 Southbank Street, Leek, Staffs.

Appreciation

I have often wondered if the "stars" realise the publicity value of their autographs.

For example, I first went to the cinema three years ago, and chanced to see a film starring Claudette Colbert, with whom I was very "taken up," so much so, that I wrote for an autograph.

If my request had been ignored, in all probability my newly-found enthusiasm would have cooled off. However, in due course I received the autograph, and consequently I have never missed one of her films. Not only this, but I have infected my workmates with my Colbert complex, so now there are four "fans" instead of one.

If these lines should ever come to the notice of Miss Colbert, she will know that I have, in some measure, repaid her kindness to me.—A. Garratt, 184 Windlesham Road, St. Helens, Lancs.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 rs. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.





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Leave IT to ANNE

I AM sure that there is a remedy for your trouble. Whatever it may be, let me have a line accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

BEAUTY competitions are popular in the summer. Watching the judging of such a contest the other day, I was struck by the fact that few of the entrants really knew how to walk and stand gracefully. Surprisingly good looking, smartly dressed and generally well groomed, eight out of ten missed it in their posture.

If you remember the injunctions of your gym mistress your mind will hark back to "heads up, chest out, abdomen drawn in, and the weight on the balls of the feet." Which is all right as far as it goes, but you can scarcely be expected to go around remembering that all the days of your life.

Study your posture and get the picture of it printed on your mind, and maybe it will help you to improve it where it is wrong. Take up a perfectly natural position—that is the one you generally assume, and view yourself sideways on to your mirror. I'll give a guess what you see:

Somewhat drooping shoulders, a head slightly forward, the arms slightly forward and an abdomen that shows more than it should. Am I right? I am. Then how can it be corrected?

Forget all about your shoulders and head. Just contract the abdominal muscles and draw in your tummy as far as you can. What happens? Automatically your posture has been improved wonderfully. The head has straightened itself, the shoulders are set back, the chest is broadened, and the arms go back.

The lesson behind all this is that a graceful carriage of the body and a graceful walk depend almost entirely on strong abdominal muscles. If these are strong and reliable and do not let you down—in more senses than one—you can rely upon having a good carriage and an attractive walk.

Exercises

These exercises will help you, but do not use them if you have heart trouble or have ever had an abdominal operation.

(1) Lie flat on the floor. Slowly raise both legs, with knees straight. Stop when they are nearly at right angles to the body. Do not raise the lower back. Keep it on the floor. Rest, take a breath and repeat the movement. Repeat five times. Next week make it six times and so increase one each week till you reach a dozen.

(2) Lie on the floor with your feet under an armchair or some other heavy bit of furniture. With your hands on the small of your back, raise yourself to a sitting position, and lower the body to the floor again. Repeat five times, and increase it one a week up to ten times.

The way in which you sit has a bearing on posture, too. Many of us sit to earn our livings. The tendency is to slip forward on the chair. This may seem to be comfortable. But Nature gave you a good cushion of fat to sit upon and heavy muscles. In sliding forward, you put both out of action, and put your poor sciatic nerve against the hard edge of the chair.

You may not get nerve pains if you are young, but you most certainly will fatigue the muscles of your back and develop a constricted chest and a forward poke of the head and chin. The base of the spine should touch the back of an ordinary straight-backed chair.

Standing

Shop assistants and those who stand for a living develop faults just as easily. Their pet sin of posture is to stand first on one foot and then on the other, or with one hip thrust out—nearly always the right one—by resting the weight more often on one foot.

This seems to give relief, but actually fatigue is lessened by a balance maintained equally on both feet. A real effort should be made to stand evenly on both feet, and to brace the waist.

It is important to see that the feet are in good order. You cannot stand equally upon them if they are sore with corns and callouses.

Compromise

There comes, of course, a time when faulty posture neglected perhaps over a period of many years, can no longer be completely corrected. Then the remedy lies in really skilfully cut corsets.

Good corsets are a wise investment. Never regret giving a good price for them. You can have them made to measure, but nowadays, when so many make specialise in what is called "figure-typing," this is hardly necessary. Whatever you may be—slim hips and disproportionate waist, long in the leg and short in the body, or any other odd combination—a corset may be obtained that will fit you accurately, improve your posture, and give a smooth foundation for your dresses.

Feminine curves are fashionable. Lack of a bust spoils a fashionable dress. If nature has been niggardly in this respect, something must be done about it. You may, perhaps, by divers means improve your figure. There is nothing like swimming for this purpose.

If you can't take up swimming, you can at least practise the breast stroke in your bedroom every morning for a few minutes.

However, if in spite of all your efforts there is no noticeable improvement, you have an alternative. Many brassieres are cut specially to exaggerate a bust that is too slender. It makes the best of a poor job so to speak. But if the bust is so negligible that even a special brassiere fails to improve it, then it is as well to fall back on a false bust, which is worn like a brassiere. For a guinea you can have a perfectly symmetrical figure. It's worth it.

Answers to Correspondents

Marlon (Folkestone).—I am not keen on ice for toning up the complexion. It is too drastic and apt to cause broken veins. Cold water is much better. Always rinse your face with cold water and a stiff rubber sponge. This braces without injuring the skin. You can buy the sponge at the 6d. stores.

W. O. (Cardiff) The Potter and Moore's new Bronze powder-cream will give your pale skin that warm healthy golden look you want. It is easily applied and has an attractive perfume.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Mrs. N. M. Hedley, 34 Houghley Mount, Leeds, 12, for:—

A Political Party
Forbidden Heaven
Determination
Mayor of Hell

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:—

Miss E. Stanton, 11 Truro Street, Prince of Wales Road, N.W.5, for:—

Ladies' Man
Behold My Wife
A Woman Commands
No More Ladies

Miss Bomanji, The Willows, Windsor, Berks, for:—

The Devil is a Woman
The Devil is Driving
Dangerous Curves
The Devil to Pay

Miss Ena Nichols (aged 13), Stanley House, 9 Queen's Road, Richmond, Surrey, for:—

Long Lost Father
The Man I Want
Oh, Daddy
Welcome Home

Miss M. McArthur, 82 Barfillan Street, Cardonald, Glasgow, S.W.2, for:—

Hooray for Love
Twenty Million Sweethearts
No Limit
Whoopee

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no rules except that I must ask you to submit your entry on a postcard—and only one attempt on each card.

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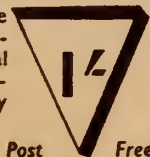
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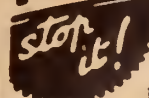
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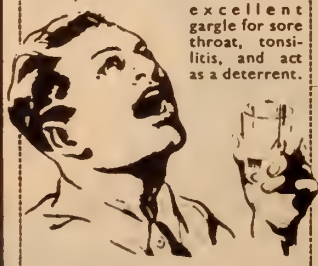
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Dear Sir,

I suffer from severe pains in the head and sleeplessness. 'ASPRO' soothed the pain in the head and gave me sound sleep. I'll never be without 'ASPRO' and will recommend it to all sufferers.—Sincerely yours,

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MEET THIS CHARMING LITTLE ACTRESS

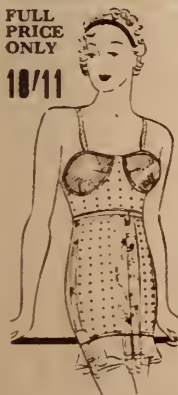
Directly you open your copy of "The Picturegoer Summer Annual" you will—she's Irene Harvey who stars in "His Night Out."

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Bob Montgomery a farmer! You'd hardly believe it of this debonair young man—but it's only one of the interesting facts revealed in his own story of life down on the farm in "The Picturegoer Summer Annual."

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ALL THE GOSSIP

WE are accustomed to "movements" in the film industry. In the forty odd years of its existence it has seen so many changes, both material and spiritual, that one more or less would seem to make little difference.

But the latest is one that will have the most far-reaching effect of all.

These changes come so gradually that we hardly notice them, except in retrospect. We suddenly look back and think "Why, what a terrific change there has been in films, or in some particular aspect of them, since then!"

The latest movement is at the stage at which it seems like a cloud on the horizon no bigger than a man's hand; but presently it will increase until it covers the whole sky.

I am referring to the intervention of the Churches in film matters.

Screen Cleaning

There is nothing new about it in principle. Several far-reaching "decency drives" and "clean-the-screen movements" have been launched in America, usually by the Roman Catholic Church; and in Britain as well as the U.S.A. the local censorship practised by municipal authorities (chiefly in connection with Sunday opening of cinemas) has been considerably influenced by the clergy.

But now the movement attains an entirely new aspect, since the Churches are showing signs of combined action.

Last May the Archbishop of Canterbury convened a meeting at Lambeth Palace of all bodies "concerned in raising the moral and aesthetic standard of the cinema." The Press was rather pointedly excluded.

The chief result of this conference, which is reported to have been well attended, is to say to the Cinema Christian Council: "Go ahead!"

Anxiety

The declared object of the Cinema Christian Council is "To promote the practical use and development of the cinematograph in the cause of religion, education, recreation and social and moral welfare at home and throughout the Empire."

To this end special films are to be produced, chiefly under the aegis of the Religious Film Society, suitable for exhibition in churches and church halls.

Now, this is causing considerable anxiety in the film trade; exhibitors are frankly afraid these free shows will cut in on their profits.

This proves conclusively that the exhibitors have not seen one of these specially made films, or they would certainly not be losing any sleep about them.

I have. I attended a demonstration where a typical programme was shown. It began with a "Worship and Prayer Film," proceeded with a historical documentary film of Canterbury, and ended with a short missionary story picture produced by the Religious Film Society.

Goody-goody

The first consisted of a collect and prayer accompanied by more or less appropriate scenery on the screen.

The second was a good type of "travelogue," but it laid very little stress on the religious aspect of Canterbury except at the very end. In fact, it



Cecilia Parker finds hay-pitching a useful slimming exercise—have you tried it?

was a type of film one might expect to see in any cinema programme.

The third, played by professional actors, would have been regarded as a good amateur effort, but, apart from its sentiments, it would be hooted off the screen in London as a third-rate quota offering, and hardly tolerated in the provinces.

The audience, composed mostly of church people (or so I gathered from the fact that they knew the words of the hymn we sang) received these offerings sympathetically, but I was inclined to agree with a rubicund parson just in front of me who rose at the end with a twinkle in his eye and remarked, "Well, give me Mae West."

Congratulations

Now, at the Methodist Conference, it has been announced that about a hundred and twenty churches of that denomination are to be equipped for showing films.

Further, I have before me an Encyclical Letter from the Pope to his clergy in America congratulating them on the work of the "Legion

of Decency," and suggesting the appointment of an office to "look after the organisation of existing motion-picture theatres belonging to parishes and to Catholic associations so that they may be guaranteed reviewed and approved films."

And there's only a step between that and making approved films.

That's where the snag will come; when thousands of churches of every denomination and halls throughout the country are equipped to show films—where are the films to come from?

Supply and Demand

There are plenty of appropriate films in existence; to mention two at random—one American and one British—take *Sins of Man* and *Mr. Cohen Takes a Walk*.

The first preaches faith and the second humanity; my own church-going has been fairly wide, but I have never yet come across a church that should be ashamed to show those two films.

No, the appropriate films would not be difficult to find—at first; but would the film

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

trade supply them? It seems unlikely, when the trade already bitterly resents such opposition.

And when the demand increases to fifty-two films a year, where are they to come from? The church which has accustomed its parishioners to seeing films will not care to drop the practice.

The Great Obstacle

The alternative is to have special films made; and that is where an obstacle looms up in front of the Churches.

These goody-goody, poorly-made pictures may appeal to the clergy who scarcely ever see pictures. But to Jim and Doris in the congregation, who go to the movies twice a week, they are going to seem crude and unworkmanlike.

It costs a lot of money to make talkies, even without stars, and it requires expert knowledge.

Where are that money and that knowledge to come from?

The Churches are wealthy, we know, but their members are by no means unanimous in their approval of films. The Cinema Christian Council talks about training a special production unit—but who is going to train it?

"There be land sharks," as Shakespeare said.

Arrivals

Last week I contacted two of the more recent arrivals in this country; neither of them was holiday-making, but they both seemed to have the holiday spirit about them.

The first was Rowland V. Lee, whom you may not know; the second you most certainly do—Joe E. Brown.

Lee has come to direct Ann Harding in *Love from a Stranger*. Brown is here to do a vaudeville tour. Both have dimples (though Mr. Brown has rather less room for his), but there the resemblance ceases.

Rowland Lee is certainly no stranger to England. In fact, he worked for Korda in the days when London Films were in their infancy, directing a quickie called *A Knight in London*, featuring a promising young actor named Robert Donat, whom he later brought to fame in *Count of Monte Cristo*.

He also came over to direct Gloria Swanson and Laurence Olivier in *Perfect Understanding*, but the understanding was not so perfect—and Mr. Lee did not direct the film.

Some Cable!

He was an actor for two years before he became a director—thirteen years ago.

One day Max Schach thought it would be a good idea to have him direct *Love from a Stranger* for Trafalgar Films (an offshoot of Capitol). So a great cabling match began.

Twenty four cables passed between London and New York, one of them containing a 1,500-word synopsis of *Love from a Stranger*.

Work this out at 1s. 3d. a word, and you will perceive that film making, even in its minor details, can be an expensive business.

£93 15s. for a single cable is a pretty good effort, even for the film industry. The upshot was that he flew across America and arrived here eight days after leaving Hollywood.

Though Rowland Lee has never directed Ann Harding before, he is an old friend of hers; he is also a very level-headed fellow, who mixes very little with the film colony in Hollywood.

On the Cover

Ronald Colman films seem to specialise in importations from New York society—perhaps because its members speak with an accent that is not markedly American and therefore harmonises better with the star's English tones.

This is true of Rosalind Russell's selection for the cast of *Under Two Flags*; and now Jane Wyatt, another society debutante, plays opposite Colman in *Lost Horizon*, a story connected with a Tibetan monastery, which Frank Capra is directing for Columbia.

Jane, who was struck off the New York Social Register (the "Snob's Bible") for going on the stage, made her first film appearance in the Galsworthy story *Over the River* and then played Estella in *Great Expectations*.

She played on the stage in *Lost Horizon*, and if you turn to the front cover you will see what she looks like in the film; her next will be Universal's *Luckiest Girl in the World*.

A Wig Family

One of the most remarkable families in Hollywood is an English one—the Westmores.

The four brothers, Percy, Ernest, Wally and Monte, trace their origin back to the seventeenth century, when an ancestor was presented with a royal crest in recognition of his skill in making wigs for royalty.

Since then each generation has held to the tradition of wig-making and make-up; and now each of the brothers is in charge at a different major Hollywood studio.

These brothers have six cousins in England, and four of them have now sailed for Hollywood to learn the make-up business.

These four are also named Percy, Ernest,



When Arline Judge gave a party to celebrate her start in "*Valiant is the Word for Carrie*," William Frawley was an honoured guest.



Hi, Bette Davis! If no one's occupying that driving seat, we'd like to come along.

Wally and Monte, so to avoid confusion the eight Westmores will be known as Percy I, Percy II, Wally I, Wally II, and so on.

Probably in a few generations the family will have established a complete monopoly in make-up, and instead of the term "make-up man" we shall speak of a "Westmore."

Hope Dawns

And speaking of make-up men, Jack Dawn, who is director of make-up for M.-G.-M., was separated from his sister seventeen years ago and all efforts to trace each other had failed.

However, the other day Dawn's sister, now Mrs. Edith Wilson, who lives in Ohio, was glancing at the movie section of her local paper, and saw a picture of Paul Muni being made up



for his role in *The Good Earth*; and she recognised the make-up man as her long-lost brother.

She at once telephoned the studio and established his identity beyond a doubt, and now her two daughters, Betty and Jane, have gone to spend a holiday in Hollywood with the "Uncle Jack" whom they have never seen.

And yet when we see this kind of plot in a film we are apt to speak sarcastically about the "long arm of coincidence!"

Tractors

Joe E. Brown, who recently parted company with Warner Bros., explains that the reason is the same as Jimmy Cagney's—he's tired of playing in films with unsuitable stories.

When he returns to Hollywood he will find his name on a dressing-room door at Radio, and he hopes for better luck here in the matter of stories.

Meanwhile his latest effort, First National's *A Natural Born Salesman*, is said to be a riot; and "Joe E." nearly started one on the wharf at Southampton when he landed, for he volunteered to show how a caterpillar tractor should be driven, and dashed madly all over the place, scattering the bystanders left and right in a panic.

The famous Brown mouth widened into a gargantuan smile as he told me about it.

Circus

This tractor film is said to have the biggest "advertising angle" of modern times. If, after seeing this film, you don't go and buy a caterpillar tractor, Warners will be quite offended.

But what Joe E. Brown really wants to do is to make a circus picture.

"The great circus film," he informed me, "has yet to be made. I've been a circus clown—I know the life, I know the people, I know the way they are regarded by ordinary folk.

"There's a great story in that, and I want to make it; but I want to do it first as a stage play."

I think he's making a mistake there; circus stuff essentially demands wide scope, and the stage is bound to cramp it—and that cramping must react on the film when they adapt it.

Like most comedians, "Joe E." takes his work

very seriously. I asked him whether he considered *Midsummer Night's Dream* a circus picture, and he shook his head in mild reproof.

"Oh, no, I wouldn't call it that," he replied earnestly, and a few seconds later he realised I was joking—and you should have seen that smile!

A Casting Grocer

The Central Casting Office in Hollywood to-day has 15,000 extras registered; and this is in addition to the large casting staffs in each studio.

What a change since 1920!

Betty Compson, one of the thirty stars of the silent films who are appearing in *Hollywood Boulevard*, recalls that from 1915 to 1920 all the casting was done in Hollywood's only grocery store.

Directors, doing their own casting, would come to the store and study the autographed photos which players had presented to the grocer, and selected the faces to suit the vacant roles; then they would obtain the addresses and telephone numbers from the grocer and ring up the people they wanted.

"Sometimes," Betty remembers, "when my mother or I would telephone our order to the grocer, he would tell us that Director So-and-so was casting and we'd better hurry right down to the store."

Business as Usual

This is one of those stories which go to prove that Hollywood is the oddest mixture of craziness and common sense on the face of the globe.

For several of the most important scenes for *Johnny Gets His Gun* Paramount hired the machine shop of a Los Angeles engineer named Harry Reynolds, who was glad to lend it because times were slack.

The machinery, including a four-ton lathe, took four days to transport to the studio, set up, and get into working order, and as soon as it was installed orders began to pour in on Reynolds, including one from his best customers, an aeroplane factory, demanding the immediate delivery of a number of parts.

Reynolds got over the difficulty by arranging

to work in the machine shop at the studios at night, after Ralph Bellamy, Katherine Locke, Andy Clyde and little David Holt had finished work for the day.

Film Folk

Three of Paramount's biggest films are now in production in Hollywood—Cecil B. De Mille's *The Plainsman*, with Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur; *Maid of Salem*, a story of witchcraft in America, starring Claudette Colbert; and *Champagne Waltz*, the Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray musical.

On Marlene Dietrich's return to Hollywood she will play in *The Angel*, which Ernst Lubitsch will produce and direct for Paramount.

Ida Lupino has been allotted a "star dressing-room" for her work in Paramount's *Yours for the Asking* with George Raft.

Harry Perry, ace Hollywood cameraman, came to Europe to film background scenes for *Dodsworth* and *Come and Get It*. He had to wait three weeks for sunshine in Venice and a fortnight in Paris, and then came to London—and struck sunshine on the first day!

David Selznick is reported to have paid £15,000 for the screen rights of *Gone with the Wind*, the best-selling novel with an American Civil War background.

Robert Louis Stevenson, grand nephew of the author of *Treasure Island*, 34 years old, is playing small parts in Hollywood.

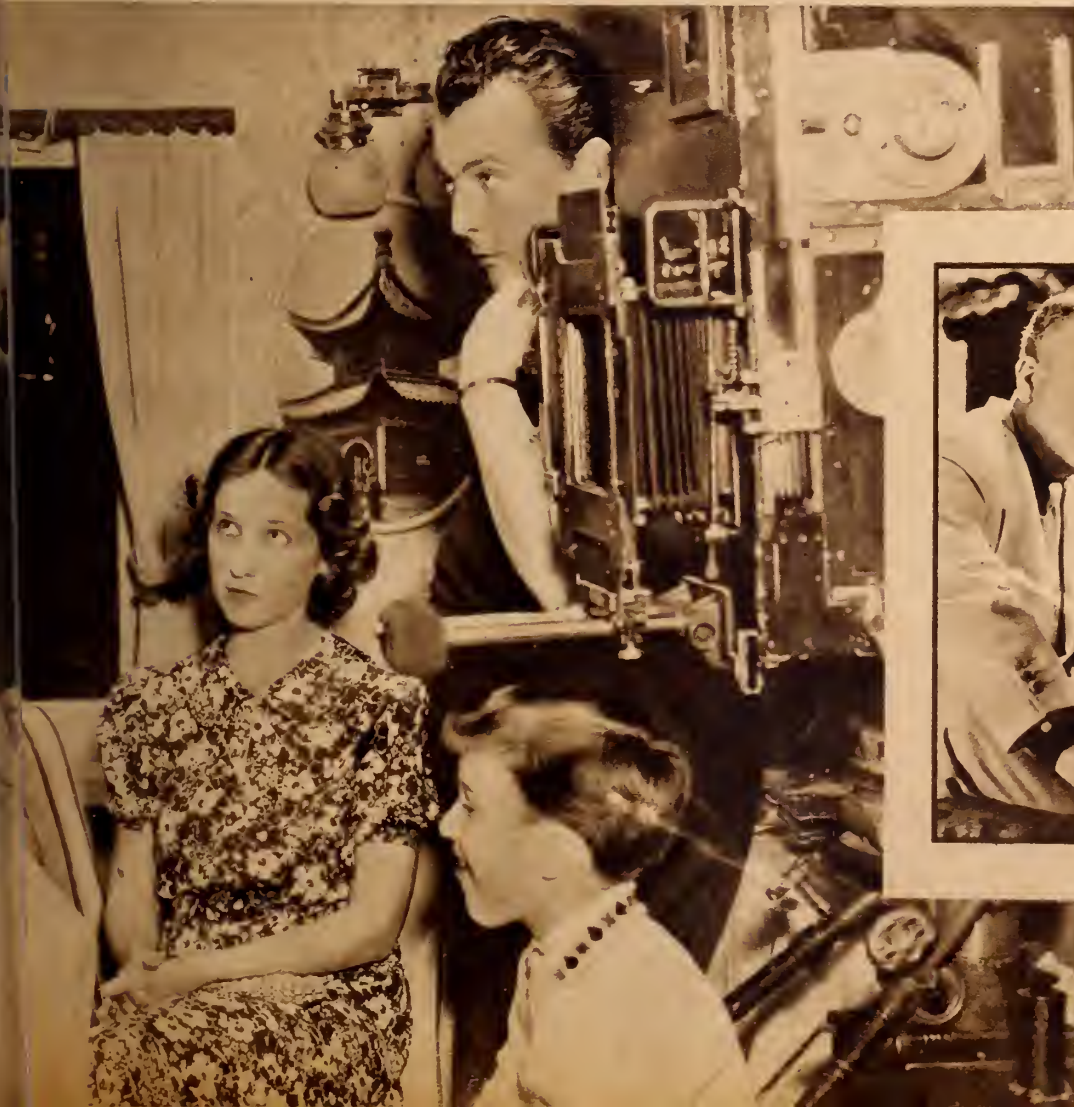
The cast of *Come and Get It* includes Edward Arnold, Joel McCrea, Frances Farmer, Mady Christians and Walter Brennan.

As a result of a nation-wide ballot among critics and filmgoers, Pickford-Lasky have decided to change the title of their second production, *The World is Mine*, back to its original *The Gay Desperado*.

Anatol Litvak, who has worked in British studios, will direct *Wuthering Heights* for Walter Wanger in Hollywood.

GUY BEACON

Below we disturb John Halliday and Betty Compson, who, not having met for ten years, found themselves playing together in "Hollywood Boulevard."



"The General Died at Dawn"—and so did Porter Hall for a scene in the film (left), while his admiring wife and son looked on.

MARLENE DIETRICH felt slightly faint as she stood up and stepped out of the meagre shelter of the sun-umbrella. She started across the deep, hot, desert sand toward "the honeymoon tent," only a few yards distant. The short walk was an effort for her, but she struggled on, trying to smile, trying to let no one know how she felt. Everyone else probably felt the same way, in this blazing heat. Some of the men had been working under the direct rays of the sun for hours. And no one was complaining . . .

Walking in deep, shifting sand is not easy at any time. Her faltering unsteadiness, therefore, attracted no attention. The Technicolor make-up is very pale, all of one tone. Her own paleness escaped detection.

She reached the wide doorway of the large tent, resisted the temptation to grasp the canvas for support. Waves of heat, coming from the interior of the tent, struck her face. Powerful arc-lights, necessary for photographing this interior scene, were adding their torment to the sun's torture. Her old friend, Charles Boyer, with whom she was to make the scene, warned her, with a smile, that this "take" would be an endurance contest. She tried to smile in return, as she took her place before the camera. She had a flash of pity for Charles, in his heavy suit.

There were crazy black dots gyrating before her eyes; then, concentric circles of red, revolving dizzily. Unconsciously, she brushed the back of her left hand across her eyes and forehead. Director Richard Boleslawski, quick in his perceptions, asked: "Do you feel all right, Marlainah?"

She nodded—and then, suddenly, limply, she dropped. Marlene, for all her will power, had fainted.

Five minutes later, the company doctor had revived her. She had had a slight sunstroke, he told her. She could not work any more to-day. They must carry her to her car. She must go back to the hotel in Yuma, relax, rest. She tried to protest. She wanted to continue, didn't want to "spoil the whole day's work." They wouldn't listen to her.

When they arrived back at the location camp, a small, neat city of well-screened wooden "tents" on a level expanse of ground a mile away, one of the workers looked at a thermometer. 138 degrees! God only knows what it had been out on the dunes. One of the publicity men at the camp commandeered a company car, raced to nearby Sidewinder, teletyped the story to his boss in Hollywood. The next morning, a Sunday, every newspaper in the country carried the item that Marlene Dietrich had collapsed on the sand dunes near Yuma, while at work on the Technicolor picture, *The Garden of Allah*.

But not one newspaper carried the inside story of her determined effort to fight off faintness, her demonstration that she was a trouper.

I happened to be at *The Garden of Allah* location the next day. On every side, I heard the story. From Boleslawski, from Marlene's stand-in, from cameramen, from prop men. The story was no hoax. It had happened.

After I went out on the dunes, to the setting of the honeymoon tent and an imitation ruin of an old castle nearby, I wondered why they all had not collapsed; why Marlene was the only victim. As far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but sand, white sand, great wind-rippled hills and dales of sand. The sun, almost overhead, was merciless in its brightness, in its heat. The workers were commenting that it was even hotter than the previous day. And there was no shelter anywhere, except under one lone sun-umbrella. That was Dietrich's.

At a little after two, Marlene appeared, dressed in ankle-length grey chiffon, set off with a filmy orange scarf and a blue cape—her costume for the first scene of the afternoon.

DRAMA in the

A beautiful woman, serenely poised. Her glamour is not something that the camera has given her; it is as natural as the candour of her blue eyes. You will see its reality for the first time in *The Garden of Allah*, filmed in natural colour.

With Marlene was her daughter, Maria, dressed in a sports suit of light blue. She was almost as tall as Marlene, a young husky, exuberantly healthy. Rounder of face than Marlene, and freckled, but with the same blue eyes, the same light brown hair, the same lovely mouth.

All those on terms of any intimacy with Marlene—and they ranged from Boleslawski, the director, to Irving Sindler, chief prop man—asked her how she felt. "I'm not going to faint to-day," she told them.

The publicity man showed her the clipping from the Sunday paper, asked her if she had seen it. She had. "I don't know why they sent that out," she said. "It frightened everybody at home. Maria came down on the train last night, with her governess, just to make sure I was all right. She wouldn't take my word over the telephone."

Someone told her the sequel to her fainting spell, intending to amuse her. It seems that Joseph Schildkraut, also working in the picture, has a weak heart. To ease the physical strain from the brutal heat, he had been carrying an ice-bag around with him, keeping it pressed over his heart between scenes. When Marlene collapsed, he was the first one at her side—with his ice-bag, which he placed on her wrists. The company doctor rushed up, raised her to a sitting position, put a bottle of smelling salts under her nostrils. Suddenly, Schildkraut reached over, grasped the bottle and whiffed it himself.

Marlene did not laugh at the story, as others present did. She said: "He has a weak heart, you know. If I had been in his place, I probably would have done the same thing. I know I've often felt as if I, too, were fainting, seeing other people faint."

She had been expected to laugh; she had not even smiled. She had responded with sympathy, instead. That was, to me, a hint of Dietrich's humanity. I was to see much more of it during the course of the long, sun-baked afternoon. From two o'clock until ten minutes to five, the company waited for the sun to put the desired shadows on the dunes for the "confession scene" that Marlene and Boyer were about to make. For me, it was an afternoon of getting acquainted with Marlene Dietrich—actress, woman and mother.

The Garden of Allah is being produced by David O. Selznick for Selznick International Pictures. It is the first picture that she has made for any company other than Paramount since her arrival in America six years ago. She is also the first "glamour queen" to dare an appearance in a colour picture. What impelled her to take the role of "Dominic"?

"The colour, principally. Colour interests me. Naturalness interests me. And I enjoy experimenting—trying something new. I tried comedy in *Desire*, and liked it. Now I am trying colour—and I like this, too."

Boleslawski told me that Marlene has a phenomenal sense of colour and colour harmonies. The night before, recovered from her fainting spell, she had stayed up until one o'clock, making to-day's costume, with the help of a wardrobe woman.

What new experiment will she try next? "As soon as I finish *The Garden of Allah*, I'm leaving for England to make a picture for Alexander Korda, perhaps with Robert Donat as my co-star, if he is available." To show the world that Dietrich still can be Dietrich without Hollywood? "No, there is no challenge in it. I simply feel that everyone should have a

NEVER has Marlene Dietrich, woman and mother, been so completely revealed as in this amazing article

by
James REID



Above: Richard Boleslawski superintending the arrival of his equipment into the tent where the honeymoon sequences in *"The Garden of Allah"* were shot. Below: Even a temperature of 120 degrees in the shade does not ruffle Marlene as she is "shot" by the Technicolor cameras in the American "Sahara."



change of scenery, go away for a new perspective, every so often. I haven't been abroad for two years.

"And when I come back this time, in September," she added, with a wistful smile toward her daughter, "I won't have Maria"—she pronounces it *Mar-ya*—"with me. She will be going to school in England." Maria likes the prospect of school in England but dislikes the prospect of "being so far from Mother."

The attachment of the two is eloquent in every glance, every gesture, every word. I wondered if the coming separation, which will be difficult for Marlene to endure for long, might

DESERT



Above: Maria Sieber, Marlene's little daughter. Left: Basil Rathbone as Count Anteon, Marlene as Dominic, and Charles Boyer as Boris in "The Garden of Allah."

She has one worry about *The Garden of Allah*. "I wonder if I'm not in too many scenes? In *Shanghai Express*—everybody liked that—I was in very few scenes. Everything built up to them... I think I was in too many scenes in *Desire* even though no-

body else has said so yet. I don't want so much of the camera. I don't want them to become tired of seeing me."

As she had been talking, she had been watching the sky. "Where's the camera?" she asked suddenly. She was referring to her own small movie camera, ever-present with her. Maria handed it to her. Expertly, Marlene loaded it with film, set the aperture at the correct gauge, stood up, walked away a few feet, "shooting" some colourful extras, dressed as Arabs; Boleslawski, with her orange scarf around his neck "to give him some colour"; Jedaan, once Valentino's favourite mount, which she and Boyer ride in the picture. Then she pointed the lens at Maria.

"Do your imitation of Joan Crawford, Maria."

The child, for a moment, was self-conscious before the strangers. Then she thought better of it. She tilted her head sideways at an exotic angle, raising a languid hand to her face, brushing away an imaginary lock of hair, slowly turning full-face toward the camera, with exaggerated intensity in her eyes. The mimicry, tellingly faithful, was Maria's own.

Maria has potential dramatic talent. But no

acting ambitions. "Sometimes," she told me, "I'd like to play Mother as a child in some picture, as I did in *Scarlet Empress*. But that's all. That would be fun. Even though I don't look awfully much as Mother did at my age. She was slighter."

Marlene denied that she was making any attempt to influence Maria's future. Maria will become what Maria wants to become.

"Right now," the child confided, "I think I want to write short stories. I've written some already. I see stories in everything, everybody I know. I wouldn't let anybody but Mother see them, though. They aren't good enough."

I asked Marlene how old Maria was. "Eleven. She looks at least fourteen, doesn't she—my great big girl? Sometimes I feel like the little red hen that hatched a little duckling, and kept wondering if it was hers, particularly when it ran into the brook and started swimming by itself." She smiled at the mental image.

Marlene had been on location for nearly three weeks. She had not seen Maria during that time. In the interim, Maria had tried a little experimenting on her hair—a rinse of some sort. She has missed some spots behind which Marlene discovered. "I wonder what your father will say when he sees it?" Marlene teased, in mock severity. "I'll ask him to comb it more gently than you do," Maria teased back.

A reunion with husband-and-father Rudolph Sieber, a film director abroad, is another reason for ardent anticipation of the trip to Europe. Maria, one suspects, wishes that the three of them could be together in California for the rest of their lives. "I like it, all that I've seen of it."

"We haven't seen much of the world, or America, or even California, have we, darling?" Marlene asked her. "The only two cities we've seen in America are New York and Los Angeles. In between, we've seen only railroad stations. We've been to Palm Springs and Arrowhead. But we're going away again without seeing Yosemite, or Del Monte, or San Francisco. Though we *have* seen the sand dunes of Yuma."

Marlene was thirsty; Maria ran to bring her a drink. Marlene took a cigarette; before she could light it, Maria had a match ready for her. Marlene commented on the attentiveness; with amusement, asked the explanation. Maria, it developed, was supposed to learn eight pages of a lesson by heart over the week-end; if Marlene allowed her to remain one more day, Maria could postpone the memorising a few more hours. (Marlene later acquiesced.)... That, Maria thought, might be another reason why she had no acting ambitions: she didn't like to memorise. Except music. She is studying the piano with a teacher recommended to Marlene by a famous concert pianist. And Maria is enjoying it, particularly the playing of "some of Chopin's nocturnes." (As for Marlene, she confessed that she has given up playing.) Another interest of Maria's at the moment is Basil Rathbone, also in the cast of *The Garden of Allah*. She chided her mother with not getting a promised autographed photo from him.

The shadows on the dunes were lengthening. The company went into action. Marlene repaired her inconspicuous Technicolour make-up, which had dried in the heat of the afternoon, started again toward the honeymoon tent. This time Boyer was to rush out of the tent, followed by Marlene a few moments later, in search of him. She was to find him on a hillock of sand, gazing moodily toward the East. She was to make a confession to him, then walk away slowly, sorrowfully, through the sand—toward the camera... The scene went perfectly except for the walk toward the camera. The sand slithered underfoot, treacherously. Marlene felt that the walk could be more graceful, even though everyone else was satisfied with the scene. She went through it three times, until she herself was satisfied.

She played one more brief scene, greeting a French officer near the castle ruin, silhouetted against the setting sun. The light was fast fading from the sky as the scene was finished. Marlene went into the small, stuffy dressing-tent on the sand, changed into powder-blue silk slacks for the ride back to Yuma. Boleslawski decided that the cloud effect in the sky was just right for one more "dusk" shot. Marlene, with make-up off and clothes changed and her day's work over, said, "I'll be ready in a moment."

That—in desert country—or any other country—is called troupng.

be a signal that she has plans for returning to Europe permanently before long. Maria promptly interjected that she wants to go to college *here*. She likes America, its informality and freedom. It isn't old and stuffy.

Marlene smiled at her thoroughly Americanised daughter. "I have two more pictures to make for Paramount. The first will be a musical, directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Something airy and gay, with a Viennese mood. I don't know what the second will be. Perhaps something else new for me. And, after that—well, I'll let 'after that' take care of itself when the time comes."

Despite the heat, despite her collapse of the day before, she was enjoying the sand dunes, their beauty and fascination—enjoying them so much that she agreed that the setting cried for something new in trailers for the picture. Why not shots of the camp, of the crew at work, of Boleslawski in a directorial pose, of Boyer and herself preparing for scenes? (P.S.—Selznick is making such a trailer!)



Shots with Our Candid Camera

When Annabella celebrated her twenty-fourth birthday, Henry Fonda (left) presented her with the cake and the whole of "The Wings of the Morning" unit rallied round.



Karen Morley with her husband, Charles Vidor, to whom she recently presented a son, has returned to films looking lovelier than ever.



Eddie and Mrs. Cantor marked the occasion of their silver wedding by taking a trip to Honolulu. Eddie demonstrates a new "handie." "Heads I Lose"—only too realistically.

Our cameraman catches William K. Howard directing Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier in "Fire Over England" at the Denham Studios.

WHAT is the secret of Ronald Colman's success? What other actor can equal his record as one of the most romantic figures in motion pictures for fourteen years? The average "life" of a top rank Hollywood star is seven years. Ronald has already doubled that. 1922—*The White Sister* with Lilian Gish. What a sensation he was: 1935—*A Tale of Two Cities* . . . 1936—*Under Two Flags* with Claudette Colbert. What a sensation he still is!

Ronald Colman is 46 years old, yet he still has all the youthful appeal to-day that made him a screen idol in 1922. Many former leading men are pathetic figures at the age of 46. Middle age spread is getting them.

The dye bottle steeps out the greying hairs; the masseur tries to put a tuck in the sagging chin; iron out the pouches under the eyes. But Ronald is to-day the same fine, clean-cut figure he has always been. The passing years have left practically no mark upon him. Fame and high living have never gone hand in hand with him in Hollywood.

One of the secrets of his success is the fact that he is a gentleman. That is something no amount of money can buy, no amount of fame or success eliminate.

The first time I met Ronald Colman to talk to was during the filming of *Under Two Flags* in the Arizona desert some thirty miles from Yuma, where director Frank Lloyd was in command of an army of almost 2,000 actors, extras and technicians. Twentieth-Century Fox had invited a party of journalists to spend a week-end at the enormous location camp erected among the sand dunes two miles from the main highway.

One evening after dinner I tried to draw out Ronald Colman to talk about himself; but I was not very successful. He discussed just about every other subject. However, he eventually became in a reminiscent mood, for our surroundings were very familiar to him.

"It was almost on this exact site that we made *Beau Geste* twelve years ago," he told me. "This is the first picture since then in which I have played with Victor McLaglen."

Strange that these two English actors, who started their conquest of the American screen practically at the same time, should meet again in a picture twelve years later—both stars in their own right—while many erstwhile famous players with whom they have been associated have fallen by the wayside.

"Yesterday," Ronald Colman went on, "I wandered over the dunes to try to find the old fort we used for *Beau Geste*. Only the ruins remain now. The sun, and the sand and the passing years have practically destroyed it."

"Were conditions on location very different then?" I asked him.

"They certainly were!" he answered. "We had none of the luxurious comfort that this camp affords." He waved his hand and looked around his tent. It was a young bungalow with a wooden frame and canvas walls. Each tent provided for the principals had its own hot and cold shower bath, easy chairs and furnishings that ordinarily, one would hardly expect to find way out on a parched desert!

"We lived in regulation army tents during the making of *Beau Geste*," he continued, "and there was only a row of communal showers built a hundred yards away. Then, too, we were down here for seven weeks. This time we shall be through with the location shots in ten days."



John Howard as George Conway, Ronald Colman as Ronald Conway, and Edward E. Horton as Lovett in "*Lost Horizon*," an adaptation of James Hilton's novel.

RONALD COLMAN'S SECRET of SUCCESS

LAST week we dealt with the star's role in *Lost Horizon* and his philosophy of life; in this concluding article the author tells you how he achieved fame.

by
Guy K. AUSTIN

"Of all the varied roles you have played which has been your favourite?" I asked him.

"I think," said Ronald, "that *The White Sister* with Lilian Gish will always remain longest in my memory. You see it was the part that gave me my first real chance in pictures.

"That was fourteen years ago," he smiled. "A tour I made through the middle west and the coast with Fay Bainter in *East is West* landed me up in Los Angeles. Like everyone else little known I haunted the movie lots—but without much success. In fact I returned to New York having failed to get any kind of a chance and gave up hope of ever doing anything on the screen. Then during the autumn of 1922 I was playing on Broadway with Ruth Chatterton and Henry Miller in *La Tendresse*. Fortunately for me Henry King, the director, and Lilian Gish attended a performance. A few moments after curtain fall they knocked on my dressing-room door. They were leaving for Italy immediately to film *The White Sister*, they told me. Would I go as Lilian Gish's leading man? Would I! Two days later I was on the steamer. And that," he explained, "was the start. No wonder I always remember that role with a certain amount of affection."

He got out of his chair, crossed to the screen door of his tent and stood for a moment gazing out across the moon-bathed dunes stretching away into the distance.

"I feel, though," he added, "that *Arrowsmith* was the best picture I ever made and *Clive of India* the most interesting. By the way"—this with the famous Colman smile—"In *Clive of India* I shaved my moustache for the first time in my acting career!"

He noticed my stare at his upper lip.

"Oh, yes! It's back on again now!"

Rather a strange character, Ronald Colman. Talking with him, and then thinking about him later, you get the impression that here is a man who very definitely likes to keep himself to himself when he is not working. One pictures him as a thorough-going bachelor spending his evenings alone, carpet slippers on his feet, with a dog and a book for his

sole company. Actually, though, the establishment he maintains is at all times open to welcome his few intimate friends. One just cannot imagine Ronald surrounded with casual acquaintances.

I cannot ever remember reading his name in the gossip columns as being seen at this place or that. He must be the bane of those Hollywood writers whose job it is to create tittle-tattle. But there are so many stars to whom publicity is the breath of life that Ronald Colman's dignified life in the screen colony is something none of them can understand. This is, paradoxically enough, one reason for his continued success.

I had occasion to see him again a week or two ago. An English newspaper had requested me to endeavour to persuade Ronald Colman to write his own life story. Now Ronald was engaged at the time on the filming of James Hilton's strange novel *Lost Horizon* at Columbia. It is to be one of the big pictures of the year and the role was exacting. The picture had been in production for weeks with the star in almost every scene. When I sent in my name a studio official told me that he did not think Ronald Colman could see me, they did not like to worry him with interviewers on the set, and so on. However, in a few minutes Ronald had sent word to the front office asking for me to go through to the set. As usual, though just finished with a particularly tedious "take," he was his own unassuming, polite and smiling self.

I explained my mission to him.

"This is the way I feel about publicity," he told me frankly. "Too much of it is like too many pictures; the public gets sick and tired of seeing your name in print and your face on the screen. Whatever publicity the studio considers necessary for the good of the picture I'm working in I am always anxious to supply." His brows puckered, and then came an apologetic smile. "But when it comes to seeking publicity for myself through extraneous channels—well, candidly, I'm not in favour of it."

I told him that to-day the public in general is more interested in him than ever before.

"I'm glad to think I've kept the favour of the public," he answered, "and that's why I'm anxious not to lose it by having too much publicity. It can do harm as well as good!"

There was a call for him from the stage. The day's shooting was taking place in the interior of the enormous mythical Shangri-La Lamasery in Tibet. In the picture Ronald plays the part of an Englishman whose airplane makes a forced landing in the wilds of Tibet where he and his fellow passengers discover a new world.

Ronald excused himself. "Maybe a little later on," he said. "Perhaps when this picture is finished. . . ." And there we left the matter.

But when *Lost Horizon* is completed and I try to locate Ronald Colman I shall probably discover that he has quietly vanished into Mexico or up to the Alaskan wilds for a prolonged holiday with William Powell and one or two other congenial companions.

THE TEN MOST INTERESTING PEOPLE in HOLLYWOOD

WHO are the ten most interesting people in Hollywood? Remember that this strange and colourful community acts as a magnet to draw people, famous and otherwise, from all over the world. To many it's journey's end.

It wasn't an easy task that confronted me. The only sure way to get the answer to this question was by asking—yes, asking stars, shop-keepers, technicians, explorers, scientists, delivery boys, extras—and even visitors from all points of the compass.

But when you start asking "everyone"—there must be a limit. Our limit was five-hundred—and when the five-hundredth person answered (it was like taking the census), our books would be closed. They were closed when Barbara Stanwyck, answering our phone call, nominated Carole Lombard as her choice of Hollywood's most interesting person—"because she is so alive, modern, frank and natural that she stands out like a beacon on a lightship in this odd place called Hollywood." Another interesting point in Carole's favour (my own recommendation—not Barbara's) is her ability to shock people right out of their own "acts."

Among the numerous reasons why individuals are classed as "most interesting"—which we considered in compiling our list—are background, accomplishment, personality, and an outstanding ability to entertain. Public curiosity often makes an individual interesting who has no other claim to that quality. He only merits a passing glance.

So we come to the ten most interesting people in Hollywood. According to the votes of 50 movie stars, and 450 Hollywoodians and visitors, they rate as follows:

1. Shirley Temple
2. John Barrymore
3. Grace Moore
4. W. S. Van Dyke
5. Peter the Hermit
6. Al Jolson
7. Greta Garbo
8. Jim Tully
9. Harry Cohn
10. Jim Jeffries

And our second team, before the movie fans throughout the country, and the wise ones of Hollywood Boulevard can say: "You must be crazy to leave out so-and-so," is:

1. Irving Thalberg
2. Aimee Semple McPherson
3. Mae West
4. Charlie Chaplin
5. Mary Pickford
6. Irvin S. Cobb
7. Joe E. Brown
8. Josef von Sternberg
9. Tom Mix
10. Bill Robinson

Following the good old all-American system of picking, we shall also name some alternatives. So we give you, Bela Lugosi, Bing Crosby, Errol Flynn, Joan Crawford and Max Reinhardt.

Shirley Temple ranks as Interesting Person No. 1 because more people are inquisitive about her, ask to see her and request her picture than anyone else in this great human side-show. Also, because she's the youngest star in pictures as well as the greatest box office attraction with the most world-wide appeal of any one living to-day. No other star, including

FIVE hundred people were asked to say whom they considered were eligible to be included in the title of this article—450 were Hollywoodians and visitors, the remaining fifty being film stars. The result is analysed below.

by William F. FRENCH

Charlie Chaplin, has ever half approximated her foreign popularity.

John Barrymore rates second to Shirley because he is the most interesting adult person in Hollywood. One of the few geniuses who have ever really won recognition as such, he is the most thoroughly fascinating person in the film colony. Charm and originality blend with keen wit and humour to carry the colour of his amazing background right into his every-day life. No one has ever known a dull moment with Barrymore in the immediate foreground. "The most versatile entertainer ever turned loose among humans" is the universal opinion of the brilliant John. To spend an afternoon sharing his keen *bon mots* and daring opinions is worth a walk across the great American desert. And that is the note of everyone who knows him. Hollywood fears him but also respects him.

Grace Moore's indomitable will, her unusual background, her uproaring sense of humour and her almost unlimited accomplishments—these coupled with a bubbling good-fellowship mark her as a person of outstanding interest to those who know her—while, at the same time, her voice and her publicity accomplish the same with the public at large.

The director, W. S. ("Woody") Van Dyke's adventurous background battles with his galloping personality for the right to mark him as one of Hollywood's most interesting individuals. By his accomplishment in taking enormous production companies to the far corners of the earth, facing terrific handicaps and bringing them back "alive," together with his relentless, two-fisted driving, this man earns a right in any list of the most interesting people. Colour is Van Dyke's middle name—



Grace Moore is rated third for her indomitable will and her great sense of humour.



Shirley Temple ranks as Interesting Person No. 1, partly because she is the world's greatest box office attraction.



(Left) John Barrymore is rated second as the most versatile entertainer ever turned loose among humans.

for from making "quickies" in the old days to recent superproductions and rushing them through in half schedule time—he has relied upon a quick wit and two hard fists to pull him through all sorts of adventures.

Personally he is a riot, with only "Wild Bill" Wellman giving him competition for hilarious jokes and by-play. Yet he is perhaps the strictest disciplinarian in pictures during working hours. To be late with Van is to invite instant retaliation, as many a hitherto "can't-take-it" star has discovered. He is the man who gave Bill Powell a new start in pictures and made Garbo enjoy being called "Toots" and "Baby" while he was filming her. An amazing study in contrasts is this same Van Dyke, whose home is full of rare guns and big game trophies, and whose pool is full of neighbourhood kids.

About this time the desire to inject Katherine Hepburn into the picture is almost irresistible

lap, to betting on guaranteed tail-enders and having them kick dust in the favourites' faces. "If that boid, Jolson, bet on a nag's tail," explained one bookie, "that horse would come in running backwards. Me, I don't want any part of his bets."

That's Al, for you. Throw a brick at him and he'll catch a bouquet. According to Hollywood, Lady Luck didn't smile on him, she adopted him. Stage, Motion Pictures, Radio, Business—wherever you see the sign SUCCESS you'll find Jolson is carrying it. Also, more people are jealous of Al Jolson than of any other two people in Hollywood. If all that doesn't make him interesting, then we're all wrong, the whole 501 of us, including the writer.

And now one for the book—Greta Garbo. Totally unknown, with not more than a dozen people in all Hollywood claiming to know her and find her interesting, she must still be included in the list. Why? Because of curiosity. Everybody wants to see Greta Garbo because they know they can't. Until public curiosity is satisfied, she will continue to be "Garbo the Mysterious." So she must be interesting!

little that would be "impossible" to him, too. His confidential conversations can be heard over on Paramount lot a mile away, and the sound that comes from him when he has been crossed makes Tarzan's war-cry sound like a kitten's meow. It is Jack Barrymore's humble opinion that Harry Cohn is all of the ten most interesting people in Hollywood. Until his company won the Academy award for the best direction, the best production and the best sound recording, and to the day when he saw his Columbia running neck and neck with the biggest studios in the business, he never ceased being Hurry Up Harry, the rough-and-ready.

Jim Jeffries rates a place among the ten most interesting, not only because he was once the world's champion heavy-weight fighter, but because he has established an institution in the film colony, an institution which, sooner or later, every visitor to Hollywood visits and enjoys.

Out in the San Fernando valley, about six miles beyond the First National studios, is the famous "Jeffries Barn," to which thousands of cars bring stars, studio workers and visitors from miles around. To visit Hollywood and not the "barn" is not really to visit Hollywood. Every Thursday night Jim stages anywhere from eight to a dozen amateur fights out there. These fights are between "his boys" and youngsters from Mexico, from the ships in the harbour, and from various clubs and athletic organisations throughout the western country. Jim's boys live in his barn—earning their money selling drinks, candies and cigars at the fights. Many of them are penniless transients he has picked up and given a home. He's big-hearted that way.

Besides being a fight arena, Jim's barn is just about the "club" of filmland. Every Thursday night his ring becomes the canvas-floored stage from which some of the world's greatest entertainers offer their best and their wittiest free of charge and in hilarious spontaneity.

So ends the list of the ten most interesting people in Hollywood, as Hollywood rates them. The next ten are almost as interesting: Irving Thalberg because, in spite of his unimpressive appearance, he is considered as the best informed man in pictures, with a mind second to none. Aimee Semple McPherson has been her own press agent. We can add little to what she has already said and done. Mae West's daring characterizations and success has intrigued the country's interest. Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford continue interesting because they have "outlived oblivion" as one star so aptly puts it. Irvin S. Cobb's writings alone make him interesting, meanwhile his personal appearance and success in the films add to his "lure." Joe E. Brown rates very high in Hollywood because he is one of the most entertaining chaps alive. Story-telling is an art with Joe, and his stories are a joy to Hollywood.

Josef von Sternberg is so different and bizarre he couldn't help interesting anyone who hears about him. Arty, witty and erratic—with a great flair for personal showmanship, Josef fascinates everyone who meets him. He lives an act, and cuts to pieces with sarcasm anyone who dares tell him so. A thoroughly competent director and expert cameraman von Sternberg always has enough on the ball to counter-balance his occasional plunges into the realm of things "arty."

Tom Mix with his white sombrero is always good for a whistle of amazement from the grown-ups and squeals of delight from the youngsters. A top showman. Tom, has a world of adventurous background and success in the box office to testify to the interest he creates.

Bill Robinson holds a unique position in Hollywood. A fifty-seven-year-old coloured "boy" among white stars. For Bill is still a boy. Visitors to studios where Bill plays always stare and wonder about his popularity with the white stars. The answer is, because he is Bill Robinson. Closest and best pal of Shirley Temple and one-time-or-another instructor to most of the stars in pictures, Bill—the world's champion tap-dancer—continues to be the world's most popular coloured man.

And there you have them, not only the ten most interesting people in Hollywood, but the ten next-most-interesting as well.



(Above) Al Jolson rated sixth and Greta Garbo seventh.



W. S. Van Dyke is rated fourth for his outstanding personality.



But Katherine's effort to avoid attracting attention to herself has kept her off the list, as the votes for her were not as numerous as one would expect.

Which brings us to Peter the Hermit, who certainly creates interest as he strides bare-legged and sandal-footed down the boulevards with his pack on his back. Once, sometimes twice, a month he comes out of seclusion to lay in a month's supply of food and bare necessities—and then returns to the hills. He is as much a part of Hollywood as any pepper tree—and has attracted and held the interest of millions of visitors for many years. Hollywood Boulevard without Peter (there are other hermits, too), would be like Hollywood skies without a preview light—unthinkable!

And now we come to "the Midas of Hollywood," the only one-man circus, Al Jolson—who is the daddy of the Mammy songs and rated the world's greatest entertainer and genuine all-around lucky boy of the movies. Everything this man touches turns to gold—from staking old miners and having gold mines dropped in his

the interest of everyone who meets him, or learns the truth about him. With a mop of wild, red hair and ready Irish wit, Jim attracts attention wherever he goes. Ex-hobo and successful scenario writer—he has an amazing assortment of friends in every walk of life. Jim is regarded by Hollywood as one of its most interesting bits of colour.

Harry Cohn is president of Columbia Pictures. Unknown to the public at large, except as the man who had courage enough to bring Grace Moore and Grand Opera back into pictures after their colossal flop, and who has the wizard of the movies, Frank Capra, as his ace director—he is recognised by the stars and others of Hollywood as a "character" among characters. Presented to the public as a figure in a movie, Harry Cohn would be scoffed at as "far fetched" and "impossible." But, take it from Hollywood, there's very little that could be written about Harry that would be "impossible." And very



RALPH BELLAMY

ONE of the most popular of "he-men" lovers, Ralph Bellamy had a long stage experience before he appeared on the screen in "The Secret Six" — he's been busy ever since. His latest picture is "Johnny Gets His Gun."

RENE RAY, petite, vivacious, and bubbling over with an infectious *joie de vivre*, was on the set of *The Nelson Touch*, at Shepherd's Bush when I saw her. In this new Gaumont British picture she is working as a secretary to George Arliss who, incidentally, plays a dual role contrasting pomposity delivered with the Arliss finesse, with common sense and Arliss diplomacy.

I have heard Rene described as an ideal subject for an interview, and she certainly is. She is so very active and alive to all the interesting things in the world that the days aren't long enough for her.

She would like to go to Hollywood. Why? "Because Hollywood *does* something to one," she said. "I don't know what it is, it's too subtle to describe. There was a time when I thought I shouldn't care to go, I did get the chance and turned it down, but if I had another chance I'd take it!"

Some of my friends who have gone and come back, all say they are glad to have had the experience. And they've returned different—I mean—it's so difficult to describe—they have more personality, not only on the screen but off it.

"I don't know whether it is the standard of grooming in Hollywood which is so high that everyone just has to keep up to the mark or whether it's something about the place. But it definitely *does* something to those who go there. I shouldn't like to stay for long—but I do want to go."

Her expressive face was full of enthusiasm as she spoke, she was in a thoroughly happy mood and one of the reasons for this was divulged when she showed me a photo of herself and George Posford, the famous composer of "Good-night Vienna."

"I've just announced my engagement to him—don't you think he's nice?" she said and for the only time in our conversation there was a hint of shyness about her, a shyness delightful on account of its absolute lack of pretence.

"I admire him and his work more than any man I know," she added, "and I think that's a good beginning, don't you? Incidentally, he was the first man who took me out! And he has taken the greatest interest and helped me tremendously in my career."

I wished her the best of luck and happiness. In these blasé days it is such a pleasant change to find someone who can be really enthusiastic over her engagement! But then that is just Rene, and George Posford strikes me as being a "Man with a Load of Mischief" from now on!

I noticed that her chair had her name artistically emblazoned on it. I wondered if it were her brush that was responsible for this, since she is an artist of no mean attainments, having won many scholarships for water-colour work.

But I understand that at the moment she is concentrating on oils; and wants to know how to cultivate the broader methods of that medium after her years of careful water-colour training, with its dainty technique.

But this very engaging little person has an eminently practical side to her nature as her interest in ingenious devices shows. She has invented a new kind of deck chair and is highly interested in the subject of "cold light" which is the production of light without heat.

Here her intense interest in Egyptology comes in, for she feels sure the Egyptians knew the secret of this.

"I love anything to do with Egypt!" she exclaimed. "And I do so want to go there!"

RENE RAY

Looks at LIFE

by

Kathleen PORTLOCK

THE little actress who scored a big individual success as "Stasia" in *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* and is now appearing with George Arliss in *The Nelson Touch*, tells you of her hopes and aspirations both in her screen work and her private life.

Anna Lee went and when she came back I almost wept with envy. "Anna darling," I said, "tell me, what was it like? Weren't the Pyramids wonderful?" And she replied: "Yes, Rene dear—but the 'bus went all the way to the door!"

"Oh, but you sent me a post-card with yourself on a donkey!"

"Yes dear, but the bus was just behind!"

"In spite of buses I *still* want to go to Egypt," she announced, with determination.

Another ambition of hers is to go all archaeological on Cyprus and dig for ancient relics. Apart from this she loves England and its picturesqueness. Two favourite spots of hers are Sedburgh, in Yorkshire, and Little Gaddesden near St. Albans. Hindhead has an appeal for her and both Devon and Cornwall have their place in her choice of beauty spots.

Into her work she throws the same energy and enthusiasm which lights up her other studies.

"I don't think the British public is really interested in those comedies and stories written about very rich people," she said meditatively. "I, personally, think it prefers something more human—with character."

"The reactions of a wealthy girl who lost all her money and how she got over her difficulties, I think would hold them, in a well-written story. Of course, I should love to appear in a part written by Margaret Kennedy; I think she gets a combination of pathos and humour so well."

We paused a moment while a scene was shot. Then she resumed:

"I like a part with depth and one in which I can live. I like to get behind the mind of the character that I am portraying, to get a psychological grasp of her way of looking at things."

"*'Stasia'* was a part which needed more feeling than actual acting. I had to feel as I imagined '*Stasia*' would feel, so that her actions were natural—the outcome of those feelings. I should love to play '*Jenny*' in Cronin's *The Stars Look Down*, but it's a very tough part—one of the reasons why I'd love it!"

"I'd also like '*Mary Brodie*' in *Hatter's Castle*, by the same author. But I also like the lighter type of part and I find that the stage has helped me tremendously. It has taught me how to 'play' a scene—not just to do it once very well and at other times only moderately, but to keep up to the same level, so that now, once a scene is set in my mind, I can do it if necessary twenty times without any effort."

She went on to say that the stage had also helped her to be less conscious of the humour of her lines—to run them off smoothly and with ease.

She first appeared on the screen in *Palais de Danse*, under the direction of Maurice Elvey, at the Old Gaumont Studios. This was at the age of fourteen, having persuaded John Longdon when she met him at a dance, to get her a part in a film.

After this she went to live near Banbury in Oxfordshire and used to sing at local concert parties. At one of these she was presented with a prize cauliflower of enormous proportions instead of a bouquet.

But her chance came when Thomas Bentley saw her, sitting in a London 'bus. He gave her a part in *Young Woodley* and it was in this small role that her cleverness won her recognition.

Since then she has established herself in such films as *Two White Arms*, *Keepers of Youth*, *White London Sleeps*, *Tiger Bay*, *King's Cup*, *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, *Street Song*, *Nine Forty-five* and *Born Lucky*. She is now under contract to Criterion Films.

Born Lucky she certainly was, but no amount of luck could carry the little person who arrived in London on September 22, 1913 to the heights she has already attained, unless she herself was capable of the necessary hard work and talented above the average.

NEXT WEEK

Is the lover who was ready to sacrifice his life for his lady a thing of the past? Are men and women of to-day more material and less romantic? In an intriguing article, inspired by the screen version of "Romeo and Juliet," these and other pertinent questions are raised and answered.



Rene Ray and her composer fiancé, George Posford, who is famous for that popular hit "Good-night Vienna."



The famous operatic star with Anita Louise in his first starring film "Here's to Romance."

I Was Born Under A LUCKY STAR

says

Nino Martini

The world-renowned tenor now starring in the Pickford-Lasky production, "The World is Mine."

felt certain that I was alone, I would lift my boyish voice in song, softly—very softly—at first, gradually letting it out as I became more confident.

Then, one day, the choirmaster of San Fermo's church, strolling among the trees, heard me, rushed up to where I was standing, and embraced me. "You have a God-given voice," he said, "and you are destined to become a great singer!"

I was sixteen then, and I believe that was the happiest moment I have ever had.

The kindly choirmaster took me in hand, gave me a place in the choir, and began the development of my voice, slowly, carefully so as not to strain it through overwork at too tender an age. Eventually he brought me to a point where I was the featured soloist on important feast days.

When I was twenty the famous opera stars, Giovanni Zenatello and his wife, Marie Gay, came to Verona, and established a school for the voice. The old choirmaster went to them, explained my mother's financial circumstances, and induced them to give me the audition that resulted in the Zenatellos visiting my parent, and winning permission to take me into their home as an apprentice.

Then began a friendship that was endured through the years, its bonds tightening as time moves on. Giovanni and Marie have been to me like a second father and mother. They are still my coaches; my devoted companions and champions.

After I had been under their guidance for three years, they decided that I should have a real début, and Marie Gay wrote to a friend in Ostend, the conductor of the Jurhaus Orchestra, an organisation of 150 instrumentalists. "I have here in our home a boy studying, whom I think would please your cosmopolitan audiences. His name is Nino Martini," she said.

The reply was prompt. It was merely: "Send him along."

It was my first visit to a foreign land, and my elation knew no bounds. Little did I realise, though, the thrill that was in store for me.

There were a few rehearsals with the orchestra after I reached Ostend, then came the big night. I did my utmost to hide my nervousness, for I realised that should it get the best of me, I was licked.

The famous Ballet Russe was scheduled to come on to the stage following my opening aria. I sang, and fled into the wings. The audience kept on applauding. I returned to the footlights, bowed my recognition and again withdrew. The ballet floated on, but the uproar continued. Then it became a game of peekaboo between the ballet and myself, but the cheering went on until I began another number.

It was my first taste of success!

While in Paris for a series of recitals in 1929, I was invited, at a late moment, to sing at a party being given in honour of an American film producer, and because I had had a hard afternoon, I did not want to go. My friend,

however, was insistent. "Do it as a favour to me," he pleaded. I could not resist that.

I sang two numbers and an encore, and as I stepped down from the platform, my friend was waiting to escort me to the table of the guest of honour, Jesse L. Lasky, and introduced me to him.

I could not speak English, Mr. Lasky knew little French, but he was quick to span the gap. "We shall use music, the international language!" he volunteered. That was at midnight. Before the clock struck 2 a.m. I had signed a contract to appear on the screen for Mr. Lasky.

Going to America, I was starred in a series of five two-reelers, filmed in the form of concert recitals, then given a featured spot with my good friend, Maurice Chevalier, in *Paramount on Parade*. Perhaps I would have stayed on in Hollywood had I not already signed for a number of European engagements.

In August of 1930, I returned to Italy with the Zenatellos, to prepare an extensive operatic repertoire, again going to the United States the following year as leading tenor with the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company. My appearance with this organisation won me a contract with the Columbia Broadcasting system for regular appearances over its nation-wide network. Because of the loyal support given me by the millions in my unseen audience, that contract has been renewed, year after year.

It was several months after I had joined Columbia that I was signed by the Metropolitan Opera Company as principal tenor for lyric roles. I made my début in the historic old Metropolitan Opera House in 1933.

Late in 1934, operatic pictures started to gain popularity, offers began coming to me from Hollywood producers, but after weighing them all, I finally decided to re-sign with my original American discoverer, Mr. Lasky, now president of Pickford-Lasky Productions. Mr. Lasky immediately assigned me the star role in his production of *Here's to Romance*, surrounding me with a superb cast, including the beloved Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Maria Gambarelli, Genevieve Tobin, Anita Louise, Reginald Denny and other prominent performers.

I was getting immense enjoyment from my work until one afternoon, when we were shooting scenes backstage in a Los Angeles theatre, and a messenger boy approached me with a cable. It carried word of my mother's death. There was nothing I could do but go on with my role.

The picture scored a direct hit—so much so that I am now five months behind in reading the fan mail that has poured in to me since its release.

So you see, I have cause to say that I was born under a lucky omen! I have not only been offered the "breaks," but they seemed to seek me out.

It has not been easy reaching the top, however. Throughout my life I have been forced to sacrifice pleasure for toil, and now that I am up it is necessary to sacrifice all else to the task of holding the ground I have captured.

NOWADAYS, when I permit my thoughts to drift back over the past, I pinch myself to make certain that I am not slumbering through a too beautiful dream! Truly, I must have been born beneath a lucky star!

Checking my accomplishments as my thirty-first birthday rolls by, I find that I am credited with having conquered five separate and distinct markets for my voice—grand opera, radio, the concert stage, gramophone records, and last, but by no means least, the "talkies." Yet no one is more surprised at the success that has come my way than I am!

The satellite that has guided my destiny, however, has not always shone so brilliantly. In fact, as a child there in the place of my birth, Verona, Italy, I often used to wonder whether I would be able to carve a name for myself in the years that lay ahead!

By the time I was six, my father, who was custodian of the legendary tomb of Shakespeare's immortal Romeo and Juliet at Verona, decided that I should be a civil engineer when I grew up. My mother was equally insistent that I should turn to the priesthood. As for my own views in the matter, I was too busy roaming the gardens and woods and learning to ride a horse to give the matter any thought.

My father being a wage-earner, the family exchequer was never too well filled, for there were three other tiny mouths like my own needing food, three other small bodies that required clothing, three other pairs of feet that had to be shod.

I knew no unhappiness, however, until I went to school and heard other children singing in the operettas and plays that were a part of the curriculum. It was then I decided that I wanted to be a singer when I grew up. It was then that I suffered my first real heart-break.

My teacher refused to assign singing roles to me because, he told me, I had no voice! But how—how—did he know! He had never permitted me to try.

Another year—and another blow! My beloved father passed on. Mother made a brave struggle to keep her brood—my three sisters and myself—on the meagre resources that were hers, and I became more determined than ever to become a great singer that I might ease her burden.

After school hours, I would wander off into the woods behind the Romeo and Juliet tomb, and when I had penetrated to a point where I

WHEN Marlene Dietrich and her little daughter Maria recently left Hollywood for New York, they were accompanied by two stern-eyed men, members of a body-guard of six which the star employed while in California. The guards were dismissed when the star embarked for Europe.

Marlene's small daughter will be placed in an English school, where she will remain when her mother returns to Hollywood in the fall.

The German actress is still troubled by kidnapping fears, which really are groundless, for the "G-Men" have put a crimp in the kidnapping industry. If these efficient detectives do not kill "snatchers," they see to it that the criminals are sent to Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay, the American equivalent of Devil's Island.

A Boxing Star

George Raft, I hear, has received an offer of £3,000 to fight Carmen Barth, middle-weight boxer, in the autumn.

The film star is no stranger to the ring, but his kinema fame is, of course, responsible for the offer. Thousands of fans would throng to the fight arena to see George, and would not care very much whether he won or lost.

Modest Lady

Joan Crawford may make her stage debut this summer, but not on the New York stage.

Miss Crawford isn't saying "no," and she isn't saying "yes," but the fact that her husband, Franchot Tone, is to do two shows at one of the smaller stock companies on Cape Cod, Massachusetts, and that Joan will accompany him, is significant.

She says that when she makes a stage appearance it will be at one of the most obscure stock companies she can find.

Mary's Plans

Mary Pickford, despite the suspension of production activity by the Pickford-Lasky company, intends to remain an active figure in the films. The directorial field will probably be her new film interest, and she plans to make pictures dealing with the child themes which won her fame.

The star plans to visit Europe this summer.

Loving Relatives

Ever since the recent Freddie Bartholomew argument, wherein his Aunt Cissy was embroiled in a difference with the boy actor's parents, child players have had their troubles.

Edith Fellows, 13-year-old child actress, has been managed by her grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Fellows. Suddenly her mother appeared and claimed that for ten years she had not known where her daughter was. The matter was taken to court, where the judge arranged that the girl's earnings be placed in a trust fund, in which mother and grandmother would share.

Another little girl has had similar "relative" troubles which probably will soon be settled so

that the kinsfolk can have a share of her earnings.

A Determined Star

Sally Eilers is taking no half measures in her study of the French language. In addition to the tuition of a French scholar, she reads French plays, gives orders in French to her uneasy household servants and, twice a week, visits a recently-arrived family where nothing but French is spoken.

Even her husband, Harry Joe Brown, studio producer, often gives vent to French ejaculations. Sally's French lessons are infectious!

A Guarded Home

Karen Morley and her husband, Director Charles Vidor, found that their protection against burglars worked too well the other



Joe E. Brown has the title-role in First National's "A Natural Born Salesman"—but June Travis could sell us anything too.

evening, when they came home to their Palos Verdes estate shortly after midnight. The servants were asleep in a distant wing of the mansion, and the Vidor's had forgotten their keys to the outer gates. They shouted and rang bells, but the six-foot wall surrounding the estate effectively deadened their cries. Finally Vidor boosted Karen on his shoulders, and she walked along the wall for fifty feet without being able to jump over, owing to barbed wire entanglements on the inside.

The couple spent the night in their Hollywood apartment, and the next morning barbed wire, bolts and locks were unceremoniously removed from the Vidor beach home.

A Foolish Yarn

When studios send out stories concerning their stars, they should keep the tales within the limit of plausibility.

But, sad to say, Freddie Bartholomew's home studio sent out a yarn that he was "dealing out punishment" to the boxing instructor who was training him for *The Devil is a Cissy*, a picture in which he has to engage in fights with other boys.

The instructor happens to be Jackie Fields, a recent welter-weight boxing champion! Jackie could probably trounce nearly everyone on the studio lot, including the police.

Tavern Keepers, Beware!

Fascinated since she was a little girl with the ancient, weather-beaten signs placed before old English taverns and inns, Irene Dwyne, I hear, made an informal collection of them during her recent holiday in England.

Irene wrote a friend in Hollywood that her prize trophies to date include "The King and Pheasant," "The Sign of Four," "The Golden Cavalier," "King's Host," "Marry Be Sooth," "Sour and High Road" and "Charing Cross End."

So, if you see picturesque English country inns guarded by sturdy constables, it may be that the publicans expect that Irene will visit them!

Odd Footage

Clarke Gable made his first stage appearance as a "super" on the stage of the old Opera House at Akron, Ohio.

Robert Taylor gave up a medical career to become an actor.

Betty Furness spends her leisure time on the set knitting sweaters for friends.

Joan Crawford is an honorary member of the famous Texas Rangers.

Rowland Brown, director, enlisted in the United States Navy during the World War, when he was 16. He gave his age as 21.

Eric Blore, now a noted screen comedian, was once hooted off the stage at a London music hall.

The Hollywood NEWSREEL

SHOT BY PHIL LONERGAN

IN this story of Florence Nightingale, Kay Francis gives an outstanding performance and makes the heroic pioneer of field hospitals live again. It is directed by William Dieterle and has a strong cast including Ian Hunter, Donald Woods, Nigel Bruce and Donald Crisp.

The sharp yelp of a dog in pain outside her window tears Florence away from her suitor (Donald Woods) who has been urging her to marry him and forget her ideas about becoming a nurse.



Florence arrives in the British lines during the Crimean War.



A young war correspondent, Fuller (Ian Hunter), loves Florence and with his help she is able to accomplish much against hide-bound opposition.

To
dyi
the



by (Bully March) drives Alexis Soyer (Ferdinand
er), who proves an invaluable asset to Florence's
scheme for reorganisation to her headquarters.

Florence is overwhelmed with pity for the blind soldiers who come to thank her for her kindness before leaving the
hospital.

The WHITE ANGEL



and mmer boy, lies
he has been hit at
of German. He is
d b Florence.

An example of the fine
spectacular treatment is afforded
by this scene of the battle
of Inkerman.

Florence herself a victim to
sickness gives Dr. Scott
(Henry O'Neill) much cause
for alarm and anxiety.





A FILM EXECUTIVE I used to know had one phrase to describe everything of which he approved. "It's got Class, boy," he would say impressively. "That's what it's got—Class."

I feel he would have said that about Denham.

Denham is in a "class" by itself; it's the nearest approach to a Hollywood we yet have in this country, or are likely to have for some time to come.

As you turn off the Oxford road just beyond Uxbridge and come in view of that enormous building, you get a foretaste of Class—which, translated into terms of film-production, becomes simply and more familiarly Glamour.

Up to a few weeks ago the grass verge outside the studios was lined with cars, which gave it an untidy, straggling appearance.

Now that's done away with; you drive in at the main gate, past the gatekeeper's lodge, and along the whole massive, imposing front to the car park.

And when I say massive, I mean just that. No temporary buildings, no corrugated iron here. Solid reinforced concrete, built to endure as long as any cathedral.

Different Ways In

The car-park gives you the first indication of the activity within those enormous walls. Hundreds and hundreds of cars in rows—each one testifying to *someone* working inside.

Then, if you are decorous and mannerly, you come round to one of the three main entrances again and state your business to the door-keeper.

E. G. COUSINS COVERS

The BRITISH STUDIOS

But if, like me, you know a short cut and a back door, you take it, and walk along corridors wide and high enough to drive a coach and four horses along, and through a glass-lined passage that leads surprisingly between flower-gardens and green lawns to the "executive block," where the publicity offices are situated.

There you would find the publicity men of the various companies making films at Denham; and highly important people these would be to you, for they have the golden keys which unlock the doors of the sound-stages.

Led By the Hand

Though not yet, I feel, settled down to its full measure of "red-tapism," Denham is already a place with which you do not care to take liberties.

It's etiquette there to be accompanied by someone from the publicity-offices when you visit the floor.

And when you do attain the Sanctum Sanctorum—oh boy and girl, it's like walking into a cathedral. It left me wondering whether any set could ever be built large enough to fill completely one of those massive stages.

True, there are plenty big sets there; I found one large one representing Queen Elizabeth's council-chamber—and Bess liked space; but it was built in a corner of the studio, and hardly noticeable.

A spot of jealousy below stairs; Ernie Loting and Jack Frost are rivals for the hand of Davina Craig in "Love up the Pole"

Flora Robson, wearing a ruff so high and tight that she could hardly turn her head an inch to talk to me, told me that she had never enjoyed a film so much before.

Flora's Chance

She has only played one big film role, and that was in *Catherine the Great* with Elisabeth Bergner; this time she is the star—and what a cast to support her!

Morton Seltén looks grand in a beard as Burleigh, the Elizabethan garb sits magnificently on Leslie Banks, Laurence Olivier cuts a dashing figure in doublet and hose, and—wait till you've seen Vivien Leigh in her frills and furbelows.

We've had to wait a long time to see her, but you'll agree it was worth the waiting.

This is the Erich Pommer production (Pendennis Films is the name and style of his unit) upon which high hopes are set.

There is an atmosphere. . . .

International

Confidence. That's what it is. The players and technicians and all the rest have confidence in Pommer, confidence in the studio, in director William K. Howard, confidence in little James Wong Howe (who looks more like a smiling Eskimo boy than one of the world's greatest cameramen), confidence in Clemence Dane and Sergei Nolbandov who have spent months working on the script.

An international production this, to shock the Little Englanders and warm the hearts of those who believe Art should know no frontiers.

British, German, American, Hungarian, Chinese, and Russian talent is represented here; but the cast is British throughout, speaking flawless English, with just that extra touch of

precision and dignity which we imagine, rightly or wrongly, to have been commonly used in Elizabethan times. At any rate they used it in their writing—though they could be trenchant enough when they liked.

"E. G." Eats

Do you know what's going to happen to me in a minute if I linger here?

I'm going to get sentimental about a British production. So come along, it's lunch-time.

The studio restaurant brings out more than ever the Hollywoodian nature of Denham.

There is a huge canteen for extras, technicians, and so on, with actually room to move between the tables; and beyond this is the "Brown Derby" (but I devoutly hope they'll stop calling it that!) where a five-course luncheon is served by waiters in white jackets and gilt epaulettes; and here, if it were a less stately place, you could flip peas at the Mighty.

I almost felt sufficiently flippant (oh, excuse me!) in the company of June Clyde, who was in a most irreverent mood.

If I were allowed to choose one luncheon companion out of all that starry host, it would be June; she's as good company as anyone I know.

"Celebs"

Near us was Robert Flaherty, back from directing *Elephant Boy* in the heart of India, and lunching with Charles Laughton, who was having difficulty in keeping his bristling Rembrandt moustachios out of his soup.

At a long table appropriately near the french windows, Annabella was joyously entertaining a party of French journalists, who were making the most of the occasion and the champagne.

For the benefit of my feminine readers (who are supposed to be all agog when dress is mentioned) I suppose I ought to mention that June Clyde in costume for *Land Without Music*, was wearing a pale blue panniered dress with the silliest, most charming little dark-blue straw hat with a white daisy chain you would meet in a month of hot Sunday mornings.

Back to the long wide corridors (it was raining hard, but at Denham you can reach any part of the premises, except the workshops, without going out in the rain) and there I ran into Diana Napier, who took me to her dressing-room to see the gallant uniforms she wears in *Land Without Music*—she being the monarch of that land.

By the way, I'm informed on good authority that the theme of this film is actually historical; a certain principality owed a large sum of money to Austria, and the Austrian empire was pressing for payment.

Then it was realised that the people of the principality were so devoted to music that they wouldn't do any work to pay off the debt, so music was banned from the land.

All Very Storybook

Certainly there wasn't any reason as good as Richard Tauber (as a wandering mistrel) for removing the ban; and the whole thing is being done—by Walter Forde—in a light-fantastic and storybook manner, greatly helped along by the lovely photography of John Boyle, of Hollywood.

As soon as Tauber is through with this one, he goes into *Pagliacci*, for which charming Steffi Duna has come specially from Hollywood, to play "Nedda."

There is likely to be considerable variation in the way this title is pronounced; so far it seems to vary between "Pagglyassy" and "Pally Archie." The latter appeals to me as being more friendly.

Also there seems to be some misconception about the kind of production this is; however, I can assure you that it is *not* a screen opera. The last couple of reels will portray a stage representation of the opera, with back-stage sequences.

Karl Grune will direct it, and Otto Kanturek, the Czech, will photograph it.

Explosive

also penetrated to the Ultimate Holy—the Charles Laughton set. Yes, it has reached the point where they call it that instead of the Rembrandt set.

Have you ever handled nitro-glycerine? It plodes with a loud bang if you jar it.

Even apart from Charles Laughton, who is never less than very good and is often magnificent, this is going to be an extremely interesting picture.

With a cast containing such names as these it would be difficult to go wrong; Elsa Lanchester, Gertrude Lawrence, Walter Hudd (who is to play "Lawrence of Arabia" as soon as they get round to it), Edward Chapman, Roger Livesey and his dad Sam (grand actors those two), Lawrence Hanray, Allan Jeayes, Henry Hewitt, and John Turnbull.

And there will be no going wrong, for Alex Korda himself is directing this, and he seemed quietly confident when we talked on the set.

He is looking greyer these days, but as distinguished as ever, and he still has the same power of inspiring confidence.

A Popular Pair

Leaving the Rembrandt set I ran into Annabella, closely attended by Henry Fonda; they were gazing mournfully out at the disgusting weather of an English summer, which had been holding up the exterior work of New World's *Wings of the Morning* for days.

These two are as popular a pair as any in Denham—and I hear they are doing some excellent team-work in their picture, which, I believe, is destined to make history not only as the first British picture in New Technicolour but also as good entertainment.

Yes, a colourful place, Denham, these days; and the last bit of colour that remains in my mind is little Sabu, the 11-year-old elephant boy of *Elephant Boy*, whom Flaherty has brought from India to do interiors, standing very stiff and rather loosely in one of the huge corridors, in his crimson turban and sash and his long white coat and tight white trousers . . . the Unchanging East gazing amazed at the Progressive West. . . .

Change of Title

At Worton Hall, Isleworth, which has attained a new importance since it was taken over by Criterion Film Productions, Ltd., *Gang* has disappeared, and *The Thousand Windows* has taken its place.

Same production, but different title. Personally, I rather like those one-word titles, but apparently it was considered *too gangsterish*.

Here we have Margot Grahame, Paul Cavanagh, Joseph Cawthorne, Rene Ray (her first appearance under her new Criterion contract) and Basil Sydney, in a full-blooded gangster story. The director is Alfred Zeisler, and Victor Armenise is the cameraman, so you see the international standard is being well kept up—especially when you know that Marcel Helmann and Doug Fairbanks Jr. are co-producers.

A Little Deception

At Sound City, Paramount British have waded right into *Show Flat*, which Bernard Mainwaring is directing.

The story concerns one of those new and enormous

blocks of flats which are gradually transforming us, like the Americans, into a nation of cliff-dwellers.

The "Show Flat" is turned to good account by an impecunious young man, who pretends it is his own in order to impress a rich aunt.

The aunt, who is no longer so rich, practises a similar deception upon her nephew; but I'm not going to tell you how it all works out.

Polly Ward, Anthony Hankey, Clifford Heatherley and Eileen Munro have the leading parts in this; incidentally, I wish we could see more of Clifford Heatherley on the screen; he is one of our most consistently funny comedians, and a character actor of remarkable scope.

Following this Paramount-British offering, another will go straight into production; this will be *Reasonable Doubt*, which Pascal Productions will make for Paramount release.

Elizabeth Arkell, Cynthia Stock, and Evelyn Ankers will be in this.

Personality

Ireland is occupying a goodly part of our screen these days; the latest Hibernian subject to take the floor is *The Duchess*, which Warner Bros. First National are making at Teddington.

The lady of title and of title-role, played by Athene Seyler, is an autocratic old soul, head of an extravagant Irish family, which she rules by sheer force of personality.

Patric Knowles has been brought back from Hollywood specially to play in this, opposite Margaret Lockwood, and in addition there are D. J. Williams, George Dillon, Eugene Leahy, Terry Conlin, Eric Noels, Clifton Boyne, Tony Quinn, and Paul Farrell. And Arthur Woods is directing it.

What a field-day for the Irish!



Louis Borell, the young Dutch actor, appears with Jessie Matthews and Robert Flemming in "Head Over Heels."

THREE passengers alighted from the noon train when it chuffed to a stop at Mandrake Falls. The half dozen or more villagers who were lounging at the station quickly appraised and labelled them as "city folks."

This appraisal was a tribute to their powers of perception for the gentlemen in question were indeed from the city, and they were obviously ill at ease in the quiet, unhurried atmosphere of this little village nestled high up in the New England hills. The eldest of the trio, a pompous-looking man in the neighbourhood of fifty was Arthur Cedar, a New York attorney. With him was Anderson, an obsequious employee from his office, and Cornelius Cobb, a cynical, disillusioned ex-newspaper man whose major characteristics were a monumental impatience, a life-long grouch and a perpetual fit of the jitters.

Cedar looked about him. "Small towns like this always affect me strangely," he said.

Cobb sniffed contemptuously. "Yeah," he said. "Me, too. They give me the wanderlust. When's the next train back to New York?"

Cedar smiled. "Six o'clock."

"Remind me to be here at five," said Cobb dourly.

The three men crossed the platform to the booking-office where they inquired for and were directed to the home of Longfellow Deeds.

At the Deeds homestead, they met Mrs. Meredith, the Deeds housekeeper.

"Is Mr. Deeds in?" Cedar asked.

"Oh, no," Mrs. Meredith replied. "He's in the park arranging for the bazaar to raise money for the fire engine."

"Perhaps you can tell us something about him," Cedar persisted.

"What does he do for a living?"

"He and Jim Mason own the tallow works. But that isn't where he makes his money," Mrs. Meredith confided. "He makes most of it out of his poetry."

This was a surprising revelation to the sceptical Cobb. "His poetry? You mean they pay him for—"

"Oh, my goodness, yes!" Mrs. Meredith interrupted. "Longfellow is famous. He writes those things on postcards. You know—for Christmas and Easter and birthdays." She went to the desk and picked one up. "Here's one they paid him twenty-five dollars for."

Cobb took the card from Mrs. Meredith and started to read.

"When you've nowhere to turn—and you're filled with doubt—Don't stand midstream, hesitating, For you know that your mother's heart cries out—"

I'm waiting, my boy, I'm waiting."

Mrs. Meredith sighed. "Isn't that beautiful?" she asked. And Cobb, his eyes wide with dismay, replied flatly, "Yeah." Mrs. Meredith excused herself and left the three men alone in the parlour to wait for Longfellow Deeds' return. Cobb turned to Cedar.

"The old man must have been goofy to leave all that money to this yokel," he said. "How much do you figure the estate will amount to after the taxes are deducted?"

Cedar shrugged his shoulders. "About twenty millions," he said. Mrs. Meredith bustled into the room

with the information that Mr. Deeds was even then entering the house. She left for the front door and Cobb rose to his feet.

"Better be careful how you spring it on him," he admonished. "He's liable to keel over from the shock. It's more money than he probably ever heard of."

The rope portieres were parted and Longfellow Deeds came into the living room. The three men looked at him. Longfellow was a tall man, unusually tall and lanky. He had a rugged face and a mop of unruly black hair. The sleeves of his coat were just a shade too short. "How do you do?" he said to the three men and his face was lighted briefly with a fleeting smile.

"Are you Longfellow Deeds?" Cedar asked.

"Yes."

"My name is John Cedar of the New York law firm of Cedar, Cedar, Cedar and Budington." He handed his business card to Longfellow who looked at it speculatively.

"Cedar, Cedar, Cedar and Budington," he repeated. He smiled as he looked up at Cedar. "Budington must feel like an awful stranger."

Cedar introduced his two companions and they sat down again. Longfellow crossed to the other side of the room and returned with a huge tuba. He sat down, reached into his pocket and pulled out a bit of shiny brass.

"New mouthpiece," he explained. "Keep losing them all the time."

Cedar ignored the tuba. "Mr. Deeds," he asked, "are you the son of Joseph and Mary Deeds?"

"Yes."

"Are your parents alive?"

"No."

"Mr. Deeds, does the name of Martin V. Semple mean anything to you?" Cedar asked.

"Not much. An uncle of mine. Never saw him, though. My mother's name was Semple, you know."

"Well," said Mr. Cedar impressively, "he's passed on. He was killed in a motor accident in Italy."

Longfellow was politely sympathetic. "He was? Now that's too bad. If there's anything I can do..."

Cedar brushed Longfellow's offer aside. "Mr. Semple left a great fortune," he continued. "He left it to you, Mr. Deeds. Deducting taxes, it's somewhere in the neighbourhood of twenty million dollars."

Longfellow looked at Cedar and his companions, then, wetting his tuba's new mouthpiece, he blew a speculative "oom-pah."

Cedar reacted to the "oom-pah." "Perhaps you didn't hear me, Mr. Deeds," he continued. "The whole Semple fortune goes to you! Twenty million!"

Longfellow turned from his tuba. "Oh, I heard you all right. Twenty million? It's quite a bit, isn't it?"

Cobb snorted. "It'll do at a pinch," he said sarcastically.

Longfellow gazed out of the window. "Wonder why he left all that money to me? I don't need it." And he started playing his tuba again.

Cedar interrupted the concert. "Are you married, Mr. Deeds?"

"Who—me? No."

"That's good. Well, you'll have to hurry with your packing."

Longfellow was surprised. "What for?"

"You're coming to New York with us," Cedar said. "We'll leave on the six o'clock train. You know, there are a great many important things to be taken care of."

"I'm kind of nervous. I've never



been away from Mandrake Falls." Then Longfellow smiled in anticipation. "But I would like to see Grant's Tomb, at that."

"He's news, I tell you! Every time he blows his nose, it's news. A corn-fed yokel like that falling into the Semple fortune is hot copy. What's he think about? How's it feel to be a millionaire? Is he going to get married? What's he think of New York? Is he smart? Is he dumb?"

"He's been here three days and what have you numbskulls brought in?" The managing editor glared at the reporters grouped around his desk. "A lot of flat, uninteresting routine stuff. Now get out of here before I tell you what I really think of you."

The reporters filed out of the office, all of them, that is, but Babe Bennett. A pert, vivacious little blonde, Babe had been very busy throughout the managing editor's tirade doing things with lipstick and powder puff. It was not until the others had left that the editor spied her. "You, too, Babe," he growled. "Thought I could depend on you. You're getting as dumb as the rest of them."

Babe continued with her repaint job. "Takes time to get a good idea, Mac," she said.

Mac changed his tactics. "Listen, Babe," he pleaded, "get me some

good human interest stuff on this guy and—and—and I'll give you a month's vacation with pay!"

Babe looked at him. "On the level?"

"On the level," he said solemnly.

"Shake," said Babe, extending her hand. "I'll have your story for you and you can plaster it all over the front page to-morrow."

Meanwhile, Longfellow, established in his uncle's home, had discovered that a millionaire's life was not all beer and skittles. With Cobb as his mentor and guide he found that his day was one long round of bewildering conferences. Cobb had summoned a tailor to work on Longfellow's wardrobe, Cedar was importuning him—just a little bit too insistently, Longfellow thought—to give the firm of Cedar, Cedar, Cedar and Budington power of attorney to handle his business affairs and, at the moment the directors of the opera association, of which his uncle had long been chairman, were waiting to meet with him.

Longfellow excused himself from the others and, with Cobb, went to meet the opera directors. After introductions had been completed the board elected him to the chairmanship vacated by his uncle's death. As the meeting progressed Longfellow was shocked to learn that there was a \$180,000 deficit in the operating costs of the opera.

"I think we should explain to



GOES to TOWN

PICTUREGOER has secured the exclusive story rights of Columbia's latest production, in which Gary Cooper gives one of the best performances of his career. This week we present our readers with the opening chapters and the story will be concluded in next week's issue. The film is now on at the Regal, London, and a criticism of it appears on page 24 of this issue.

ou, Mr. Deeds," the treasurer said, that the opera is not conducted for profit."

"Why not?" Longfellow asked. We own an opera house, don't we? And we give shows?"

"We provide opera," the treasurer chided.

"But you charge—I mean, you sell tickets?" Longfellow insisted.

"Of course."

"And it doesn't pay?"

"That would be impossible. The opera never paid."

"Then we must give the wrong kind of shows," Longfellow concluded.

"But opera's an art!" they insisted. "You cannot think of it in terms of profit and loss."

"Well then, where's the hundred and eighty thousand dollars coming from?" Longfellow asked.

"We were expecting it from you. Our uncle always felt privileged to make up the opera's deficits."

"From me?"

"Naturally."

"Excuse me, gentlemen, but there's nothing natural about that,"

Longfellow told them. "Somebody here must be crazy and I guess it must be me—'cause if I had a grocery store that wasn't paying, I'd go out of the business. I don't see why the same thing doesn't apply to opera. Well, gentlemen, you'll have to excuse me now for I must go. Thank you for making me chairman."

With that, Longfellow and Cobb left the flabbergasted directors. But Cobb, with a malicious gleam in his eyes, poked his head back in through the door a moment later. "You'll find the smelling salts in the medicine cabinet, gentlemen," he said.

With equal bluntness Longfellow disposed of a conniving lawyer who came to him as the attorney for a woman who claimed to be his late uncle's common law wife. After Cedar and the others had left and after Cobb had said his farewells for the night Longfellow decided that he would set out by himself, have dinner at some quiet restaurant and explore the city.

As he left the house Babe Ben-

"Feel better now?" Longfellow smiled across the table. "Um!" Babe smiled back at him.

nett, who had been waiting for just this opportunity, started to walk toward him. She staggered ever so slightly as she passed him and when she came to a tree she clutched at it weakly and then crumpled to the ground. Longfellow rushed to her side and lifted her head from the sidewalk. Babe opening her eyes, feigned bewilderment.

Longfellow smiled at her. "You fainted," he explained. "Can I help you?"

Babe struggled weakly to her feet. "No, thank you," she said, "I'm all right." Then, once again, she appeared to become faint and leaned heavily against him, dropping her purse as she did. "Guess I walked too much to-day," she explained. "Been looking for a job. Found one, too. I start to-morrow."

Longfellow stooped to pick up her purse and its contents which had scattered around. He noted, as Babe had hoped he would, that she had no money in the purse. He looked thoughtfully for a moment and then he glanced up at Babe understandingly.

"Come on, Miss," he said. "You're a lady in distress and I'm going to be your gallant knight. Let's begin by you having dinner with me. All right?"

Babe appeared to hesitate for a moment and then she smiled at him wanly. "All right," she said.

"Feel better now?" Longfellow smiled across the table.

"Um!" Babe smiled right back at him. "I don't know how to thank you, Mr. Deeds. You've had quite an exciting time since you came to New York. Meetings, business deals, society people—aren't you having fun?"

Longfellow shook his head. "No. At least I didn't. Not till now. I like talking to you."

Across the room Longfellow's waiter had stopped at a table where three men were sitting. He told them about Longfellow and his request to meet celebrities. "Let's invite him over," said one of the trio. "Might get some laughs."

Longfellow was thrilled to meet Henaberry, Morrow and Bookfield and it was some few minutes before he realised that their interest in how he composed his jingles for post cards and their compliments were their method of kidding him. When he did understand their motives he was deeply hurt.

"I guess I get the idea," he told them. "You invited me over here to make fun of me. It's easy to make fun of somebody if you don't care how much you hurt them. I know I must look funny to you, but maybe if you came to Mandrake Falls you'd look funny to us. But nobody would laugh at you and make you ridiculous—'cause that wouldn't be good manners. If it weren't for the young lady who is with me, I'd probably bump your heads together."

"Go right ahead," Babe interposed. "Don't worry about me."

As Brookfield and Henaberry rose from their chairs, Deeds launched two swift punches that sent them both sprawling. Then he turned to Babe. "We can go now," he said. "I feel better."

But they did not get far. Before they had reached the door Morrow had overtaken them. "Hey, there," he called, "you left me out." Point-

ing to his chin he continued, "Sock it, brother, and sock it good."

Longfellow smiled. "It's all over now. I got it off my chest."

"I think you're swell," Morrow continued. "You're my guest from now on."

"Thanks, but Miss Dawson (That's the name Babe had given him) and I were going out to see the sights."

"Fine. Hop aboard my magic carpet and you'll see sights you've never seen before. Friend, we're going on a real, good binge!"

Late the next afternoon Walter, Deeds' valet, was having his troubles waking Longfellow. After a particularly violent shake, Longfellow opened one eye and looked at Walter.

"Good afternoon, sir," Walter said. "If you'll permit me to say so, sir, you were out on quite a bender last night."

"Bender?" Longfellow shook his head. "Oh, no. We started to go out on a binge but we never got to it. Has Miss Dawson called yet?"

"Miss Dawson? No, sir."

"I must call her up and apologise. I don't remember taking her home."

"I'd venture to say you don't remember much of anything last night."

"What do you mean?" Longfellow was indignant. "I remember everything. Hand me my trousers."

Walter smiled apologetically. "You have no trousers, sir. You came home without them. Matter of fact you came home without any clothes. You were in your pants."

Longfellow was sceptical. "Now, that's silly, Walter. You know I couldn't walk around the streets without clothes. I'd be arrested."

Walter agreed. "Yes, sir. That's what the two policemen who brought you home said. They said you and another man were standing in the street in your pants, feeding doughnuts to a horse and shouting 'Back to nature!' They said you were feeding doughnuts to the horse to see how many he'd eat before asking for a cup of coffee."

Longfellow shook a finger at Walter. "If a man by the name of Morrow calls me, Walter, tell him I'm not in. That man is crazy, Walter."

At that moment Cobb burst into Longfellow's bedroom, his hands filled with newspapers. "Well," he shouted, "have you gone nuts? What did you do last night? Who were you with? Why did you do it? Look at these papers!" He flung the armful of papers at Longfellow. Screaming headlines jumped at Longfellow.

"CINDERELLA MAN ON A SPREE"

Punches Literary Lights at Tullio's. Feeding Doughnuts To Horses. Hick Town Poet Laureate Shows Big City How to "Cut Up"

Longfellow jumped out of bed. "What do they mean by this?" he demanded. "Cinderella Man!"

"Listen, Longfellow," Cobb pleaded, "you've got brains. You'll get along fine if you'll only control your homicidal instincts. And keep your trap shut! Don't talk to anybody. Those reporters are laying for you."

"You're right," said Longfellow. "I mustn't talk to anybody."

"Beg pardon, sir," Walter interrupted. "Miss Dawson on the 'phone."

Longfellow beamed. "Fine! I'll talk to her! Hand me the 'phone. She's the only one I'm going to talk to from now on."

(To be concluded next week)

Previews

CRITICISMS of the LATEST FILMS

CAPTAIN JANUARY

All the ingredients necessary to show off the paces of the uncrowned queen of the juvenile stars are present in this simple, sentimental story and I cannot imagine any Shirley fan wanting to miss seeing it.

But besides songs, dances, comedy and pathos for the lead, there is a chance for characterisation given to Guy Kibbee and Slim Summerville and they make the most of it.

I have always maintained that the main fault in Shirley Temple films is the fact that the little star is made to carry practically all the weight of the picture and no juvenile is capable of such a feat—nor a grown-up artiste for that matter.

Here a great deal of the comedy is in the hands of Guy Kibbee and Slim Summerville, the former as a lighthouse keeper who "adopts" Shirley after her parents have been drowned in a wreck, and the latter as his friend, a lighthouse inspector.

The plot runs in quite conventional lines. The "truant officer" makes her appearance and is disgusted to see the way Shirley is being brought up. However, the little girl confounds her by passing an examination, but later the officer—a very cattish female—manages to get an order for Shirley to go to an institution because Guy Kibbee will be out of work when the new mechanical light is installed in the lighthouse.

Naturally, a way out of this impasse is found and all ends happily.

Shirley Temple sings two or three songs excellently and dances with equal cleverness. She also acts with that slightly precocious but nevertheless astonishing facility which has always characterised her.

A great deal of real human humour is got out of the never-ending quarrels between the two friends and the touch of pathos necessary to point the comedy is well in evidence.

The whole thing is very well staged and represents excellent entertainment for the family.

THE SINGING KID

Quick-action musical, ingenious in its presentation of songs, fairly bright in humour, and containing the necessary amount of romance.

If you are not particularly fond of Al Jolson's methods of song rendition, you may not find it so entertaining, for the man who sang the talkies into being is centre stage most of the time and usually in full song.

His numbers, however, are tuneful and catchy. They are: "I Love to Sing—a!" "Save Me, Sister," an elaborated negro spiritual, and "You're the Cause of What Ails Me."

The plot is a slight one, dealing with a famous Broadway singer who is let down by his fiancée and lawyer, loses his voice, goes to the country to recuperate, finds romance there, comes back, and finally consummates that romance.

There has been little attempt at continuity, the main feature of the show being the spectacular stage

shows and song and dance numbers.

One of the best of these is where Jolson insists on trying to sing a "mammy" song while all his advisers try to persuade him to sing the new rhythm. He walks out into the street, and all the passers-by take up the protest until at last they fall down exhausted and Jolson manages to put over his mammy number after all.

This is a technically excellent piece of work, and it is humorously designed with more than a touch of satire in it.

Allen Jenkins and Edward Everett Horton, as Jolson's yes-men, are amusing, but they are not given particularly good material.

The romantic element is well introduced by Beverley Roberts, who has a most attractive speaking voice and with her kid sister, Sybil Jason, gives a natural and wholly delightful performance.

In addition to the cast, there are Cab Galloway, the "scat" singer, and his band, and the Four Yacht Club Boys.

The picture has plenty of action and never pauses in its rather hectic career until the last close-up.

William Keighley, the director, has not bothered a lot about characterisation, but he has produced a musical which is well up to the standard of its type.—L.C.

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN

Once more Frank Capra has put us all in his debt by a film which performs the rare feat of riveting our attention to the screen for an hour and fifty-four minutes.

The story is a simple one, though it has plenty of dramatic moments. It tells of a small-town poet named Longfellow Deeds, who inherits £4,000,000 and leaves Mandrake Falls, where he is known and liked by everyone and can trust everyone he knows, to live in New York, where practically everyone is trying to swindle him.

He makes one friend—a girl whom he rescues from starvation and with whom he falls heavily in love, without knowing that she is a "sob-sister" sent by her newspaper to get a story out of him.

Deeds is expected to indulge in

reckless extravagance, but he has other ideas. He conceives a gigantic scheme to put farmers on the land—but the people interested in trying to get his money have him arrested as mentally incapable of handling it.

This gives rise to one of the best court-room scenes ever shown on the screen. It would spoil the reader's enjoyment to divulge the outcome, so I will merely envy you the pleasure of seeing it, and leave it at that.

Gary Cooper puts up a first-rate performance as Deeds, and Jean Arthur is very attractive and convincing as the hard-boiled reporter who finds it impossible to ignore her soft centre.

George Bancroft as her editor, Lionel Stander as a dumb reporter, Raymond Wolburn as a butler, and H. B. Warner as the judge all contribute memorable performances.

This is one film you must not miss.—E. G. C.

On the Screens Now

***TUDOR ROSE

G.-B.D. British. "U" certificate. Historical tragedy. Runs 78 minutes.

CEDRIC HARDWICKE.....Earl of Warwick
JOHN MILLS.....Lord Guildford Dudley
FELIX AYLMER.....Edward Seymour
LESLIE PERRINS.....Thomas Seymour
FRANK CELLIER.....Henry VIII
DESMOND TESTER.....Edward VI
GWEN FRANKON DAVIES.....Mary Tudor
MARTITA HUNT.....Jane's Parents
MILES MALLESON.....Jane's Parents
SYBIL THORNDIKE.....Ellen
NOVA PILBEAM.....Lady Jane Grey
Directed by Robert Stevenson. Pre-viewed May 16, 1936.

I dealt with this picture at length in our issue of May 16, and I would refer readers, who wish for fuller details than I have space for here, to it.

It is easily one of the most convincing historical productions made in this or any other country, and Robert Stevenson, whose first directorial assignment it is, deserves sincere congratulations on a finely artistic and pictorially expressive piece of work.

The story starts with the death of Henry VIII, the intrigue that followed between the various nobles desirous of power, the accession and death of the boy Edward VI, and the accession of Lady Jane Grey, followed by Mary's seizing of power and the execution of the nine-day queen.

It is full of exceptionally well-drawn characterisations and there is a tensely human touch in the production which makes the whole thing vivid and vital.

Technical qualities are excellent and, without being flamboyant, create a most realistic atmosphere.

Cedric Hardwicke is exceptionally well cast as the master schemer, Warwick, who plans to marry his son Dudley to Jane Grey.

Edward Seymour, Edward VI's, hypocritical guardian, is portrayed admirably by Felix Aylmer, while Leslie Perrins provides a striking contrast as his debonair brother, Thomas.

Perhaps one of the most natural performances in the picture is that of Desmond Tester as Edward VI, while Nova Pilbeam is excellent as the ill-fated Lady Jane Grey.

**LIVING DANGEROUSLY

Wardour. British. "A" certificate. Musical melodrama. Runs 72 minutes.

OTTO KRUGER.....Dr. Norton
LEONORA CORBETT.....Helen
FRANCIS LISTER.....Dr. Pryor
AILEEN MARSON.....Vera
LAWRENCE ANDERSON.....Lloyd
ERIC STANLEY.....Sir George Parker
CHARLES MORTIMER.....Inspector Webster
HUBERT HARBEN.....President of Council
IRIS HOEY.....Lady Annesley
JAMES CAREW.....Lingard
JIMMY GODDON.....Member of Council
HARTLEY POWER.....District Attorney
Directed by Herbert Brenon, adapted from the play by Reginald Simpson and Frank Gregory.

Otto Kruger, who makes his debut in British films as a doctor in this adaptation of the stage success, gives a sensitive performance and certainly wins your sympathy.

He is cast as Stanley Norton, an English doctor with a fashionable practice in New York, who kills a man in his apartment and pleads self-defence. His friend, the District Attorney, refuses to accept his plea, and he is forced to tell the truth.

The calendar is then turned back, and the victim is shown as Pryor, Norton's partner in England. Pryor gets into trouble by dealing in drugs, and when Norton threatens to sever their partnership, Pryor falsely accuses him of misconduct with his wife, Helen. Through the perjury of a nurse, Pryor's mistress, Norton is found guilty and struck off the register by the General Medical Council.

He starts afresh in America with Helen, and Pryor, after serving a sentence for his dealing in drugs, follows him and attempts blackmail. Forced to kill Pryor to save Helen's honour, Norton throws himself on the mercy of the District Attorney, and he, moved by his story, sees him through.

It is basically a triangle theme, but the new angle of approach, with a dramatic examination scene handled by the General Medical Council, gives added interest.

The treatment is intelligent, the characters interesting and the development, while not altogether smooth, at least logical.

Francis Lister is good as Pryor and Leonora Corbett makes a sympathetic Helen.

Altogether the picture provides good emotional melodrama with a strong feminine appeal.

**AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED

Columbia. American. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy. Runs 73 minutes.

MELVYN DOUGLAS.....Stephen Blake
MARY ASTOR.....Edith Farnham
EDITH FELLOWS.....Brenda Farnham
JACKIE MORAN.....Tommy Blake
DONALD MEEK.....Hotel Manager
DOROTHY STICKNEY.....Miss Peabody
ROMAINE CALLENDER.....Mr. Snirley
DOUGLAS SCOTT.....Horace
Directed by Elliott Nugent from a story by Sarah Addington.

There are no surprises in the development of this story, which bears a family resemblance to *She Married Her Boss*, but is not quite up to the standard of that picture.

The dialogue, however, is snappy (Continued on page 26)



Shirley Temple and Bud Ebsen in "Captain January."

"I *thought* I knew
the right powder shade
for my skin . . ."

CONSTANCE, LADY MOON



Lovely dark-haired
LADY MOON says
"I've always chosen a light
powder shade. It makes my
skin contrast more effec-
tively with my hair. But
when I tried these new
Pond's powder shades, I
realised that the shade I
had been using wasn't
really right for me at all!
It made my skin look actu-
ally dull compared with
Pond's Rachel 1. Pond's
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it a dazzling clearness."

Are you making this mistake, too?



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Amazing facts about the
colours in lovely skin were
revealed when over 200 girls
were complexion-analysed
under a colourscope. It show-
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has a note of bright blue;
that lovely brunette skin con-
tains brilliant green! With
this knowledge Pond's have
been able to blend in their new
powder shades the exact tints
of lovely skin.



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reason to think it suits your complexion. But
doesn't your mirror often reflect a dull, faded
skin?

Your skin lacks charm, so experts say, because
you are using the wrong powder shade after all.
For, until recently, face powder shades have
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skin tones.

But Pond's, when they made their 5 new pow-
der shades, analysed the skin of over 200 girls
under a colourscope to discover what hidden
tints gave lovely blonde skin its clarity, brunette
its creamy tone. Now these tints are blended in
Pond's Powder. You will be amazed at the
beauty the new shades give your skin!

Send in the coupon, and try all 5 shades of
Pond's Powder free. See which suits you.
Natural makes blonde skin clear. *Rachel 1* gives
pearliness to fair skin. *Rachel 2* adds a creamy
tone. *Peach* warms dull skin. *Dark Brunette*
gives a summery beauty.

FREE: Write your name and address below, attach a 1d
stamp. Post in sealed envelope to Dept. P373-1, Pond's,
Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex, for **FREE SAMPLES** of
Pond's Face Powder — *Natural*, *Peach*, *Dark Brunette*,
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sticky feeling of stage make-up
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always remove all grease paint
and wash with Wright's Coal
Tar Soap. It is the only soap
that gives me a sense of
complete freshness, and I am
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the world over
for flawless com-
plexion combined
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FREE So that YOU
may have the stars'
full beauty regime, the
makers of Wright's now
offer slow-motion pictures
of the exercises in the form
of "Flickers," in exchange for
printed yellow wrappers from
the soap. Just post your
wrappers, three for each
"Flicker," to the proprietors
of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 46,
Southwark Street,
London, S.E.1. Mark
envelope "Flickers"
and enclose your
name and address.

WRIGHT'S

★ Coal Tar Soap

REVIEWS

The PICTUREGOER'S
quick reference index to
films just released

- ***TUDOR ROSE
- **LIVING DANGEROUSLY
- **AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED
- **HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES
- *LOVE AT SEA
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- *DANGEROUS INTRIGUE
- *BLIND MAN'S BLUFF
- *MAN HUNT
- *HOUSE OF FATE
- *TWELVE GOOD MEN THE LAST ASSIGNMENT
- PARISIENNE LIFE
- THE MAN BEHIND THE MASK
- ***IF I HAD A MILLION (re-issue)

What the asterisks mean—
**** An outstanding feature.
*** Very good. ** Good.
* Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

(Continued from page 24)

and the action slick, leading to some uproarious sequences. It is an intimate type of picture with plenty of really human interest.

Mary Astor displays a fine sense of character as a man-hating divorcee who is brought into contact with a woman-hating widower. She appears to equal advantage both in her comedy and more serious moments. Melvyn Douglas, as the widower, is also excellent.

Edith Fellowes, who scored such a big success in *She Married Her Boss*, is very good here as the divorcee's daughter, as is Jackie Moran as the widow's son, who quarrel and so spoil a promising romance—temporarily.

Later, the parents are brought together by the children, who pretend the former are kidnapping them and succeed in getting them locked up.

The rest of the cast give excellent support to the leads and help to make the picture good general entertainment.

**HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES

British Lion. American. "U" certificate. Spy melodrama. Runs 71 minutes.

PHILLIPS HOLMES.....Tony
IRVING PICHEL.....Sebastian
ROSITA MORENO.....Raquel
FRED WALTON.....Alf
HEDWIGA REICHER.....Marta
FREDRIK VOEGDING.....Travers
LAWRENCE GRANT.....Sir Andrew
MICHAEL FITZMAURICE.....Barrie
RAFAEL STORM.....Jules
MAX CLARKE.....Carol
MISCHA AUER.....Demetrius
PAUL ELLIS.....Agent
KEITH DANIELS.....Steward
CHARLES DE RAVENNE.....Radio Attendant
OLAF HYTTON.....Sergeant
LAL CHAN MEHRA.....Maharajah
CARLOS MARTIN.....Maitre D'Hotel
COUNT STEFANELLI.....Count
Directed by Arthur Lubin from the novel by Meredith Nicholson.

Very competently staged and developed spy melodrama with the necessary romantic element. It is colourful and has all the popular ingredients of its type.

by Lionel COLLIER

The story deals with Sebastian, head of a gang of international spies, who operates from a Parisian hotel, known as "The House of a Thousand Candles." He transmits orders in code to his confederates, and when a secret message for delivery in Geneva is entrusted to Tony, a young Englishman, Sebastian's ravishing decoy, Raquel, has no difficulty in intercepting it.

It then becomes Tony's job to retrieve the note before international complications occur, and Carol, his American girl friend, shares his hazardous task. A battle of wits then ensues between Sebastian and Tony, and excitement prevails until the latter's spectacular victory.

The acting honours go to Irving Pichel for his fine performance as Sebastian. He brings sincerity to the role and helps to make the intrigue thoroughly convincing.

Phillips Holmes is sound as Tony, and Mae Clarke does well as Carol, as does Rosita Moreno as Raquel.

The supporting cast supplies sound assistance.

The picture opens rather slowly, but later picks up speed and develops some really thrilling action.

*LOVE AT SEA

Paramount. British. "U" certificate. Matrimonial comedy. Runs 70 minutes.

ROSALYN BOULTER.....Betty
CARL HARBORD.....Dick
FRANK BIRCH.....Godwin
MAUDE GILL.....Emily
AUBREY MALLALIEU.....Brighton
BEATRIX FEILDEN-KAYE.....Katherine
DOROTHY DEWHURST.....Mrs. Pratt
BILLY BRAY.....Slippery Joe
RAYMONDE ELLIS.....Foote
EVE RILEY.....Beryl
GEORGE DEWHURST.....Manson
VI KALEY.....Mrs. Beale
HECTOR MCGREGOR.....Jack
Directed by Adrian Brunel from a story by Jane Brown.

There is a touch of novelty in this comedy mix-up arising from the advertisements put in a matrimonial paper by two of the characters.

Mr. Brighton, wealthy, elderly bachelor, puts an advertisement in *Get Together* and receives a reply from Emily Foster. They arrange to meet on a cruise. Katherine, Emily's overbearing sister, stops her going but lets their niece, Betty, go instead.

Just as Mr. Brighton is setting out to the dock, he is knocked down by a car and badly injured. His wallet is stolen, and the thief takes the money, leaving the tickets in his coat, which he exchanges for one belonging to Dick, a reporter.

As a precaution, Mr. Brighton has booked his berth in an assumed name, and when Dick tries to return it he is met with indignant denials of its ownership by Brighton's house-keeper. Thinking that there might be a story in it, Dick sails on the cruise.

He naturally meets the niece, Betty, and after several complications, which include his arrest as the man who stole the wallet, they complete a romance, as do Mr. Brighton and Emily Foster, who have met in London.

Rosalyn Boulter is attractive as Betty, but Carl Harbord is stilted as Dick.

A good broad comedy study comes from Frank Birch as the editor of the paper, and a lady who is pursuing him is well characterised by Dorothy Dewhurst.

Aubrey Mallalieu shows to advantage as Brighton and Madge Gill brings quiet charm to the role of Emily. Her sister is presented in an over-exaggerated manner by Beatrix Feilden-Kaye.

Settings are rather restricted and the complications somewhat involved, but the originality of the idea and the direction of individual scenes make it all fairly amusing.

*KOENIGSMARK

General F.D. French. "A" certificate. Ruritanian romance. Runs 98 minutes.

ELISSA LANDI.....Princess Aureore
JOHN LODGE.....Grand Duke Frederick of Lautenbourg
PIERRE FRESNAY.....Raoul Vignerte
FRANK VOSPER.....Major Baron De Boose
ALLAN JEAYES.....Grand Duke Rudolphe of Lautenbourg
ROMILLY LUNGE.....Lieutenant De Hagen
MARCELLE ROGEE.....Comtesse Melusine de Graffenried
CECIL HUMPHREYS.....Monsieur de Marçais
Directed by Maurice Tourneur from Pierre Benoit's novel. Pre-viewed February 1, 1936.

This romance, dealing with the love affair of a grand Duchess with her little son's French tutor, has plenty of spectacle and well-designed sets, but the machinery of the plot creaks and groans, and the characters never really come to life.

Much too much time is taken up in the opening with trivial detail, and it is not until nearly the end that we come to the dramatic events which provide the main thrill.

Elissa Landi is not remarkable as the Duchess, nor is one very interested in her romance.

John Lodge is quite good as Frederick, her brother-in-law, who schemes to usurp the throne, and who has caused the Grand Duke to be murdered in an African expedition.

Allan Jeayes is very stilted as the Grand Duke, but good supporting studies are given by Frank Vosper as Frederick's accomplice and Romilly Lunge as the Duchess's aide-de-camp.

The best performance comes from Pierre Fresnay as the tutor who discovers the mystery of the Grand Duke's death and plights his troth to his widow.

The small court of Lautenbourg is excellently set and the pageantry connected with it is most effective.

*DANGEROUS INTRIGUE

Columbia. American. "A" certificate. Medical melodrama. Runs 56 minutes.

RALPH BELLAMY.....Tony
GLORIA SHEA.....Gerta
JOAN PERRY.....Carol
FRED KOHLER.....Brant
FREDRIK VOEGDING.....Joe Kosovic
EDWARD LE SAINT.....Dr. Miller
GEORGE BILLINGS.....Danny
BOYD IRWIN, Sen.....Dr. Wagner
GENE MORGAN.....Taxi Driver
STANLEY ANDREWS.....Mr. Mitchell
Directed by David Selman from a story by Harold Shumate.

Conventional melodrama, dealing with a brilliant young surgeon who is forced to resign from a hospital because he puts professional ethics before the demands of the chief patron.

He temporarily loses his memory and lands up in Pennsylvania, where he secures a job in a steel mill. There he becomes friendly with Gerta, the daughter of the melters' boss.

A series of outrages take place and the young doctor regains prestige by saving the life of the son of a foreman who had been instrumental in engineering a series of explosions.

He decides to settle down in the district with Gerta as his wife.

Ralph Bellamy is convincing as the doctor and Gloria Shea makes a pleasing heroine.

Villainy is full-blooded enough in

the hands of Fred Kohler and the support is sound.

*BLIND MAN'S BLUFF

Fox. British. "A" certificate. Triangle drama. Runs 71 minutes.

BASIL SYDNEY.....Dr. Peter Fairfax
ENID STAMP TAYLOR.....Sylvia, his wife
IRIS ASHLEY.....Claire
BARBARA GREEN.....Vicky Sheridan
JAMES MASON.....Stephen Neville
IAN COLIN.....Philip Stanhope
WILSON COLEMAN.....Dr. Franz Morgenhardt
WARBURTON GAMBLE.....Tracey
BETTY SUMNERS.....Jeanette
C. HOWARD.....Grainger
AND THE DOG—"TUFF DE LYLE."
Directed by Albert Parker from the story "Smoked Glasses," by William Foster and B. Scott-Elder.

Rather stagey, and over-dialogued production, which nevertheless is quite fair in story values and has some unusual situations.

It deals with Dr. Peter Fairfax, who, blinded by accident, leaves home for Vienna to perfect an invention for making the human body invisible. While away he is cured of his blindness, but suspecting that his wife, Sylvia is in love with Philip Stanhope, who is trying to acquire the invisibility formula, does not reveal the fact on his return except to Stephen Neville, laboratory assistant.

When, through Sylvia, Stanhope gets possession of the formula, Stephen gets it back after a hand-to-hand struggle, but refuses to give Sylvia away to her husband. Vicky, co-assistant and in love with the doctor, confesses to the theft for the same reason. Sylvia's elopement with Stanhope, however, loosens the young people's tongues, and Stephen, who is in love with Vicky, yields her to the doctor's care.

Basil Sydney is good as the blind doctor and Enid Stamp Taylor fair as Sylvia.

*MAN HUNT

First National. American. "A" certificate. Melodrama. Runs 59 minutes.

RICARDO CORTAZ.....Frank Kingman
MARGUERITE CHURCHILL.....Jane Carpenter
WILLIAM GARGAN.....Hank Dawson
CHARLES (CHIC) SALE.....Ed Hoggins
RICHARD PURCELL.....Skip McHenry
OLIN HOWLAND.....Starrett
ADDISON RICHARDS.....Mel Purdue
GEORGE E. STONE.....Silk
ANITA KERRY.....Babe
NICK COPELAND.....Blackie
RUSSELL SIMPSON.....Jeff Parkington
EDDIE SHUBERT.....Joe
KENNETH HARLAN.....Jim Davis
DON BARCLAY.....Waffles
CY KENDALL.....Sheriff at Hackett
MAUDE EBURN.....Mrs. Hoggins
FREDERIC BLANCHARD.....Bill Taylor
LARRY KENT.....Jim Bainter
GEORGE ERNEST.....Jackie
MILT KIBBEE.....Sam
BILLY WAYNE.....Dunk
Directed by William Clemens.

Still lacking those opportunities to which his acting ability entitles him, Ricardo Cortez, nevertheless, makes the most of the none too meaty role he has here as Kingman, an escaped gangster who is given shelter by Jane, a small-town school-mistress who falls for his hard-luck story. Hank Dawson, her ambitious boy friend, employed on the local newspaper, learns her secret, but she informs Kingman in time for him to avoid arrest.

Hank is then made the object of ridicule by federal agents, but he, Jane, and Ed Hoggins, the elderly ex-sheriff, ultimately get together, and between them they frustrate Kingman's plot to rob a bank. Kingman is captured, and the exclusive story puts Hank in the big money.

Margaret Churchill is both attractive and intelligent as Jane, and William Gargan, as the hero, and Chic Sale, as the elderly ex-sheriff, both put over well-drawn character studies.

The action is a little slow, but the small-town atmosphere is amusing and the "rough stuff" well timed.

***HOUSE OF FATE**

Radio. American. "A" certificate. Murder mystery drama. Runs 69 minutes.
 PRESTON FOSTER.....Tip O'Neil
 MARGARET CALLAHAN.....Amy Hutchins
 ALAN MOWBRAY.....Paul Harding
 RALPH MORGAN.....Jim Glenray
 "BIG BOY" WILLIAMS....."Red" Snare
 MAXIE ROSENBLUM....."Snake"
 MOLLY LAMONT.....Nancy Harding
 JOHN CARROLL.....Gene Leland
 FLORINE MCKINNEY.....Corinne
 ROBERT MIDDLEMASS.....Inspector Brock
 NOEL MADISON.....Spivaldi
 MAXINE JENNINGS.....Cleo
 HAROLD HUBER.....Maratti
 CLARENCE MUSE.....William
 PAUL PORCASI.....Luigi
 WARD BOND.....Gangster
 JOHN ADAIR.....Gangster
 Directed by Charles Vidor. Screen play by Erwin Gelsky.

Too fantastic and involved to be in the first flight of its type, this murder mystery is, nevertheless, well acted and staged, and should appeal to "mystery film" fans.

Preston Foster makes the leading role of Tim, a private detective, attractive and aggressive, while the feminine roles are equally well rendered by Margaret Callahan, Molly Lamont, and Florine McKinney.

The names in the supporting cast, such as Ralph Morgan and Alan Mowbray, assure that characterisation is well looked after.

The main fault is the lack of clarity in the proceedings and a development which seldom leads to a really definite thrill. In short, it is a very conventional "spot-the-murderer" plot, which has to be elucidated at the end by an over-plus of dialogue.

***TWELVE GOOD MEN**

Warner. British. "A" certificate. Murder mystery. Runs 64 minutes.
 HENRY KENDALL.....Charles Drew
 NANCY O'NEIL.....Ann
 JOYCE KENNEDY.....Lady Thora
 PERCY PARSONS.....Hopwood
 MORLAND GRAHAM.....Victor Day
 GRACIE LANE.....Mrs. Parkes
 RALPH ROBERTS.....Mr. Parkes
 BERNARD MILES.....Insp. Pine
 PHIL RAY.....Higgs
 GEORGE HUGHES.....Jim Bostock
 SAM SPRINGSON.....Mr. Levy
 FREDERICK BURTWELL.....Fotheringay
 RODDY HUGHES.....Wiggings
 MADGE WHITE.....Mrs. Goodhart
 Directed by Ralph Ince.

Henry Kendall's performance as a conceited but likeable actor is the high-light of this brightly directed and somewhat original story.

It deals with an escaped convict who spends his time trying to bump off the members of the jury who convicted him ten years ago. The jurors are put in one house under police protection, but, in spite of that two members are killed.

A young actor who is friendly with the daughter of one of the jurymen takes a hand in the detection of the criminal and is eventually successful.

Nancy O'Neil is quite good as the heroine and the various jurymen are well characterised.

Bernard Miles is convincing as a detective from Scotland Yard and Percy Parson scores as an ex-convict servant.

While a little far-fetched in parts, the interest is quite well maintained. Dialogue is generally bright.

THE LAST ASSIGNMENT

Alhe. American. "A" certificate. Good melodrama. Runs 59 minutes.
 AY WALKER.....Bob Horton
 JIM WOODBURY.....Marie Russell
 WILLIAM FARNUM.....Jim Horton
 ART DWIRE.....John Russell
 D SAYLOR.....Detective Hendricks
 ATRW BETZ.....Kane
 LARA KIMBALL YOUNG.....Mrs. Gordon
 EED HOWES.....Detective Brandon
 Directed by Dan Milner from a story by Peter B. Kyne.

Commonplace crook story, which has its quota of rough-stuff and admixture of paternal sentiment. The thrills are naive.

William Farnum is heavy as the father and the supporting cast is adequate.

PARISIENNE LIFE

United Artists. French. "A" certificate. Romantic comedy. Runs 79 minutes.
 MAX DEARLY.....Don Ramino
 COCHITA MONTENEGRO.....Helenita
 NEIL HAMILTON.....Jacques
 TYRIL DAVIS.....Georges
 EVA MOORE.....Liane
 CAROL GOODNER.....Simone
 AUSTIN TREVOR.....Don Joao
 Directed by Robert Siodmak.

As far as life in Paris is concerned, Max Dearly, who gives a volatile performance, fits into the picture all right, but the same cannot be said for Conchita Montenegro, Neil Hamilton, Eva Moore, Carol Goodner, and Austin Trevor, who seem rather lost in the gay Latin atmosphere.

It appears that this Anglo-French production has been drastically edited for home consumption—so drastically that its native piquancy has disappeared as well as its continuity.

The plot is so jerky that it loses interest, and even the main events do little to fulfil the promise of the title.

THE MAN BEHIND THE MASK

M.-G.-M. British. "A" certificate. Melodrama. Runs 79 minutes.
 HUGH WILLIAMS.....Nick
 JANE BAXTER.....June
 MAURICE SCHWARTZ.....The Master
 DONALD CALTHROP.....Doctor Walpole
 KITTY KELLY.....Miss Weeks
 RONALD WARD.....Jimmy
 GEORGE MERRITT.....Mallory
 REGINALD TATE.....Hayden
 HENRY OSCAR.....International Police
 PETER GAWTHORNE.....Lord Slade
 GERALD FIELDING.....Harah
 IVOR BARNARD.....Hewitt
 HENRY CAINE.....Beetson
 BARBARA EVEREST.....Lady Slade
 WILFRED CAITHNESS.....Butler
 MOYNA FAGAN.....Nada
 HAL GORDON.....Police Sergeant
 SID CROSSLEY.....Policeman
 Directed by Michael Powell.

Some clever acting and well-directed individual sequences help to cloak the entire lack of conviction in the plot.

The histrionic honours go to Donald Calthrop, as a doctor and Maurice Schwartz, is good as "The Master," a crook.

Kitty Kelly scores as an American lady secretary, as does Ronald Ward as the heroine's brother.

Hugh Williams, as the hero, and Jane Baxter, as his fiancée, give competent performances.

The director has done all he can to make the story plausible, but success does not crown his efforts.

*****IF I HAD A MILLION (re-issue)**

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Character studies. Runs 82 minutes.
 GARY COOPER.....Steven Gallagher
 GEORGE RAFT.....Eddie Jackson
 WYNE GIBSON.....Violet Smith
 CHARLES LAUGHTON.....Phineas Lambert
 JACK OAKIE.....Mulligan
 FRANCES DEE.....Mary Wallace
 CHARLIE RUGGLES.....Henry Peabody
 ALISON SKIPWORTH.....Emily LaRue
 W. C. FIELDS.....Rollo
 MARY BOLAND.....Mrs. Peabody
 ROSCOE KARNS.....O'Brien
 MAY ROBSON.....Mrs. Walker
 LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD.....Zeb
 RICHARD BENNETT.....John Glidden
 JOYCE COMPTON.....Marie
 Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, Norman Taurog, Stephen Roberts, Norman McLeod, James Cruze, William A. Seiter, and H. Bruce Humberstone. Pre-viewed February 4, 1933. Release criticism, June 3, 1933.

Practically all the Paramount stars and ace directors appear in this exceedingly novel and entertaining picture. It touches, too, on all the emotions: pathos, drama, tragedy, and satire.

Unlike the usual collated authorship or directorial production, this one is in a series of distinct and self-contained sequences; that is why it is a case of not too many cooks spoiling the broth, but rather making a mixture that is distinctly palatable.



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Ruddy.....	Brown.....	BRUNETTE
Sallow.....	Black.....	Light... Dark..
Freckled.....	LASHES	Light... Dark..
Olive.....	Light.....	REDHEAD
	Dark.....	Light... Dark..
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Oily.....	Under 45..	
	Normal	

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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

WHAT SCHOOLGIRLS LIKE

The Current Tastes in Males

I GO to a large school where nearly all the girls are regular filmgoers and I think we pretty well all share the same tastes, so I am writing to tell you them in the hope that you will print this and bring forth opinions of girls.

I think the most popular star at present is Robert Donat, and when *The Ghost Goes West* visited the local theatre last week, each night I should think the audience must have been half made up of our girls (there are 350 of them).

Other popular stars are Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Henry Wilcoxon, Fredric March, Robert Taylor, Claudette Colbert, Jessie Matthews and nearly all the English ones.

I should think the most popular film of 1935 was *Thirty-nine Steps*, and everybody raved about Henry Wilcoxon in *The Crusades*, although most people prefer British to American films.

Alexander Korda is considered the best producer. The most popular film paper is PICTUREGOER, of course!—Pat Smith, 5 St. David's Road North, St. Annes-on-Sea, Lancs.



Robert Donat.

they are told. If so then natural charm is of no use.

The men don't over-make-up and act artificial, yet the majority are attractive.—W. and J. Gardener, P.S.A. Hospital, Denton, Gravesend.

Joan Wants to Know

Will Herbert Marshall his troops to-day? If so, will Fredric March?

Will Jean Parker car by the railway bridge, While Ralph Lynngers under the arch?

I'd like to know why is Edmund Lowe, And why Jane Withers away;

I've never seen Bing Crosbyfore Has James Dunn harm to him, pray?

Was Conrad Veidtally ill, d'you know? And did he send Mae West?

Can you tell me who made Donald Meek?

And whether John Boles the best?

Has Irene Dunne Anita Page?

Will Tom Mix drinks for two?

Can Franchot Tone his voice at all,

And why is Monte Blue?

—Joan Ridler, Selborne, Alexandra Road, Epsom, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

A Hint to Readers

I should like to pass on a little hint to the PICTUREGOER's many readers. If they find that they are unable to save their copies for some reason or other, to buy a scrapbook from one of the popular stores and each week cut out the film releases.

By doing so, not only can they look up their critic's view of a film when screened at their local cinema and judge whether it's worth paying 6d. or 1s. to see. They will also have a compact record of the films.

I find mine very useful in many respects as it also saves trouble of writing to "George" of the PICTUREGOER. Other items of interest to the reader may be pasted in the scrapbook too.—Danny Ruston (age 14), 93 Duke Street, Creswell, Mansfield, Notts.

Praise for "Our Gang"

A great deal of praise has been handed out in fabulously large doses to the "glamour queens," "cave-men," and "horror-actors," but I have read of few tributes to a gallant band of miniature stars who provide many hours of amusement for thousands of filmgoers, old and young.

I refer to the inimitable "Our Gang." As soon as the name is flashed on to the screen a universal sigh of pleasant anticipation is audible and there are a few expectant giggles, then everyone, young and old, sit back in their seats prepared for half-an-hour's good fun, and they are never disappointed.

Three cheers for Spanky and his merry men! —Annie Roberts (aged 14), 18 Yardley Avenue, Warrington.

A Good "Short"

As a member of The Wolverhampton Film Society during the last season, I saw a very fine film entitled B.B.C., *The Voice of Britain*. Judging by the applause which followed it many others seemed to echo my sentiments.

This film, showing the wonderful organisation of the B.B.C., included only a few technical details. Comedy acts during the variety programmes brought a lighter touch, and shots showing Henry Hall's famous band appealed to many.

This film also had an educational value, for it showed the leading politicians and authors speaking over the microphone, people who are merely names to most of the general public.

(Continued on page 30)

Brickbat for Chumps

Here's a hefty brickbat for those fatuous chumps who think it wrong that Will Rogers should appear on the screen after his death—or any other star for that matter.

One hears too much of this nonsense. Let's kill it for all time. If it is wrong to let the art of a film-star prevail after his death, then it is equally wrong for an author's books to be read after he has gone. Apply the prejudice to all realms of Art, and what have we?

No Shakespeare, no Dickens, no paintings by Turner and other masters, no music by Bach, Wagner or Handel, no recordings of the beautiful voices of Caruso or Clara Butt—nothing but the products of our age.

Do we not claim that films are so invaluable because they provide a permanent record of the doings of the modern world?

Gosh, let's be logical, even in our prejudices. —Leila Turvey, 112 Tennyson Road, Portswood, Southampton, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

"Lip-stick Muck"

Can two working pals endorse Plaistow Docker's views. We too like the natural film stars—hate all the lip-stick muck—but there are so few of them—the moment they obtain success they go Crawford or Harlowish.

There is another fresh natural actress we saw lately—Bernice Claire in *Two Hearts in Harmony*; she was great, could sing and act, and was perfectly natural—also devoid of that surplus make-up.

Charlotte Henry is another; Laura La Plante too; Jean Muir, although she is getting more show-offish since her success in *Fascination*; and Bette Davis seems likely to follow suit too. So you see, they don't stop natural and we wonder whether it's their fault or if they have to do as



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WHO'S WHO

Bruce Cabot

BORN in Carlsbad, New Mexico, on April 20, 1905, his real name is Etienne Jacques de Bujac. He has dark brown hair, blue eyes, stands 6 ft. 1½ in. and weighs a little under 13 stone. Educated in America and France, he tried his hand at a variety of jobs and was in turn seaman, oil worker, and sparring partner to a professional boxer. He made his stage debut in a stock company in 1929, and four years later entered the films, his first picture being *Roadhouse Murder*.

His other pictures include *The Great Jasper*, *King Kong*, *Ann Vickers*, *Disgraced*, *The Flying Circus*, *Shadows of Sing Sing*, *Midshipman Jack*, *Murder on the Blackboard*, *His Greatest Gamble*, *Afterwards*, *Redhead*, *Men of the Night*, *Without Children*, *Finishing School*, *Night Alarm*, *False Faces*, *The Robin Hood of El Dorado*, *Don't Gamble with Love*, *Three Wise Guys*, *Last of the Mohicans*, and *Fury*.

James Cagney

BORN in New York on July 17, 1904, James Cagney comes of Irish parentage, being the second of five children. He has red hair and brown eyes, is 5 ft. 9 in. tall, and weighs about 11 stone. At the age of fourteen he was an office-boy on the *New York Sun*, then a bundle-wrapper at a big store, graduating from there to a position as custodian of a branch of the public library, during which time he entered Columbia University. Turning his attention to the theatre, he began as a chorus man in *Pitter Patter*, later being given a speciality dance. He later went into vaudeville and after some time was given a "tough" role in *Outside Looking In*. He returned to vaudeville and then appeared with Mary Boland in the play, *Women Go On For Ever*. The next season he staged the *Grand Street Follies*, playing a prominent role with them for two seasons. When he and Joan Blondell were both playing in *Penny Arcade*, the play was bought by Warner Brothers, and they went to Hollywood to play in the film version, retitled *Sinners' Holiday*.

Specialising in "tough guy" parts, he has appeared in many films, including *Doorway to Hell*, *Steel Highway*, *Blonde Crazy*, *The Crowd Roars*, *Taxi*, *Winner Take All*, *Hard to Handle*, *Picture Snatcher*, *Mayor of Hell*, *Footlight Parade*, *Lady Killer*, *Jimmy the Gent*, *He Was Her Man*, *Here Comes the Navy*, *A Perfect Week-end*, *Devil Dogs of the Air*, *G-Men*, *The Irish in Us*, *A Mid-*

summer Night's Dream, *'Frisco Kid*, and *Ceiling Zero*.

Louis Calhern

BORN in New York in 1895, he has had a large and varied stage experience, playing in stock and later in New York. He starred in several successes, including *Love Duel* and *Rhapsody*. He later turned his attention to the films and has appeared in many pictures, including *Okay America*, *20,000 Years in Sing Sing*, *The Road to Sin*, *Blonde Crazy*, *Night After Night*, *The Woman Accused*, *Stolen Heaven*, *Diplomaniacs*, *The World Gone Mad*, *Duck Soup*, *The Affairs of Cellini*, *The Man With Two Faces*, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, *Sweet Adeline*, *Woman Wanted*, *The Arizonian*, and *The Last Days of Pompeii*.

Joseph Calleia

BORN in Malta, he stands 5 ft. 11 in. in height, has black hair and black eyes, and weighs 11½ stone. After leaving school he joined a concert party as a tenor and toured all over Europe, before going to New York in 1918. Appeared in the musical play, *Have a Heart*, and later in drama, playing in *Pietro*, *The Broken Wing*, *Zanda the Great*, *Broadway*, *Front Page*, *The Last Mile*, *Grand Hotel*, and *Small Miracle*. Making his screen debut in 1935, he scored a great personal success in *Public Hero No. 1*, and has since appeared in such notable films as *Riffraff*, *Exclusive Story*, and *Tough Guy*.

Donald Calthrop

BORN in London on April 11, 1888, Donald Calthrop, whose real name is Donald Esmé Clayton-Calthrop, was educated at St. Paul's School and made his first appearance on the stage in 1906 in *A Wireless Entanglement*. He has dark brown hair, blue-grey eyes, and stands 5 ft. 7 in. A character actor of distinction, he appeared in many successful stage shows before making his first picture, *The Gay Lord Quex*. His subsequent films include *Blackmail*, *Atlantic*, *Elstree Calling*, *The Flying Squad*, *Two Worlds*, *Murder*, *The Bells*, *The Ghost Train*, *Money for Nothing*, *Many Waters*, *Fires of Fate*, *Rome Express*, *F. P. One*, *Orders Is Orders*, *I Was a Spy*, *Friday the Thirteenth*, *Sorrell and Son*, *This Acting Business*, *Early to Bed*, *Red Ensign*, *It's a Cop*, *Nine Forty-five*, *The Phantom Light*, *The Divine Spark*, *Scrooge*, *The Man of the Moment*, and *Broken Blossoms*.

What Do You Think? Cont.

Why, when such an interesting film as this exists, is it not shown universally?

May I point out that this film is entirely British and might be a change from some of those terrible American "shorts" of which there seems so many.—(Miss) B. Davies, *Sandycroft*, *Claregate*, *Wolverhampton*.

Beating the Champ

I read in PICTUREGOER recently that the Champion Long Distance Fan had seen 95 films and cycled 1,200 miles, but I can beat that.

My father and I have seen 208 films and cycled 4,160 miles between us in the year 1935, as our picture houses are 10 miles away.

The best films we saw were *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, *Chained*, *Escape Me Never*, *Sanders of the River*.

My favourite stars are: Clark Gable, George Raft, Robert Donat, Loretta Young, Claudette Colbert.—Nancy Gammon, *Chapel End*, *Sawtry*, *Huntingdon*.

Crazy Month

THE casting directors are giving us some fun nowadays. Fredric March, sensitive and refined in manner and appearance, is to portray the bold, ruffianly *Bothwell* (whose family name, curiously enough, was Hepburn!). Katie

Hepburn, with her strange, attractive features and vigorous individuality, is to play *Mary of Scots*, the beauteous aristocrat, the Medic from the French Court.

Now it looks as though Charlie Chaplin is to carry out his intention to enact the role of Napoleon.

Should he do so I absolutely insist on his giving the part of Wellington to Harpo Marx. Groucher could be Blücher, I mean Groucho could be Blücher. Zeppo has apparently been already banished to some distant Elba.

Byron says of the eve of Waterloo "there was a sound of revelry by night." There would certainly be revelry with the Marx Bros. on the spot.—Leonard Elliott, 14 Herbert Road, Wimbleton, S.W.19.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 is. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.

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OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

FILM FAN.—Henry Mollison, brother of Clifford Mollison, married Evelyn (McNay). Ed. St. Paul's School, London and Caen, France. Films include: *Third Time Lucky*, *The Face at the Window*, *Letting in the Sunshine*, *Out of the Past*, *Mister Cinders*, *McGlusky the Sea Rover*, *Drake of England*, *Someday*, *Manhattan Moon*.

EGO (Brighton).—(1) Rober Taylor, b. Filley, Nebraska, Aug. 1911, real name Arlington Brough, 6 ft., dark brown hair and blue eyes, unmarried. (2) Robert Young married Betty Henderson, 1933.

GLENNIS & MICKEY FILM FAN.—(1) Glennis Lorimer, b. about 21 years ago. Auburn hair. (2) Mickey Brantford, b. March 26, 1911, London, 5 ft. 6½ in., dark brown hair, brown eyes, married Irene Hunter—Aug. 7, 1935.

SCHOOLGIRL (Perth).—Jimmy Baxter took the part of Allan as a boy in *The Dark Angel*. (2) Bobbie Hale took the part of the blind soldier who interrupted at the lecture in this film.

ISHTAR.—(1) Brian Donlevy's films besides *Barbary Coast*—*Mary Burns Fugitive* and *It Happened in Hollywood*. (2) Latest films: Henry Hull—*False Witness*; Lee Tracy—*Sutters Gold*; Boris Karloff—*The Man Who Changed His Mind*. (3) Music in *Sequoia*. With the exception of a few excerpts from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" and a few bars of "Trees" all the other music in this film was incidental.

B. C. (Kent).—Harry Stockwell is the singer in *Here Comes the Band*.

GINGER (Nelson).—Grace Moore sings "Il Bacio" by Ardit in the bobsleigh scene in *On Wings of Song*.

M. D. H. (Matlock).—George Mulcaster took the part of Sir John in *The River House Mystery*. (2) Joan Gardiner took the part of Leslie Banks's fiancée in *Sanders of the River*, but, owing to the length of the film, the sequences in which she appeared were unfortunately cut out. (3) Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland took the chief roles in *Captain Blood*. (4) Olivia de Havilland, b. Tokio, Japan, July 1, 1916, of English descent, 5 ft. 4 in., 107 lb., reddish brown hair and brown eyes.

B. F. (London).—(1) Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers making *I Won't Dance*. (2) Griselda Hervey, b. Plomesgate, Suffolk, 1901. Films besides *The Informer*—*Up to the Nick* and *Becky Sharp*.

PICTUREGOER (Exeter).—(1) The song "Who's Kissing Her Now" from the film *Arms and the Girl*, is published by Feldmans. (2) Release dates: *Rose Marie*—Nov. 2, 1935; *Love on a Bet*—Aug. 10, 1936. (3) *The Charlie Chan* film in which Pat Paterson played was *Charlie Chan in Egypt*. Thomas Beck played opposite Miss Paterson. (4) Griffith Jones played with Jessie Matthews in *First a Girl*.

NEW READER (Clapham).—Margaret Lockwood, b. Sept. 15, 1916, India. Dark brown hair and grey-green eyes, 5 ft. 4 in., 112 lb. Latest film: *The Beloved Vagabond*.

W. J. (Kent).—(1) Centrespread of *The Three Musketeers* published Nov. 9, 1935. (2) Photographs of Walter Abel not obtainable from the Postcard Salon.

M. H. H. (South Devon).—(1) Howard Marion Crawford took the part of Max in *Forever England*. (2) Harvey Perry took the part of Joe Delancy in *The Irish in Us*.

THREE MUSKETEERS (Kendal).—(1) John Loder's latest film: *Guilty Melody*; Richard Cromwell: *Poppy*. (2) Richard Cromwell, b. Jan. 8, 1910, Los Angeles, real name Roy Radabaugh, 5 ft. 10 in., 140 lb., brown hair, grey eyes, hobbies: painting, swimming, riding and tennis.

J. C. (London).—*The Magnificent Obsession* released Sept. 14, 1936.

JUMBO.—Norfolk (1) Gertrude Michael, Henry Wilcoxon, Fred MacMurray, Loretta Young, James Dunn and Randolph Scott not married. Cary Grant married Virginia Cherrill (mar. dis.). Anna Sten—Dr. Eugene Frenke; Jean Harlow—Hal Rosson (mar. dis.). Katharine Hepburn—Ludlow Smith (mar. dis.). Clive Brook—Mildred Evelyn. (2) Henry Wilcoxon is British. (3) Daphne O'Connor was played by Patsy Kelly in *Every Night at Eight*. (4) Latest films: Katharine Hepburn—*Mary of Scotland*; Loretta Young—*Private Number*; Fred MacMurray—*Princess Comes Across*; James Dunn—*Don't Get Personal*; Jane Withers—*The Matron's Report*.

STEN CRAZY (Glasgow).—Centrespreads: *We Live Again*—Nov. 10, 1934; *Lady of the Boulevards*—March 31, 1934, and article "From Red Moscow to Hollywood"—Mar. 31, 1934, issues of this magazine. Back numbers obtainable from the Publishing Dept., see above.

REGALGOER (Stranraer).—(1) Robert Donat b. March 18, 1907, Withington, Manchester; 6 ft., 154 lb., brown hair and eyes; married Ella Voysey, has a boy and a girl. Making *Hamlet*. (2) Anna Lee, b. Ightham Vicarage, Kent, Dec. 31, 1913, at midnight; 5 ft. 4 in.; real name Joanna Boniface Winifrith; married Robert Stevenson. (2) Photographs of both these stars obtainable from the Postcard Salon, address above.

ENQUIRE.—Merle Oberon, b. Feb. 19, 1911, Tasmania, 5 ft. 4 in., brown hair and eyes, 7 st. 7 lb.; real name Estelle O'Brien Thompson. Latest film *These Three*.

N. G. (Kent).—(1) The songs you mention in *Rose Marie* are "Pardon Me, Madam," sung by Jeanette Macdonald when singing to the Prime Minister in her hotel; "Just For You," by Nelson Eddy, singing to Jeanette Macdonald when sitting on top of a barrel. Both these songs are original M.-G.-M. copyright and are not published. (2) Your requests have been passed on to the Editor.

J. C. (Surrey).—Teddy Joyce and his band appeared in *Radio Parade* of 1935, a British International Pictures film. (2) Photographs of Harold Lloyd obtainable from the Postcard Salon.

A MESSAGE FROM JOHN LODER.—"Just before Christmas I received an anonymous gift of £2 'For John Loder's Club'. To-day I have received a further donation of £2 from the same source, and although I am almost certain this anonymous donor is not a member of my Club I think she (or he) is an enthusiastic picturegoer, and may be a reader of your paper, in which case I hope she (or he) will know I am terribly grateful to their generosity which will be donated to my Club's 'pet' charity—Dr. Barnardo's."

A SUPPORTER (Rotherham).—Jean Rogers, b. Belmont, Mass., real name Eleanor Lovegreen, 19 years old, natural blonde, dark blue eyes, 5 ft. 5½ in., 116 lb. Latest film, *Stormy*. Write to her c/o Universal Studios.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

Since Neil Hamilton's arrival in this country THE HAMILTONIANS have been completely re-organised and now offer many new and varied interests for members. Our club paper (Hamil-Tones) is sent post free to all members and contains many items of interest including regular contests with prizes awarded personally by Mr. Hamilton. This is a bona-fide organisation, conducted with the help and personal backing of Neil Hamilton. All those interested should write to Jim Ramsay, 41 Holburne Terrace, Menstrie, Scotland, who will furnish full particulars.

THE BRIAN LAWRENCE FAN CLUB welcomes new members. This club is personally recognised by Mr. Lawrence who sends a signed photograph to all who join, and publishes a magazine, "The Brian Lawrence Fan Club Review," quarterly. The next edition is their birthday number out in October. The club has a strong social side; theatre shows, picnics, outings to the sea; etc., are arranged regularly. Write to

Barbara Williams, 5 Fen Pond Road, Igham, nr. Sevenoaks, Kent, for full details, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for a reply. The subscription to this club is only 1s. 6d. and this is used to help Dr. Barnardo's Homes and people in distressed areas.

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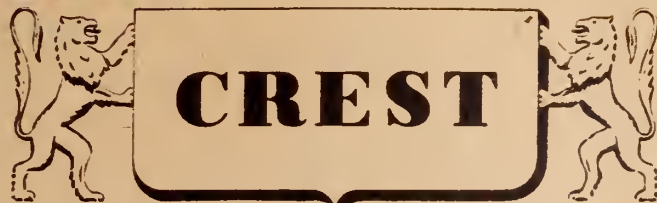
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Leave it TO ANNE

THE return from the holiday brings many problems in its train. Your hair is dry or your face is coarse with sunburn. Let me help you to put these troubles right. Enclose a stamped-addressed envelope with your query, or if you live in the I.F.S., enclose a postage coupon instead.

THE look of your hair can make or mar your appearance. If you doubt that take a look around the next time you sit in a theatre or a concert hall. Contrast the well groomed heads with those that look dull and unbrushed. The smartest frock in town and the prettiest face imaginable never make up for unkempt hair.

In these days too many girls are afraid of the hairbrush. They are scared of those old fashioned forty strokes with the brush lest it disturb the wave. Girls with oily hair are afraid of the brush too, lest it make the hair still more greasy. Whereas the girl with greasy hair needs the brush just as much as anyone, or rather more.

Excessively oily hair means that the glands are working overtime in producing grease. It is strange but true, that they are working overtime because they lack stimulation. Brush the hair and stimulate the scalp. This improves the circulation. It brings the blood to the surface and that helps to absorb the excess grease.

Girls in their early teens nearly always suffer in this way. Skin and scalp are abnormally greasy for a number of years. When older people suffer in this way, the condition is generally associated with the general health. Indigestion and faulty elimination have their effects on the hair. Careful attention to diet will often help to clear up the condition.

Rich foods, highly seasoned dishes, fried foods, and starchy puddings and cakes should be cut down. For a time let the main items of daily food consist of fruits and vegetables, dairy produce, and salads. Plenty of water should be taken; this helps tremendously.

Take plenty of open-air exercise and go bareheaded. Go in for regular scalp massage. Very oily hair tends to fall out. If you massage the scalp and improve the circulation, the blood flows faster, the hair gets more nourishment and the glands get stimulation. Thus you get less grease.

This care and attention gives results in another way too. Equally true is the fact that scalp massage improves the complexion. Face and scalp are very closely allied. A common illustration of this is that acne is, in many cases, accompanied by dandruff. You may go on treating the acne indefinitely, but if the dandruff is neglected, the skin trouble will never clear up.

A tonic that is both astringent and strengthening should be applied with the massage. There are many excellent tonics advertised from time to time in our pages. Or you may ask your chemist for a cantharides tonic, or you can write to me for a prescription.

Whatever you use, be sure to apply it to the scalp and not merely to dab it on the hair. Part the hair with a comb every inch or so and apply the lotion to the scalp with a piece of clean white rag. Burn it afterwards. Use the tips of the fingers, work round and round, and cover the entire scalp till it feels pleasantly tingling.

Use a rubber cushion brush. Do not economize on it. Cheap ones have wire bristles and they scratch and injure the scalp. It is most important to keep it clean.

Shampoo the hair once a week. Oily scalps nearly always benefit from the use of one of the specially prepared tar shampoos.

Do not be tempted to use very hot water for your shampoo. I know it seems to get rid of the grease, but it is bad and very relaxing for your scalp. See that your hair is quite free from tangles before you begin. After wetting thoroughly, rub your shampoo in, or better still get someone else to rub it in for you, using a small soft rubber nail brush. You get at the scalp this way and any grease that is clogging the pores.

Repeat and repeat again, rinsing out each application of shampoo before next is applied. Rinsing water should be cooler than the washing water, but not quite cold. That is too much of a shock.

A lemon rinse or the strained juice of half a lemon in the final rinsing water, removes the last of the soap curds and leaves the hair really clean, besides bringing out the natural tints of fair or brown hair.

Have some warm towels ready, and rub the hair dry, doing the scalp first and the ends last. Rub so that it is the scalp which you can feel moving over the skull, and not merely your fingers.

Here again you get that splendid stimulation which causes the blood to flow more freely. Besides, it helps your hair to dry quickly. Finish the drying in the open air if the weather makes it possible.

* * *

Answers to Correspondents

D. R. (Tewkesbury).—I feel sure you will find some of the many Film Star preparations to suit you. They are obtainable for both dry and greasy skins at reasonable cost.

N. N. (Oxford).—As you say you want something "different" for your bath, why not try Morney Bath Essence, which will meet even all your exacting requirements.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss M. Sneddon, 44a Dean Road, Bo'ness, West Lothian, for:—

**Woman Must Dress
Eye's Fall
The Canary Murder Case
A Feather in her Hat**

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:—
K. Stewart, 33 Paignton Road, Rotton Park, Birmingham, 16, for:—

**Heat Wave
Delay in the Sun
 Sylvia Scarlett**

Miss Betty Arends, 20 New City Road, Plaistow, E.13, for:—

**Rendezvous
Behold My Wife
One Hour Late
Murder by the Clock**

Miss S. Montford, 68 Somerset Road, Wembleton, S.W.19, for:—

**Racing Youth
Red Hot Tyres
Flames
Inquest**

Miss M. Taylor, 20 Onslow Terrace, Langley Moor, Durham, for:—

**The Party's Over
Rolling Home
The Thirty-Nine Steps
Happy Landing**

As you can see, the idea of Talkie Titles is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard c/o "Picturegoer," Martlett House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no other rules, except that I must insist that your "titles" are submitted on a postcard—and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.



"I hid
behind
my hand"

Don't shun the society of others because your skin is disfigured with blotches and pimples. You can look radiant and lovely under the most revealing lights if you use D.D.D. Brand Prescription. Blackheads, blotches or enlarged pores quickly vanish with the aid of this famous non-greasy lotion. It will quickly clear the skin of every blemish

and give you that flawless complexion you admire so much in others. For Eczema and other stubborn skin diseases, D.D.D. Prescription will be found a safe and certain remedy. Get a bottle to-day at your chemists, price 1/3. D.D.D. Soap and D.D.D. Talcum Powder are further aids to skin loveliness. Delicately perfumed they keep the skin soft and velvety.

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Send a postcard to
D.D.D. Laboratories
P. 18 Fleet Lane,
London, E.C.4 for
liberal sample bottle!
Write to-day.

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BRAND
PRESCRIPTION
FOR ALL SKIN TROUBLES

WHERE IS THE SECRET OF THE GLAMOROUS FILM STARS?

Every girl naturally longs to feel she has the allure of the glamorous film-stars. Now, thanks to KISSPROOF, the wonderful indelible lipstick, the secret of the film-stars' allure can be yours—for a few pence—to-night! You can use their lipstick, the very same lipstick that film magnates in Hollywood, where money doesn't matter, insist on having in the stars' dressing-rooms. Ask for the fascinating new KISSPROOF AUTOMATIC at smart, novel, attractive. At all chemists and department stores. See also the exotic new baton at 6d.



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PRICES: 1/-, 1/2, 1/6 and 2/-
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The sharp cool TANG of Euthymol Tooth Paste is due to the antiseptics in this scientific dentifrice. Laboratory tests show that it kills dental decay germs in 30 seconds. Try Euthymol to-day! You'll enjoy the fresh feeling it leaves in your mouth and the white, polished teeth it produces.

Sold in convenient spring-cap tubes by chemists at 1s. 3d., or send for a 7-day free trial tube.

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To Dept 44 99, Euthymol, 50 Beak St., London, W.1
Please send me a sample tube of "Euthymol"

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thrill of being
ADORABLY LOVELY—



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Leader in the
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—a powder so fine, so soft that it actually appears a part of the skin—that's Poudre Mattever, the matt finish powder. No other powder stays on so long or looks so well. True to its name, Poudre Mattever remains matt even after strenuous sport or dancing.

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Free booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, secretly and permanently cure yourself of this objectionable, health-endangering habit. No aloe, no auto-suggestion. New discovery. Send 11d. stamp for postage. FILTEX LTD. (Dept. P.), 31, The Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

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No matter how straight your hair is now, Vosemar, a hair specialist's wonderful discovery will give you lustrous natural waves. No curling irons or heat to ruin the hair! Guaranteed pure and harmless. 1/6 tube lasts 2 weeks. (For Baby's hair Curly Top is equally effective at 1/3 per tube.) Sold by most good chemists including Boots, or post free from:—

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VOSEMAR



10 MINUTES TO WAIT—so



Mine's a Minor!

THE
TEN-MINUTE
SMOKE FOR
INTELLIGENT
FOLK

JUST the cigarette for a restful smoke. In taste and quality the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large; big enough, however, to last the full 10 minutes — and so conveniently packed.

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In tins: 30 for 1/- ★ 60 for 2/- ★ In boxes: 15 for 6d ★ 25 for 10d ★ 30 for 1/-

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PLAIN, CORK OR 'IVORY'-TIPPED

The Picturegoer Weekly.

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

No. 275 (New Series), Vol. 6

August 29, 1936

Picturegoer

The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

2^d
WEEKLY



Norma SHEARER
& Leslie HOWARD

10 MINUTES TO WAIT—so



Mine's a Minor!

JUST the cigarette for a restful smoke. In taste and quality the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large; big enough, however, to last the full 10 minutes —and so conveniently packed.

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Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

PLAIN, CORK OR 'IVORY'-TIPPED



JANET GAYNOR

While she has not been in the news as much as she was when she assumed Mary Pickford's "World's Sweetheart" crown, she scored a big success in "Small Town Girl" and looks like scoring another in "Ladies in Love."

Daughter Gives Health TO AILING MOTHER

Gift of Yeast-Vite

Brand Tablets



BANISHES
Awful FLATULENCE
Terrible HEAD PAINS
NERVES and
Morning TIREDNESS

**Yeast-Vite
Is Life**



More priceless than gold, richer than the rarest jewels, was the gift of this Devoted Daughter to her Ailing Mother!

It wasn't a big gift—it only cost a few pence. It was a bottle of Yeast-Vite Tonic Tablets—BUT IT BROUGHT THIS SUFFERING MOTHER HEALTH!—Health such as she had not known for years!

AND mark well the fact that she was relieved not of just one complaint, but of a COMPLICATION of troubles!! Yeast-Vite did not merely relieve the headaches, it banished her indigestion. As it banished the indigestion it also conquered the morning tiredness, strengthened her nerves.

Yeast-Vite changed her whole life. It banished EVERY ONE OF HER AILMENTS!

It changed the morning tiredness into joyous energy and vitality!

It changed the Indigestion into hearty appetite and meal-time relish!

It changed the 'shattered' nerves into a tower of strength and peace!

It changed the terrible headaches into glorious relief!

YOU NEED YEAST-VITE

Yeast-Vite rebuilt, restored, reinvigorated this grateful woman as it has done so many thousands of sick and suffering people! For Yeast-Vite is LIFE!—happy, joyous, painfree, vigorous LIFE!

If YOUR life is darkened by pain, if YOUR days are made miserable by jangled nerves, tiredness and indigestion, if YOU are a sufferer from one of a number of troubles YOU, too, should instantly commence to benefit from the World's Wonder Tonic YEAST-VITE.

"Now like the Proverbial Lark"

Dear Sirs,

BOLTON.

To show my gratitude to you, I am adding my testimonial to the very many you must receive.

It is nine days ago since my daughter gave me a bottle of 'Yeast-Vite' Tablets, asking me to give them a trial for several ailments I complained of—nerves terrible, flatulence awful, head pains terrible—and every morning after rising I was from one to two hours tired and useless before starting my household duties.

Well, I gave 'Yeast-Vite' Tablets a fair trial. I cannot express the good they have done me. I can get up at six o'clock in the morning like the proverbial "lark". I never seem tired and as for my nerves—well, this morning I mounted a ladder and cleaned my fanlight, a thing I've not done for years. (I had to let someone else do that.)

I will be only too willing to prove my statement, as also will my husband, father, daughter and son-in-law. I am sure that there are hundreds of women with the usual ailments at the age of 48 (which is my age) who would be more than thankful to know the value of 'Yeast-Vite.'

Please do not trouble to thank me for this letter, all the gratefulness is on my side.

With all my wishes for your great success.

I am, Yours Sincerely,
(Signed) Mrs. E. C.

P.S. I might tell you I mentioned 'Yeast-Vite' to a woman and she said she had only them to thank for her son's life.



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NERVE PAINS	Glorious Relief	IN 5'15 MIN.
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"NERVES"	Steadiness	IN 10'20 MIN.
INDIGESTION	Keen Appetite	IN 15'30 MIN.
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RHEUMATISM	Pain Relief	IN 24 HOURS
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Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of "YEAST-VITE" Brand Quick Tonic Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE," return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded at once and in full without quibble or question.

Yeast-Vite

Brand

Tonic Tablets, Sold Everywhere, 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

Picturegoer-The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

All the Gossip

TO appreciate how the recent little matter of Mary Astor's diary has rocked Hollywood to its foundations, it is necessary to realise that Hollywood is the most scandal fearing community in the world.

In the film capital, S-C-A-N-D-A-L spells RUIN.

We occasionally chafe at the strictness of the British Board of Film Censors, but at least we must admit that that august body confines its attention to the screen.

The Hollywood censorship follows the players off the screen, into their private lives, into their very homes.

Now, this may at first glance seem perilously near to persecution; but it is strictly justifiable, when you bear in mind two salient points about the U.S.A.

One is that Americans are much more strongly addicted to reforming than we are.

Uplift

Americans are extremely public-spirited. Their leisure is largely spent in improving themselves and their neighbours; and as they (and especially the women-folk) have a great deal of spare time, the land is full of societies and clubs existing for the sole purpose of Uplift.

This being so, they occasionally run a little short of subjects for attack; and as—according to Will Hays—everybody has two businesses, his own and the movies, it seems the obvious thing to attack the latter.

Their attacks may be ill-advised and even ridiculous; but taken in the mass they can be extremely formidable.

When even a couple of million determined American matrons (a mere handful among those teeming millions) decide to put a crimp in the Kinema, the crimp is put.

The motion-picture executives are fully aware of this, and have a very healthy respect for the women's organisations that could nip off their profits as easily as you or I would snuff a candle.

Keep the Party Clean

So they very wisely deal with the problem at its source, by ensuring that the reformers have no excuse for attack.

Not only do they (in theory) keep their screens stainless, but they also insist that the private lives of the stars be equally beyond reproach.

For this dual duty they appointed Will Hays, a former Postmaster-General, who had the highest collars and morals in Washington; and to fulfil his duty to his employers (the Film Industry), he makes his charge (also the Film Industry) tremble in its shoes.

The slightest deviation from the strict path of rectitude is austere frowned upon; even indiscretion is regarded with severe displeasure—curiously enough, it seems to give the scandal-mongers better material even than plain law-breaking does.

Marry the Girl

It may seem strange that the frequent changes in partnership are permitted, but the principle seems to be that so long as people actually



A particularly happy picture of Joan Bennett, who has returned to Hollywood to make "Wedding Present" for Paramount.

marry each other, it doesn't matter how frequently it occurs.

But when the couple carelessly omits the marriage-ceremony, the wrath of the Hays Office smites that couple hip and thigh, and the screen knows them no more . . . until they repent, or it all blows over.

So you can see the importance, to a Hollywood player, of keeping his or her copybook clean; and when such an indiscreet document as the Astor diary sees the light of day, there are hundreds of men and women who tremble for their very livelihood.

It's an unenviable job, that of Will Hays, and of his Hollywood representative, Joseph Breen.

The eyes of the world are upon Hollywood; the slightest hint of any irregularity comes under the bright light of publicity and the microscope of scandal; so the Hays Office must keep on the *qui vive* for anything which smacks of license or smells of vice.

It's in the Air

The other salient point I mentioned in my opening paragraph is the fact that Southern California, where Hollywood is situated and beyond whose borders the stars rarely roam, is

particularly well adapted to scandalous behaviour.

That is to say, it has a marvellous climate where one can go about in practically nothing, and stay out all night without risk of chills; a place of sparkling, carefree days and luminous, languorous nights.

Add to this the fact that the most unconventional people in the world are gathered there, and it becomes apparent why Mr. Joseph Breen has his hands full in hushing up the incipient scandals that just *may* break into the newspapers and give Hollywood (and consequently the film industry) a black eye.

Choice of Offences

There are so many ways in which the unwary star can offend against the laws (mainly unwritten) of the Hays Office.

Immorality is not by any means the only offence. A prominent player must not get into serious money difficulties, or take any conspicuous part in politics, or be concerned in any crime or any accident due to negligence, such as a bad motor accident.

I'm glad to say that the British in Hollywood do, as a rule, keep on the right side of the

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

propriety fence; the first exception for a long time is Wendy Barrie, who recently blotted her copybook by becoming bankrupt at a time when she owed a good deal more money than she had.

This kind of thing is thoroughly bad for the film-colony, for it affords the scandal-mongers a foothold.

Laying the Dust

One unfortunate aspect of the "hushing-up" process is that when something happens that really does badly need investigation, it is inclined to be "smothered" in order to lay the dust of a public enquiry.

The death of Thelma Todd some months ago is a case in point. Almost all the evidence pointed to murder, and a particularly cold-blooded, deliberate murder at that; but to save Hollywood's good name the whole affair has been allowed to die down, and the murderer goes scot-free.

Of course, the task of the Hays Office is made a hundred times more difficult by the fact that any news about anyone connected with films is invested with a kind of false glamour; and the way the American Press can exaggerate is nobody's business!

The classic example of this is the headline in a New York "tabloid" newspaper when a down-town cinema cashier, having had a noggin more than a lady should, punched a commissionaire and a couple of ushers.

The headline ran (right across the page):
ACTRESS, GIN-CRAZED, SLAYS THREE.

Hot and Cold

One effect the Astor affair will have is to cause a large number of little private diary-burning parties.

The habit of keeping a diary is distinctly dangerous in such a place as Hollywood, where attachments are formed and blaze up and die down all within an incredibly short space; and, though confided to a diary in a moment of white-hot enthusiasm, they look pretty silly in the light of cold reason a few months later.

The unfortunate dragging into the limelight of poor Mary Astor's little romances will not have been altogether in vain if it deters a few silly women from putting down in black-and-white either the true moments of romance which are too fragile to be written in any medium but gossamer and dew, or the trifling flirtations which are not worth recording at all.

Keeping Out

There is one fellow in Hollywood who is determined to keep out of trouble; and his name is George Raft.

For two very sound reasons he has retired from the gay whirl of Hollywood's social life.

One is that he can make friends whom he can keep, and not people who are "all over him" while he is rich and famous and will high-hat him when he is down on his luck.

And the other is that, when he goes to a Hollywood party or restaurant or night-club, there is bound to be some half-tight, pugilistic idiot who confuses Raft's screen roles with his real character, and offers to fight.

Raft doesn't drink, so he's always sober enough to decline.

"And then," he complains, "when he sees you're reluctant to fight, the chances are that he'll be encouraged to pop you. Then there's only one thing to do. And when you do it and they carry the guy out, it's the innocent party who gets the lion's share of the unpleasant notoriety."

"That's why I stay away from Hollywood nightclubs—though personally I like them very much."

Rackets

It will be gathered from the foregoing remarks that being a Hollywood star is by no means all jam.

Not only do "p's and q's" have to be minded, but also the stars are subjected to all kinds of rackets against which they are defended only by their own ingenuity and determination.

Luckily the kidnapping profession has received a very severe set-back since the G-Men took a

LOOK OUT

for the

Greatest Series
of articles ever
written for a
film magazine.

They will
astonish you
and thrill you.

Watch this space

NEXT WEEK

hand in cleaning it up—and since kidnapping has been made an offence punishable by death.

But there are plenty of less-ambitious rackets, among them being the one of bleeding the stars white whenever they come to buy.

Of course, in theory they have a reduction made for them; but a hefty sum is frequently put on just before the discount is taken off.

Pricing by Proxy

So now the stars have evolved a racket of their own, to beat the racketeers.

They employ "pricing agents," who ascertain for them the true market cost of whatever they want to buy, and where it may be obtained at that price.

Anything the stars want—apartments, real-estate, furs, yachts, domestic servants, cars, antique furniture—all are priced by the agents, who charge a regular fee for the work, but are paid no commission, since that might cause the prices to rise!

Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Warren William, Bette Davis, and Errol Flynn are among the prominent players who rely on the services of these agents to get them a square deal.

Of course, there are reliable establishments in Hollywood where the stars may shop in safety; but there are plenty of others that say, "Here comes a Star—turn that 6 upside down into a 9"; and nobody, however wealthy, wants to be a sucker.

Another Racket

One of the meanest rackets worked on the film industry is the trick of hunting through the current films for a character bearing one's own name, and then going out after heavy damages for libel.

The Marx Brothers have experienced great difficulty in finding comedy names for the roles they play in *A Day at the Races*.

All by themselves they thought of the excellent name "Flutterwaggle", and sure enough, the M.-G.-M. legal department rang through to say they had found a Phineas

Fritz van Dongen and Dolly Mollinger in the first Dutch comedy, "*De Kribbebijter*" ("*The Cross-patch*"), now at the Academy, London.

X. Flutterwaggle in the telephone-book of some distant city.

Then Groucho invented the name "Plug-folder", and lo! an actual Bogel D. Plugfolder was located.

While they were broadcasting they used the names "Beagel, Shyster, and Beagel," until a real Beagel lodged a protest.

And they mustn't call themselves Gubsky or Zutski or Bloohn, because these already belong to highly-respectable people.

So what are they to do?

For the Pocket

And now to turn to something the stars can do.

They can have the largest pocket-knife in the world—if they really want it.

Anyway, Bing Crosby did. When he heard he was to go on location on a ranch for *Rhythm on the Range*, he thought he'd better have a knife that would be really useful.

So he and Madam Bing sat down and thought seriously about it, and evolved a knife with a hundred blades, three tooth-picks, a pair of tweezers on each end, and two hundred springs.

It has to have a blade-opener to pull all the blades out, and it takes about an hour to do it. It's a little longer than an ordinary jack-knife, but it measures several inches across, and weighs five pounds, so you have to have special trouser-pockets of canvas and plywood, with brass-bound corners, to carry it in.

Gadgets

Just in case you're anxious to know what Bing can do with a toy like that, here's a list of its gadgets.

It contains a leather reamer, a wood reamer, a sail needle, splint remover, hoof cleaner, corkscrew, thin awl, heavy awl, a loop, a pick scraper, a jeweller's screwdriver, a large screwdriver, a chisel, a pair of pliers, a pair of tongs, an eraser, a small hatchet blade, two cuticle knives, one "horse blade," and a piercer.

Also a caliper blade, a Levy knife (whatever that may be), a fish scraper, a curved chisel, a band saw, a leather punch, a large scissors, a leather blade, a dissecting blade, a splint saw, an extra-large blade, a cheese knife, a spatula, a crown reamer, a tonsil blade, a tinfoil cutter, a butterfly blade, and a fisherman's blade.

And Also—

But that isn't all; not by a long chalk. There are also a caliper, a leather awl, a needle blade, a fork, a watchmaker's screwdriver (which, if you are well up in the matter of screwdrivers, you will instantly recognise from a jeweller's ditto), a small caliper, an office knife, a button-hook, a speemer (that's beaten me!), two cuticle knives, an eyebrow-shaver, a gauge, a nailfile, a screwdriver (ordinary),



a nut turner, a cuticle pusher, a comb, two slanting chisels, a cigar holder, and a cleaver.

And, in case that's not enough, there are also a pruning knife, a pipe cleaner, a budding knife, a flower cutter, a bleeder, a steak blade, a scaler, four dissecting blades, four chiropody blades, two dentists' blades, a boil opener, four doctors' instruments, a bone scraper, and nine regular pocket-knife blades.

And the most I ever had were two blades and a thing for taking stones out of horses' hooves. I almost wish I were a crooner!

On the Cover

One of the most impressive waves of advance publicity ever to come from the U.S.A. has reached this country concerning M.-G.-M.'s *Romeo and Juliet*.

Irving Thalberg, the producer-husband of Norma Shearer, decided to depart from the usual custom of Hollywood previews, and screen the film exclusively for newspaper writers.



Instead of having it at one of the large luxury theatres on Hollywood Boulevard, he chose the little Four Star Theatre, off the beaten track, and invited an audience of nine hundred newspaper men and women to see it.

The stars, who are usually the be-all and end-all of these previews, were reduced to the level of mere gate-crashers.

Norma Shearer was there, and received a terrific ovation for her playing of "Juliet." Naturally it's impossible to report upon the picture itself until we have seen it (my colleague Lionel Collier will attend to that in due course); but I gather that those who had been gloomily declaring that Miss Shearer was too old for the part were agreeably disappointed.

On our cover this week you can see how she and Leslie Howard look in the title-roles.

Non-Essential?

I have been taken severely to task by a reader who considers I became "too excited" about colour films in my recent remarks in these pages.

He calls colour "a mere detail, a non-essential, a nine days' wonder."

Does he remember the time when they said that about talkies? Why, I believe Charlie Chaplin is not quite convinced about them even yet!

My correspondent also says "We want good films of good stories, not pretty coloured pictures." Well, I seem to remember remarking myself that colour would not stand by itself, without good stories.

Recently I had an opportunity of a talk with Steffi Duna, who told me of the enormous difference in lighting and so on that has been effected in the three years elapsing between *La Cucaracha* and *Dancing Pirate*.

If all that time and research has been expended by Technicolor in perfecting this "mere detail,"

there must be some future in it, for the Technicolor people are nobody's fools.

A nine days' wonder? I wonder!

Film Folk

Jean Rogers, heroine of *Ace Drummond*, and Jimmy Walkington, who speaks the commentary for Universal's *Stranger than Fiction* series, have declared their engagement "off," agreeing that matrimony would prejudice their careers.

* * *

Charles Boyer will star in *History is Made at Night*, a dramatic story of New York night life which Frank Borzage will direct.

* * *

The new Francis Lederer picture, *My American Wife*, with Ann Sothern, Billie Burke and Fred Stone, is completed. Harold Young, who directed part of *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, was in charge.

* * *

Betty Blythe, silent screen favourite, has been given a part with George Raft and Ida Lupino in *Yours for the Asking*.

* * *

Lady Ann Cavendish (Fred Astaire's sister Adele) is to appear in four films for Selznick International, over a period of four years.

* * *

Mussolini is writing a scenario of a new film dealing with the adventures of Christopher Columbus, a national hero. Fredric March is being sought for the English version, to be made in Italy.

GUY BEACON.

Douglass Montgomery and Constance Bennett in "Everything is Thunder."

And here is Flora Robson as Good Queen Bess at her most imperious, in "Fire Over England."



IS DYING



The most beautiful love story in the world is screened. Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard, as "Romeo" and "Juliet," find that all of happiness and all of grief lie within the circle of their arms.



Edna May Oliver, comedienne, goes cynical.

IS dying for love outmoded to-day? Could Romeo and Juliet live and love and lose their lives for love in this push-button-and-get-girl Twentieth Century? Or rather, *would* they?

Would the young Romeo of 1936 keep that fatal final assignation in the Tomb of the Capulets—or would he go on to other assignations, less fatal and certainly less final, with other and less sleepy Juliets?

Would the young Juliet of 1936 look upon the lover lost in death and wield the blood-red blade or would she dial another Romeo and wield the blood-red lipstick?

Do we die for love to-day?

Or do we live—and love—again? And then again—and yet again?

I asked the starry cast of "Romeo and Juliet." I asked Norma Shearer, who is Juliet. I asked Leslie Howard, who is

Romeo. I asked John Barrymore and Basil Rathbone and Edna May Oliver and most of that glittery galaxy which, on the M.-G.-M. lot, was bringing that immortal love and those immortal lovers to the silver screen.

I said to each and every one of them separately and individually: "Tell me, is dying for love outmoded, out of date to-day? Is the will to die for love as dead as the two young lovers? Is the tomb—or the cocktail bar—the final rendezvous of love to-day? Did Great Love die in Verona in the tomb of the Capulets?"

I asked Juliet herself. Norma, in the brodered robes of the young Juliet, as we

sat on a marble bench directly beneath that legendary balcony from which wafted the immortal love words—and there were pear trees in the Spring all round about us . . . *real* pear trees an it please you . . . dripping white blossoms upon her lovely head—and it seemed, not Norma, but Juliet herself who spoke to me, her young eyes prescient of that last long sleep she was to sleep for love . . . it seemed not a set wherein we sat, but veritably the garden of the Capulets.

"Yes, oh yes," murmured Norma, her usually direct, incisive voice hushed by the burden of beauty, "yes, I do believe that young people of to-day love just as desperately as they did in the time of Romeo and Juliet. Conditions are easier for them now, that is the one great difference. Situations of such stress do not so frequently arise and so the boys and girls of our time are not so often compelled to summon death as their sad solution. Parents, not young hearts, have grown wiser. For I believe that if parental opposition to young love were as strong and as prejudiced to-day as it was in those days, we would read of many more suicide pacts than we do.

"It isn't," continued Norma softly, that love is weaker to-day but that freedom is greater. Freedom to love. There are no obstacles to-day other than financial obstacles or, perhaps, ill-health. And Youth, given wings, given freedom, is so gloriously courageous that now, instead of dying for love, it *lives* for love.

"No, it isn't great love nor the capacity for great love which has been removed from the hearts of men and women, boys and girls of this our day . . . The change comes from without, not from within. For love, like Time, never dies . . ."

Thus spoke Juliet in the scented garden of the Capulets . . .

I sat with Romeo in a motor-bus!

I had wandered forth to the back lot of M.-G.-M., there to keep my date with young Mr. Leslie Howard Montague. The back lot stretched before me, transformed into a street scene in Verona. And there, armed with a tiny camera, taking shots of the scenes in which he does not appear, was Leslie Howard Montague, clad in sky-blue doublet and hose, a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles atop his classic nose, a crimson bath-robe girt about his middle, his golden hair curling about the nape of his neck. He suggested that we find a secluded spot wherein to hold sweet converse. And we found a seat in the back of a mammoth bus parked near the set in readiness to take the several hundred extras to and fro.

Romeo in a bus!

Did I—or Shakespeare—ever?

Said Romeo, sensibly "Yes, there is just one stratum of society left to-day in which the catastrophic tragedy of Romeo and Juliet might happen—namely, among the *gangsters*!"

I gasped. Romeo lit a cigarette.

"No, but figure it out," quoth Romeo with sweet reasonableness, "the Veronese were a desperate lot, most of them. Feuds existed among the Montagues and the Capulets even as feuds exist among the gangsters of to-day. In no other class of society do such feuds exist except, perhaps, among some remote mountain tribes. Yes, the Montagues and the Capulets still carry on among our passionate Public Enemies from one to one hundred. Mercutios are slain. Bloody Tybalts still fester in their shrouds. The sword has been replaced by the machine-gun, the fiery steed by the armoured

FOR LOVE

A THING OF THE PAST?

IS the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet" possible to-day? Read the interesting and varied opinions of the artistes cast in this picture.

by Gladys HALL

car, but the results thereof compare quite favourably. So much for that.

"Then, too, there are no women in any class of society to-day who are so secluded, so jealously guarded, so spied upon, so puritanically protected as are the gangsters' 'Molls'. Fancy the 'Moll' of one gang leader going over to an opposing gang leader—suicide and murder would be inevitable. Yes, it is quite conceivable that in the ranks of the still medieval Underworld a Montague and a Capulet feud might bloodily arise, a Mercutio and a Tybalt meet their deaths, a young Romeo and Juliet die, caught in the tangle of love and fear and complexity.

"There are a great many analogies once you get started. The Veronese of the 14th Century lived with imminent death for their daily bread. They never knew, in the morning, whether they would be among the Quick or the Dead by night. Ditto, certainly, our gangsters.

"Yes, yes," continued Leslie, amused with his amazing similes, "among the gangsters the Capulets and the Montagues live again. And, even as these old Veronese lived, richly caparisoned and housed, armed with dark vendettas and secret cabals and mysterious intermediaries, so do our underworld brethren live to-day. In the dank tomb of the Capulets young Romeo and Juliet fled a life too sinister, too complex, too arrayed with dark forces, dark politics and passions for them to cope with. In the dank cellar of gangsterdom to-day, it is conceivable that young lovers might also flee a life too sinister, too complex in its politics and passions for them to cope with.

"It's a novel thought, at any rate," smiled Leslie, bemused, "and I really think it's true that in no other social sphere to-day would such a desperate love be liable to exist. There'd be no reason for it in any other sphere. There are many Don Juans to-day, but few, very few Romeos.

"Modern times and casual circumstances make it difficult, really, for young men to follow in the footsteps of the world's most poetic lover. It is very hard to imagine any modern young man loitering beneath milady's balcony making a plea for his beloved's undying love, when, no doubt, a telephone is jangling to right of her, a radio blaring swing music to left of her and a cacophony of motor horns in the street is adding punctuation to his appeal.

"Some men still die for love, of course," said Leslie, more gravely now, "but I think they die *living* deaths. I mean, I think they go about much as they always did, living to all outward appearances, but with death in their hearts, where life and love once reigned, disillusionment in their souls, which once harboured dreams . . . a living mental and spiritual death



John Barrymore defends the bard's fated lovers.
"The theme is modern," he says.

rather than the final and perhaps more dignified death of the body.

"And I do believe this—that when we see *Romeo and Juliet* on the screen, we are going, for the first time, to understand them fully; we are going to understand the really complex and ingenious plot of the play as we have never been able to understand it before because of the limitations of the stage. We will understand fully and in detail just *why* they died . . . for they were in a *very* complex situation. Not only was parental law against them but civic and military law as well. Romeo had murdered a man. He had that to face. He never got the message which was to tell him that Juliet was but feigning sleep. That whole business—



"Love without calculation," says Reginald Denny, "happens only to the very young."

the plague-infected area which trapped the message—the whole involved and intensely thrilling plot will be made clear as it never has been clear before."

At which exact moment Mercutio, in the dramatic person of John Barrymore, rose from the dead and came toward me . . . Leslie made way for his friend. John joined me in the motor-bus. And when I put my question to him he said, his voice rich and sardonic, the Barrymore eyebrow elevated: "If anyone has any doubt that the Romeo and Juliet situation exists to-day, let him but glance at almost any daily paper. And almost any day he will find a case of suicide over a love affair, very often a killing thrown in for good measure.

"I'm not criticising the good sense of those who kill themselves for love," said Mr. Barrymore, the eyebrow riding higher than the hair-line, "but we are not talking of good sense. It may be that in most cases, in any century, young people who die for love are dramatising themselves—a basic human instinct. They might, if they had waited, done quite otherwise. But the fact is that they do die for love . . . and proceed to give the Receiving Hospital, the police, the Coroner's Office and their relatives and friends a lot of trouble and grief.

"Possibly the best cure for such a thing would be a good dose of counter-irritation. If a young man swain thwarted in love or a young maiden whose romance is blasted would step out and seek other diversion for a time, a cure would be inevitable. But anyway, the newspapers prove that the human animal is about the same to-day as ever it was, same heart, lungs, liver and gizzard as in the days of Romeo. That's why Shakespeare is modern to-day—and he can prove it by the headlines!"

And then John Barrymore was gone, replaced by "Bloody Tybalt" . . . Mercutio vanishing from my view as he was vanished from the view of the Veronese when he encountered Tybalt . . .

Basil Rathbone, a tall, dark, sinister Tybalt,

(Continued on page 10)

(Continued from page 9)

suggested that we abandon the motor-bus and take up our stand by a fruit-stall facing the Veronese street. He leaned against the stand and juggled golden lemons, vivid sun spots against the rich sombre ebony of his attire as he said: "Romeo and Juliet could 'happen' to-day only after Youth is gone. Great love comes now with years and not with hours or days. Romeo and Juliet to-day would be people in their middle years. For only after years of companionship, only after roots had struck jointly and deep would death be preferable to life—alone. After the close-together years, after the marriage of *habit*, which is the only true and tested marriage, only then would it be unendurable for one to face life without the other. Then and only then, I think, could dying for love be conceivable—or probable.

"If either of the lovers could live to-day, it would be Juliet. There are, possibly, girls who would be Juliets if they were given any encouragement. It is Romeo who is dead . . . When I was playing Romeo to Katharine Cornell's Juliet, for instance, a crowd of young college boys came back stage to see me one night. They wanted to talk to me about Romeo. They said 'But wasn't he sort of *sappy*?' And I said to them 'My lads, the age of the he-man is gone! In Verona, in those days, the men were painted and powdered and exquisite—true. But they were walking with death every hour of the day, with swords unsheathed—to kill. To-day what do we have? The football hero, helmeted, protected, the victim of a few broken bones, perhaps. No . . . Romeo is dead, and for want of him Juliet, too, has perished from the earth . . . not until the middle years can such love flower and die for its own sake."

Tybal waved his sword and withdrew . . . and Ralph Forbes, playing the ill-starred Paris, carried on with the lemons . . . Paris was in tweeds. For Ralph was not working that day. And after the black silk tights, the black locks, the gleaming sword and flashing teeth of Tybalt I felt an appreciable relief at sight of tweeds and a cigarette package . . . Said Ralph: "Definitely *yes*. Romeo and Juliet do live and love and die to-day—if they are *young enough*. After one has braved one's early twenties hardening of the arteries of the heart sets in, I should say. Philosophy dethrones passion. The vulnerable age is safely passed. The age when life is all-devouring and—unbalanced. I believe that the rapid-fire machine age intensifies desperate love rather than moderates it. I believe that Romeo and Juliet would have died even sooner than they did had they lived in the torrential Twentieth Century. Everything to-day is frenzied and frantic—and so is love. And the only thing more frenzied and more frantic is death . . . Propinquity is easy to-day, of course, but propinquity doesn't lessen the emotion of love. On the contrary. Swains still moon for the campus belle—and die for her, too. And, only if they live long enough are they safe! For, with maturity come other interests and other richnesses and other alternatives. Love becomes a part of the vari-coloured pattern, not all of it. There is too much to live for to make death for one emotion desirable or even possible. If Romeo and Juliet had survived the twenties," smiled Ralph, "they would have lived to a ripe old age."

Edna May Oliver, playing Juliet's Nurse, gave a vast snort when I put my question to her. Edna May, the lover's go-between, the intermediary between two such sighing hearts, said: "Ooooooh, my dear, love rolls off me as

water from a duck's back . . . what should I know of love? Yes, what do I know of love? Let me see . . . there are three ages of love . . . Young Love. Middle-aged Love. Old Love. Young Love—no, it would not die of its own malady to-day . . . there are too many pages to the book. Middle-aged Love would not die for love—there are too many interests in the middle years.

"Too many other 'consuming passions', such as Contract and horse-racing and radio programmes and Keeping Up With the Joneses and window shopping and gossip and Women's Clubs and such. Dear me, no, there wouldn't be time to die for love. Then comes Old Love, and only then, I think, does one die for the other. But Nature, not Man, takes care of that. Nature, not love potions nor yet the desperate sword . . . one simply and quite naturally follows the other into death as one has quite simply and naturally followed the other from room to room in the house of Life, for lo, these many years! Romeo and Juliet at eighty-five and ninety—yes. For all the other Ages and Stages of Man—no, no, *nonsense*, my dear!" said Nurse Edna May Oliver.

Conway Tearle, lordly and imposing as the Prince of Verona, spoke to me from his horse's back whereon he was presiding over the frantic Veronese. He said, this descendant of famed Shakespearean actors, this veteran of many a Shakespearean role: "No . . . Romeo and Juliet are impossibilities to-day. Love has become a question of common sense. The boy of eighteen in our time is equal in wisdom and capability to the man of forty in the days of

Romeo. He knows how to handle situations, the modern lad. He would not throw the world away for love, because he knows very well that to do so would be a stupid and an adolescent gesture—and quite unnecessary. Romeo couldn't live and love to-day, because Romeo has grown up."

Reginald Denny, seated beside me on a marble street bench under the horse's head, took up the theme song. He said, wearing impressively the habiliments of Malvolio: "I don't agree with the prince. Romeo and Juliet could live and love to-day—if they were *very young*. And by very young I mean, not eighteen and twenty, but girls and boys of fifteen, sixteen and seventeen. Boys and girls still half-children, and so, stunned and inept if faced with adult emotions and problems. But it would have to happen to the *very young* . . . it would have to be the work of a desperate hour or half hour. And even then—is it love? Was it love, real love, with Romeo and Juliet? Did it endure long enough to survive the test of time? The party at the Capulets strikes me as singularly like a college prom . . . young Romeo entering, masked, a fraternity house where, let us say, he has no right to be. He has come for a glimpse of one damsel. He spies another and it is, on the instant, off with the old love and on with the new. Then comes the fraught and tragic moment, the two half-children caught in a web of circumstance with which they could not cope—and the deadly, desperate deed is done. There is not much difference, I think between the Then and the Now, given the same intense drama and two youngsters of the same ages. They were modern enough in their emotions. Juliet knew what she wanted and went right after it. Even as the Juliets of to-day know what they want—and get it. Juliet may have been talking to herself in the famous balcony scene, but I've always felt a strong probability that she knew Romeo was lurking there in the moon shadows all of the time. If one is *young enough*" sighed Malvolio, "then time and nationality make no difference . . ."

And C. Aubrey Smith, every considerable inch Lord Capulet, said: "Simply hot-blooded youth . . . what has time or place to do with it? It is the same, down through the centuries . . . it is timeless and eternal . . ."

And so, do we die for love to-day? What do you think? Do you agree with Juliet, with Romeo, with Tybalt, with Mercutio? . . . For they all disagree—and of such stuff is drama, and argument, made.

Basil Rathbone advances the idea that love in a self-sacrificing degree comes only to older lovers.



Next Week

WHO is the richest little girl in the world? In mere millions of dollars, perhaps it's the heiress of some American millionaire manufacturer; but in all the things that matter, it's dimpled, curly-headed, laughing Shirley Temple—and in "Picturegoer" next week you will be able to read the fascinating reasons why.

I'VE KNOWN THEM ALL

by
Neil Hamilton

The well-known American film star, playing in the Tudor Film "Because of Love" now being made at the Highbury Studio, who has appeared in over 200 films.

NO film star has glamour in real life. Glamour is something they apply from their make-up box—and something they exude when standing before the camera, having been carefully "lit" by a dozen different arc-lamps and "baby-spots."

Once they have finished their scene and gone back to their dressing-rooms they are just ordinary men and women—men and women who earn their living on account of their unique quality of being photographically perfect and of being able to project their personality on to a two-dimensional screen.

In all other respects the so-called glamorous lovelies of Hollywood are just as ordinary as the woman in the street and the baker. They may possess a more attractive appearance and have personality which is nearer the surface—but they are the same flesh and blood in the long run, and possess no innate glamour which has been denied to others.

I have appeared in over 200 films during the past 19 years, playing as an extra for 5 years and for 14 as a leading man, and during that period I have met scores of Hollywood stars whose names are household words, and more than that—I have known them. During the making of a film one comes in close contact with one's colleagues, seeing them both on and off the set for at least ten hours a day, and such an experience offers an unrivalled opportunity for getting to know them well.

If I wrote about the glamour of the actresses to whom I had played leading man, they would laugh themselves to death since they regard themselves as honest-to-goodness women with a real job of work to do. If they took this glamour nonsense seriously they would soon deteriorate, basking in their own glory at the expense of their histrionic gifts.

An actress has never finished learning her job; there is no time for her to rest on her laurels or pat herself on the back, if she ever hopes to attain the pinnacle of her profession—and once she has reached that envied position she will be too busy retaining it to worry about the glamour she is credited with exuding.

Yet for all that, Hollywood's stars make an interesting study. Nazimova, "the woman of a thousand moods," has left the film colony—and to-day we have a thousand women of a thousand moods—each of the actresses I have worked with seems to exemplify some mood or quality which has become indissolubly associated with them in my mind.

Bebe Daniels, for instance, is the hardest worker in Hollywood and has the keenest and

A characteristic portrait of the star, and (below) with Gitta Alpar in "Because of Love."



subtlest "picture-mind". She has a flair for seeing a situation in pictures, instead of abstract drama—and so she can always be relied upon to get the very last ounce out of a scene.

Constance Bennett always appears to me as the best-dressed woman; no one wears clothes quite like she does. Clara Bow is the most complex personality I have met. Laura la Plante the most charming, Elissa Landi and Una Merkel the wittiest, Alice Joyce the most gracious, and Mary Brian the least spoilt by fame.

Maureen O'Sullivan shines out by her courage, quite apart from her undeniable talent as one of the finest picture-artists of the younger generation. With Maureen I shared the most terrifying moment of my life during the making of the first "Tarzan" film with Aubrey Smith and Johnny Weissmuller.

It was in the elephant's burial ground, with the sinister bones strewn on the ground. Aubrey Smith and Johnny were on one elephant while Maureen and I followed behind on another for the taking of a long-shot. Our elephant lingered and as the director was anxious that we should keep the same distance behind Johnny he shouted to us to prod our animal on towards the camera.

I did so and he responded by uttering a peculiar note which appeared to affect the elephant in front. To our horror he tossed Johnny and Aubrey Smith off his back and within the flicker of an eyelid, they lay among the bones on the ground.

Not content with that, the brute sat on his hind legs and see-sawed backwards and forwards, looking at any moment as if he would flop over and squash the two men to death. We were paralysed with fright yet quite helpless to offer any assistance.

Maureen screamed she wanted to leap from our elephant's back—she was on the verge of hysteria and I had my hands full in calming her and trying to steer our brute to safety. Her courage undoubtedly saved the situation as she would have met with almost certain death had she dropped off the elephant and caused a panic by her screams.

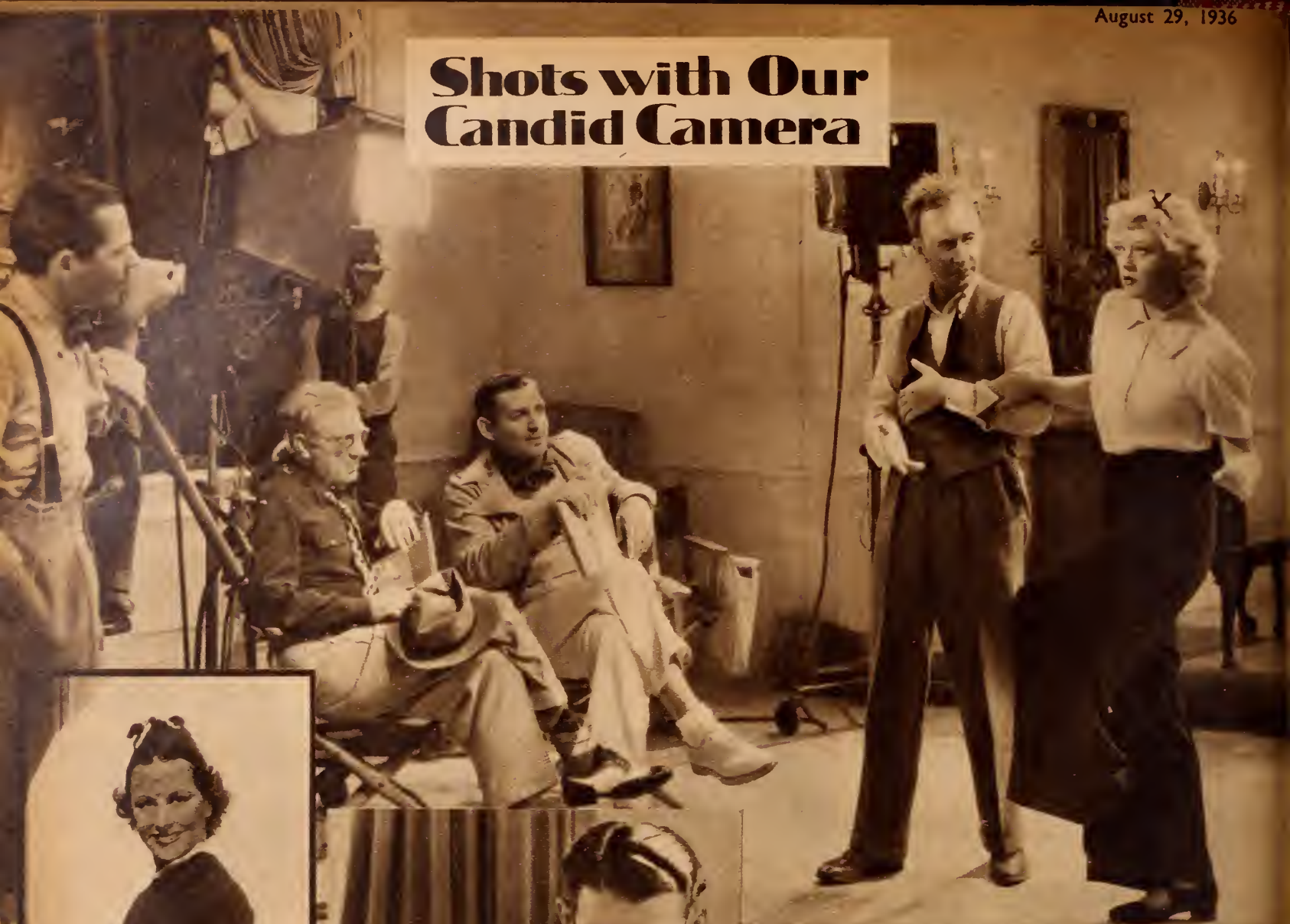
Needless to say, no more work was done that day as Mr. Smith was badly shaken up and Johnny suffered from bruises and a torn toenail.

I always identify Ann Harding with the loveliest voice; Esther Ralston with the most perfect figure; Helen Hayes with the most amazing gift for acting; and Anna Q. Nilsson as being the most perfect all-round trooper Hollywood has produced.

The most difficult star to describe is Joan Crawford—an intense creature of moods, while as a contrast one finds Norma Shearer simply radiating unsophisticated sincerity.

I have known all these women intimately—having worked in at least one picture with each and in many cases making subsequent life-long friendships with them—and each and all has proved to me that the "glamorous" legend is only a chimera and is no vital part of their physical and psychological make-up.

Shots with Our Candid Camera



(Above) Marion Davies receives a little moral and physical support from Hobart Cavanaugh while rehearsing a difficult step between shots of her new picture, "Cain and Mabel." Her small but attentive audience comprise photographer George Barnes, director Lloyd Bacon and her leading man, Clark Gable.



Gladys Swarthout steps out in a two-piece outfit of black crepe and the hat is of black straw with a silver veil.



(Above) Gitta Alpar, the prima donna who has been making "Because of Love" at the Highbury studios, finds time does not hang heavily on her hands. The reason is in her hands.

(Right) Pat Aherne drops into the studio for a chat with his wife, Renée Houston. She has been busy filming at Beaconsfield.



Jessie Matthews busy studying her lines at Shepherd's Bush during the making of her new musical, "Head Over Heels." Her fellow students are her two leading men, Louis Borrell (left) and Robert Fleming.

DO you want to find a husband? Don't misunderstand me—I am not starting a matrimonial agency; but really if you want to find a husband, no matter what kind of man you want, you'll find him in Hollywood.

Hollywood is said to be a magnet for women—I believe there are three women to every man—but they come here with one object in view and that is to act.

It's different with men. Some come to write scenarios, others to produce or direct pictures. There are the men who design and build sets and those who design clothes for the stars.

There are the technical experts who do the camera work and sound reproduction, and all the hundred and one jobs contributory to film production.

Peoples' characters are far more varied in a creative community than in the run-of-the-mill industrial or commercial occupations. Hollywood is full of the most different and individualistic beings you can imagine.

Come with me to Culver City, where I am making *Women are Trouble*. You'll meet more different men in a day's work here than you will in a year's experience anywhere else.

You see, even in Eve-studied Hollywood, I am the only woman on the set at the moment.

Now if I were interested in finding a husband . . . but then I'm not—not until this career business is more firmly established anyway—but if I were, what better place could I find to choose one than this?

If I were interested in literary men, the sort of person who likes to sit around with his pipe and read the works of big writers or who hammers away at the typewriter all day, there are the scenario writers and dialogue directors. Or the artistic fellow who wakes you up in the middle of the night with a new idea for a picture, set or dress, or has a temperamental fit for a week because no producer will buy his latest brainwave, there are the art directors, set or dress designers.

Then there are the technicians, such people as the cameramen, sound recordists and countless other folk who litter the best room with blue-prints, pieces of wire, nuts and bolts, and find great pleasure in fitting up the house with weird labour-saving devices, which seldom work, but give the inventor great satisfaction. Then of course if you like the musical-minded, those happy little fellows who sing in their bath and pound a piano the whole day through with their inspired melody, you can have a load of song-writers and dance directors.

YOU'LL FIND YOUR MAN in HOLLYWOOD

says Florence Rice

Who tells about the actors with whom she has played and comes to the conclusion that the husband-hunter who could not be satisfied there is hard to please indeed.

What bigger selection could you wish or dream for?

But the players themselves are the most varied crowd. Some married, some unmarried, all fascinating and likeable.

In my first picture, *Fugitive Lady*, which I made for Columbia, I met Neil Hamilton. Neil is both literary and artistic. He not only writes all his own interviews for the screen magazines but is a talented musician. He has that frankness of the writing man which makes him sociable and easy to get on with, and is always the life of the party wherever he goes for he plays the piano, saxophone and guitar.

He was very kind to me and went out of his way to make me feel at home in my first picture. He gave me some useful tips too.

In the same picture was Donald Cook, who is more of the business man. He is so serious and studies all the technical sides of the business. I think he has the idea at the back of his mind of eventually directing pictures. He's really so different from the character he plays on the screen, which is usually the "bad man." He's the sort that simply must have something to do all the time. When he is not filming or studying he is busy with his wire-haired terriers, which he breeds for a hobby.

Making *Under Pressure* brought me in contact with Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen.

I think Edmund is one of the most charming men I have ever met. He simply oozes personality, and is the perfect example of the debonair, man-about-town, with wit and intelligence above the average. He is always happy if he is reading a good book, or seeing a good show, or listening to good music, but none of these gives him the slightest pleasure unless it is really good. That more or less describes the nature of the man. He follows a high standard of living and his wide and worldly knowledge allows him only to appreciate the finer arts.

Victor is different altogether. He is the answer to every maiden's prayer for a he-man. Well over six foot and as strong as an ox—or maybe two! You'll never see Victor using a double for dangerous scenes. He doesn't think it is fair that someone else should take his risks, besides he likes nothing better than a tight spot calling for courage and precision. His hobbies are boxing, wrestling and swimming—what a man and a half!

Which reminds me of another man and a half that I have played opposite. That was Jack Holt. He was a star in pictures when I was a

little girl—what a record—twenty years a star and still going strong. Jack is a very useful person to know, he knows the movie business from A to Z. I remember he was in his element in *Iron Fist* because he had to play the part of a construction engineer and apparently that had been his ambition before he went into pictures. Jack has a tremendous fan-following and I'm sure if everyone could meet him personally he would have a much greater one.

In *Guard That Girl* I met a very shy young man with such good manners. His name was Robert Allen, whom you probably saw in the Grace Moore film *On Wings of Song*.

Bob strikes you at first as being much too shy to act, especially to enact a love scene, but directly he gets on the set and the camera starts running, all his nervousness seems to leave him and he is a different man. Rather funny that, I think, because in most cases it is the other way about. It is always refreshing, however, to meet someone of a shy and reserved disposition in Hollywood.

Escape from Devil's Island found me with two more interesting men—Norman Foster and Victor Jory.

Norman is never happy unless he is globe-trotting. He is a rolling stone—the typical roving adventurer. Wanderlust has been in his blood ever since he can remember. As a small child he used to wander away from home and his poor mother was for ever calling at the local police station to locate her wandering boy. If you want to find Norman when he is not making a picture—look in the middle of the ocean.

Victor is right the opposite. He likes nothing better than to sit at home with a book and his pipe. Of course he likes to go out once in a while and when he does it is usually to a swimming or tennis party. If he goes out in the evening it is either to a movie or stage show. Very steady-going is Victor and undoubtedly many girls' idea of the ideal husband.

I have just finished playing in a film with Stuart Erwin. Stu is hardly the fellow one would turn around to gaze upon. His eyes are small and deep set and his face heavy and indeterminate in its outlines.

But with all his unassuming appearance and his country bumpkin expression and speech he has fooled them all, for Stu is a really smart fellow with definite ideas of his own and is content to let it appear that the joke is always on him.

Off the screen he is much the same as he is on, talking in that same southern drawl. Yet watch him closely, and you can detect a keen glance and a shrewd insight.

He is one of the few comedians who are as funny off the screen as they are on. He has an amusing knack of changing the pitch of his voice and this has become a characteristic habit.

But I am forgetting that I am writing this for the husband-hunters so I had better tell you that Stuart Erwin is happily married to June Collyer.

However, I still maintain that no matter what kind of a man you are looking for, you'll find him—plenty of single ones too—in Hollywood.



The author of this article with one of the men she intriguingly describes—Norman Foster.

WHAT has happened to the spectacular dramatic production that it is no longer offered for the picturegoer's bedazzlement?

Have the producers decided that it is no longer worth while gambling huge sums on its production, and prefer to take the lesser financial risk of straightforward stories, or is the simple truth that the public have got tired of this type of spectacle?

The biggest of them, *The Birth of a Nation*, helped to reveal to the world the potentialities of the moving picture, which had hitherto contented itself with stories of news-reel length. Griffith had proved for all time that what picturegoers craved for was a long picture.

How then was this spectacle idea born? It is only natural to expect that the first thought of making a moving picture harks back to Sunday-school days, when the youngsters enjoyed chromo-lithographed wall-pictures that shewed in sequence the salient episodes of Scriptural history.

That scriptural hint explains probably how it happened that the Lumière Brothers got interested in the photographic rights of *The Passion Play* at Horitz. Their New York representative called on that well-known showman, Hollman, then running the Eden Musée, the most piquant of the curio shows in New York. Hollman wasn't a bit interested in the offer of rights and let the chance slip through his fingers. Then he found to his chagrin that Klaw and Erlanger, the theatre men, had snapped up the opportunity and had already despatched a camera unit to Horitz.

A few weeks later, finding his rivals were having a "try-out" of a completed screen version of *The Passion Play* in Philadelphia, Hollman journeyed over, gazed, hurried back and immediately decided to produce a version of his own. He felt he could even better the real thing, despite its length (2,100 feet). Hollman got together his secular camera unit and his Scriptural cast, staged the Holy Land scenes on the roof of his New York office and managed, they say, with the aid of back-cloths to produce an even more realistic show than the original.

The Passion Play in 3,000 feet lasted 55 minutes, cost him £3,200 to stage, and it ran for a crowded 6 months at the Eden Musée (1897). After having scooped in a huge profit, as he had no selling organisation the picture was handed over to the Edison Company to hire out to American exhibitors. Hollman never tried spectacle again. Apart from the fact that he could not find any spectacular topic, there were commercial reasons why he should not tempt Providence too much.

To begin with, production costs were then considered too excessive to speculate on doubtful ventures, whereas for £100 you could make a tip-top production—not only was this a money-back actuality, but it usually showed 200 per cent profit.

That fellow Pathé in Paris had been doing *Christians to the Lions* in the Colosseum (1905), staging with wild beasts: but he had a big foreign trade and could afford to risk something. There had been one man who risked doing *Ben Hur* in 16 scenes, but his difficulty was in getting exhibitors to buy the thing. It was much too long—the wrong size. Why, when another Paris house had staged *Christ among Men* (2,150 feet) it was difficult to find exhibitors who would risk hiring the picture. All the Trade Press could find to say about it was: "Should be of great use at certain classes and lectures," (1906) and that put it in the magic-lantern class.

All this time, D. W. Griffith, a melodrama actor out of a stock company, was champing at the bit. He refused to confine himself to the 1,000 feet limit—had even dared (1909) to stretch his story of *Enoch Arden* out to 2,000 feet. And just to oblige the Edison Company, exhibitors agreed to show it in two separate instalments—a week apart.

After having done this, he tempted exhibitors' patience further by taking up 3,000 feet to tell



As in the earlier Italian version, Radio's production of "The Last Days of Pompeii" was distinguished by impressive spectacle.

WILL THE SPECTACLE DRAMA DIE?

In the earlier days of films, enormous sums were lavished on "spectacle" for its own sake. Whether that policy was justified is discussed in this informative article

by Robb Lawson

the story of *Judith of Bethulia*. Still, they forgave him, for they managed to get a three reeler out of the ever popular *Buffalo Bill* (1910).

For the next few years, Griffith confined his genius within picture-theatre limits. Then something happened to widen his horizon. The splendiferous imagination of Italian producers under a generous Roman sun, had blossomed into the full richness of spectacular screen drama.

It was decided that *Quo Vadis?* demanded spectacular presentation, and Kleine gave his first American showing in Klaw and Erlanger's biggest legitimate theatre, a Chicago 4,000 seater, charging "picture prices." In its first week, £1,000 profit was made, and in its subsequent twelve-month-tour of the remaining 19 Klaw and Erlanger theatres, Kleine is said to have cleared £100,000 for himself.

Where the profits are, there will be the money-makers gathered together. Italia was the only wear now. Among the other Italian spectacles offered on both Continents during the next year or two were *Cabiria*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *The Last Days of Pompeii* and *By the Cross*. The exhibition rights for the most of which were auctioned for Great Britain and fetched sums varying from £8,000 in a London sales room.

Obviously, to get that money back, big audiences were required. At the most a 500 capacity picture theatre could only gross £120 a week. The London agents took the Queen's Hall, leading provincial theatres with big auditoria, or town halls in the main cities. It was a sign! The picture theatre men saw their "share" going to legitimate theatres and to town halls. This *Road Show* was a menace and spelt ruin for them. They decided to be less decided about those "long" pictures: some even went to the then crazy length of showing 50-minute-long productions!

But the mind of D. W. Griffith was travelling ahead. The instantaneous success of the Italian spectacle dramas had convinced him he was right.

If his countrymen would flock in their hundreds of thousands to legitimate theatres to see an historical Italian spectacle, how much stronger would the urge be if that spectacle told their own story? Here was Thomas Dixon's epic, *The Clansmen*, that simply clamoured for picture presentation and, dramatising the deathless story of the American Civil War, showed how a new and greater South rose out of the conflict.

It was to George Clune, who was then running a full-length Italian spectacle at the Auditorium (now Philharmonic), Los Angeles, that Griffith took his problem.

"How do you think the public will re-act to my screen version of Dixon's yarn?"

"Let's have a look," said George; Klune sat with Griffith in the projection room. The picture had an astonishing effect upon him; Griffith noticed how restless he was.

"Why, what's the matter with it?" Griffith exclaimed.

"It's only got one fault," said Clune, "it's not long enough."

"Why, it's 8,000 feet long—just as long as the Italian spectacles."

"That may be—but you've picked out a bigger subject than they have. It's the hottest spot in American history. Take it back! Stretch it out into 12,000 feet and I'll show it in the Auditorium."

So it happened that the Dixon spectacle was first shown on 8th February, 1915 at Clune's Auditorium, Los Angeles, under the author's original title, and Hollywood went wild about it. Later it was shown privately at the Rose Gardens, New York. An avalanche of applause greeted it. Its author, Dixon, could hardly restrain his wild enthusiasm.

"Why, you've made the picture so powerful—

the title looks tame. I've got an idea. Let's call it *The Birth of a Nation*."

A few days later, with this brand new title it was shown privately to President Wilson and the Senate at the White House. The enthusiasm grew.

But the trouble about *The Birth of a Nation* was its length—12 reels, four reels longer than the longest yet, *Quo Vadis*? No exhibitor would touch it. Griffith had to form his own distributing unit to handle it; the Epoch Film Corporation. Its first action was to hire the Liberty Theatre, New York, where it began operations by presenting *The Birth of a Nation* on 3rd March 1915, the top price being two dollars, the highest ever charged to view a picture. Twice and sometimes three times daily it ran.

It became one of the milestones in movie history. And this without any truckling to the "star" system. Not that it was without its share of competent players. Its cast included names which subsequently became famous, such as Lilian Gish, Henry B. Walthall, Mae Marsh, Mary Alden, Ralph Lewis, Wallace Reid, George Siegmann, Elmo Lincoln, Walter Long, Donald Crisp, Raoul Walsh and Elmer Clifton.

Lurking in the mind of Griffith, the inventor of spectacular screen moralities has always been the moral obsession of some primitive ancestor, or was it the "Sunday-school-wall-pictures" habit that persisted?

That obsession flared out in fullest force in his next spectacular movie, *Intolerance*, a kind of John the Baptist message to the warring nations who had plunged themselves into the modern Armageddon. It was a plea to the nations for tolerance, and to illustrate his lesson he had incorporated four stories depicting *The Babylon of Belshazzar*, *The France of Catherine de Medici* (French Huguenot period), *The Jerusalem of Christ*, and *America before the World War*. Over 4,000 people were engaged in it, as well as 750 horses. One of the sets (Babylon) was a quarter of a mile long and forty feet high.

In magnificence the production was said even to outclass the famous *Ben Hur*. As to cost, the expenses must have reached close upon £1,000,000.

Intolerance was regarded as another milestone in the movie history. It came to the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in April, 1917, and with it D. W. Griffith himself, who made an impassioned appeal at its opening—a plea for world-wide toleration—but although the King and Queen, who saw it a month later, declared it was "an amazing show," *Intolerance* did not prove the attraction that was expected. Besides, there was a war on, whose scale of magnitude made the mimic scenes of *Intolerance* look like a peep-show.

What about England's contribution to the new production idea? One British producer at least had been busy with his own attempt to create a spectacle.

Pioneer Will Parker decided to present a typically British subject in *Jane Shore*, which,

because of his accustomed thoroughness, took him two years to complete. Some idea of its scope may be gleaned from production details. 5,478 artists were employed and there were no less than 3,800 people engaged in one scene, while 4,117 costumes were used. *Jane Shore*, which held the record of its day for production extravagance, cost £20,800 and was regarded as a triumph of British screen-craft (1915).

A year later the British and Colonial Productions decided upon a spectacle that would enable them to cash in on the patriotic note; its subject, *The Battle of Waterloo*. That historic event was fought out on a battlefield near Northampton. The opposing armies totalled 800 men and 400 horses, with 200 lancers and artillery thrown in. The battle lasted longer than the real thing—it took four days, but, of course, you had to be careful with your supers. Incidentally, it cost £5,400.

For the next five years the idea of the film spectacle lay dormant. Its value as an attraction seemed too doubtful till Marcus Loew decided, in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* (1921), to exploit the idea again. It is curious that so hot-gossiping a sermon for Peace should now only be remembered as providing the stepping-stone to the fame of Rudolph Valentino.

When Jesse Lasky started *The Covered Wagon*, it was originally scheduled to cost £20,000 and was devised to star Mary Miles Minter. But as the production grew in proportion, it began to dawn on Lasky that here was the germ-idea for a big spectacle. Mary Miles Minter disappeared from the cast and the story of the great trail then became an historical epic, and the gilded frame to memorise Ernest Torrence by.

If that big special was an accident, *The Ten Commandments* was a deliberate attempt to get back to the primal idea of circus magnificence.

Unlike Griffith, the producer of *The Ten Commandments*, *The King of Kings* and *The Crusades* has never mixed his directorial aims with ethical purposes. His father was for many years a partner with that genius of stage spectacle, David Belasco. Before starting off his spectacle, Griffith had always asked himself, "How does this theme affect me emotionally?" and his religious fervour lasted through till it reached the finality of screening.

The De Mille technique is different. Choose your theme—make it big enough to warrant the spectacle—and then direct all the varied episodes that link it up, in the same way as a musical director does an orchestra.

In *The Ten Commandments* De Mille built up his big sensation on the opening and closing of the Red Sea. To get those waves which engulfed Pharaoh's army, he had two tanks built, each holding 60,000 gallons, which were so designed that both could drop into a large curved piece of steel at the same moment. When that happened it threw this simultaneous wave into an immense curve. The two volumes of water met at the top—so came the wave that wiped out the "Pharaohites." Whether people had got so used to the subject, and ceased to respect it, the fact is that *The Ten Commandments* did not command the reverence its subject demanded, nor the money turnover one could have expected.

Carl Laemmle got caught up once in that spectacle craze and gave us that magnificent epic *The Hunchback of Notre-Dame*, but I doubt if the expense was warranted by the box-office results.

If *The Big Parade* be regarded as a spectacle, you will be told by its producers that was an accident. J. J. McCarthy, America's big showman, was hanging about the studio when King Vidor, its director, was looking at some "rushes." Next day he saw the whole picture.

"Say, you've got something here. Put some money into that and you'll have a big picture."

Originally scheduled to cost £50,000, M.-G.-M. added £80,000, and the results are history.

In 1926 Marcus Loew decided to do *Ben Hur* (its third time) and the Herculean efforts which were put forth in Hollywood and in an excursion to Italian backgrounds to achieve a mighty purpose, form one of the most thrilling sagas depicting the throes of production agonies. It cost £1,600,000 finally, but Marcus Loew thought it was worth while.

A year later Cecil B. de Mille decided on another Biblical subject, *The King of Kings*.

The experiment cost over £400,000. I have already indicated that artistic integrity means more to this director than ethical purport. The Nonconformist conscience, unfortunately for the picture's success, considers that the latter is its special monopoly.

In *The Crusades* Cecil de Mille set out to show us how they did it. Well, it was a long way off—eight hundred years or more—and it did not seem exciting to meet the hero of our school books, Richard the Lion Hearted or Saladin, King of the Turks. What is happening now mattered most, and we could easily see our own King and all the modern pageantry in the news reels, with Kemal Pasha making an occasional appearance there, as well.

At least, that's how the sophisticated picture public, to whom I put the question, regarded it. Which only goes to prove that the movies have taught us the only thing that matters now is Life as it is lived to-day, that all we want to see is how the world wags right here and now. As for the tale that goes with it, if history won't bend down to give us a well-ordered story, without the trimmings, so much the worse for history and for the men who used to make these Film Spectacles.



In "The Crusades," "The Ten Commandments," and (left) "The King of Kings," spectacle played an important part.



ACTRESS FIRST!

That phrase accurately sums up Genevieve Tobin, who is now playing at Elstree, as here described by Max BREEN



"Acting is the paramount thing in her life, equal with breathing, and rather more important than eating or sleeping."

WHenever I've mentioned Genevieve Tobin to anyone who knew her, I've heard the same enthusiastic assurance: "Oh, you'll like her; she's grand!"

But although we had missed each other narrowly on two occasions, I had never met her until last week.

She surprised me—in two ways. I expected her to be taller; she's a little bit of a thing, weighing about seven stone nothing. And I didn't expect her to be so serious.

But they were quite right. She is grand, and I do like her.

This business of acting is of terrific importance to her. It's her life, which she lives "off" as well as "on".

That is to say, she is always turning over in her mind how she can be a better actress. Personally I should be inclined to say a still better actress.

There are all sorts of reasons for people getting into the theatre; some were born in theatrical families; some were run over by a steam truck just outside the theatre and carried in; some had to earn their living one way or another, and it might as well be this way; some had a friend with influence—and so on.

Genevieve Tobin's case was quite, quite different. She wanted to act.

In fact, she didn't want to do anything else

but; and it is still just as important as that to her.

I don't mean that she has no other interests; she has—plenty. Playwriting, gardening, designing her own dresses, golfing, motoring, reading, knitting, dog-breeding.

But acting is the paramount thing in her life; equal with breathing and rather more important than eating or sleeping.

That's not the dictionary meaning of the word "actress", but it's mine.

She certainly caught herself young; as a tot she appeared at New York charity matinées; but before she made her professional debut she had become a war veteran.

At a fashionable school in Paris (*L'Institute de L'Etoile*, near the *Arc de Triomphe*, in case you're inquisitive) she and her fellow-pupils could hear the German guns booming; and so little Genevieve was snatched across the sheltering Channel to Cambridgeshire, where her early studies could be pursued with less interference by the Great Powers.

Then she returned to New York, and it was proved beyond a shadow of doubt that fate intended her for a theatrical career.

She was just going to school in New York, and

her brother was returning to Yale University after a vacation, and so the obvious thing to do was to make a certain amount of whoopee.

So she thought it would be a good idea to see the Barrymores in their current play; and accordingly she rang up Arthur Hopkins, the theatrical magnate, who was an acquaintance of the family, and asked if he had a spare box for the matinée.

Mr. Hopkins had not; but instead of banging down the receiver, he asked her if she was sufficiently grown-up to play a part he had in mind—"the Cricket" in *Palmy Days*.

"Ooh, yes!" gasped Genevieve, thrilled.

"Well, come on over," said Mr. Hopkins, and she went on over, into a stage career.

After that, Arthur Hopkins signed her on a five-year contract, and she played in several long runs.

Palmy Days ran a year; *Little Old New York* and *Polly Preferred* went on for two years each.

Then David Belasco spotted her and grabbed her, and she played in success after success under his management.

In 1928 she came to London to play (for a whole year) in *The Trial of Mary Dugan*, in which she put up a fine performance; and then she played the same part in Boston, Mass., for three months.

That was a strong dramatic role; and just to show her versatility she went straight back to New York and did thirty-two weeks in *Fifty Million Frenchmen*, which is musical comedy.

Oh, yes, she plays (piano and harp), sings,

and dances, in addition to all her other hobbies, talents, and pursuits.

And then came a long break in her stage-acting, for M.-G.-M. offered her a film contract.

As she was considering it, Carl Laemmle, junr., got her on the wire from Hollywood.

"Didn't you promise me two years ago," he said, "that if you ever left Broadway you'd come to Universal?"

"Well, yes," she admitted.

"And are you a woman of your word?" he pursued relentlessly.

That afternoon she signed a contract with Universal.

It wasn't her first trip to California; years before, she had played the lead in *Polly Preferred* in a Los Angeles theatre; but then it had been a case of "stage preferred"—she wasn't the slightest bit interested in films. She liked Hollywood because it was "country". However, she soon became enthralled by the movies.

After leaving Universal she played for Radio; and then Paramount, and Columbia.

And do you remember Gloria Swanson coming to make a film at Ealing Green, miscalled *Perfect Understanding*?

Genevieve came too.

However, let bygones be bygones; she still likes England. And anyway, it was her own fault she came. She was ill, and the doctor said no, she mustn't.

So she changed her doctor.

Genevieve is now here to play in *The Man in the Mirror*, opposite Edward Everett Horton, for Twickenham Film Studios—probably chiefly at the "J.H." studios at Elstree.

Not actually her first British film, of course—*Perfect Understanding* was officially that; but as most of her work in that ill-fated effort was left on the cutting-room floor, and as what *did* remain on the screen hardly ever saw the light of day, that hardly counts.

Her new story, a fantastic, whimsical comedy, is from a novel by William Garrett—a "triangle" story, in which the hero, who is the apex of the triangle, finds his reflection walking out of the mirror to come and live with him.

This is as good a way as I know of "squaring the triangle"; and the trick photography involved will hold no terrors for the Twickenham cameramen, who have done some very pretty double-exposure work in the past.

"I haven't seen the script yet," Miss Tobin told me, "but I know the book backwards . . . I hope they'll keep the women as they are in the book."

"They're charming, and likeable. I think it's a great mistake to make wives, for instance, jealous and suspicious and nagging and snarling on the screen, when you're going to finish up with a reconciliation."

"If the spectators are going to take the story seriously at all, what will be their reaction to a 'happy ending' in which a man and wife who have been slanging each other all through the film are reconciled? Is there any chance of their living happily ever after?"

"I believe the public likes married people to be at least likeable people—especially if they represent the romantic element."

"Why, that's just what Guy Beacon was arguing in the *PICTUREGOER* a few weeks ago!" I exclaimed.

"Well, he was right," declared Genevieve Tobin.

And believe you me, she knows.

RACKETEERING fan clubs are the latest menace to Hollywood stars. The studios have discovered that numerous fan organisations are merely vehicles for racketeer promoters, which have resulted in some studios placing official taboos on players lending their names to fan clubs.

Chicago seems to be the headquarters of many of these racketeering film clubs, according to Peyton Watkins, head of the fan mail department at 20th Century-Fox. He says that these cheap racketeers work on the basis that if they can get 10 cents each from 1,000 people, they will have \$100—which is £20. This is very easy to do, for fan clubs average at least 1,000 members. The organiser sells "official" photographs to the members about every three months, induces the members to subscribe to the fan club magazine and mulcts them out of small amounts in numerous other ways. Of course there are many legitimate fan clubs who do much good for their members.

Sally Wears Clothes

A few years ago Sally Rand was one of Hollywood's "baby stars", but she soon learned that parts for inexperienced girls were few and far between. So Sally doffed most of her clothes—it is claimed she doffed them all—and became a fan dancer. In a short time she was making £1,000 a week, instead of waiting for casting directors to give her employment for a few days at meagre remuneration.

Fame came to Sally and brought her to the attention of the film magnates, but they were not yet ready to make her a star. So the lady of the fans is eager for stage appearances in order to convince the studio people that she has the makings of a film star.

Sally had an opportunity to star with a stock company at Skowhegan, Maine. The salary was small, but Sally was about to accept when she was signed to create the leading role on *Hi Diddle Diddle* on the New York stage.

The play is a satire on movie folk, and may pave the way to the fulfilment of Sally's ambition to become a Hollywood star.

Rival Starlets

The Twentieth Century-Fox executives have their troubles with Shirley Temple and Jane Withers, if many rumours floating about the film colony are correct.

Shirley, accompanied by her proud mamma, and Jane with her equally fond mater, were invited to occupy boxes at an exposition in honour of an important fraternal organisation. Imagine the consternation of the studio people, when it was learned that the "child wonders" had adjoining boxes!

The affair was adjusted by shifting the seating arrangement, so that another party was in a box between those occupied by the starlets. To make matters even more secure, a diplomatic publicity man was detailed to each child. So all was serene.

A Polite Child

I am told that a certain famous little actress frequently is bored whilst being interviewed. In order to get rid of the unwelcome journalist, she turns to her mother and says: "May I be excused?"

Needless to say many writers are not so fond of the baby star!

A New Romance

George Raft, I hear, will marry Virginia Pine, a wealthy society girl, as soon as he can secure a divorce.

The actor's wife is expected in Hollywood



Jean Parker's jacket is dark blue linen and her shorts are white gaberdine and her personality is swell!

Dogs are picked up in special trucks within a radius of 150 miles of the ranch.

At the ranch each dog has a large private runway, dog house, cedar bed, individual eating bowl and sunbath platform. So far individual valets have not been provided!

Among those whose pets have vacationed at the ranch are Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn and Richard Dix.

A Comedienne's "Tragedy"

Polly Moran, during her long career in the films, has acted in many comedies in which she was threatened by men with guns. But it was not so amusing when she was threatened by her own husband with a revolver.

In the wee sma' hours of the morning, police received a telephone call that a woman was screaming: "Don't kill me." They sped to the address given, and found Polly's husband, Martin Malone, a real estate broker, flourishing a weapon at the actress. The police seized Mr. Malone and escorted him to gaol.

Polly would not sign a complaint against Mr. Malone, but said that she would soon institute divorce proceedings.

The couple were married three years ago.

A Siren's Downfall

When the director toots the camera horn for Joan Crawford, she answers with a fire-siren installed in her portable dressing-room.

That is, she did!

Whilst the *Gorgeous Hussy* company was working, Joan used her customary signal to let the director know that she was ready. A few minutes later the sound of a fire-siren was heard from an adjoining lot.

The siren grew louder, and soon the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer fire department pulled up in a cloud of dust on the set, seeking the fire.

(The fire department has confiscated Joan's siren!)

Keeping Up With Hubby

Frank Borzage, famous director, has a very versatile wife.

Mrs. Borzage, formerly Rena Rogers, a film star of the silent days, is proficient at sports, business and hobbies. She is the organiser of a woman's polo team at the Uplifter's Club, pilots her own plane and motor-boat, owns several successful dress shops in Honolulu, is ranked as one of the best amateur photographers in America and is a fine Badminton player.

Aside from the above, Rena does not do much else except tell her husband how to make his pictures!

Oakie's "Evelyns"

The name "Evelyn" means much to Jack Oakie. His mother's name is Evelyn, his sister is Alice Evelyn, one of the sister's little girls is called Evelyn,

whilst Jack's bride, known as Venita (a stage cognomen) was "Evelyn" before she embarked upon a stage career.

Jack gets along splendidly with all his "Evelyns," so there may be something in a name after all.

He Told the Chef

Edward G. Robinson chided the head waiter at the Brown Derby once too often about the preparation of a special veal paprika recipe created by his grandmother. The head waiter introduced Eddie to the chef, who was willing to be shown.

So now, on the Brown Derby menu, Hollywoodites see "veal paprika se Robinson!"

Eddie says he has no intention of starting a restaurant.

The Hollywood NEWSREEL

SHOT BY PHIL LONERGAN

within a few weeks, when, it is reported, she will accept service of a divorce summons, thereby enabling George to secure his freedom. It is said that a property settlement has been arranged between the couple.

A Dog Heaven

Hollywood again "scoops the world" with the establishment of the first "dude ranch" for dogs.

The place is a fifteen-acre tract high in the San Bernardino mountains, and provides every type of canine recreation, sanitary housing and hospitalisation. It was created by the desire of film stars to provide a playground for their pets whilst they are on holiday in the East or Europe.

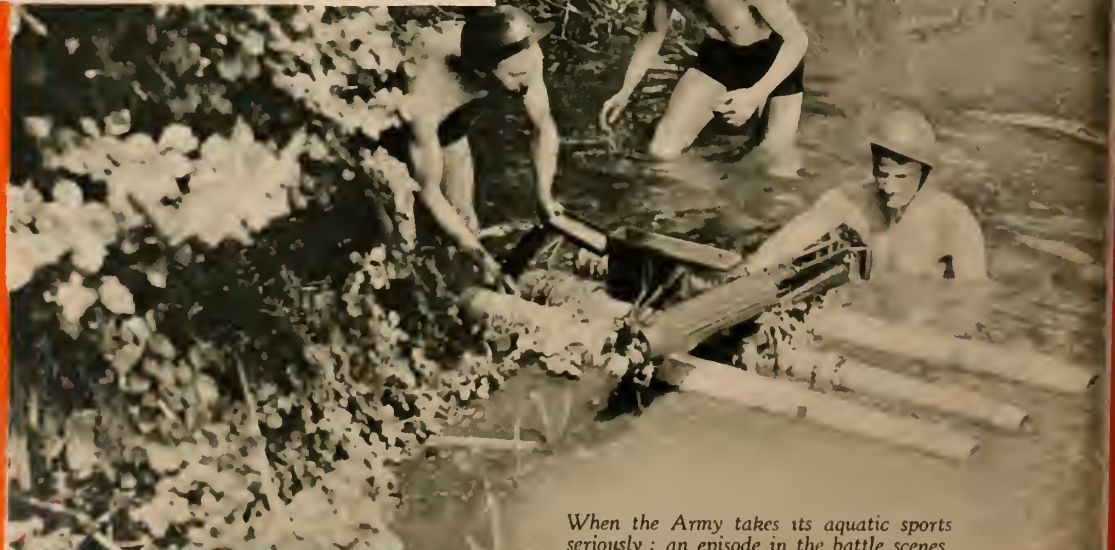
Gladys Shipman owns and operates the ranch.



"Wave to Daddy!" Anna Lee encourages one of the very junior players in real embarkation scenes.



An infantry attack—Chinese style. These "other ranks" of the British Army thoroughly enjoyed themselves as "rebel" troops.



When the Army takes its aquatic sports seriously; an episode in the battle scenes, shot at Amesbury, in Wiltshire.

While waiting for a bridge to be blown up these Tommies pass the time with a "blow-out."



M.S.



On the troopship's deck, Director Raoul Walsh gives a little advice to Heroine Anna Lee

marking a regiment at Southampton for a film about twice as difficult as for active service. Gaumont-British got the Queen's (Royal Regiment) on board the S.S. "Dilwara" in fine style.

FOR years Hollywood has been glorifying the United States Army, Navy and Air Force. Now Gaumont-British is retaliating with a film which shows something of what Tommy Atkins can do.

With the whole-hearted cooperation of the War Office, though with very little assistance from the British climate, Gaumont-British have been busy putting on the screen an epic of our Army. We've brought back Wallace Ford from America to play an important part. And you can be sure that there will be a little love in it too.



If Anna Lee (who plays a sergeant-major's daughter in the film) isn't the Army's favourite film star after this—we'll eat that helmet!

On the right we have a combined movement of the British and "rebel" armies between "take"

E. G. COUSINS COVERS

The BRITISH STUDIOS

THERE are some misguided people who imagine that the films don't do any good—that you can't learn anything from them, for instance.

Well, you can just tell them from me that they don't keep their eyes open. A film has just this week been finished at Elstree which is highly instructive.

Its title is *This'll Make You Whistle*, and it teaches you (if you are a quick learner) what *not* to do when engaged to two girls at the same time. Girl-readers please substitute "men" for "girls."

All you have to do is to watch Jack Buchanan, and avoid doing as he does; because I grieve to relate that his activities merely get him further and further into the soup.

In fact, he is finally chased by the French police as a crook; you can imagine the fun Jack will have with *that* particular sequence.

It's five years since Herbert Wilcox last directed Jack Buchanan; the result then was *Good Night Vienna*; and they're hoping for another success as big now.

A Fury

If you've never seen "temperament" in a studio, it would have done your heart good to have looked in at Highbury when I did the other day.

A first class tantrum was being given vent to, and how! Gitta Alpar, in a towering rage, was throwing everything she could lay hands on at anyone she could see.

However, it was only for the film *Because of Love*; and all I can say is, if love takes opera-stars that way, thank Heaven I'm a journalist.

However, because she has a lovely voice, Neil Hamilton forgives her, and even sings her a little song of thanks for the magnificent way she has interpreted his music.

Can you imagine Neil Hamilton singing? No. Well, that's another thing the films can teach you.

In this film the glamorous prima donna, to escape from the restless round of her own life, takes refuge in Chelsea, with an unknown composer (name of Hamilton).

I hope they'll present Chelsea a little more recognisably than they did in an American film I saw recently. It was like nothing on earth.

A Matter of Cotton

This is Gitta Alpar's last film before doing a play for Cochran which has been specially written by A. P. Herbert and James Bridie.

And now for a little cotton.

What does the title *Cotton Queen* suggest to you? As soon as I read it I conjured up a vision of huge bales on the Mississippi, the showboat coming round the bend, darkies buck-and-winging on the levee, mummies frying chicken and corn-pone, and a mulatto girl (or maybe an octoroon, I ain't fussy) queening it among these adoring negroes. . . .

No sir, *Cotton Queen* isn't anything like that. It's the other end of the cotton-reel—not where they grow it, but where they spin it.

And when the North Country creeps into a film, what three names do we immediately think of?

Right! Sydney Howard, Frank Pettingell, and Stanley Holloway.

Well, this time it's Stan. Yes, I can imagine you all starting: "Sam, Sam, pick oop tha' moosket." I found myself doing it too.

But don't forget that Stanley Holloway is a brilliant character actor, and not merely a comedian. Did you see his Irish priest in *Lily of Killarney*?

Clogs

This is to be done by Joe Rock at his own studios at Elstree. It only seems a little while since Joe arrived from America to produce a Leslie Fuller picture, and now his new studios are going up, and he's a power in the land.

Well, well, if you knew Joe as I do, you'd realise he isn't the kind of fellow to let grass grow under his clogs.

No, no, sorry! *He* doesn't wear clogs—they're in the film. And I'm happy to be able to tell you that Will Fyfe is co-starring with Stan, and that Mary Lawson is in the film too.

That little trouser has great potentialities. I was talking about her just the other day to Charles Farrell, and what he didn't think of her is nobody's business.

You remember he played opposite her in his last British picture—*Falling in Love*.

And a fellow who has been used to playing opposite Janet Gaynor should know.

From Furrin Parts

It was at a cocktail party that I met Farrell, wearing a half-inch coat of good Australian tan.

He's been in Sydney, you remember, playing in *The Flying Doctor* for Gaumont-British, with Jimmy Raglan and Mary Maguire.

Raglan actually played the title-role, but Farrell's part was a bigger one.

Also at the party were two very famous people—Paderewski, the world-famous pianist, and Marie Tempest.

Miss Tempest is not making her film debut, but I believe this production (*Moonlight Sonata*) will be her first talkie.

It is certainly Paderewski's first. Can you imagine the enterprise of a venerable gentleman, who has already made himself the world's greatest pianist *and* the liberator of his country, Poland, now starting a third and entirely different career?

However, it will not be very exacting, as he is merely playing himself.

At Sea

He is courtly and charming, and was rather at sea about it all; in fact, whenever anyone was introduced to him he inquired: "Are you to work with me?" It must have seemed to him that an unending number of people was needed to cope with this strange new invention.

Marie Tempest will play the *châtelaine* of a great house—a role that should suit her to the ground; and the love (it's your own fault, you always insist on love) will be provided by Charles Farrell aforesaid and Barbara Greene, whom I hereby tip as one of the most important of British film actresses, as soon as she's had a little more experience.

Incidentally, you'll be glad to hear she's an extremely charming, level-headed, and unspoiled young woman; many girls who had received the notice she did for her work in the Fox Quota film *Wedding Group* would have immediately



suffered from a severe attack of tight hat, but not so Barbara.

She comes in my list of Fourteen Thousand British Girls to Watch—and a good long way up the list at that.

Pronunciation

This *Moonlight Sonata* is not, as has been suggested, a Private Life of Beethoven, or any other kind of costume play; it's a modern story . . . and the only share Beethoven has in it is in providing the title and also some lovely things for Paderewski to play on the piano.

By the way, have you decided yet whether to call him Pah-dair-ev-skee as we highbrows do, or stick to the good old Paddy Roosky which has been its favourite pronunciation in England ever since I was but a tot?

You'll be hearing his name quite a lot when the film comes to the screen, and you'll have to come down on one side of the fence or the other.

By the way, this is the first effort of Pall Mall Productions, a new company which has Lothar Mendes at its head. You probably remember him chiefly as director of *Jew Suss*, but he has many European and American films to his credit.

He is directing *Moonlight Sonata* himself, and it will be made at Denham.

A Little German

Pagliacci, however, as I hinted recently, will not. In fact, they have already got under way with it in the B.I.P. studios at Elstree.

This is the new Capitol production, starring Richard Tauber, and directed by Karl Grüne.

Almost as much German as English is being spoken on this unit. To Grüne and Tauber, of course, it's their native tongues; Steffi Duna (Hungarian) finds it convenient to discuss her part in German with Grüne and his German assistant; and Otto Kanturek, who is a Czech, also uses the prevailing language on the set, except when speaking to the electricians.

What a change in Steffi Duna since the last time I saw her at Elstree! It was years ago.



Doug Fairbanks, jun. (right) told a good one when Dick Barthelmess visited him and Margot Grahame on the set of "The Thousand Windows" at Isleworth. Director Alfred Zeisler seems a little puzzled.

of course; they had just finished making a Bernard Shaw film, and Shaw had insisted on its being directed by a young man who was "Uncle Caractacus" of the B.B.C.

So he was also engaged to make the next film, irrespective of what it might be.

It turned out to be *Indiscretions of Eve*, and Steffi, who didn't know enough English to shake a stick at, played the title-role; and that's enough about that.

Vital Steffi

She was pretty unhappy about it all, and Steffi is such a vital little person that when she is unhappy everyone round her is too.

But fortunately the converse also is true; now that she is feeling on top of the world (and so she should, with *La Cucaracha*, *Anthony Adverse*, and *Dancing Pirate* behind her) she makes everyone about her feel gay also.

She has already made herself a favourite at Elstree, and it's easy to see why. I was lunching with her in the studio restaurant, and when she finished her fish and the waitress asked her what she would have next she said winningly: "But angel child, that wasn't enough for a sparrow! I want to eat! Will you bring me some more?"

And then when it came she forgot all about it in telling me how much she liked the English.

She has dancing, singing, and acting to do in *Pagliacci*. I have a feeling it will advance her reputation still further.

Personality

By the way, while we are on the subject of Capitol Films, keep your eyes open for a new personality in the Tom Walls film *Dishonour Bright*.

She is Jeni Le Gon, a dancer who created a great impression in the Cochran stage revue *Follow the Sun*; and you have my permission to pronounce her name any way you like, but personally I am going to say Yaynee for her first name.

She is an eighteen-year-old Creole from Louisiana; yes, Johnny Jones, you little know-all, a Creole is usually regarded as being a person of mixed French and Negro blood; but my dictionary says it's "a European or Negro settler in West Indies, Mauritius, etc., or a descendant of such a person."

So I am not going to guess at Jeni's nationality, but her personality I commend to your attention.

She has also appeared in cabarets in the West End, and played a leading role in the Radio Quota picture *Hurray for Love*.

Gee-gees

Here is Grosvenor launching forth into a burst of activity—if you can launch into a burst. I wouldn't know.

So far, Grosvenor Sound Films (consisting



How learned Sydney Howard looks! He's all dressed up for the British and Dominions picture "Chick."

largely of Sinclair Hill and Harcourt Templeman) have made *Hyde Park Corner*, *The Cardinal*, and *The Gay Adventure*.

Now they have lined up three more ambitious productions, of which the first is *Take a Chance*, adapted from Walter Hackett's racing comedy.

Racing folk of my acquaintance often squirm in their seats at the howlers perpetrated in racing pictures.

It's bad enough when a Hollywood producer tries to represent the Derby or the Oaks and gets it completely wrong; but there's no excuse for British producers making such mistakes.

However, Messrs. Hill and Templeton are taking no chances; they have shot exteriors at Goodwood itself, and they are making further location shots under the supervision of Geoffrey Gilby, the racing journalist, at his "gallops" near Winchester.

And I only hope the printer will be kinder to me than the one was who, when I wrote about a certain trainer's "gallops," put "gallows," and I was nearly hanged on them for it.

Clo'

The cast of *Take a Chance* is not yet complete, but Binnie Hale (who was prominent in *Hyde Park Corner*) and Enid Stamp-Taylor will certainly be in it.

And, in case you're interested in clothes. . . . You are? Okay! You'll be pleased to hear that special attention is being devoted to the women's dresses in the various racecourse sequences.

Jill Casson (no relation to the Thorndike Cassons) will be in charge of this department; and she should know a little about the subject, having "dressed" 150 stage and screen productions, including Cochran and Charlot shows, during the past five years.

She has designed some race-meeting frocks for this film which are calculated to make you turn green with envy; also they will put you a jump ahead of your dearest friend when you start planning your wardrobe for Ascot or Ramsgate next summer—if we have any next summer, he added gloomily.

The units who have been trying to do location-work this year are firmly convinced about it already.

Concluding The Story of the Film

Mr. DEEDS GOES to TOWN

LAST week's opening instalment told how Longfellow Deeds, a simple young man who wrote verses for greeting cards, was visited in his home at Mandrake Falls by Arthur Cedar, a New York attorney, who tells him that he has inherited a vast fortune. Deeds goes to New York, where he befriends a girl who poses as a penniless city worker, but is really a reporter named Babe Bennett, who is out to get a story about him. Deeds falls in love with her and celebrates not wisely but too well. He awakes the next morning to learn from his friend Cobb that his escapades are front-page news.

BABE BENNETT was worried. She stared moodily at the chimneys and the tangle of radio aerials that stretched away from her apartment window. Her room-mate, Mabel Dawson, sensed Babe's mood.

"What's the matter, honey?" she asked.

"Nothing." Babe still stared out of the window.

"My unfailing instinct tells me that something has gone wrong with the stew," Mabel persisted. Babe turned from the window and crossed to Mabel. "Mabel, that guy is either the dumbest, the stupidest, the most imbecile idiot in the world—or he's the grandest thing alive. I can't make him out."

Mabel nodded knowingly. "Uh—huh," she said. Babe rushed on, trying to make Mabel understand. "Here's a guy that's wholesome and fresh—and he looks like a freak to us. Know what he told me to-day? When he marries he wants to carry the bride over the threshold in his arms."

"The guy's balmy."

But Babe wasn't so sure. "Is he? I thought so, too. I tried to laugh but I couldn't. It stuck in my throat. He's got goodness, Mabel. I know what I'm going to do. I'm going to stop crucifying him. I'm going to pack up and get out of town—right away!"

"You're acting like a schoolgirl," Mabel protested. "Running away is no solution."

"What else can I do? He's bound to find out that I'm double-crossing him if I stay here. I can at least save him that." Babe rose and went into the bedroom. Mabel started after her, but a knock on the apartment door interrupted her. She opened the door to find Longfellow standing there, looking uncomfortable in full evening clothes and with his top hat in his hand.

"Is Mary Dawson here?" he asked. "My name is Longfellow Deeds."

"Why—why, yes," Mabel stammered. Babe, who had heard Longfellow's voice, came to the bedroom door. "I—I thought you were having a big party for the Opera Association at your house to-night?"

"Oh, I wouldn't let them stop me from seeing you, Mary," Longfellow said airily. "I threw them out!"

Babe's jaw dropped. "You mean—bodily?"

"Yes. They got on my nerves, so I threw them out." Then he added sheepishly, "Guess that'll be in the papers to-morrow, too. Something else for them to laugh at."

Babe picked up her hat. "Shall we go for a walk?" she asked.

In the park Longfellow plunged right into the thoughts that were troubling him. "I'm going back to Mandrake Falls," he announced. "I once had an idea I could do some good with my money, but they keep me so busy doing crazy things down here. I don't seem to fit in. Mary, I—I was thinking—uh—I wish you could come to Mandrake Falls sometime." Babe was silent.

"Mary, remember the poem I told you I was writing for you? It's finished. Would—would you like to read it?"

"Yes. Of course," Babe replied in a very small voice.

Longfellow drew a paper from his pocket. As he handed it to her, he said, "Mary, you don't have to say anything when you read it. You can tell me to-morrow what you think." Babe took the paper from him and started to read:

"I tramped the earth with hopeless beat

Searching in vain for a glimpse of you.

Then heaven thrust you at my feet, A lovely angel—too lovely to woo! My dream has been answered but my life's just as blank

I'm handcuffed and speechless in your presence divine—

For my heart longs to cry out—if it only would speak,

I love you, my angel—be mine, be mine!"

Babe's voice was choked when she finished and her eyes were blinded with tears.

Impulsively, she put her arms round his neck and kissed him. Longfellow's arms encircled hers and for a long moment they were still. "You don't have to say anything now, Mary," he repeated. "I'll wait to hear from you to-morrow."

"Yes," Babe agreed, her voice still choked. "To-morrow. Please take me home."

They walked home in silence.

Cobb was waiting at Longfellow's house when he returned from his poetic proposal to Babe. Longfellow, smiling broadly, was bursting with his news, but "Corny" cut him short. "Hello, sucker!" he said. He rose from his chair and crossed the

room towards Deeds.

"Well," he said, "it's just as I suspected, wise guy! I don't mind you making a sucker out of yourself—but you made one out of me, too."

"What's eating you, Sour-puss?" Longfellow asked.

"I finally had sense enough to have you followed to-night. The dame you've been running around with is Babe Bennett... New York's smartest sob-sister. She took you for a sleigh ride that New York will laugh about for years. She's the slickest, double-crossing, two-timing—"

Longfellow, in a rage, grabbed Cobb's throat and shook him. "What are you talking about?" he roared. Cobb yelled right back at him, "All right—go ahead! Sock away." With his free hand he reached into his coat pocket. "And then try to laugh this off," he added, thrusting a photograph under Deed's nose.

It was a photograph of Babe Bennett, and Longfellow relaxed his grip on Cobb as he read the caption beneath it. "Louise (Babe) Bennett wins Pulitzer Prize for reportorial job on Macklyn Murder Trial." Longfellow stared unbelievably at the picture while Cobb continued with his tirade. "She's the smartest reporter on the 'Mail.' Every time you opened your kisser you were giving her another story. She's the dame who christened you the 'Cinderella Man.' She's the—"

Longfellow interrupted him. "Shut up!" he cried, and there was agony in his voice. He crossed to a chair and sat down. For a long time he said nothing and his face was a dead mask of disillusionment. Slowly, a wry smile came to his lips as Cobb and Walter, his manservant, watched him in sympathetic silence.

"Pack my things, Walter," he said. "I'm going back to Mandrake Falls."

Cobb's face softened. "Gosh, pal, if I knew you were going to take it so hard I'd have kept my trap shut." Longfellow was about to speak when a commotion in the hall distracted them. The door burst open and a wild-eyed man came into the room, struggling with the butler.

"Lemme go!" he cried. "I wanna see him! I wanna see that guy! Lemme go!" He stared at Longfellow.

"Darling," Babe pleaded, "I know everything I've done—how horrible I've been. If you never see me again, please do this for me—please defend yourself."

"There you are! I just wanna see what you look like—a guy that can spend thousands of dollars on a party when people are starving all around him! Cinderella Man! I know how many families you could feed with the money you pay to get on the front page? Feeding doughnuts to a horse! Got a kick out of it, huh? Got a big laugh! Did you ever think about feeding doughnuts to human beings? No!"

"That's enough out of you," Cobb yelled, starting toward the man. He suddenly whipped out a gun and levelled it at Cobb. "Stay where you are, young feller." Cobb backed away and the man turned the gun on Longfellow.

"You're going to get some more publicity, Mr. Deeds. On the front page again, but I don't think you'll like it this time!" His voice rose hysterically. "See how much good your money will do you when you're pushing up daisies! Never thought of that, did you—you money-grabbing hick! Never thought about all the people who are starving—not able to feed their wives and kids. Not able to—"

The man's voice broke. He sobbed, staggered to a chair and, glancing down, saw the gun in his hand. Realising what he was about to do, he dropped it to the floor where Cobb quickly retrieved it. "Oh, my God!" he cried. No one spoke and Longfellow looked at him pitifully.

"Sorry," the man mumbled. "I didn't know what I was doing. Losing your farm after twenty years—seeing your kids go hungry—standing in breadlines—I guess I went crazy for a minute." He looked up at Deeds. "You can call the cops now, Mister."



"What are you mugs talking about?" he asked.

"I don't know nothin', buddy," one of the men replied. "All I know is the sheriff gave me an insanity warrant to execute."

"Who says he's insane?" Cobb demanded.

"The complainant is a relative of the late Martin Semple. Charges that Deeds is insane and incapable of handling the estate."

Longfellow laughed cynically.

"That's marvelous," he said. "That makes everything complete. Just 'cause I want to give my money to people who need it they think I'm insane."

"Wait a minute," Cobb interrupted. "We want to get a lawyer. I'll call Cedar."

"Don't bother, buddy," the deputy sheriff said. "Cedar swore out the complaint. He represents the complainant. C'mon, Mr. Deeds, let's go."

Longfellow slowly rose and walked out with the sheriff's men, with Cobb trailing along behind him.

Longfellow continued to stare at him. "A farmer," he said, and he went over to stare out the window.

For the next week the newspapers in the country carried Deeds' name in bold headlines.

"LONGFELLOW DEEDS TO GIVE FORTUNE AWAY
Huge Farming District to Be Divided Into Ten Acre Farms—Fully Equipped at a Cost of Eighteen Million."

"FINANCIERS SHOCKED BY AMAZING PLAN OF DEEDS."

"THOUSANDS OF UNEMPLOYED STORM DEEDS HOME TO APPLY FOR FARM LAND."

The drawing room of his home transformed into a noisy, bustling office, Longfellow worked night and day talking to applicants, ordering farm implements, consulting with architects and farming experts. Neither Cobb nor himself had been away from their desks for more than a few hours at a time since Deeds' desperate visitor came some days before. Cobb pleaded with Deeds to take his time, but Longfellow would not listen. He wanted to finish everything as quickly as possible and get back to Mandrake Falls. Babe Bennett had tried to talk with him by telephone several times, but Deeds would not talk with her.

Longfellow was sitting at his desk, munching at a sandwich and interviewing the long line of men waiting to see him. He was unshaven and his shirt collar was open. Three strange men pushed their way to the head of the line and approached Longfellow's desk. One of them spoke.

"Longfellow Deeds?"

"Yes."

"We've got a warrant for your arrest. You'll have to come along with us." Cobb jumped to his feet.

In rapid succession Cedar called Longfellow's valet, Walter, who testified to his tuba playing; the bodyguards who told of his eluding them by locking them in a closet; the waiter in Tullio's who told of Longfellow's fight with Henaberry and Brookfield. After them came the cabman whose horse had been fed doughnuts by Deeds, the policeman who found Longfellow and Morrow dancing in the streets with only their shorts on.

When all the testimony was in, the judge again urged Deeds to defend himself and, when there was no reply, the judge started to make known his findings.

At that moment Babe again interrupted the hearing. She ran over to Longfellow's chair and addressed him directly. "Darling," she pleaded, "I know everything I've done—how horrible I've been. If you never see me again, please do this for me—please defend yourself." Turning from Longfellow she crossed to the judge's bench.

"Your Honour," she said, "I know why he won't defend himself! That has a bearing on the case. He's been hurt by everything he's met since he came to New York. Principally by me. He's been the victim of every conniving crook in town—and I was smarter than the rest of them! I got closer to him so that I could laugh louder. Why shouldn't he keep quiet? Every time he said anything I took his words and twisted them around so they'd sound imbecilic. He can thank me for that! I handed the gang a grand laugh!"

"Certainly I wrote those articles. I was going to get a raise and a month's vacation. But I stopped writing them when I found out how real he was—when I discovered that he could never fit in with our distorted viewpoint because he was honest and sincere and good. If that man's crazy, Your Honour, the rest of us belong in straight jackets."

Cedar was shouting now. "This is absurd, Your Honour. The woman is obviously in love with him."

Babe turned on him savagely. "What's that got to do with it?"

"You are in love with him, aren't you?" Cedar insisted.

Even Longfellow Deeds watched her as she shouted her answer back at the lawyer. "Yes! Yes! I love him!"

Longfellow slowly rose to his feet. "Your Honour," he said quietly, "I'd like to get in my two cents' worth."

The judge smiled. "Of course, Mr. Deeds. Go right ahead."

"That was a pretty speech Mr. Cedar made about me," Longfellow began. "If I was an outsider I'd be sure the feller he was talkin' about was crazy. I guess that's what a good lawyer's supposed to do—make things look like what they're not."

"About my tuba playin'. If a man's crazy just 'cause he plays the tuba, somebody better look into it, 'cause there are lots of tuba players runnin' around loose. I play mine when I want to concentrate. Most everybody does something silly when they're thinking. For instance, you're an O-filler. You fill in all the spaces in your o's with your pencil."

The judge looked down at a paper in front of him to discover that all the O's and P's and R's had been filled in.

"Now one of those articles said I chased after fire engines. Well, who

doesn't? There were five hundred people that night doing the same thing. Besides, I'm captain of the Mandrake Falls volunteers so naturally I'm interested in fires and fire engines."

Cedar rose and interrupted Longfellow's testimony. "Your Honour, this is becoming farcical. Let Mr. Deeds explain wandering around the streets in his underwear and feeding doughnuts to horses."

Longfellow grinned. "Mr. Cedar's right, Judge," he agreed. "Those things kind of look bad, don't they? To tell the truth, Judge, I don't remember them. Oh, they must have happened all right. But I was drunk—first time I was ever drunk. It's probably happened to you, too, Judge. I mean when you were younger, of course."

"About the Falkner sisters. Mind if I talk to them, Judge?"

"Go right ahead," the judge smiled.

"Jane, who owns the house you live in?"

"Why, you do, Longfellow."

"Do you pay any rent?"

"Good heavens, no!"

"Do you still think I'm pixilated?"

"Oh, yes. You've always been pixilated, Longfellow."

"Who else in Mandrake Falls is pixilated?"

"Why, everybody—except Amy and me."

"Just one more question, Jane. The Judge here is a nice man, isn't he?"

"Yes, seems to be."

"Do you think he's pixilated?"

"Yes, indeedy."

For the greater part of the day Longfellow stood in the courtroom explaining his actions, defending his plan to help the farmers. When he was finished the judge considered for a moment and then, after warning against any undue disturbance when he announced his finding he turned to Longfellow.

"Mr. Deeds," he said, "There has been a great deal of damaging testimony against you. Your behaviour, to say the least, has been most strange. But, in my opinion, you are not only sane, but you are the sanest man that ever walked into this courtroom."

There was a tumultuous shout of approval at the decision and, while the judge rapped his gavel vainly to restore order, Longfellow strode across the room to the chair where Babe was sitting, timid and afraid. With one swoop of his arms he lifted her from the chair, planted a resounding kiss on her lips and then grinned at her.

"C'mon, honey," he said. "We're takin' the six o'clock train to Mandrake Falls."

WILSON D'ARNE.

NEXT WEEK

SCOOP!

Fred Astaire of the twinkling feet and amazing personality has been paying a short visit to London and he has written his impressions especially for our readers.

Nowhere except in next week's "Picturegoer" will you be able to read these characteristic, intimate sentiments of the man who in a few brief years has made himself uncrowned king of the dancing world.

Play safe—by ordering a copy from your newsagent in advance.

Previews

CRITICISMS of the LATEST FILMS

SUZY

THE Eternal Triangle supplies the framework for this story which tells of the marital adventures of an American chorus girl stranded in England in the summer of 1914. Melodrama and comedy are mixed, not always too skilfully, with the result that the general effect is not as satisfactory as it might have been.

During a thick fog in London, Suzy, who is a straight girl in straitened circumstances, is given a lift home by Terry, a young Irish inventor employed by an engineering firm owned by a German woman. The vagaries of our English weather are internationally notorious, but it comes as rather a shock to find that the very day following the good, old-fashioned pea-souper is Derby Day! Such it is, however, and Terry drives Suzy to Epsom. Being as hard-up as are all young inventors of fiction, he sports an old car, but it is hard to believe that, no matter how broke he was, he would still run a machine that must have qualified for the Old Age Pension at a time when motors were still accompanied on their runs abroad by a man with a red flag.

Suzy backs the winner for Terry, who appears more gratified than surprised to find that, contrary to all precedent, the bookmaker has written the horse's name on his ticket. He and Suzy are married, but when they are in the machine-room inspecting his invention he is shot by an enemy adventuress and Suzy, believing him to be dead, hurries to Paris, where she joins an American friend who is playing in cabaret.

A famous French air "ace" comes to the café, and hearts always being trumps in his case, not only falls for Suzy, but actually marries her. He takes her to his father's palatial home and leaves her there while he returns to flirt with death and any lovely woman who comes his way. Among the latter is the wicked adventuress who is now in Paris and is spending much of her time with Suzy's dashing husband, André, after he has been wounded. To complicate matters further, Terry comes into Suzy's life again and refuses to believe that she did not marry André for his money.

A little time later, André is murdered by the adventuress, but Terry takes up his machine and while in the air manages not only to bring down three enemy 'planes, but also machine-guns the adventuress and her accomplice, who are escaping by car. He then makes it appear that the dead André was the hero of this flight, and the murdered man's honour remains unsullied. The bigamous marriage having been thus abruptly terminated, Suzy and Terry are able to start life anew.

Jean Harlow, as Suzy, has a part that is very different from the "gold-digging" ones she has made famous, and she handles it with a sincerity and sympathy that are admirable. Franchot Tone brings considerable humour to the role of

Terry, and Cary Grant as the devil-may-care airman smiles his way through with an unflagging energy. Lewis Stone, in a not too "heavy father" role, gives one of his usual polished performances, and Benita Hume makes a satisfactorily vampish villainess.—B. W.

RHYTHM ON THE RANGE

Somewhat of a hotch-potch in which Bing Crosby complete in cowboy suit croons his way through a romance with a wealthy heiress posing as an out-of-work cook.

The best thing in an entertainment which, while it has bright moments, is rather wearisome in plot is Bob Burns. He is a new-comer, once a hobo who earned his living playing a "buzooka," a weird instrument of his own creation made apparently of a piece of iron tubing and an oil funnel. He appeared in vaudeville and, I believe, was with Paul Whiteman for a season.

He is certainly a screen find. He puts his humour over in a dry, philosophical manner and makes the most of every line he is given.

I do not think that even Crosby's most ardent fans will agree that a cowboy role suits their favourite. He has to croon seated on a white horse and again to a prize bull—the bull goes to sleep.

Frances Farmer makes a charming heroine. She is natural and unspoiled and brings character to the role of an heiress who, on the eve of making a social match, runs away to her aunt's ranch out West.

It is on the journey in a cattle truck that she meets Crosby, who is employed on her aunt's ranch.

Martha Raye contributes a broad comedy study rather in the style of Daphne Pollard, but she succeeds in being grotesque rather than funny.

Lucille Gleason is sound as the heroine's aunt, a strong-minded woman who is the cause of her niece's escapade.

As three tramps who hope to cash in on a reward offered by information concerning the missing heiress, Warren Hymer, George E. Stone and James Burke are good.

Opening with a rodeo performance

at Madison Square Gardens which, by the way, is excellently staged, the action takes us to the great out-doors and provides some picturesque and well photographed scenery.

Actual shots on the ranch strike one as synthetic, but the technical qualities are uniformly good.—Lionel Collier.

FORGET ME NOT

If you are a lover of opera you will doubtless enjoy this film, for although that experienced trouper, actor-dramatist William Shakespeare once delivered himself of the dictum that "the play's the thing," in this instance it is not the play so much as the singing that takes pride of place.

As a vehicle for exploiting the famous Italian tenor, Beniamino Gigli the picture succeeds admirably, affording as it does many opportunities for hearing him in full song. However, for those who rely on dramatic rather than operatic values, the story which serves as a peg on which to hang the singing, is too trite to be really gripping.

Briefly, the story centres round Helen, a young personal secretary to a theatrical manager who accompanies her employer on a business trip to America. On board, she falls for a young ship's officer who is something of a philanderer, and she is soon looking at the world through rose-coloured glasses to such an extent that she is able to describe a school of porpoises as "the most lovely thing I have ever seen."

Among the passengers is the famous tenor, Enzo Curti, whose singing makes a great impression on Helen. Later, at her New York hotel she befriends Gigli's motherless little son and when the great singer later proposes marriage to her, she is caught on the rebound owing to the machinations of an old flame of the officer's, and accepts the singer.

The proposal scene, in which the singer, whose English is as scanty as is the secretary's Italian, has to rely on a dictionary to assist him in his avowals, is one of the highlights of the film.

Both Gigli and Joan Gardner handle a difficult scene so sincerely that one can no more help laughing with them than one can avoid laughing at them. And there is a vast difference between the two reactions!

Later Curti goes on a world tour, accompanied by Helen and his little son, and while in London the young ship's officer turns up once more and all but persuades Helen to run away with him to Australia. Curti suspects something of the sort is

about to happen and suffers agonies of doubt during his big concert. As the inevitable sequel stands out a mile, it will not be rendering an acute suspense angle painfully obtuse by revealing the fact that Helen, after a wealth of indecision, returns at the eleventh hour and fifty-ninth minute to her husband.

The singing of Signor Gigli is most faithfully recorded and his voice loses none of its quality when translated to the sound track. His acting is especially impressive in those scenes in which he confronts a marital crisis in a most ineffectual way, and the fact that he is heavily built tends only to strengthen the illusion of helplessness.

Joan Gardner makes the most she possibly can of the rather thankless part of the secretary who marries the famous singer; Hugh Wakefield's acting and monologue are equally polished in the part of Curti's American manager, and little Richard Gofe's performance as Curti's small son is one of the highlights of the film. Zoltan Corda, the director, is content to set an almost too leisurely pace, but the picture is bound to appeal to all lovers of good music beautifully sung and recorded.—B. W.

EVERYTHING IS THUNDER

This adaptation of J. L. Hardy's novel dealing with the adventures of a British officer who escapes from a prison camp in Germany during the Great War has been admirably handled by Marion Dix and John Orton. Excitement, and plenty of it, is the keynote of the story as it now stands, and the adventures of Hugh McGrath, the officer in question, are sufficiently recurrent and thrilling to satisfy everyone.

Having made several abortive attempts to escape, McGrath who is a Canadian and a fluent German linguist, finally manages to make a successful break for freedom and reaches Berlin. There he is befriended by Anna, an attractive waif of the streets who hides him when Goetz, a detective and, incidentally, one of her most ardent admirers, comes to her flat in search of McGrath.

The two young people fall head over heels in love with each other and Anna does not let the revelation that the man she has met is an escaped British officer interfere with her plans for them to find safety across the frontier in Holland.

Despite the fact that Goetz is hot on the trail of the fugitives, they manage to reach a small frontier village where arrangements have been made for them to be smuggled into Holland.

Up to this point the story has a ring of authenticity throughout and the atmosphere of the German capital in wartime is excellently sustained. When the climax of the attempted escape is reached, events, while not overstepping the bounds of possibilities, certainly put a heavy strain on the probabilities.

The story moves along at a good speed throughout and the love scenes between McGrath and Anna are not allowed to obtrude unduly. This is just as well, for Constance Bennett plays the girl of the streets on a note of concentrated sweetness and light that makes the wayward Anna more pleasant than plausible. Douglass Montgomery is much happier as McGrath, the daredevil adventurer, than McGrath the heavy lover. The somewhat exotic coiffure of Constance Bennett, which is in an

Continued on page 26



Franchot Tone and Jean Harlow in "Suzy"

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REVIEWS

by LIONEL COLLIER

The PICTUREGOER'S
quick reference index to
films just released

- **THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND
- c*BAR TWENTY RIDES AGAIN
- **FRISCO KID
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- *SPLENDOUR
- **THIS GREEN HELL
- *WILDERNESS MAIL

What the asterisks mean—
**** An outstanding feature.
*** Very good. ** Good.
* Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

exaggerated Botticelli style, seems to cast such a spell over him that his adoration of Anna becomes more ardent than elegant.

Oscar Homolka as Detective Goetz, undoubtedly walks away with the chief acting honours. His performance is so essentially right in every detail that, when he is on the scene, more than one of the other leading characters are overshadowed to an extent that should not be possible.—B. W.

**THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND

Fox American. "A" certificate. Historical drama. Runs 94 minutes.

WARNER BAXTER Dr. Samuel Alexander Mudd
GLORIA STUART Mrs. Peggy Mudd
CLAUDE GILLINGWATER Colonel Dyer
ARTHUR BYRON Mr. Erickson
O. P. HEGGIE Doctor MacIntyre
HARRY CAREY Commandant
FRANCIS FORD Corporal O'Toole
JOHN MCGUIRE Lieutenant Lovett
FRANCIS McDONALD John Wilkes Booth
DOUGLAS WOOD General Ewing
JOHN CARRADINE Sergeant Rankin
JOYCE KAY Martha Mudd
FRED KOHLER, JUN. Sergeant Cooper
ERNEST WHITEMAN Buck
PAUL FIX David Herold
FRANK SHANNON Mr. Holt
FRANK MCGLYNN, SEN. Abraham Lincoln
LEILA MCINTYRE Mrs. Abraham Lincoln
ETTA MCDANIEL Aunt Rosabelle
J. M. KERRIGAN Judge Maiben
ARTHUR LOFT Carpet Bagger
PAUL MCVEY General Hunter
MAURICE MURPHY Orderly

Directed by John Ford.

The story of this film is torn from a grim page of American history, and is far from pretty, but it has action and suspense and dramatic power, and provides Warner Baxter with a role which gives that impressive actor a chance really to shine.

The story gives an insight into the political power of a mob.

The character played by Baxter is Dr. Alexander Mudd, who, when President Lincoln's escaping assassin breaks his leg, is guilty of the heinous offence of setting it for him.

Although Mudd is unaware of his patient's identity, the enraged populace demands his conviction for



Warner Baxter and Gloria Stuart
in "Prisoner of Shark Island."

complicity, and he is sent to serve a life sentence in the penal settlement on Shark Island.

His wife, Peggy, appealingly played by Gloria Stuart, attempts to engineer his escape, but only adds to his sufferings, and Mudd has to remain in his vile prison until an act of bravery earns his deliverance.

There is irony in the fact that Abraham Lincoln, the darling of the mob which sent Mudd to his fate, would never have permitted such a miscarriage of justice to take place.

The atmosphere is unusually convincing and adds greatly to the strength and grip of the film.

c*BAR TWENTY RIDES AGAIN

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Western Drama. Runs 63 minutes.

WILLIAM BOYD Hopalong Cassidy
JIMMY ELLISON Johnny Nelson
JEAN ROUVEROL Margaret Arnold
GEORGE HAYES Windy
HARRY WORTH George Perdue (Nevada)
FRANK MCGLYNN, JUN. Red Connors
HOWARD LANG Jim Arnold
ETHEL WALES Clarissa Peters
PAUL FIX Gila
J. P. MCGOWAN Buck Peters
JOE RICKSON Herb Layton
AL ST. JOHN Cinco

Directed by Howard Bretherton.

An excellent example of good, fast-moving adventure story with a full quota of rustlers, cowboys, six-shooters and four-flushers. Villainy flourishes unchecked at the start, but, thanks to the efforts of Hopalong Cassidy, the machinations of Nevada, who is a gentleman who rustles cattle as easily as the autumn wind rustles leaves, are checked once and for all and virtue triumphs.

William Boyd acts with engaging gusto as Cassidy, Harry Worth makes a commendably sinister villain and Jimmy Ellison and Jean Rouverol are a pleasant pair of lovers.

Vigorous treatment and sound scenic qualities make this a first-rate picture of its type.

**FRISCO KID

Warner. American. "A" certificate. Rough-neck drama. Runs 65 minutes.

JAMES CAGNEY Bat Morgan
MARGARET LINDSAY Jean Barrat
RICARDO CORTES Paul Morra
LILI DAMITA Bella Morra
DONALD WOODS Charles Ford
BARTON MACLANE Spider Burke
GEORGE E. STONE Solly
ADDISON RICHARDS Coleman

JOSEPH KING James Daley
ROBERT MCWADE Judge Crawford
JOSEPH CREHAN McClanahan
ROBERT STRANGE Graber
JOSEPH SAWYER Slugs Crippen
FRED KOHLER Shanghai Duck
EDWARD MCWADE Tupper
CLAUDIA COLEMAN Jumping Whale
JOHN WRAY The Weasel
Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Previewed March 7, 1936.

This is the kind of thing on which James Cagney built up his great reputation, and at which he excels.

He begins as a Shanghai sailor, and batters his way up to control the gambling quarter of San Francisco.

The affair never reaches any great dramatic heights, but there is enough two-fisted, red-meat, he-man action to please the most exacting Cagney fan.

Margaret Lindsay, as the girl owner of a great newspaper, is charming in her tender moments and convincing when she has a chance for dramatic acting; and Ricardo Cortez puts up his usual polished performance in the role, which is really too small for his talents, of a gambling hell proprietor.

The atmosphere is well maintained, and the scrapping and shooting are sufficiently well done to carry the story along on successive waves of excitement.

It seems rather much to ask one's complete sympathy for a dock-rat who begins his romantic career with



Joel McCrea and Miriam Hopkins
in "Splendour."

murder and finishes by just escaping a richly earned fate on the gallows, but James Cagney has a magnetism and an air that "gets away with murder" in a way that a lesser actor could not do.

c*TOO MANY PARENTS

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Juvenile comedy drama. Runs 72 minutes.

FRANCES FARMER Sally Colman
LESTER MATTHEWS Mark Stewart
HENRY TRAVERS Wilkins
BILLY LEE Billy Miller
GEORGE ERNEST Philip Stewart
SHERWOOD BAILEY Clarence Talbot, jun.
DOUGLAS SCOTT Morton Downing
BUSTER PHELPS Clinton Meadows
PORTER HALL Mr. Saunders
HOWARD C. HICKMAN Colonel Colman
ANNE GREY Miss Allison
DORIS LLOYD Mrs. Downing
CARL "ALFALFA" SWITZER

"White Gardenia"
Directed by Robert V. McGowan.

The main theme of this film is overlaid by so many others as to be in danger of smothering; we are told that it is "from stories by George Templeton and Jesse Lynch Williams," and the producers never seem to make up their minds which story to follow.

The scene is laid in one of those American military academies, and

boys play the chief parts, the central plot being about the bright boy of the school, who is degraded for telling lies about his wealthy but neglectful father, whom he represents as being generous and attentive.

George Ernest acquits himself well as the boy, but Lester Matthews is too theatrical as the father.

As the school secretary with whom the father falls in love, Frances Farmer is attractive, and Henry Travers is excellent as a janitor, while most of the minor roles are well filled.

There is interest in the "boy soldiers" doings, and the life of the "Academy" and the happy ending is quite well contrived.

c**SPEED

M.-G.-M. American. "U" certificate. Romantic drama. Runs 70 minutes.

JAMES STEWART Terry Martin
WENDY BARRIE Jade Mitchell
UNA MERKEL Josephine Sandersod
WELDON HEYBURN Frank Lawsood
TED HEALY Gadget
RALPH MORGAN Mr. Dean
PATRICIA WILDER Fanny Lane
ROBERT LIVINGSTONE George Saunders
WILLIAM TANNEN Doctor
CHARLES TROWBRIDGE Doctor
WALTER KINGSFORD Uncle
CLAUDELLE KAY Nurse

Directed by Edwin L. Marin.

Action and plenty of it is the keynote of this story which centres round the motor industry and the speed-track, and thrills and sound comedy are skilfully mixed.

The main theme of the plot centres round Jane Mitchell, a spirited young girl who works in the publicity department of a firm of motor manufacturers and is loved by two of her fellow-workers, Terry Martin, an inventor and test driver, and Frank Lawson, a draughtsman. How she finally decides which of the two she loves and the sequel to their engagement provide the background for the many motoring thrills which abound.

Wendy Barrie as the girl and James Stewart and Weldon Heyburn as her suitors are consistently pleasant, while Ted Healy shines in a comedy part.

*SPLENDOUR

United Artists. American. "U" certificate. Society drama. Runs 77 minutes.

MIRIAM HOPKINS Phyllis Lorrimore
JOEL MCCREA Brighton Lorrimore
PAUL CAVANAGH Martin Deering
HELEN WESTLEY Mrs. Lorrimore
BILLIE BURKE Clarissa
KATHERINE ALEXANDER Martha Lorrimore
RUTH WESTON Edith Gilbert
DAVID NYEN Clancey Lorrimore
IVAN SIMPSON Fletcher
ARTHUR TREACHER Capt. Ballinger
TORREN MEYER Hofstatter
REGINALD SHEFFIELD Billy Grimes

Directed by Elliott Nugent. Previewed January 18, 1936.



James Stewart and Wendy Barrie
in "Speed."

It is to be presumed that the title of this picture is used ironically, for there is nothing even remotely splendid about the central theme which deals with the efforts of a mercenary matriarch to restore the family fortunes by marrying her son to a wealthy girl.

Mrs. Lorrimore's plan is, however, spoiled by her son, Brighton, who very imprudently married a pauper. Naturally, the latter receives a chilly reception from her in-laws, but is later persuaded to make up to Martin Deering, a wealthy relative of the Lorrimore's.

She does so to such good effect that Deering arranges for the complacent Brighton to be hove to in a job where the big salary is in inverse ratio to the work expected of him. However, his wife Phyllis rebels against the life she is leading, and once again becomes a poor but virtuous working girl. This brings her husband to such senses as he may possess and the young couple settle down to a life of affection and impecuniosity free from maternal influence.

Miriam Hopkins has been seen to better advantage than she is in the role of the young wife, Joel McCrea is somewhat stilted as her husband, but Paul Cavanagh and Helen Westley give excellent performances as the rich relation and the domineering mother.

Although the settings are excellent the story never succeeds in becoming really gripping.

**THIS GREEN HELL

Universal. British. "A" certificate. Domestic Drama. Runs 71 minutes.
Radio. British. "A" certificate.

EDWARD RIGBY.....Dan Foyle
SYBIL GROVE.....Mrs. Foyle
JOHN SINGER.....Billy Foyle
ROXIE RUSSELL.....Peggy Foyle
RICHARD DOLMAN.....Andy
BILLY WATTS.....Barton
NORMAN PIERCE.....Willington
Directed by Randall Faye. Previewed April 18, 1936.

Dan Foyle is a humdrum little clerk who finds an outlet from his drab life by weaving wonderful stories of his adventures in Brazil which he tells to his little son and to such chance acquaintances as will lend him their ears. His son finds out that his father has never been within a thousand miles of the Andes, but encourages him to continue telling him his wonderful tales.

Foyle is involved in a train smash and his family believe him to be dead. Actually, he is suffering from loss of memory and imagines that he is a great explorer. As such, he writes successful books on his explorations. Later he is asked to broadcast his adventures and when he does so, his family recognise his voice. He is knocked down by a taxi and regains his lost memory, but, on the persuasion of his publisher, he continues to write books of adventure and is happily reconciled to his family.

Neatly devised and directed, this little picture is unpretentious but full of human sympathy and noteworthy for the sincere acting of Edward Rigby as Dan Foyle and of Sybil Grove as his wife. The supporting cast is a remarkably talented one.

*GAOLBREAK

First National. British. "A" certificate. Crime drama. Runs 64 minutes.

RALPH INCE.....Jim
PAT FITZPATRICK.....Mickie
RAYMOND LOVELL.....Duke
ROY FINDLAY.....Louis
ELLIOT MASON.....Euph
BASIL GILL.....Dr. Merian
LORNA HUBBARD.....Daisy
DESMOND ROBERTS.....Paul Kendall
BEVLY MILLS.....Irene Kendall
VINCENT HOLMAN.....Collins

JIM REGAN.....Harry
BILLY SHINE.....Gregg
Directed by Irving Asher.

The Thames estuary provides an unusual locale for this tale of the underworld in which Jim Oakley escapes from gaol in order to visit his small son, who is being looked after by a trio of crooks. He learns that the latter are trying to pass the boy off on to wealthy Americans as their kidnapped son. Oakley makes his way on board the luxury yacht owned by the Americans, Paul and Irene Kendall.

Although the American knows that the child is not his, he is so taken by him that he is prepared to treat him as such, and Oakley, realising that the boy has a chance in life which he could never give him, renounces all claim to him.

Ralph Ince gives a spirited and sympathetic performance as Jim, Basil Gill is polished as a doctor and little Pat Fitzpatrick proves that clever child actors are by no means an American monopoly.

c*WILDERNESS MAIL

Butcher. American. "A" certificate. North-west drama. Runs 56 minutes.

KERMIT MAYNARD.....Keith, Rance
FRED KOHLER.....Landau
PAUL HURST.....Jules
DORIS BROOK.....Lila
SYD SAYLOR.....Mora
DICK CURTIS.....Jacques
NELSON MACDOWELL.....Mac

Directed by Forrest Sheldon from a story by James Oliver Curwood.

A drama on conventional lines of high adventure in the Canadian North-west helped along with plenty of action and some excellent photography of snow scenes. The story tells of the murder of a corporal of the North West Mounted and of his brother's hunt and capture of the killer.

Kermit Maynard as the virile hero and Fred Kohler as the double-dyed villain share the acting honours with Doris Brook who supplies the inevitable love interest.

HELL-SHIP MORGAN

Columbia. American. "A" certificate. Nautical Drama. Runs 65 minutes.

GEORGE BANCROFT.....Morgan
ANN SOTHERN.....Mary
VICTOR JORY.....Jim



Victor Jory and Ann Sothern in "Hell-Ship Morgan."

GEORGE REGAS.....Covanci
HOWARD HICKMAN.....Cabot
RALPH BYRD.....Dale
ROLLO LLOYD.....Hawkins
SNOWFLAKE.....Pittsburg

Directed by D. Ross Lederman.

Morgan is a hard-boiled, hard-hitting captain of a tuna trawler who, in one of his rare moments of compassion, takes on board his vessel a starving young man to whom he gives a job. Later,

Morgan befriends a penniless girl who finally marries him out of gratitude.

Although both the skipper and Jim, the youth he befriended, are fond of describing themselves as woman-haters, it is inevitable that the latter should fall in love with the skipper's wife, and equally inevitable that when a storm (in the atmospheric sense) breaks out, the skipper should sacrifice his life in saving those of the others, thus leaving the way clear for marriage bells for two.

George Bancroft as Morgan, Victor Jory as his rival in love, and Ann Sothern as his wife work so hard that they just manage to save the picture from becoming openly ridiculous, but, despite realistic sea episodes it is too melodramatic and naive to impress any but the most unsophisticated.

c STARS ON PARADE

Butcher. British. "U" certificate. Musical revue. Runs 81 minutes.

EDWIN LAWRENCE.....HORACE GOLDIN
ALBERT WHELAN.....SHERMAN FISHER GIRLS



Jimmy Ellison and Jean Rouverol in "Bar Twenty Rides Again."

SYD AND MAX HARRISON.....PAT HYDE
PAT O'BRIEN.....A FEW POSES FROM
MABEL CONSTANDUROS.....THE ACT SUPERB
JOHN RORKE.....THE FOUR CROTCHETS
RAYMOND BAIRD.....NAVARRE
ROBB WILTON.....JIMMY JAMES
"DR. WATSON".....LUCAN AND McSHANE
SAM BARTON.....DEBROY SOMERS
AND HIS BAND

Directed by Oswald Mitchell and Challis Sanderson.

Vaudeville, radio and the screen all lend some of their bright particular lights to this musical revue which, like the curate's egg, is good in parts. There is plenty of humour of different types and most of the music is in the capable hands of Debroy Somers and his band.

Plot as such is conspicuous by its absence, but with such favourites as Robb Wilton, Mabel Constanduros, Albert Whelan and Max Harrison doing their stuff, more than a few laughs are assured to the average audience.

**STREAMLINE EXPRESS

A.B.F.D. American. "A" certificate. Romantic melodrama. Runs 71 minutes.

VICTOR JORY.....Jimmy Hart
EVELYN VENABLE.....Patricia Wallis
ESTHER RALSTON.....Elaine Vinson
RALPH FORBES.....Fred Arnold
SIDNEY BLACKMER.....Gilbert Landon
ERIN O'BRIEN-MOORE.....Mrs. Forbes
CLAY CLEMENT.....John Forbes
VINCE BARNETT.....Jones
BOBBY WATSON.....Gerald Wilson
LEE MORAN.....Larry Houston
EDWARD HEARN.....Purser
ALLAN CAVAN.....Conductor
SYD SAYLOR.....Steward
LIBBY TAYLOR.....Fawn
HARRY TYLER.....Steve
TOMMY BUFP.....Wilbur
MORGAN BROWN.....Bartender



Billy Lee and Douglas Scott in "Too Many Parents."

WADE BOTELER.....Baggage Gateman
JACK RAYMOND.....1st Baggage Man
LYNTON BRENT.....Radio Operator
MONTAGUE SHAW.....Physician

Directed by Leonard Fields.

A well-acted story, most of the action of which takes place during the inaugural run of a new American streamlined express. Among the passengers are a runaway actress and the "playboy" she intends to marry, and her producer, who is masquerading as a train attendant in the hope of winning her back to him. Also among those present are an unfaithful husband and his inamorata, and—unknown to them—the husband's wife and a crook who has the last-named under his thumb.

Follows the inevitable mix-up of the characters which keeps the story moving as fast as the express itself until they all reach a satisfactory conclusion to their journey and their problems.

The acting is uniformly good, but if special mention is to be made, Victor Jory, as the producer, Evelyn Venable as the actress he loves, and Ralph Forbes as the society youth must not be omitted.

The production is smooth and slick and the settings excellent.

HERITAGE

Columbia. Australian. "U" certificate. Semi-documentary. Runs 96 minutes.

FRANK HARVEY.
MARGOT RHYS.
PEGGY MAGUIRE.
FRANKLIN BENNETT.
JOE VALLI.

Directed by Charles Chauvel.

Australian colonists and the great work they have done provide the theme of this picture, which was awarded a prize of £2,500 by the Australian Government. Incidents are centred round a love story which is simple to the point of naïveté, and the production is far below standard. Some of the incidents, however, are not as badly handled as are others.

Next Week

PICTUREGOER readers by the thousand have been bemoaning the absence from the screen of hard-hitting James Cagney.

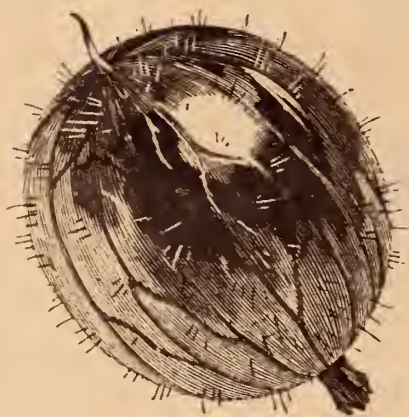
In next week's PICTUREGOER, Max Breen tells you just why Jimmy has been missing, and why and how he has returned to the screen. The article will give you an insight that you never had before into a complex and fascinating character.

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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

TOO MUCH GABLE

Should Clark Limit His Pictures?

I THINK that Clark Gable's popularity will decrease rapidly if he continues to appear on the screen as frequently as he does at present.

I made a count, and discovered that he actually had five releases in 1934 and the same number last year. This is a total of ten pictures in two years—a truly ridiculous figure for a star of his magnitude.

Ronald Colman who was Gable's predecessor as the idol of feminine fans made about ten films in five years. This actor is still gaining admirers. I don't know where Clark Gable will be in ten years time.

If he made about five good films in two years he can still consolidate his popularity. If he continues at his present rate, fans will get so sick of him that his career will be over before it is properly started.

I think this would be a pity for Gable at his best is a fine actor.—*A. Ebrill, Little Summerville, Limerick, I.F.S.*



Clark Gable.

Overdoing the "Snap"

Many people are becoming annoyed with certain directors whose ambition seems to be the world's speed record for dialogue.

When talkies were first introduced, it is true that there was too much talking and too little action. The fact that you could hear anything at all was quite remarkable, until familiarity made audiences impatient with mere speechifying.

Now dialogue has been put in its proper place, and the action is again the chief concern. While we have no desire to allow the picture to be slowed down, can something not be done to make the talking more intelligible?

When five or six characters are making cheerful fun of one another, we don't mind missing a smart line or two, but when, as in *Riff Raff*, the speed and commotion makes it difficult for even the acutest ears to catch vital points of the plot, then it is time the brakes were applied.

By all means let dialogue be snappy, but give us a chance to hear what is being said.—*Maitland Shearer, Shields Road School, Glasgow, S.W.1, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.*

Pep—and Tripe

How much longer are these "Shorts" of College Life being let loose on us?

For two consecutive nights I have been forced to sit and watch a different atrocity before getting to the star picture. Of students presumably sent to college to help one another "Boop-a-doop" and "Ra-ra-ra." Of toothy young men and long legged girls dancing up and down the staircase of the old Alma Mater while a prominent-eyed songster wails at the bottom.

Believe me, Mr. Thinker, I'm no highbrow, but this state of affairs is serious. I am nearly afraid of going to the kinema until I know the star picture is begun.

I am not averse to a little pep in my recreation

so long as the pep is not served with tripe, but is tempered with a little common-sense.—*Margaret Allison, 5 Barnfield Road, Burnage Lane, Didsbury, Manchester, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.*

Watching It Grow

I am one of the old folk who have witnessed the growth of films from its infancy when we used to pay to see the peep shows at the fairs, then came flickering figures that made you dizzy to watch them. There followed great improvements, improvements that have not yet stopped.

Progress seems to be the motto of British productions, too. Many people complain of the American accent in films. Why grumble? It is the American's language and tongue. I can't say I like it, but I don't complain.

I love such films as *Old English*, *Little Women* and *David Copperfield*, to mention a few. Period films bring back many happy memories of my childhood days. I thank the producers of such films. They bring happiness to such persons as myself and are interesting to the present generation.

I think the films and wireless are two of the finest things of the 20th century. Wonders? Such things as the films, talkies and wireless would have greatly astonished youngsters and grown-ups of my younger days.—*(Mrs.) Maude Mitchell, 51 Burlington Road, Sherwood, Nottingham.*

A Film to See

I go quite regularly to the kinema, and recently in a performance a film called *The Great Crusade* was shown.

The film showed shots of the slums in various large towns in England, telling of a five-year plan to clear the unhealthy houses and build blocks of flats and houses which can be rented at moderate rates.

A few more films of this nature, which is not really pleasant, but certainly should enable the plan to be carried out most satisfactorily, would awake the better public to the fact that these slum districts must be cleared, and the sooner the better.—*(Miss) Jean Carman (16), 18 Queen's Court, Hampstead Way, London, N.W.11.*

[This film is supplied free of charge to kinemas, and a great many have booked it.—"Thinker."]]

A Cheap Holiday

It was one of those days when one wishes oneself at the other end of the earth; I walked into a kinema and practically got there, for I had entered during the showing of a tour through India.

I saw its strange people and customs and saw places and things I had before only read about. I was taken for a few minutes on that wonderful ship the *Queen Mary*.

I looked from an airplane at a new kind of beauty over snow-capped mountains; I saw all the latest news, a beautiful love story, a riotously funny comic all for the meagre sum of ninepence.

I came out feeling as if I had been on holiday, refreshed in mind and feeling happy again; and yet there are still people who grumble at kinema entertainment!—*Nina Williams, 2 Berryhill Drive, Giffnock, Glasgow.*

Schnozzles

Your beauty expert, Anne, writes in an article that "noses seem a bother."

I doubt whether many of the leading film stars would share this view, for in many cases

(Continued on page 30)



The Baroness Furnivall



Expert at sports . . . wise about beauty

SHE swims expertly. She loves tennis, too. Golfs a little. Sails occasionally. Rides a great deal.

But in spite of all that, her skin never looks weather-worn. Out-of-doors or in, it always has the same delicate, flawless beauty.

"I never could bother with fussy long beauty treatments," says Baroness Furnivall. "But there isn't any need—Pond's Creams are very easy and quick to use. I use them every day."

Your skin can have this loveliness, if you use Pond's Creams.

Guard your skin against roughness and dryness with Pond's Vanishing Cream. This cream actually contains the substance found in young, lovely skins. When you pat on Pond's Vanishing Cream this vital substance sinks into your skin, keeping so smooth that powder clings evenly.

Wrinkles, too, are banished by

Pond's Vanishing Cream. For it contains a second substance that nourishes tissues. Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream in the morning before you make up and also last thing at night. Always cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream; it stimulates the under-skin and prevents blackheads.

Be lovelier from today onwards. Start using Pond's Creams. **POND'S**

FREE: For sample tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, write your name and address below, pin a 1d. stamp to this coupon, and post in sealed envelope to Dept. C1336-2, Pond's, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

WRIGHT'S gives Leonora Corbett Day-long Freshness

Photo by B.I.P.



"My morning bath with Wright's Coal Tar Soap always freshens me up for the day's work," says lovely Leonora Corbett, who is now starring in "Dusty Ermine" at the Comedy Theatre in London. "In film work especially, after a long spell under grease-paint and scorching studio lights, I find a wash with Wright's gloriously refreshing."



FREE!

So that you too may share the full beauty regime of Britain's loveliest stars, the makers of Wright's now offer slow-motion pictures of exercises in the form of "Flickers," in exchange for printed yellow wrappers from the soap. Just post your wrappers (three for each "Flicker") to the proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 46 Southwark Street, London, S.E.1. Mark envelope "Flickers" and enclose your name & address.

WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar Soap



YOUR NAILS DO
LOOK NICE, HAVE
YOU DISCOVERED
A NEW POLISH ?

IT'S GLAZO. EVERY-
ONE'S WEARING IT
-AND NO WONDER !



DOES IT STAY
LOVELY LIKE
THAT ?

NOT ONLY THAT,
BUT GLAZO GOES
ON WITHOUT
STREAKING-AND
THE COLOURS ARE
FASCINATING !



The lovely smooth lustre Glazo gives to nails is praised by smart women everywhere. Glazo is always the same consistency. The specially designed cap prevents thickening in the bottle. Glazo goes on smoothly without streaking. The special oil in Glazo Polish Remover helps to keep cuticle rims soft and pliant.



Polish in 8 smart shades
Polish Remover, Cuticle Remover
Cuticle Massage Cream

1/3 EACH

TRY THE NEW SHADE CORAL, OR
SHELL, FLAME, NATURAL,
COLOURLESS

GLAZO

GLAZO Ltd., Dept. P.30, 217 Bedford Avenue, Slough
I enclose 6d. for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid
Polish and Polish Remover.

Indicate shade of polish preferred ☐ Coral
☐ Shell ☐ Flame ☐ Natural ☐ Colourless

Name.....

Address.....

WHO'S WHO

Mrs. Patrick Campbell

ONE of the most famous of stage actresses to turn to the screen, Mrs. Patrick Campbell was born in Kensington on February 9, 1865, and was educated in Hampstead, Brighton and Paris. In 1884 she married Patrick Campbell, who died in 1900, and in 1914, George Cornwallis West. "Mrs. Pat" made her first professional appearance in 1888 and has played a great number of notable parts, conspicuous among them being Paula Tanqueray in Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, and Mélisande in Maeterlinck's *Pelleas and Melisande*.

She made her film debut in *Riptide* and her subsequent films include: *Over the River*, *Crime and Punishment* and *A Woman of the World*.

Eddie Cantor

ONE of the greatest of all film comedians, Eddie Cantor was born on New York's East Side on January 31, 1893, and was educated at public schools. He is married and has five daughters. At the age of fourteen, he began his theatrical career, appearing at the Clinton Music Hall, and later joined the *Kid Kabaret* run by Gus Edwards, his fellow players including, Lila Lee, Eddie Buzzell and George Jessell. Later he won fame in musical comedy and cabaret, and in 1917, 1918 and 1919 was appearing with great success in the *Ziegfeld Follies*. His first starring part was in *The Midnight Rounders* in 1920, which was followed the next year by *Make it Snappy*. On New Year's Eve, 1923, he opened at the Earl Carroll Theatre in *Kid Boots*, and his first appearance in pictures was in the screen version of that play.

He has since appeared in *Special Delivery*, *The 1927 Follies*, *Glorifying the American Girl*,

Whoopie! Palmy Days, *The Kid from Spain*, *Roman Scandals*, *Kid Millions* and *Strike Me Pink*.

Harry Carey

BORN in New York on January 16, 1878, he stands six feet in height, has fair hair and weighs about twelve stone. Educated at New York University, he entered films in the early days and played for such companies as Biograph, Universal, FBO, Hodkinson and Pro-Dis-Co. His pictures include: *Trail of '98*, *Slide Kelly Slide*, *A Little Journey*, *Satan Town*, *The Frontier Trail*, *Border Patrol*, *Burning Bridges*, *Border Devils*, *Cavalier of the West*, *Without Honours*, *Across the Line*, *Double Sixes*, *Horsehoofs*, *The Hurricane Rider*, *Sunset Pass*, *Rustler's Paradise*, *Powder Smoke Range*, *Barbary Coast*, *The Prisoner of Shark Island*, *Last of the Bad Men* and *Sutter's Gold*.

Mary Carlisle

BLUE-EYED, and fair-haired, she was born in Boston, Mass., on February 3, 1912, and was educated in private schools. With many pictures to her credit she played feminine lead opposite Eddie Buzzell in *Devil's Cabaret*, and her other films include: *Madame Satan*, *Night Court*, *College Humour*, *Ladies Must Love*, *Saturday's Millions*, *The Girl of My Dreams*, *Two in A Million*, *Should Ladies Behave?* *This Side of Heaven*, *The Great Schnozzle*, *Once To Every Woman*, *Murder on the Runaway Train*, *Handy Andy*, *Million Dollar Ransom*, *That's Gratitude*, *Triple Trouble*, *The Great Hotel Murder*, *The Love Race*, *One Frightened Night*, *Superspeed*, *It's In The Air*, *Kind Lady*, *Champagne For Breakfast*, *Love in Exile* and *The Old Homestead*.

What Do You Think? Cont.

a particular type of proboscis is an asset to a star's personality.

Would Myrna Loy, for instance, appear as charming without her retrouse nose, and would Richard Dix look as manly if his nose was shaped differently?

As for Jimmy Durante, a shorter nose, to him, would have meant a longer struggle to fame.

Film crooners, too, find their noses of great importance. After all, they must have something to sing through!—F. Hawkins, 27 Jedburgh Street, Clapham Common, S.W.11.

Almost as Good

As a paralysed invalid, it is five years since I have been in a cinema. But since first I started reading the PICTUREGOER I find that I know more about the film stars than many people who go regularly to our picture shows.

Your recent Free Supplement is truthfully described as "the greatest film story ever told. The photo pictures are beautiful and true as life.

I collect them and never tire of looking at them over and over again when I am waiting for the next issue.

I suggest that all readers of the PICTUREGOER should collect them and send them as a tonic to the patients in our infirmaries and hospitals, where they will be much appreciated.—Robert Johnston, 226 Carsaig Drive, Glasgow, S.W.2.

"Pashes" That Endure

MAY I point out, to John de Caires' question, that not only are "pashes" very much alive, but thriving to a ripe age. It is one thing to develop a "pash" for a film star, whose personality appeals to a subtle something within us, and another, to remain faithful when the object of adoration has passed from the Silver Screen.

During 1918, I developed a "pash" for Pearl White the Serial Queen, who in her day

claimed as many admirers as Garbo. Many moons passed, and my collection of Pearl's pictures grew considerably, but it was not until 1933 that I secured the much-longed-for autograph: and then, last year in France, my ambition realised, I met Miss White in person, who, after so long, proved all I had ever hoped or dreamed.

Eighteen years of constant following. Surely this is a record!—John Robyns, Trewellard 21 Hollingbury Rise, Brighton, 6.

(I have received a large number of letters from readers who contend that "pashes" are as enduring as ever.—"Thinker.")

Unifying

THERE must be many picturegoers who, like me, find the kinema a unifying influence in the home.

In these days our sons and daughters have such a diversity of interests to serve, many of them outside the range of the parents' activities, that there is little to preserve the "home circle."

But the kinema provides suitable entertainment for all and we regularly find that we all have something to converse about "en famille" after our visit. We compare opinions of story and "stars" and many happy evenings result.—F. John, 155 Gladesmore Road, London, N. 15.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 is. and 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.



"I USED TO DREAD THOSE VISITS"

"Every time I went to the dentist more teeth needed stopping. 'You're destroying the enamel,' he said at last. 'What tooth paste do you use?' He told me that Odol cleans safely—cannot possibly scratch the enamel as it contains no harsh abrasives. Since then I've used Odol regularly and have had no more stoppings. My teeth are wonderfully white, too!"

ODOL IS SAFE—particles only 1 micron in diameter (4 100,000ths)—no gritty abrasive whatsoever. Odol cannot possibly scratch the enamel. Odol contains peroxide . . . and peroxide whitens teeth safely. Odol contains chlorates, too—they strengthen the gums. Odol keeps teeth clean—and clean teeth are safe teeth. Odol refreshes your mouth with a fresh, pleasant taste.

Odol TOOTH PASTE
Tubes 6d. & 1/-



Let's see your
Odol Smile!

£5 CASH
AND 20 OTHER PRIZES

EVERY WEEK for 'SUNNY SNAPS'

Each week's Competition closes when the final post reaches Cranbux on the Saturday. Winners will be announced in the "Daily Mirror" and "Daily Sketch" the following Friday. The decision of the General Manager of Cranbux Ltd. is final. Write your name on the back of each snap and post to Cranbux Ltd., ODOL Sunny Snaps (Dept. PG 6), Norwich. Please mark top left-hand corner

of envelope "Competition." The final weekly competition ends on Saturday, October 3rd, 1936. Each snap entered must be accompanied by an empty ODOL Tooth Paste carton, 1 - size, or two 6d. size cartons. Two entries may be sent with a 1 9d. size carton. All winning snaps become the property of Cranbux Ltd.; no snaps can be returned. Only amateurs may enter. Entries limited to Gt. Britain and N. Ireland.

"PICTUREGOER'S" NEW POSTCARDS

"Partners" make
a special Hit!

THE new cards issued a few weeks ago by PICTUREGOER WEEKLY continue to be the talk of collectors everywhere. The "partners" have been singled out for special praise. In every order, the magic names of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire appear! The postcard reproduced here tells you why. PICTUREGOER WEEKLY has actually produced many thousands of postcards, but none are more fascinating than the new ones now offered.

Write for yours to-day. You will be more than delighted.



Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers

5/- ALBUM FREE

Don't forget that you can obtain liberal discounts on your postcards by joining the PICTUREGOER Postcard Club. You will also receive a 5/- Album Free to hold 300 Cards. The book is a beauty, made to resemble snakeskin. An album *de luxe*, bound in Blue Rexine is also obtainable. To join, send an order for not less than one dozen of the new postcards at the regular price of 2/6 doz. Discounts on all subsequent orders.

Choose your cards from list given here. All new cards. Real photos, 3d. each, 2/6 doz. On Sale to members and non-members alike. Full list of nearly 2,000 postcards sent free on request.

Septia Glossy
Hardie Albright.
Ross Alexander.
Noah Beery, Jr.
Katherine De Mille.
Mary Ellis.
George Formby.
John Gielgud.
Harriet Hilliard.
Dickie Moore.
William Powell.
Phillip Reed.
Ginger Rogers.

"PARTNERS"
Septia and coloured (state which are required).
Walter Abel and Margot Graham.
Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney.
William Powell and Rosalind Russell.
Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

To "PICTUREGOER" SALON, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Please enrol me as a member of the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose order for not less than one dozen "Picturegoer" Postcards, price 2/6 dozen. Please include with my order your new 5/- Postcard Album FREE. I enclose *1/- extra (or 2/- extra if the album *de luxe* is chosen) to cover cost of postage and packing on my gift.
Name.....
Address.....
P.O. No..... Amount.....

*Overseas readers should enclose 2/- extra to cover packing and postage or 3/- extra if album *de luxe* is required.
Cross P.O. / & Co. / and make payable to "THE PICTUREGOER."
Irish Free State customers will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.
29/8/36

Going already, Tom? Well—would you see my sister home—it's on your way. I'm staying awhile'

'Do I mind! I was just going to ask her myself'

'This calls for a taxi, Miss Watson'

'Extravagant!'

Well Claire, how did you like Tom? ask him in?

'Oh, I like him—and asked him in—but he seemed anxious to get away. I wonder why?'



'Then my sister
told me about

Odo-ro-no — *thank heavens*

GOODNESS knows how long I'd have gone on thinking that good honest baths were enough to keep one from the sin of perspiration odour. But they are not!

Perspiration goes stale so soon, and becomes unpleasant. You don't notice it yourself—but others do. Now I play for safety—I use Odo-ro-no regularly.'

**Guards freshness —
saves clothes**

Perspiration ruins your clothes, too—one evening in a hot dance-place may spoil a good

dress completely, unless you use Odo-ro-no. Save your clothes—and save yourself, too.

Odo-ro-no was invented by a surgeon to stop his hands perspiring while he operated. His daughter immediately saw what a boon it would be to women to check under-arm perspiration. So when it had been proved *safe*, she began to use it—and now it has its recognised place in the toilet routine of practically every civilised woman. It both *checks* perspiration and *prevents* it smelling.

ODO-RO-NO

★ Try both kinds of Odo-ro-no. Send 4d. in stamps for trial bottles of both Instant (clear) and Regular (red) Odo-ro-no (with a sample of Depilatory Cream Odo-ro-no also). Use coupon.

Northam Warren Ltd. (Dept. P.31), 215 Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1

Name

Address



**PREVENTS
underarm
perspiration
and saves dresses**

1/6 Also larger and smaller sizes

2 KINDS OF ODO-RO-NO

1. INSTANT (or 'clear') Odo-ro-no gives protection for two to three days.
2. REGULAR (or 'red') Odo-ro-no is stronger. One application keeps you free from perspiration for a week.

Both bottles carry, attached to the stopper, a convenient sponge 'applicator.'

JULIE SUEDO

The Celebrated Film Star in *Improper Duchess*, *Queen of Hearts*, etc.

takes an OXYGEN BATH!



An OXYGEN BATH is a beauty treatment

Imagine it! Your bath a veritable beauty treatment, fragrant as a flower garden luxuriously soft, supercharged with beautifying oxygen—simply by crumbling a Reudel Bath Cube in the water. Oxygenated water dissolves away secretions and stimulates your skin to radiant velvety health; it holds soap and dirt in solution so that it cannot wash back into the pores. Thus you get new life and spring-like daintiness!

New!

Now obtainable in refreshing pine and fragrant lavender perfumes as well as the delightful original scent.

REUDEL BATH CUBES

the oxygen bath cubes

6 cubes 1/- in dainty box — or sold separately 2^p each

Let GEORGE Do It!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

BRUCE CABOT and BETTY FURNESS FAN (Winsford).—Other films for Bruce Cabot besides those you mention: *The Eighth Wonder*, *Money Mad*, *Moonlight Murder*, *Three Wise Guys*, *Fury*, *The Last of the Mohicans* and *Don't Turn 'Em Loose*. Betty Furness—*The Magnificent Obsession*, *Three Wise Guys* and *Chain Lightning*.

REGULAR READER (Devon).—Louis Hayward, stage and screen actor, 5 ft. 7 in., dark hair and eyes, ed. France. Films include: *Self Made Lady*, *The Call Box Mystery*, *I'll Stick to You*, *The Love Test*, *The Flame Within*, *A Feather in Her Hat*, *Absolute Quiet*.

H. J. (Stourton).—(1) Chief players *Our Relations*—Laurel and Hardy, Daphne Pollard, Alan Hale and Jane Finlayson. *Babes in Toyland*—Laurel and Hardy, Charlotte Henry, Felix Knight. (2) Articles on Laurel and Hardy. "Behind the Scenes of *Babes in Toyland*"—Dec. 22, 1934. "My Lad Laurel by Stan's Father"—June 4, 1932. (3) Back numbers obtainable from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catharine Street, London, W.C.2.

J. B.—(1) John Beal's films since *Break of Hearts*, *Laddie*, *Sylvia Scarlett*, *Old Man Rhythm*. To make *Mother Carey's Chickens*, *We Who Are About to Die*. (2) Walter Abel, b. St. Paul, Minn.

FAITHFUL READER (Yorks).—Latest plates or front covers—Greta Garbo—Jan. 4, 1936; Joan Crawford—Mar. 23, 1935; Norma Shearer—Summer Number 1936, Mar. 28, 1936; Dolores del Rio—May 2, 1936; Merle Oberon—Summer Number 1936, June 20, 1936; Leslie Howard—Summer Number 1936, June 15, 1935; Gary Cooper—April 25, 1936; Douglas Fairbanks, Sen.—Summer Number 1934 and June 9, 1934; Douglas Fairbanks, Jun.—Dec. 14, 1935; Ronald Colman—May 30, 1936; Robert Donat—Dec. 21, 1935; Ann Dvorak—June 2, 1935. (2) Of the stars you mention Norma Shearer won the Academy award in 1929-30 for *The Divorcee*.

IRISH READER (Dublin).—Latest films and companies—Myrna Loy to make *The Last of Mrs. Cheney*, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Franchot Tone—*Suzi*, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Robert Montgomery—*Piccadilly Jim*, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

M. R. (Coulson).—If you will let me know the names of the stars whose addresses you require I will let you have them at once. You should enclose a stamped addressed envelope for this type of query.

BROWNETTE (Plymouth).—(1) Douglas Montgomery, b. Oct. 29, 1908, not married, hobby, the stage. (2) So far as we know Franchot Tone has no definite plans as to a visit to England either on business or pleasure.

B. P. (Chiswick).—(1) Frank Lawton at moment on the way to England with his wife, Evelyn Laye. (2) Robert Montgomery making *Piccadilly Jim* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

R. T. (Surrey).—(1) Douglas Fairbanks, Jun., latest film *Accused* for Criterion Films. (2) Ginger Rogers, b. July 16, 1911. (3) Robert Taylor, b. Aug., 1911, latest film, *His Brother's Wife*, with Barbara Stanwyck.

P. A. (N.W.5).—Phil Regan's photograph can be obtained from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

B. B. (Maida Vale).—Mona Barrie, b. Dec. 18 (no year given), London, dark brown hair and hazel eyes.

HEPBURN FAN.—Eric Linden, b. 1911, U.S.A., fair hair, blue eyes. Latest films, *Fury* and *Old Hutch*.

M. B. (Hastings).—We published centre spreads of *Count of Monte Cristo* Dec. 8, 1934, and *Captain Blood*—Feb. 22, 1936. Back numbers obtainable from the Publishing Dept., see previous column.

K. G. (Silverdale).—Write to Ruby Keeler c/o Warner Bros.

DOUG., JUN. FAN.—(1) Articles on Doug. Jun. before Sept. 21, 1935—April 7, 1934, "Doug. Junior Hits Back"; Feb. 24, 1934—"Plain Words to Doug, Jun." Art Plates—May 28, 1932, July 22, 1933, Aug. 26, 1933, Oct. 28, 1933. Front Cover—Feb. 24, 1934. (2) Doug. Fairbanks, Jun., is 6 ft. 1 in. (3) We have no details of a Fan Club for this star.

FILMFAN (Tottenham).—Write to Syd Briggs, c/o International Club, 27 Belgrave Road, Blackpool, for full particulars of the Greta Garbo Fan Club.

U. S. F. (Essex).—Release dates: *While Parents Sleep*—Feb. 17, 1936. *Man of Iron*—July 6, 1936. (2) Joan Bennett's films since 1932—*Pier 13*, *Arizona to Broadway*, *Little Women*, *The Man Who Reclaimed His Head*, *Mississippi*, *Pursuit of Happiness*, *Private Worlds*, *Two for To-night*, *The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo*, *Thirteen Hours by Air*, *Big Brown Eyes*, *Two in a Crowd*, *By the Dawn's Early Light*, *Wedding Present*. (3) Maureen O'Sullivan (since 1933): *Tug Boat Annie*, *Stage Mother*, *Tarzan and His Mate*, *The Thin Man*, *The Hide Out*, *The Barratts of Wimpole Street*, *West Point of the Air*, *Anna Karenina*, *Cardinal Richelieu*, *The Flame Within*, *Woman Wanted*, *The Bishop's Misadventures*, *Voice of Bugle Ann*, *Devil Doll*.

PICKER (Grimsby).—(1) The Avalon Boys sang "There'll always be a Lady Fair" in *Anything Goes*. (2) Bela Lugosi is under contract to Universal Studios.

BLUE EYES.—Henry Stephenson took the part of the Bishop in *The Imperfect Lady*.

IPOH.—I am sorry but we cannot trace the film *Queen of the Jungle* either as a feature length film or a short film.

A NEW FLYNN FAN.—Besides the films you mention Errol Flynn has also made *Murder at Monte Carlo*, *The Three Musketeers*, *Charge of the Light Brigade* and is scheduled for *The Green Light* (original Leslie Howard vehicle) and *The White Rajah*, a story based on the life and adventures of Rajah Brooke, of Sarawak, written by Flynn himself. (2) The film *Not On Your Life* was projected but never made and so it should not have been included in his list of films. (3) The Australian *Mutiny on the Bounty* film will not be shown in England.

FAITHFUL "PICTUREGOER" SUPPORTER.—Latest films and companies: Norma Shearer—*Romeo and Juliet*, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Robert Donat—*Knight Without Armour*, for London Films. Gary Cooper—*The General Died at Dawn*, for Paramount. Nova Pilbeam at present appearing on stage at Criterion Theatre.

"PICTUREGOER" FAN (W.C.L.).—Latest films—Jan Kiepura to make *Opening for an Austrian film company*, and Gladys Swarthout making *Champagne Waltz* with Fred MacMurray.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

THE NELSON EDDY FAN CLUB welcomes new members. Mr. Eddy takes a personal interest in his club and an autographed photograph is sent to all new members, also copies of the bi-monthly magazine "The Eddy Voice." Honorary members of this club include Jeanette MacDonald, Fred Astaire and Mr. Eddy's accompanist, Theodore Paxson. Write to Miss Victoria Mason, 1505 Delaware Avenue, Wilmington, Delaware, U.S.A., for full particulars.

As Miss Evelyn Venable's birthday is getting near, October 18th is the date, the secretary of her club has asked me to let all members and fans know in order that they may, if they wish, send her a remittance towards a small birthday gift the club desires to send Miss Venable in appreciation of her

acting and interest in her vast public. No gift is too small or too large. They should be addressed to Miss Margaret Coverdale, 4A Markham Avenue, Harehills, Leeds, 8.

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And Amaze Your Friends—
Quick Easy Way



Men hate an ugly greasy nose and a shiny skin. Moisture and greasy secretions come from enlarged pores. These mix with your powder and form tiny hard particles which enter the pores, irritate and enlarge them still more—so the vicious circle goes on. Change to Poudre Tokalon moisture proof powder at once. Put this powder on your finger, then put your finger into water—take it out and lo! both the powder and your finger are still dry. Poudre Tokalon is blended with mousse of cream. It stays on in spite of rainy weather, bathing in the sea or perspiration while dancing in the hottest ballrooms. The marvellous new shades give the complexion a strikingly beautiful appearance, never before seen. Men are passionately fond of these new shades. They blend with the skin and no one can really tell whether you have used powder or not. Notwithstanding the fact that it costs much more to make these new shades, the price of Poudre Tokalon will for the present remain the same. 6d. and 1s. a box.

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"CELTEX" TOWELS
SOLUBLE
STANDARD SIZE
CARTONS OF
12 for 1/- 6 for 6d
FROM ALL DRAPERS AND CHEMISTS

FREE BOOKLET EXPLAINS

FREE Booklet describes remarkable new method and tells how it will quickly, easily and inexpensively rid you of superfluous hair for ever. Fill in and post the coupon to-day for your copy. There is no obligation. Dermal Research Institute (Dept. 958), 3 Lower John Street, London, W.1.

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3 Lower John Street, London, W.1.

You may send me, free and without obligation, your interesting little booklet, "The New Way to Remove Superfluous Hair Permanently."

Name

Address

Town

WHY WOMEN SAY the new CUTEX is lovelier



Cutex has a new polish formula that's an amazing improvement! It resists evaporation and won't thicken in the bottle. It flows so smoothly that it's easier to apply than ever before and it comes in fifteen smart shades. For best results, always use Cutex Oily Polish Remover—helps to keep your cuticle soft and your polish at its best. Ask for Cutex preparations at your favourite shop. Made in Great Britain.

SEND FOR TRIAL BOTTLES—Mail the coupon with 6d. for the Cutex Trial Kit including Liquid Polish and Oily Polish Remover.

CUTEX
LIQUID POLISH

Dept. X15, NORTHAM WARREN LTD.,
211 Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1.
(Indicate Shade) Natural—Rose—Coral—
Cardinal.

Name

Address

FOUR YEARS OF STOMACH SUFFERING

"Perpetual pain and sinking feeling"

Every stomach sufferer will sympathise with Mr. Whitney, of Hanley, when he asks how you can look pleasant when you are in perpetual pain. But joyous relief came his way, as his letter shows. Mr. Whitney writes:—

"Up to four months ago I had been suffering for four years from stomach trouble.

"Probably only sufferers know the agony of that perpetual pain and sinking feeling.

"Can anyone imagine anything more impossible than trying to look pleasant while suffering from gastric trouble? My job was 'getting me down,' and I was losing weight.

"One day, I took the advice of an old lady and bought a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. The relief was so great that I decided to carry on with it, and now, and for the past three months, I can eat anything I fancy without any fear of after-effects, and my job is now a pleasure."

Even if your stomach has troubled you for years you will go happily about your work again after using Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Insist upon the original MACLEAN BRAND. You can tell it by the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. Sold only in bottles in cartons, 1/3, 2/- and 5/-, powder or tablets. Never sold loose.

AS LIGHT AS A
FEATHER



—Hindes Phlexible Hair Curlers and Wavers do their work while you sleep. Comfortable and flexible, they curve to every shape of the head.

Set of five 1/- Hindes make 32 wonderful patterns in wavers and curlers.

At Hairdressers, Chemists, Drapers and Stores

HINDES

Patent
"P-H-L-E-X-I-B-L-E"
HAIR CURLER & WAVER



Leave IT to ANNE

THERE is no reason why you should try to solve your own beauty problems, when it is my job to help you. Send your letter to me, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply.

MANY girls whose hair inclines to a natural kink, or who have had permanent wave, like to set it themselves. Indeed there is no reason why a home made wave should not be a perfect success. All you need is a good setting lotion (and they are often advertised in our pages), a knowledge of the right method, and some patience.

If you have previously had your hair set by a trained operator, you will have a good idea of the way to set to work. Setting is most successful when done immediately after a shampoo and while the hair is still somewhat damp.

After brushing the hair and making sure that it is free from all tangles, brush on just sufficient of the setting lotion to make the hair hang from the head in strands.

With your right hand press hard against the head at the place you want your first wave to be—that is generally two or three inches from the parting. Take the waving comb in the other hand, insert it into the hair and press it up against the rigid right hand. Press hard so that it makes a ridge of hair. Fasten the comb at both ends with some invisible hair pins.

Continue in this way with the combs right round the head, taking the direction you want the waves to set. Adjust a net over your hair, and go out into the sunshine to dry it.

If the weather doesn't permit, and if you do not possess a hand dryer, you can sit in the beam of one of those small electric bowl heaters. Take care, however, not to sit too close, or the effect will be bad for your hair, and take pains to ascertain that your combs are non-inflammable, or there will be a tragedy.

The easiest way of curling up the ends is to use some of the patent curlers now on the market. They are mostly sixpence a set of three or four, and they are so constructed with ventilation holes, that when the hair is twisted round them, it dries in a very short time.

Twist these curlers in before putting on the net. Before you remove net and curlers, the hair must be bone dry. If you are impatient and want to see the results before the hair is absolutely dry, all your efforts will be wasted and the waves will fall out in no time.

When the hair is really dry and the net is removed, comb out the hair, and coax in the ridges again with thumb and first finger, pinching them into position. Comb and pinch, comb and pinch, till you get professional look about the waves.

Patience counts for a lot in home wave setting. And, don't be afraid to brush the hair afterwards. If the waving is successful, the brushing will deepen it. If the waving isn't properly done, it will fall out anyway, brushing or not.

We are all inclined to be too conservative about hair styles. Having found a style to suit us, we are apt to stick to it season after season, which is almost as dull as wearing the same hat year after year.

The styles can be varied within certain limits, and those limits are set by your own features. Whether your face is long or broad, your head too small, or too large, or your neck too long or too short—all these should be

taken into consideration before deciding on a style.

Long faces are often considerably improved by a fringe. It can be straight or slightly curled, but for smartness, give me the simple slightly curled fringe worn by Claudette Colbert. You will notice that her fringe is cut fairly high on the head and the rest of the hair is a neat shingle of not too closely set waves.

This same style may be varied with a knot coiled low on the neck. But take the measure of your neck before placing the knot. A short neck looks better with the knot placed fairly high. A long neck needs the knot placed lower. This hair dressing looks very well with pearl stud ear-rings.

A centre parting is extremely youthful, but is for the comparatively few. It not only needs a round face, but the features must be good. If you *do* have a centre parting see that it is a long one. Never cut it short in the centre of the head. This gives a becoming appearance of length.

Centre partings and coronet braids of hair seem to go together, but how often on the wrong face. A coronet on a long face, or even an oval face, is dowdily out of place. It is only the girl with really round features that can afford to pile her hair on the top of her head, even though it is only a braid.

Two lines of neat little curls stretching around the back of the head from ear to ear are very attractive with the centre parting, and give the tailored effect that it seems to demand.

To return to knots on the nape of the neck for a moment: if you have long hair and perhaps a somewhat long face as well, the knot on the neck is not really becoming. It takes away fullness from the sides of the face where it is needed. A better style is the figure-of-eight knot twisted across the neck. This pushes the hair out at the sides instead of drawing it in.

A face that is somewhat flat at the cheekbones, can take hair curled fully below the lobes of the ears. Above this it should be drawn down smoothly. This fills out the lower part of the face and gives balance to the broad features above.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to J. P. Spillane, 1 Room, 5 Block, "B" Sqdn., 2nd Wing, R.A.F., Halton Camp, Aylesbury, Bucks, for:—

Kidnapped
Held to Ransom
No Ransom
Death in a Private Car

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:—

F. Mann, 40, Hr. Bents Lane, Bredbury Nr. Stockport, Cheshire, for:—

Two Alone
Private Lives
Private Worlds
Imitation of Life

Miss Doris Binns, 40, Craig Street, Peterborough, Northants, for:—

A Bill of Divorcement
The Most Precious Thing in Life
Les Miserables
Happy

Miss G. Taylor, 6, St. Michael's Road, Louth, Lincs., for:—

The Moon's Our Home
Things to Come
The Flying Doctor
Thirteen Hours by Air

Miss Joan Pyle, 54, Green End Road, Bedford Park, W.4., for:—

Bad Girl
Out All Night
Be Careful Young Lady
People Will Talk

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no other rules, except that I must insist that your "titles" are submitted on a postcard and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.



Did you **MACLEAN** your teeth to-day?



"What do you think?"

MACLEANS
PEROXIDE
TOOTH PASTE

Obtainable everywhere; 6D, 1/- and 1/9

If you use a solid dentifrice, try
Macleans Solid Peroxide Dentifrice—6d. per tin.

See this Sensational Film Spectacle TO-DAY!



Beautiful Anna.
Health costs
Stars a lot of
money—to Anna
Harding says
in "The
Picturegoer
Summer
Annual."

IT'S a sensation—the most thrilling pageant of filmland's wonders you've ever seen—all in "The Picturegoer Summer Annual" now on sale. A hundred dazzling photogravure pages of delightful surprises—glorious portraits of your favourites—fiction—gossip—secrets—that will make you gasp, and the price? You'd hardly believe it—it's only **SIXPENCE**!

Don't wait another minute to see for yourself what a feast awaits you—hurry for a copy now—before it is too late.



Why Won't She
Marry? Beautiful
Boswell Russell
tells you the
reason in "The
Picturegoer Sum-
mer Annual."



Ride him Cowboy!
Here's Buck Jones,
the hero of 5,000,000
boys.

She always relies on *Camelia*



Time and tide wait for no one, but lucky ladies who go cruising need not worry about sailing dates if they rely on **CAMELIA**—SAFE, SECURE and completely INVISIBLE.

SIX
FOR
6D

12 for 1s
ENTIRELY
BRITISH
MADE

Camelia
Soluble
SANITARY TOWELS

ROUNDED ENDS for complete concealment.

C11



Romance comes quickly to the girl with a lovely skin and fresh, healthy complexion. Men cannot resist the thrilling, satin-like softness of skin kept beautiful with D & R face creams and skin tonic. No girl need have a poor complexion if she follows the famous D & R way to loveliness. D & R beauty creams keep the skin soft, supple and young, and D & R skin tonic tones up and refreshes the pores. Start using D & R beautifiers to-day and see the transformation in your complexion . . . and his affections!

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL

PERFECT BEAUTY

PREPARATIONS



D & R Perfect Cold Cream



D & R Perfect Skin Tonic



D & R Perfect Vanishing Cream

SAMPLE OFFER

Send 1d. in stamps with your name and address in sealed envelope for sample tubes of D & R Beauty Creams, to Stemco, Ltd., Dept. Picturegoer August 25, 128, Albert Street, Camden Town, N.W.1.

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ADDRESS.....



Your Chemist, Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors—or your Hairdresser—all sell AVA. Also ask for AVA Selling Lotion, contains no gum, 1/- per bottle.

AVA LTD., 9 PARK HILL, LONDON, S.W.4.

AVA IS SHEER MAGIC

Like the touch of a magician's wand AVA Shampoo transforms dull, lustreless tresses into a wealth of shimmering loveliness.

And it's all so simple. No rinse needed, because there is no greasy, sticky film to wash out. AVA is soapless. Use it, and—hey presto!—your hair is beautiful.

AVA SOAPLESS SHAMPOO

4D
PER PKT.
U.K. ONLY

NAIL BITING



Free booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, secretly and permanently cure yourself of this objectionable, health-endangering habit. No aloe, no auto-suggestion. New discovery. Send 1d. stamp for postage. FILTEX LTD. (Dept. P.), 31, The Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

NEW
NAILS
NEXT
WEEK!

Marvellous curls in 15-20 minutes!

CAROLA

The **NEW RAPID CURLER**

6D per card of 5 | Woolworths, Boots, Hairdressers



I'D LOVE TO GO ...but how can I, with legs like mine

**IF YOUR
LEGS ARE SPOIL-
SPORTS, LET
ELASTO PUT
THEM RIGHT**

**Her Friend Said—
Take Elasto!**

LEG TROUBLES soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon disappear, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, swellings go down, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

Not a Drug, but a Vital Cell Food!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue, and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries, and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation—the real basis of sound health!

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort, and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality, and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve *instantly* on the tongue, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest, and the most effective remedy ever devised. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy—which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

You Can Test Elasto FREE!

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it!—and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Makes!

This offer is too good to be missed ★

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.,
(Dept. 191), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

FILL IN THIS COUPON—NOW!

COUPON For Free Trial Sample of Elasto ★

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd.,
(Dept. 191), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME.....
(Please Print in Capital Letters.)

ADDRESS.....

Picturegoer, 29/8/36

*Not Magic,
But Acts
Like It!*

Elasto will save you pounds!

What Users of Elasto Say:—

- "No sign of varicose veins now."
- "Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."
- "All signs of phlebitis gone."
- "I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
- "Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
- "Now free from piles."
- "Your free sample gave wonderful relief."
- "I feel 10 years younger."
- "As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort; no pain whatever."
- "Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
- "My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto."
- "The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (Arterio-Sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
- "Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
- "I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto my heart is quite sound again," etc.

Elasto, the Pleasant, Handy Remedy

Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets which dissolve *instantly* on the tongue, whence it is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.



The Picturegoer Weekly.

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

No. 276 (New Series), Vol. 6

September 5, 1936

Picturegoer

The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

2^d
WEEKLY



Shirley
TEMPLE



THE 10-MINUTE
SMOKE FOR
INTELLIGENT FOLK

JUST the cigarette for a restful smoke.
In taste and quality the equal of much
dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large;
big enough, however, to last the full 10
minutes—and so conveniently packed.

D. B. Reszke MINORS

*In tins: 30 for 1/- * 60 for 2/- * In boxes: 15 for 6d * 25 for 10d * 30 for 1/-*

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

PLAIN, CORK OR 'IVORY'-TIPPED

ONCE more Robert Hichens' famous novel "The Garden of Allah" has been brought to the screen, and with it the mysterious glamour of the desert . . . and of Marlene Dietrich. This time colour lends its aid to the picturisation of a colourful romance. Here we have the star and Charles Boyer in a dramatic scene.



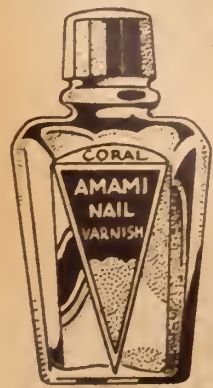


AMAMI
Perfumed
Nail Varnish

*Fragrant
as a Flower*

One coat of Amami Perfumed Nail Varnish will give you gleaming, sparkling nails—a smooth and even brilliance that lasts unspoilt for a week.

You will find that a 6d. Bottle will last for months.



IN 5 FASHIONABLE SHADES:

Colourless
Natural
Coral
Rose and
6^d Ruby
per Bottle

To prepare your nails for the most perfect manicure, use Amami Nail Varnish Remover—oily and richly perfumed, in new large 6d. bottle. Also Amami Cuticle Remover, 6d.

rovds

What's the Lipstick position now?



Where are we going on the make-up question? Are we to be glamorous, exotic, for all we're worth (and regardless of whether it suits us or not)? Paris, sane, level-headed Paris, has no doubts at all. Paris knows how very, very few of us can really afford to "go wild." Paris knows (who better?) that the sophisticated modes of 1936 on a neo-Edwardian dance-floor, demand a make-up which owes all its charm to a subtle lack of emphasis.

And for all occasions Paris today abhors that "cheap" look which is make-up overdone.

THE MIRACLE OF A GREAT PARISIAN COLOURIST

Louis Philippe, famous French colourist, is the man who set the whole tone for make-up in Paris today by his astounding discovery of the perfect natural make-up—lipstick that actually matches every delicate colour-tone of the living, human blood.



The famous lipstick **4/6** (refills 3/6)



The Little Gold Box for lips and cheeks - **2/-**

ROUGE ANGELUS

Louis Philippe

SUN ORANGE · ORANGE · SUN FLAME · POPPY · LIGHT · FRAMBOISE · PANDORA · MEDIUM · MEDIUM DARK



Two of the famous
"4711" BEAUTY AIDS
BLUE & GOLD LABEL

"4711" Face Powder, nine shades. Boxes 1/3 & 6d.
"Matt-Creme" (the "4711" Vanishing Cream).
The perfect day-cream and ideal foundation for powder.
Pots 1/3 and 2/-; tubes 1/- and 6d.
(Prices apply in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland only.)
Goswami "4711" Slough, Bucks.

new style CURL WAVERS

that
give
complete
CURL CONTROL

Perfect curls and waves where and when you will are yours with these soft, light, flexible, and comfortable "Halo" Parisian Curlers. Washable, hygienic, made of patent non-sticking rubber, they are easy to use and cost only 6d. per card of 3, with clear instructions. Distributed by the makers of the famous "Halo" P. 3 patent Sleeping Cap, which gives perfect comfort with no chin strap.



In stock at or quickly obtainable by Hairdressers, Drapers, Stores, or BOOTS branches; if any difficulty, please write to:
BYARD MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., Castle Boulevard, NOTTINGHAM



Thoughts come tapping! With the camera's aid, Eleanor Powell shows you some new dance routines she is thinking out for "Born to Dance."

Picturegoer-The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

ALL THE GOSSIP

IS there any essential difference between Londoners and dwellers in the Provinces?

Have they a different mentality?

Or are they completely misjudged by the people who supply them with their entertainment?

And what is a happy ending?

These questions are suggested by the news that exhibitors in the Provinces are demanding a new ending for *Ourselves Alone*.

This film of the Irish "troubles" was made at Elstree, and enjoyed great success in the West End and in Ireland, many critics comparing it favourably with the Hollywood-made *The Informer*.

It ended on a sombre note, as *The Informer* did; but that ending was considered so exactly justified and logical that West End audiences made no demur.

Yet for the Suburbs and Provinces it is demanded that it should be "happied up."

Sugar-Stick

What is the truth? Do you want a sugar-stick to take after the bitter medicine of tragedy, or do you prefer to let the strong harsh taste linger?

The exhibitors want to know—the renters want to know—the producers want to know—for upon that knowledge depends their livelihood.

It doesn't matter how unanimously the critics approve a film; if you come out of the cinema and say to your friends: "Well, you may like it, but it gave me the hump"—it's a flop.

It's you they have to please; and if the same

ending is served up to you when you see *Ourselves Alone* in the Provinces, as was seen by you others in London, and you turn it down, that's a sign that there are two kinds of picture-goers in England, Londoners and non-Londoners, which I, for one, flatly refuse to believe.

Weaklings?

This matter of endings is a fascinating one.

A well-known Irish playwright declared, two or three years ago, that we are a nation of weaklings and degenerates because we can't stand tragedy—by which he meant the unhappy endings of his plays.

Personally, I think he was barking up the wrong tree.

I don't believe we will have an unhappy ending foisted upon us for the sake of gloom, any more than I think we demand a forced and false happy ending for the sake of being made to feel that "all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds."

One is an unnatural stimulant, the other an artificial opiate; scrap them both!—and give us the ending that arises naturally from the plot and the characters, at the natural rounding-off of the story.

Artificial Bliss

The question that should be asked is not "Is this ending happy or unhappy?" but "Is it right?"

Week after week you see films that have been obviously wrenched round at the end to intro-

duce a note of lyrical bliss at the final fade-out.

Perhaps the less analytical members of the audience don't realise what's wrong—but nevertheless they are disturbed and discontented, because their knowledge of life cries out against it.

Among the dozens of such cases that will spring to your mind, let us take one—*Desire*.

Here we have the glamorous, voluptuous Continental jewel-thief, who has spent her whole life in the lap of dishonest ease, amid luxurious surroundings and with exquisite possessions, falling in love with the young motor-engineer just because he is Gary Cooper, and promising to return with him to wedded bliss in smoky humdrum Detroit. How long might that happy ending be expected to last?

And these back-chat comedies, where we are supposed to look forward with satisfaction to the sight of husband and wife living "scrappily ever after," with mutual recriminations as their daily exercise and a little spanking to vary the monotony of connubial life—what of them?

Of course, we're not expected to take them seriously—which is a pity, because it indicates a lack of grasp of the basic laws of comedy.

In farce, anything ludicrous may happen; in comedy we expect to be convinced.

If we quarrel with the ending, we are paying the film a high compliment. We are indicating a belief in the characters as real people; we are proving that their fate is one that matters to us.

There can be no higher praise than that.

Value for Money

This week my colleague "The Thinker" has repeated his popular experiment of some weeks ago, and has published on pages 28 and (Continued on page 6)

Thrilling Surprise

NEXT WEEK

NEXT WEEK the PICTUREGOER WEEKLY will make an announcement that will be the talk of the land—a big *surprise* that will thrill and delight everyone—a stupendous new *TRIPLE PRESENTATION*—three magnificent Gifts in one—something new—different—and *something you've always wanted*. Don't forget the secret will be out *next week*, so make certain of your copy of next week's issue of the PICTUREGOER WEEKLY. Ask your newsagent to reserve it for you to-day. You simply must not miss this colossal Triple Presentation. Scores of thousands will hurry for it. Remember *NEXT THURSDAY—September 10th*. Make a note of the date!

In addition we are presenting next week

with every copy of PICTUREGOER WEEKLY another of our splendid Famous Films Supplements.

If you have never seen one of these remarkable free gift presentations, you will want to find out what it is like. If you *have* seen previous Supplements, you will be more than ever determined not to miss the chance of securing this one.

Its subject is the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer smash hit, "Wife versus Secretary"; and by its clear-cut photogravure illustrations and its engrossing articles and paragraphs about the stars and the production, it will double the interest of a fine film and supply you with a lasting memento of it. And it's **FREE!**

(Continued from page 5)

30 letters from readers only on the attractions and shortcomings of their local "houses."

You will find rather more brickbats than bouquets there; but if we are honest we must admit that the modern kinema gives us amazing value for money.

There are still drawbacks, such as the cheap seats (but dear at any price) which are set so close to the screen that all one gets is a blinding headache; but improvements are so rapid that they *almost* keep abreast of picturegoers' requirements.

Your local manager, if he is a live man, will want to improve his service. Tell him your complaint, and if it's anything in reason he'll put it right.

If you like his house and his programmes, tell him that, too. It won't cost you anything, but it may cause him heart-failure.

Don't Drop In!

The film trade recently has been agitated about the millions of people in Great Britain who do *not* go to the kinema; and a gigantic advertising drive, something like the "Drink More Milk" campaign, has been suggested.

Don't take a ballet-enthusiast to see *Mutiny on the Bounty*, or a psychologically-minded person to see *Sons o' Guns*.

Watch for something that you *know* will interest your friend, and then take him or her to that.

Indiscriminate "dropping in" has headed off more potential picturegoers than any other cause; but if you *do* make a convert, you will have made an enthusiast, for new converts are the most zealous of all.

Boom!

By a coincidence, I have just received a letter from Harry Tate, the famous comedian, on the subject of reverberation in kinemas.

It is a matter in which he is particularly interested—perhaps because he is the possessor of such a magnificent resonant voice himself!

He declares that a great deal of the echo in kinemas is due to the sound "bouncing back" from empty seats, and informs me that sound-engineers are making an interesting experiment to combat this by the use of porous rubber upholstery.

Well, it seems paradoxical that the best way to fill kinemas is to guard against the conditions prevailing when they are half empty; yet it is one more proof that the people providing us with our entertainment are leaving no stone unturned until perfection is reached.

Improvement

Certainly the sound-engineers have been very assiduous in turning stones lately; last week the R.C.A. people invited me to hear their new

"High Fidelity" Ultra Violet recording system, and it certainly was an ear-opener!

I had never before imagined sound reproduction as faithful or as free from distortion as this was; and it's the kind of improvement that's going on behind the scenes, and which you might never hear about; only you would probably notice that your hearing had improved!

As I understand it, the high-frequency waves necessary to record high-pitched voices or high notes, and especially in pronouncing sibilants, are inclined to "blur" the sound-track.

So the R.C.A. recording engineers had the bright idea of using ultra-violet light, which deals far more faithfully with the infinitesimal variations in sound.

In addition to hearing a very varied programme produced by this new system, I had an opportunity of inspecting through a microscope two lengths of sound-track, one made with ultra-violet light and the other by the old system of recording; the first looked like a new pocket-comb and the second like one which had been used for months!

By the way, this is all done in the recording; the exhibitor has no responsibility in the matter; he just shows the film as usual.

Mixing Them

Just how far does the average picturegoer want stage-shows mixed with his screen entertainment?

This is a question to which no two exhibitors ever give exactly the same answer; but Mr. Fred Bernhard seems to have little doubt about it.

He is head of the Union Cinema Co., which claims to be the largest independent circuit in the world—as well it may be, for it owns over 250 kinemas, of which 76 are in course of construction.

And Mr. Bernhard has come down heavily on the side of stage-cum-screen shows, for he has announced that they will be presented over the whole circuit.

He also has great plans for a new type of stage-cum-screen-cum-organ operatic presentations, evolved by Harold Ramsay, for which special "potted opera" films are to be produced in England, the first being *Cavalleria Rusticana*.

Colour

And as Mr. Bernhard has the sense to see that you can't comfortably combine flesh-and-blood players with black-and-white film, he is having the film shot in Technicolor.

Arrangements have been made with the Paramount circuit to take over some of these "mixed grill" presentations, so even if there is no Union house in your district (which seems unlikely) you will probably still have a chance to sample the new confection.

Now you may like it or you may not; but do

me one favour—don't make up your mind until you've tried it.

Harold Ramsay, who has been appointed Controller of Entertainment to the Union circuit, is a musician and a showman—a rare and valuable combination—and he has travelled to America and to Milan in search of inspiration for this new venture.

It is fatally easy for a promising beginning to be smothered by prejudice; so don't ejaculate "I don't like mixtures"; keep an open mind, and you may find yourself enjoying a totally new experience which will open up new vistas of entertainment.

Foul Play

Whenver I feel jaded I open the pages of my favourite Indian film magazine; it's sure to cheer me up.

Can you imagine the pleasure the author of the following editorial paragraph must have got out of writing it?

It is headed "Foul Play in Journalism," and is directed at a rival editor.

"Mr. — of late is out at mud-slinging and foul play. The intoxication of the rapid success of his paper seems to have blinded him to realities, and we regret our friend occasionally forgets his responsibilities as a Journalist. Some of his recent notes and references positively smell of an indiscriminate stinking campaign, which sooner abandoned is better."

I hope the writer will not "abandon" his delightfully frank manner.

Pendemonium

But it is in "the story of the film" that this magazine excels itself. Here's a passage that for sheer drama might bring tears of pure joy to the eyes of Marjorie Williams herself:—

"A pendemonium ensued. Qaiser stepped forward and pulled off the artificial beard from the chin of the old Faqir who was no other than Arif himself. As the guards were going to arrest him Helen with her dagger covered him. The King too was glad and ordered the War Minister to leave."

Charlie Ruggles in a scene in "Wives Never Know."



"Shola Rukh was again not to be buffeted. She goaded Qaiser to seek protection of the Pope; and, look at the irony of fate, the Pope issued a mandate for the arrest and execution of King Augustus and his daughter Helen at the altar of the God of war.

"Helen in her bed-chamber sang :—

"Oh I wish I had a last
glimpse of thee

Before the executioner's axe
fell on my neck!"

I hope the poor girl got her wish.

A Fascinating Story

Our old friend Paul Rotha has edited "Movie Parade" (Studio Publications, 10s. 6d.) which, it is claimed, is the only book which shows you and tells you how the films of to-day grew from the curiosities of thirty and forty years ago.

It is certainly a fascinating and absorbing story. If you become the possessor of such a volume you will hang on to it proudly and read and re-read it.

Duce—and Produce

Following the example of Denham and of the U.S.S.R., Signor Mussolini has now decided to make Rome the leading film capital of Europe.

On a 105-acre site, fifteen minutes' ride from the centre of the city, work has begun on the construction of a £2,000,000 studio which, when completed, will be the most modern in the world . . . until the next one is built.

The Duce has already made a deal with an American producer, Walter Wanger, who operates under the United Artists banner, whereby he is to make a picture in the new studios, with Hollywood stars and technicians.

According to Wanger, Mussolini is working on a plan to exempt from Italian income-tax all film personalities imported from other countries; and here's another attraction—owing to the climate, it's the most favourable locale in Europe for colour photography.

So the great days of Italian films may yet return.

Hamletski

Meanwhile, we are at last to be given *Hamlet* on the talking screen—not by Hollywood, not by Denham, not by Rome, but by the

Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

The famous Russian producer N. V. Ekk (who was responsible for *The Road to Life*, among other remarkable silent pictures) declares in a Moscow newspaper, "I have studied the famous productions of the tragedy put on during the last two hundred years" (which makes Mr. Ekk much older than he looks) "and I have had a special translation made of the play.

"What particularly interests me is the character of the Prince of Denmark as interpreted by the celebrated tragedians Keen, Garrick, Mochalova, Moissi, and others."

I hope the "others" include a couple of Johns—Barrymore and Gielgud.

Ekk, who has been working on his *Hamlet* for five years, is responsible for the first Soviet colour film, recently released, entitled *Nightingale, Little Nightingale*.

The Camels Are—

At last Hollywood has been caught napping. We've always been given to understand that the film capital could produce any kind of bird, beast, or fish, as well as any nationality of man, at a moment's notice.

But while filming the latest Wheeler and



Ernest Cossart and Onslow Stevens in a tense moment in Paramount's "Murder with Pictures."

Woolsey picture, *Mummy's Boys*, Radio Pictures found themselves completely stymied for want of a few camels.

Some elaborate Cairo street scenes, which had been planned early in the making of the scene, had to be postponed for more than a week because there weren't any camels available.

According to Carl Stecker, the animal trainer, there are only thirteen of the snooty beasts in the whole of Southern California, and there has been such a cycle of desert pictures lately that other studios were keeping them all busy.

So thirteen proved to be an unlucky number for Radio Pictures.

Lions or Mice?

You would be surprised if you saw some of Hollywood's "mouse men" out of make-up.

Charlie Ruggles, for instance. On the screen (particularly in *Early to Bed*) he is completely dominated and brow-beaten by Mary Boland.

But when it's time to go home, he doesn't. He drives straight over to the Athletic Club, changes into shorts, and plays handball.

He holds several championships, and is as hard as nails.

And take Charles Butterworth; off the set he's one of Hollywood's foremost "he-men."

He's an expert swimmer, tennis-player, and golfer, and has a physique and an aggressiveness at games that many a film "strong man" would envy.

Lucien Littlefield, too, captains his own baseball team, and has a reputation as a hard hitter; and you might be equally mistaken in

"I GUARD the STARS"

IT is a commonplace to say that Fact is stranger than Fiction, but nowhere is this more true than in Hollywood.

You have heard that the wealthy and world-famous stars need protection from all sorts of dangers and rackets. In a series of articles specially written for "Picturegoer," Charles C. Blair, Chief of Police of Beverly Hills, Hollywood's fashionable residential quarter, tells you of the humours, the thrills, the trials and the troubles that beset him and the famous stars.

Begin this series next week with "The Underworld of Hollywood."

Order your copy NOW.

Arthur Hoyt, Eric Blore, and Herbert Mundin. They reserve their timidity for the screen.

Film Folk

Paramount have built a complete "Louisiana" town for *Valiant is the Word for Carrie*, featuring Gladys George, Arline Judge, John Howard and Harry Carey.

Gregory Ratoff's new agreement with Twentieth Century-Fox covers his services as actor, writer, director and supervisor.

The cast of Universal's *Rich and Reckless* includes Edmund Lowe, Gloria Stuart, David Oliver, Arthur Treacher and Eric Blore.

Doris Nolan and Michael Whalen play the leads in *Way for a Lady*, supported by Ferdinand Gottschalk, Chic Sale, Skeets Gallagher and Cliff Edwards.

Stills and original script of *Romeo and Juliet* autographed by the company are the first to be placed on permanent display in Cornell University Library.

Mickey Rooney has written the music for six new songs, of which he thinks the best is "Weather Bureau of My Heart."

A ballot taken recently by the Film League of Madras shows that Greta Garbo and Norma Shearer remain the most popular Hollywood stars in India.

Tilly Losch has finally been cast for the important role of "Lotus" in M.-G.-M.'s *The Good Earth*, for which Sidney Fox was previously announced.

Do you remember Baby Peggy, the Shirley Temple of a decade ago? She is back as eighteen-year-old Margaret Montgomery, with a small role in *Girl's Dormitory*.

Robert Young, Florence Rice, Julie Haydon, and Leslie Fenton are in M.-G.-M.'s *The Longest Night*.

GUY BEACON

His charming wife rules him with a rod of adoration.

Right, Robert Armstrong gets tough with Cagney in "G-Men," and Ann Dvorak wonders.

September 5, 1936



CAGNEY is BACK!

THE events that have led up to James Cagney's split with Warner Bros., and his new contract with Grand National Films are here related

by
*Max
Breen*

THE Cagney punch has come out of cold storage.

This will be welcome news to hundreds of thousands of fans who find the pugnacious little red-headed scrapper a welcome relief from the drawing-room heroes who for so long dominated the screen after the coming of talkies.

His recent litigation with Warner Bros. in Hollywood (which he won) was responsible for an enforced idleness, because until the result of an appeal was made known, no company could afford to employ him.

It doesn't require much imagination to see that, if the Court of Appeal reversed the decision of the lower Court and he had to go back to Warners, any other firm employing him would be left holding the baby.

So James has been kicking his heels for months, instead of punching fair damsels on the jaw or (his more recent screen hobby) plugging plug-uglies through the pump at fifteen paces.

However, now he has been signed up by a bran-new outfit called Grand National Pictures, for one production, with an option for several more. Presumably they hope to get through one picture before the result of the appeal is known, and then won't start the next unless

the litigation is either over or shows signs of dragging on long enough to allow them to finish it.

This is a kind of kinematic musical-chairs, with the films as chairs and the Appeal Court as the man at the piano.

The bait dangled before Cagney consisted of (a) a cash payment of £20,000 and (b) the privilege of rejecting any story that doesn't suit him.

To realise the importance of this latter boon, one must remember that this was the main cause of his split with Warner Bros., and to appreciate just *why* it was so important as to cause a split, it is necessary to take a glance back at the earlier life of Red-headed James and the events that led up to the crisis.

On July 17, 1904, at a saloon on Eighth Street and Avenue D, New York, a son was born to the Irish proprietor, John Cagney.

The district was known to the police as the "guerrilla jungle," on the southern border of "Hell's Kitchen"; from which we may gather that its juvenile inhabitants were not brought up to be perfect little ladies and gentlemen.

But Jim, second eldest of five children, differed

from most of the neighbourhood kids in the fact that, while he was a scrapper, he realised what things were worth scrapping for.

He went to public school (akin to our board-schools) because he had to; but he went on to high-school because he realised that an education was one of the things to fight for.

At the same time, he was earning his living—first as an office-boy on the *New York Sun*, and later as a parcel-wrapper in Wanamaker's Stores.

Meanwhile, he found time to attend Columbia University.

His great idea at that time was to be an artist, but he soon realised that his work was not of world-shaking quality; so he became custodian of a branch of the Public Library—which didn't seem likely to shake the world either, but at least it gave him a chance to read books.

Then suddenly the family fortunes went *phut*, and young Cagney, still in his teens, found himself obliged to seek a job which would help to buy potatoes for seven Irish mouths.

Can you picture James Cagney as a chorus-boy? It's a little hard to visualise—but it was real enough to him.

His Thespian career began in just that humble position, in a musical comedy called *Pitter Patter*; and before it closed he was given a speciality dance to do.

In passing, this accomplishment came in

handy in the dance contest scene in *Taxi*; and still more in *Footlight Parade*.

His next appearance was in vaudeville, playing a Jewish boy (a *Jewish boy*!) in a sketch; unbeknown to his family, he had learned to speak Yiddish in his boyhood, so he was able to make the role convincing.

Thus began a long five-year tour of the "tank towns"—the road-side dumps, the one-night stands, the three-shops-and-a-saloon towns that abound in America, and that never seem content like our villages, but always yearn to become cities.

Cagney looks back with pleasure on those tramping, hoofing, devil-may-care days. Indeed, I have heard him say he would like some

the cocky little, fast-working, fast-talking insurance canvasser who convinced Arliss that if he remained in retirement he would pine away and die. It was only a tiny part, but snperbly done.

Bnt you may have overlooked the fact that James Cagney did it—because he wanted to play in a film with Arliss. A pretty good gesture for a star to make

There followed another couple of dozen films before his final break with Warners—if any break in the film world may be spoken of as final. Wounds heal rapidly in the dry air of Southern California.

I have retraced the main steps of James Cagney's career to show that he is no fresh dramatic - academy youngster trying to teach a grandmotherly studio how to suck eggs.

Before he ever came to Hollywood he was a responsible man of the theatre, an established actor, who understood not only the mechanics of his business but also its basic principles.

He has taken his film work seriously too, dissecting and studying his roles from a psychological angle.

He is so tough that his cleverness as an actor

is often overlooked; but there is no disputing the fact that in *G-Men*, when after a long succession of bad-egg roles he went over to the side of law and order, he was a totally different person.

I should like to emphasise also that it isn't his pugnacious features that have got James where he is.

Many people regard him as merely a tough guy representing himself on the screen; but one of his best acting performances was in a scene where his face did not appear at all—his scene in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in which he realises, to his growing horror, that his head has turned to an ass's.

No, undoubtedly his work has gained much by his own private and personal experience of what it is to be tough; but in his private life he does not bash his lady friends in the face with a grape-fruit, or clip them on the jaw, or boot them . . . wherever you have seen him booting them; in fact, he is a reasonable, orderly member of society with a charming red-headed wife who rules him with a rod of adoration.

James has had two splits with his sponsors; the first occurred in 1932, when he considered his salary wasn't up to his profit-earning capacity.

But this time it's different. Cagney's objection was not to the £900 he was pulling down every Friday. He objected to the stories he was being put into.

Time after time he would be allotted a part which gave him a chance to do what he could do superlatively well—represent the "tough" element in America's youth, and its reaction to various problems, social and political.

And then the Hays Office would bob up and say "No politics!" or the studio executives would declare "The public doesn't want serious problems", or a production supervisor would discover that there wasn't enough sex in the picture, and a cock-eyed love-story would be shoved in, throwing the whole thing off the balance.

He managed to stipulate only four films a year; and then, he declares, Warner Bros. started a fifth, *Devil Dogs of the Air*—which he says "had no reason for being filmed under any circumstances."

He finished it, and broke his contract, on a technical point of billing (a local kinema had shown Pat O'Brien's name bigger than his).

James Cagney has plenty of money—even a fellow as generous and as improvident as he is can't have run through all he's made—and he has plenty of fame; now he wants good stories, even more than good roles for himself.

There is his side of the case. I'm not attempting to judge between him and Warner Bros.—the case is still *sub judice* until the appeal comes off—but I suggest there is something to be said for slum-born, self-taught, fighting James Cagney, with his career to consider and the best part of his life yet to live.

Anyway, I'm glad he's back.



With Pat O'Brien in "*Devil Dogs of the Air*," which, Cagney says, "should never have been filmed."



As Bottom the weaver in "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*."

time to tour again that same territory (which he affectionately refers to as "Cagney's Circuit")—partly to renew his associations with the past, but also partly to find out if he is as good as Hollywood thinks he is.

You can't kid the tank towns.

Then came an audition for the role of a rough-neck in a play called *Outside Looking In*—and Mrs. Cagney's red-headed son was on Broadway.

At the conclusion of that engagement, he went back into vaudeville for a while; but it was "big-time vode," not the gas-lit squalor of his touring days.

Then he played opposite Mary Boland in a successful play called *Women Go On for Ever*, and, now definitely established as a Broadway top-liner, went on to stage *Grand Street Follies*, in which he played a prominent role himself for two seasons.

In 1929 an event occurred which altered the whole course of his life. He was cast for George Kelly's play *Maggie the Magnificent*, opposite a young girl named Joan Blondell.

This team was so successful that it was signed up again next season to play in *Penny Arcade*. And then Warner Bros. bought the film rights, and engaged the young couple, who had made such a good job of the stage version, to play in the film, which they re-titled *Sinner's Holiday*; and so the pride of the Cagneys came to the screen.

Enemies of the Public made a star of him; but there weren't any star frills about Jim.

If you saw the George Arliss picture *The Millionaire*, you probably remember "Schofield",

Right, with Pat O'Brien, June Travis Stuart Erwin and Martha Tibbetts in "*Ceiling Zero*."





Joan Crawford, in "Gorgeous Hussy" rig, exhibits the famous doorknob of the old M.-G.-M. restaurant, touched by almost every Hollywood player of note for a dozen years. About ninety of them have signed the adjoining panel, which will be kept on record.



Mind the step! When beautiful Esther Ralston returned to the Paramount studio to play in "Hollywood Boulevard," daughter Mary Esther Morgan, aged 4, came to lunch.

Shots with Our Candid Camera



Have you ever wondered how Leslie Howard keeps so slim and elegant? Here's part of the secret.



Is it a match? Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor will soon be seen together in a new film—as well.

IT'S GRAND TO BE BACK IN ENGLAND

by
FRED ASTAIRE

NEVER before, in the whole of his highly successful career, has Fred Astaire signed an exclusive article for the Press. It has been left to "Picturegoer" to induce him to break this golden rule. Modest, retiring and likeable as ever, with his sunny smile, he has decided to cast off restraint for once in discussing what is to him one of the most interesting topics imaginable. It is written and signed by himself.

THE average American visiting "The Old Country" (have you got that—the Old Country?) naturally draws comparisons with things he has been used to in the United States. Well, I'm not the average American by any means. If I am, I am upside down, inside out and thinking the other way round!

It is only now that I have got back again that a faint realisation is dawning upon me that I must have been something of a bore to my Hollywood friends on the subject of "England." I am also realising for the first time how polite my friends must be—because every one of them refrained from telling me the truth about myself in this respect.

If anyone were to ask what England means to me I just couldn't tell them. I am back on a short holiday now, after an absence of two years, and during the whole of those two years I have been trying to tell every friend I've met "on the other side" *just what it does mean to me*—and if I can't recount all the things I like about a place in two whole years, then it must be very likeable indeed!

I suppose the whole truth of the matter is that I have lived such a large and important part of my life in London that I naturally "think" London.

Visiting film folk are invariably quoted as saying "Your policemen are wonderful" then they follow up with a "but"—

Believe me, there are no "buts" in my case. Of course the "bobbies" are wonderful, and so are all the other things I have been trying for two years to enumerate.

I have endeavoured many times to analyse this Anglo-mania, but the cause is as elusive as the effect. Is it because some of my early successes are inseparably identified with "dear old London Town"?

That may be a reason. There are many people who say that success on the stage is more personal than success on the screen. That a big "fan mail" is a welcome thing, because it lets you know that your stuff is going across well; but that it doesn't compare with the spontaneous laugh or heart-warming sound of a loudly

Right, Fred Astaire as he is to-day and, below, with his sister Adele (now Lady Charles Cavendish) in their early vaudeville days.



clapped hand. Others say that the success of a film star is an abstract thing. That it lacks the intimate friendliness and warmth of the reception accorded a successful stage performance.

But before we go any further, let me proclaim that I am not one of those people who say these things. I like the stage as well as most performers, but filming has one advantage over the stage, and that counts very big with me. *When I make a film I am not forced to be present on the first night!* And any artiste of experience will tell you what a saving of nervous strain that is. No—I'm afraid that doesn't account for my liking England as I do!

But here, perhaps, is a definite reason you can tie on to!

London is Sincere. When you first enter its gates you may feel something of a lonely stranger with every door closed against you—but once it gets to know you, you are one of the family—and you remain one of the family.

There are other large cities I have known, which, on entering for the first time, you feel

to be the jolliest places on earth. Everyone smiles on you—doors are opened wide at your approach and you are made to feel that you are a whale of a fellow.

Then—after about a month, you begin to realise the insincerity of things. Friendly faces become masks, and you turn away disillusioned, with a slightly bitter taste in your mouth.

Yes. There is no "perhaps" about it. That is definitely one reason why I like London so much! And still I haven't said it all! And I know it is hopeless to try. If I have any talents of interpretation they do not lie in that direction.

And my readers must not think that I am the only member of the Astaire family who preserves these sentiments for England. My dear sister, Adele, carries the same tender feelings in this respect, and joins with me in the following wish: To our many friends in England, old and new, but particularly the old, we send our friendliest greetings. Apart from that I can only say:—

"It's grand to be back in England!"

We feel sure that our many readers will join us in replying to this sincere and unassuming message from one who has always held a very particular niche in our regards.

"Welcome back to England, Fred!" Your public may have grown since you were here last, but that only means that you have gained many new friends without losing any of the old.

SIX STARS HELP



Myrna Loy believes that it is essential to be as natural as possible. To try to copy a type to which you are not suited is a grave mistake.

NONE knows better than do Hollywood stars how important it is to make the very best of your features and figure, but the methods they follow to achieve this are not generally known. However this helpful article takes you behind the scenes and reveals the golden rules observed by six of Hollywood's most glamorous stars.

very good indeed, but she also knew there were obstacles to overcome. And the greatest of these was weight. If she continued to carry around those excess pounds she would never escape from the ingénue class. And Ginger had been bitten by the bug of stardom. Naturally plump, it was a hard battle for the little red head to attain and maintain a slim, beautifully-proportioned figure. But a Rogers never says die and before long Ginger's figure was the envy of girls everywhere, and much mention was made of her tiny 23-inch waist.

To-day Ginger, who is five feet four, weighs 8 stone and has one of the loveliest figures in all Hollywood. The loss of weight took that babyish rotundity from her face and revealed a really beautiful profile. Ginger's hair, which is naturally red, photographed quite dark, and so the ambitious Ginger put herself in the capable hands of experts, and to-day her red-gold coiffure, which photographs a lovely blonde, is among her most distinguished features.

Her new loveliness gave Ginger confidence and poise and she now finds herself equally at home in the rôle of a comedienne or dramatic star. As for the Rogers dancing—even that changed. The plump little Ginger was queen of the Charleston. The new slim Ginger forsook the hotcha dances for the graceful steps and gyrations befitting the partner of Fred Astaire. Incidentally, since Ginger has become Fred's dancing partner, she doesn't have to worry about her figure. She loses pounds and pounds while they are rehearsing dance steps. So without the new slender figure, she couldn't have become Astaire's partner, and from these dancing rôles stepped to stardom in her own right. Do you think Ginger regrets her arduous efforts to become really beautiful and svelte? She does not. "She is reaping a rich reward. And so from Ginger you may learn lesson one.

KEEP YOUR WEIGHT DOWN IF YOU WANT BEAUTY! CONFIDENCE! POISE!

One of the most remarkable changes in a film land Cinderella was that wrought by Bette Davis. Not one of you would have turned around for a second look at Bette when she first came to Hollywood. And guess who assisted Bette in playing fairy godmother to herself? Not Max Factor or one of the famous Westmore brothers but George Arliss.

Poor little Bette was decidedly *not* a beauty, then. Her hair was a drab shade, her mouth was made up incorrectly, she wore undistinguished clothes. Just a very ordinary-looking girl rapidly getting nowhere in pictures. George Arliss was considered slightly mad when he chose her for the rôle of a very beautiful smartly-dressed young woman in *The Man Who Played God*. But Bette, secure in his confidence in her, set about to justify this faith, and lo, what wonders were performed! One day there walked upon the set a stunning creature. Hair, a golden blonde and smartly coiffed, blue eyes carefully made up to show their beauty, sullen mouth audaciously rouged to accent its sullenness and the smartest, most sophisticated of clothes, setting off all this loveliness.

It was the new Bette Davis—a Bette who has remained golden and sophisticated ever since



Joan Crawford has never been afraid to be the leader in a new style of coiffure or costume. And her courage has been well rewarded.



Above: Bette Davis whose advice is to accent your most striking features. Right: Carole Lombard believes in skilful hairdressing.



and has achieved the heights of stardom in a comparatively short time. Bette capitalised on her sullen mouth and insolent eyes and made a distinct place for herself on the screen. Once having achieved beauty and glamour, Bette daringly cast it all aside to play the unattractive little waitress in *Of Human Bondage* where she allowed herself to appear as ugly and repulsive as any woman could. But Bette and the fans know that she, herself, is lovely, and the drab, retiring little girl who first came to pictures is gone forever.

Take lesson two from Bette, girls.

ACCENT YOUR MOST STRIKING FEATURES WHETHER THEY BE ALONG CONVENTIONAL LINES OR NOT

Who had ever heard of an insolent, spitfire heroine before Bette came along? Bette made us gaga over "hussies." Instead of hiding her sullen mouth behind a conventional Cupid's bow, Bette played up every natural curve of her lips. Unheard of? Of course—but Bette, all

CINDERELLA was just a dowdy little girl dressed in rags when the fairy godmother waved her magic wand and transformed the forlorn waif into a beautiful and desirable creature. A fairy tale? Not on your life! For some of the screen's most famous stars have produced the same magic effects with the wand of intelligence and determination. And no clock, tolling off the midnight hour, causes their handiwork to be destroyed.

I was disgusted the other day when a girl with whom I was lunching sighed as Ginger Rogers swept by our table.

"Just look at her. Isn't she lovely? Ginger Rogers has everything—and here I am looking like an old frump. Doesn't it madden you to see these stars looking so beautiful?"

"Certainly it doesn't madden me," I retorted. "Especially when I know to what great lengths many of those girls have gone to acquire their loveliness. And there isn't a girl living who can't learn something from these former 'ugly duckling' stars."

My companion eyed me incredulously. "Don't tell me Ginger wasn't born as beautiful as she is now!"

I pushed my salad plate aside and started in on one of my favourite tales—the metamorphosis of Ginger Rogers. When Ginger came to films from a successful stage career she was cute, certainly, but no more resembled the svelte, poised young star of to-day than Garbo resembles Shirley Temple.

I recall one of her early Pathé pictures. Ginger was a hat-check girl in the story and wore a short, snug-fitting satin dress. I couldn't keep my mind on the story at all because I was so intently waiting for the seams in Ginger's little costume to pop! Ginger was fat—no denying that. Her red hair was bunched close to her round little face, adding width to it, and she giggled a good deal, as I remember. Cute? Of course. But the Ginger of that time wouldn't have even been remembered to-day.

Came *Young Man of Manhattan* with Norman Foster and Claudette Colbert. Ginger gained much attention in that movie as the pert little flapper. Remember her flip phrase: "Cigarette me, big boy?" Ginger was registering.

When *Gold Diggers* of 1933 was produced Ginger was given a feature rôle and was cute but still very chubby. After her success in this, she took stock of herself. She had something, she knew, and her chances for stardom were

YOU TO BEAUTY

along the line, has dared to be different.

Joan Crawford was never ugly, but even the most ardent Crawford fan will admit that the Joan of *Sally*, *Irene* and *Mary* fame, could never compete in a beauty contest with the Joan Crawford of to-day. Joan is not the petite type and has never pretended to be. It is a pity that some of those girls who are lucky enough to have Joan's lovely breadth of shoulders and general build, hunch themselves up in an endeavour to look tiny and cuddly.

Joan was too heavy when she entered pictures, and by the most gruelling attention to her diet and the correct amount of exercise, la Crawford carved for herself a beautiful, statuesque figure that is Adrian's delight. It was Joan who started the vogue for exaggerated lapels and shoulder treatment; style features that most wide-shouldered girls would have never dared. It was Joan who made up her generous curve of mouth in a manner to accent its size. And Joan long, long ago gave up the conventional short, waved bob for a very long hairdress swept off the face, and with but a slight wave to relieve it.

LEARN COURAGE FROM JOAN

The single hair eyebrow isn't for Joan, either. She prefers to wear her eyebrows in a fairly full and entirely natural manner. How many of you would have dared *introduce* these styles? Certainly you follow them, because the famous Joan Crawford introduced them. But have *you* the courage to step out of the crowd and make some unconventional change in appearance that will really improve you?

Have the courage to wear what you want to regardless of what is said to be fitting for your type.

I wish every girl who bemoans her red hair and freckles would stop crying long enough to look at some pictures of Myrna Loy. Myrna has red hair and freckles and is there one of you who wouldn't love to look like her? I *thought* so! Of course when Myrna was playing that long succession of Oriental sorceresses and vamps she was not beautiful. In fact, Myrna herself would be the first to tell you right now that she hasn't classic features. Her nose has a funny little tilt, her eyes slant in a different manner, but the whole effect is utterly devastating. So a fig for the Grecian profile. Make mine Loy.

When they finally unwrapped Myrna from her Oriental trappings, let her take a deep breath and plunge into pictures where she was actually supposed to be white *and* a heroine, too, they discovered a most unusual thing. Myrna was a very attractive and normal young woman. She didn't go in for shaved eyebrows, false eyelashes or peroxidized hair. She wore her hair in a short and becomingly-waved bob, her clothes were the sort any well-groomed young woman would wear—in other words, Myrna was a natural, and darned determined to stay that way. She has, too, and *that's* what makes her so different to-day.

She has freckles, yes, and they are plainly visible when you see her in person. So what? Her hair is a lovely red and it's still worn in a simple style. Myrna never did go in for a Garbo bob. Maybe it was her reaction from playing so many exotic roles, but whatever the cause, Myrna Loy has determinedly refrained from dramatic make-up and always presents a picture of any normal young American girl, whose personality and features are best set off by smart but simple clothes and make-up.

IF YOU HAVE NO PARTICULAR FEATURE TO BE ACCENTED TAKE A TIP FROM MYRNA LOY AND BE NATURAL

Just look at the lovely results Myrna has achieved.

One girl who got breath-takingly lovely results from waving the magic wand is the luscious Carole Lombard. Carole is one of the real beauties of the screen and her blonde loveliness of face is only equalled by her gorgeous figure. Tall, slim, a vision in bathing suit or formal



Ginger Rogers knows the importance of avoiding putting on unnecessary weight. Beauty, confidence, and poise are all born of a good figure.

dress, Carole brings forth sighs of envy wherever she goes. But with theauteous Carole, 'twas not always thus. Not by about twenty pounds!

I well remember one of Carole's first pictures after she had graduated from Mack Sennett comedies. Carole was playing with Bill Boyd in an old Pathé picture. The story took place out in a desert and the couple were stranded in an old shack. A terrible sand storm had arisen and it was impossible for Bill to reach a town where he might get food. Carole was wandering listlessly around the shack and finally sank down on the floor, almost dead from hunger. It would all have been very pitiful and heart-rending except for one thing. The starving Carole was just too, too plump and curvacious in her smart frock, and when she sank to the floor I mentally remarked: "I'll bet that little honey just consumed a chocolate marshmallow sundae before she came on the set!"

Carole's hair wasn't particularly attractive then, either, and there was absolutely no evidence of the spirited, dynamic, breezy Miss Lombard of 1936. Hair tinted to a soft gold that contrasts beautifully with her deep blue eyes and fair skin.

And speaking of hair—Carole, as you probably have noticed, has an exceptionally high forehead. I have known girls who hated this feature

in themselves and covered it with curls and bangs. Carole's perfect features allow her to wear her hair in whatever manner she pleases, and she has often appeared with a soft bang covering her brow. But to me, the smartest Lombard hairdress is that characteristic one of hers. Hair brushed cleanly back from her face and forehead and that lovely serene expanse of brow displayed.

ARE YOU MAKING A MOUNTAIN OUT OF SOME "DEFECT" MOLEHILL?

It took a long time for Jean Arthur to wave her magic wand but when she did, she got results that still have Hollywood talking. Of course you all remember the Jean of a few years back. A pretty and very sweet-looking ingénue, showing no exceptional ability, but always a very satisfactory little brown-haired heroine. From a sweet but uninteresting little ingénue, Jean had been transformed into a palsy-walsy, ever-so-slightly hard boiled little person, with a trim, blonde bob replacing the former dark curls and ringlets.

Jean's greatest transformation, however, was her voice. Casually glancing at Jean's pert little

face, one might still hazard a guess, "ingénue," but one earful of that throaty Arthur voice and the ingénue tag would be quickly discarded.

SO IF YOU'VE WORKED ON EVERY POSSIBLE FEATURE AND YOU'RE NOT SATISFIED WITH YOURSELF—HOW ABOUT IMPROVING YOUR VOICE?

Jean Arthur couldn't (and shouldn't) disguise her naturally sweet expression but she achieved an entirely new and sparkingly different personality when she waved the wand of study, hard work and determination and brought forth an enchanting speaking voice.

Now after hearing all these tales aren't you ashamed of yourself for complaining and being ready to give up the ship? The obstacles these girls have overcome, you can overcome, too.

Don't be afraid to branch out into a new style of make-up or hairdress. If you look terrible in close-fitting necklines and Dame Fashion says necklines must hug the throat, shop until you've found a becoming V-shaped collar. If you are dressed your flattering best, no one is even going to notice whether you are wearing the latest style from Paris or a style that was in vogue in 1934.

Don't sit by the fireside and sigh for a fairy god-mother to change you into a beauty. Use your own wand (brains, good taste and determination) and you, too, can produce fairy tale results.

NEXT WEEK.

YOU see a film, and the memory lingers for a while; but what better gift could you have to keep it fresh in your mind than a complete record in fascinating pictures and engrossing articles?

This is what you are offered with next week's "Picturegoer"—a magnificent free supplement, in full photographure, of the M.-G.-M. film, "Wife versus Secretary," starring Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, and Clark Gable; a record to treasure and enjoy again and again.

There are no conditions—except this one: make sure of your "Picturegoer" by ordering in advance!

POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL



A delightful picture of Shirley Temple learning to overcome the difficulties of the telephone in her dressing room.

WHAT effect will her wealth and her success have on Shirley Temple? Do they shut her up in prison? Will they turn her head? These questions are entertainingly answered

by E. G. Cousins

She knows that her Mummie has arranged to have all her earnings placed in a trust fund (which Shirley visualises as a large iron box with brass corners), so that when she grows up she will never be poor, but will always be able to buy presents for other people.

And she is human enough to want the money now instead—or at least another 2s. a week of it.

As to the other point made by Mrs. Peppermint—her presents. Well, Shirley isn't sufficient of a genius to have solved the problem of playing with two toys at once, or of driving her little motor-car and riding her pony simultaneously.

Certainly her mass of toys gives her very varied interests; but she has so little time for playing, anyway; what with her hours in the studio and her school lessons and her singing and dancing and piano lessons and her meal-times and resting-times . . .

So, much as I should like to oblige Mrs. Peppermint, I can't agree that Shirley's money is doing her any harm—simply because, in the circumstances, I don't see how it *can*.

And now for Mrs. Acid-Drop.

"She has to pay for it," was her acidulous remark. . . . she's cooped up like a rabbit." Why, of course no one would contend that Shirley lives a *natural* life; what child, except a naked savage, does?

In the U.S.A., children of wealthy parents are guarded from kidnappers, whether they be film-stars or the offspring of soap-makers.

Shirley is no exception; only the other day a sixteen-year-old Nebraska farm-boy pleaded guilty to sending a letter to Mr. Temple, which said "Unless 25,000 dollars (£5,000) are dropped from an aeroplane near Grant, Nebraska, Shirley Temple's life will be in danger."

But against this "cooping-up" we must weigh the fact that Shirley has all the care and attention and training that a vast fortune can buy, and a love that no fortune can.

In trying to determine whether she is spoiled or not, we can only go by results.

Here are two authentic stories about this "poor little rich girl"; valuable straws if they will show us which way the wind blows.

When Claude Gillingwater, the well-known character actor of "grumpy old men" roles, had to gallop round the set with Shirley on his shoulders for a scene in *Poor Little Rich Girl*, she said to the director, "Mr. Cummings, let's get this right the first time on account of Mr. Gillingwater being pretty old!"

Again, when a publicity man wanted to photograph her and Gary Cooper together, he suggested it to Gary, who said "Sure; I'll go over to her."

So the publicity-man hurried to Shirley with the same proposal, adding that Gary would come to meet her.

"No," Shirley objected, "he's a grown-up person and I think I should go to meet him, don't you?"

Spoiled? Hard to bear? Not Shirley!

As to being rich, she has a constant stream of love flowing to her from the whole world—and later on she will realise that she has given more pleasure to the world than any other little girl in history.

If that isn't wealth, what is?

THE other day I listened to two motherly old ladies talking in the train; I don't usually eavesdrop, but they were talking about Shirley Temple's new film, *Poor Little Rich Girl*, and I couldn't resist it.

"Poor little rich girl, indeed," said the one with the peppermints, "Poor little spoiled brat, if you ask me! What sort of an upbringing is *that* for a child—having all that money, and all those expensive presents?"

"Well, she has to pay for it," said the one with the acid drops. "I believe she's cooped up like a rabbit."

"And that, of course," said Mrs. Peppermint, "makes her harder to bear than ever."

And then, having settled the matter to their entire dissatisfaction, they dropped it; but their remarks remained in my mind, because it just happens that I know how wrong they were.

Presumably, being interested in Shirley Temple, they are at least casual picture-goers; and so the chances are that they read the PICTUREGOER.

I can therefore make my reply here and now with a reasonable chance of their reading it. Let's deal with Mrs. Peppermint first.

"All that money." Well, yes, I admit that Shirley is a capitalist.

She has more money than other children of her age. In fact she has £27 a year.

Who said "Nonsense"? Don't mistake me; I'm talking now about Mr. and Mrs. Temple's little daughter Shirley—not about the vested interest upon which a great proportion of the fortunes of the vast Twentieth Century-Fox organisation depend.

Shirley gets two and a half dollars a week—which is near enough to 10s. 6d. for the purpose of argument.

Her salary from the studios, between £50,000 and £60,000 a year, is carefully spent and wisely

invested for her, with the exception of the £27 per annum which is set aside for her very own, to do what she likes with.

Candour compels me to state that as a financier she's a marvellous tap-dancer.

She is always making the most admirable resolutions about investing her allowance so that two dollars will grow where one grew before; and then maybe it's a hot day, and she and a lot of her friends (including Mary Lou, her stand-in) need ice-cream sodas pretty badly, and . . . bang goes a dollar in no time.

While working on *The Littlest Rebel*, for instance, she treated sixteen negro piccanninies, and had a mighty thin week after that.

However, the need for economy worries her a little; and so she has made a proposal to her mother which indicates a highly intelligent grasp of the essentials of the subject.

She has proposed that her allowance be increased to three dollars (about 12s. 6d.) a week.

Then, she says, she can save enough to buy a fox; this is not in compliment to her employers, Messrs. Twentieth Century-Fox, but because fox furs are good to sell.

Also she wants to buy bantam fowls, because "they and their eggs are small and easy to practise on," and she can raise bigger ones as she grows older.

And because it seems a good idea to keep bantams and foxes apart, she has arranged with her friend Mr. Darryl Zanuck, head of Twentieth Century-Fox, to help her build cages for them.

Further, to save money on capital expenditure, she is thinking of getting another friend, Mr. Schenck, to buy the foxes and bantams and provide the food for them, in consideration of a share in the profits.

Which suggests that Miss Temple has, after all, a pretty sound idea of the financial racket.

The purpose of all this ramble round the Temple barnyard is to indicate that Shirley, although in a fair way to becoming a millionaire, does not think in millions, but in shillings and pence like any other little girl.

WILLIAM POWELL appears to be the answer to a maiden's prayer, for statistics show that he is "tops" in the affections of movie-struck girls who come to Hollywood.

A thirteen-year-old lass recently arrived in Hollywood from Washington, D.C., for the purpose of meeting the debonair star. Police gathered her in and sent her back home. But the Travellers' Aid Society has its hands full taking care of other damsels who leave the family fireside to see Bill Powell in person.

Gary Cooper and Clark Gable are also popular with wandering girls, but not so much as Carole Lombard's former hubby.

She Craves Comfort

Marlene Dietrich is very fond of the dressing bungalow which she shared with Charles Boyer whilst they were co-starring in *The Garden of Allah* at the Selznick studios in Culver City. The house was divided in two parts with separate entrances for the stars.

Marlene, who is now in England, sent word to Paramount officials that, if they desired her to fulfil her contract with them, she must be given dressing quarters as good as those she had in Culver City.

It appears to be a case of—no fine dressing-room, no Dietrich!

The studio officials are doing their best, and hope that the blonde star will like her new studio home.

Her Hero

Janet Gaynor, I hear, had a narrow escape from drowning, whilst bathing in front of her home on the beach at Playa Del Rey. She was being carried out to sea, when an alert lifeguard noted her plight and swam to the rescue. Janet thanked her rescuer profusely and retired to the seclusion of her home.

No, I do not think Janet will marry the gallant swimmer. Possibly he already has a "ball and chain."

She Has the Figure

During the hot weather spell Katharine Hepburn has discarded her customary slack suits and is seen around the RKO-Radio lot in brief, well-tailored shorts and shirts, and very becoming they are, too.

Garbo Was Kind

Greta Garbo has given an autograph. A dozen witnesses can testify to it, including an irate studio "bobby."

When Garbo recently visited Director George Cukor to discuss *Camille*, she left by the studio side gate. As she walked slowly toward the exit, a youngster in tattered overalls slipped by the astonished officer on guard and, with grubby fist, shoved a book into Miss Garbo's hands.

She hesitated, smiled and signed the book.

Without waiting to say "thank you," the boy, with one eye on the menacing officer, scampered out of the gate and disappeared.

A New "Daddy"

Allan Jones has only been married to Irene Hervey a few weeks, but he already is the proud father of a five-years-old daughter!

The child is Miss Hervey's by a previous marriage. Allan and Irene were married the day after his first wife, Mrs. Marjorie Jones, secured a divorce in Nevada.

Hollywood Melody

Eleanor Powell won instant film fame in *Broadway Melody* of 1936, whilst James Stewart, after outstanding performances in *Small Town Girl* and other recent films, is hailed as a most promising leading man.



The wrong type of scarecrow—When the photographer was ordered to shoot a scarecrow picture, here's what resulted. Shirley Ross, pretty singer and dancer, just isn't the type.

Ludwig Lauerhass, a wealthy resident of North Carolina.

The former actress says she is well content with private life, but admits that, if the right part came along, she might consider a return to the movies.

It is just as I have often written. Few actresses ever leave the movies willingly.

It May Be Love

Elissa Landi and Nino Martini pay most glowing tributes to each other. Each is the acme of perfection to the other, and have been friends since their meeting in England nearly two years ago.

Now that they are back in Hollywood, the colony is wondering if wedding bells will soon ring, or a trip to Yuma be made, as Elissa and Nino are seen much together.

"Cold" Comfort

Joan Bennett is "a woman of ice" at least in the summer time.

The pretty star has a portable refrigerator which follows her, like "Mary's little lamb," being in use whilst she is at the studios. Not only in the dressing room, but even in the make-up department, the ice box accompanies Joan, wheeled by a faithful attendant. Cool air is blown on her face, and there is plenty of ice in the refrigerator if Joan desires a cooling drink—non-alcoholic, of course!

Perplexed Polly

Polly Moran, who announced that she intended to divorce her husband, Martin Malone, after he had been arrested for threatening her with a revolver, appears to be about to exercise a woman's prerogative, and change her mind.

The clever comedienne now says that Martin is a good chap, and blames other men for getting him to drink, thus bringing on the trouble in which they figured.

So it looks as though Polly is about ready to kiss her husband and make up!

A Rumour Denied

Wallace Beery declares there is no foundation for the report that he intends to quit the screen.

He scoffed at the yarn and said he is just getting started. "I've retired three times," he told me. "Three times I've returned. Maybe acting is in my blood!"

Bright Lad!

Freddie Bartholomew won his first official recognition as an inventor recently, with the acceptance by a bicycle manufacturing company of two original designs.

An owner of the machine for several years, Freddie took it apart to make a few repairs. Ingeniously fitting a piece of tin can into the workings of the motor exhaust, and simplifying the brake action, he not only repaired his own machine, but sent his ideas in to the bicycle company.

College v. Movies

Rosalind Russell, the beautiful, statuesque girl who has forged ahead rapidly in the films, recently had a visit from her sister, Mary Jane.

The sister is only 21, and is dean of a girl's college, which indicates the young lady's mental attainments. Mary Jane is also very good looking, and has received several offers of screen tests, and refused them all. She is well satisfied to let Rosalind be the sole actress in the family.

When Autumn comes, Mary Jane will return to her college in the East, turning her back upon a career which many girls eagerly seek.

The Hollywood NEWSREEL

SHOT BY PHIL LONERGAN

But fame is not everything. Love counts, especially when one is young. Eleanor and Jim have discovered this fact, also that they like each other quite a bit, so much so that they manage to eat three meals together each day, even on Sunday holidays.

They never get bored with the other's company and, if they ever do, all that is necessary to restore harmony is for the agile Miss Powell to go into her tap dance!

Crossed In Love

Since Myrna Loy became Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, she has had a telephone installed in her portable dressing-room, so she can talk with "friend husband" (a producer at the Paramount studio) whenever she so desires. Bill Powell works at the same studio, and also chats quite a bit with Jean Harlow.

The other day Myrna telephoned her husband, and a few minutes later Bill Powell called Jean. The wires got crossed and each girl got fond messages from the wrong admirer.

All concerned took the matter as a great joke.

Peter Pan Returns

It is twelve years since Betty Bronson played the title role in *Peter Pan*, and she is back in Hollywood for a visit.

Betty, although now 26 years old, and the mother of an eighteen-months-old child, still looks amazingly childlike. She is the wife of

LAST week I declared we could learn a great deal from the movies.

Well, just to prove it, I've learned something this week. All my life (or ever since I stopped putting my toe in my mouth), I've imagined that when he made his celebrated remark, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume," the American explorer H. M. Stanley was wearing round his pith helmet or solar topee a small U.S.A. flag.

Why? Well, for no reason that I've ever thought of, except to keep the flies off the back of his neck.

But now I find (and you will too, if you look closely at the picture which adorns this page) that he didn't.

So there goes another boyhood illusion shattered—and manhood illusion, too, come to that. Pity. . . .

Also I always imagined that an enormous crowd of bearers, warriors, camp followers, and panhandlers of all descriptions but only one colour (to wit, ebony) attended Stanley whereas Dr. Livingstone had only a very small squad of servitors, the rest having deserted.

But I found at Sound City this week that their teams were about evenly matched.

Authentic

I certainly can't argue with Messrs. James Fitzpatrick and Percy Marmont, who between them are responsible for production of the film *David Livingstone*, because for some time they have been lurking about in wildest Africa, visiting the very places (some of them) where Livingstone went.

As, however, in his 33 years wandering he covered some 30,000 miles of country not previously visited by white men, Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Marmont might be excused for having overlooked one or two of Livingstone's haunts.

And as the famous meeting occurred nearly 65 years ago, it's hardly likely that they would come across many people who remembered—or whose testimony would be worth much if they did.

Still, they have the magic word "authentic" to juggle with—and who dare gainsay that? So I shall just have to readjust my ideas.

By the way, the use of that word "authentic" puzzles me a little; my dictionary says it means "reliable, trustworthy, of undisputed origin, genuine."

What, then, are we to understand by the producers' claim that "the last entry in Livingstone's diary will be authentically reproduced in handwriting resembling his own"?

A Lucky River

Well, don't get a headache over that. Consider the fortunate fate of the little River Ash, a tributary of Father Thames.

Other rivers have to stay as they were born—except that they grow larger as they go along. The Ash, which flows through Sound City and is one of the manifold assets of that steadily-growing production-centre, is always changing.

This week, for instance, it is the Lulimala, on whose banks Chintambo's native village has been erected, complete with native huts, stockades, palm-trees, and whatnot.

Last year, when they made *Sanders of the River*, it was the Congo. Next week, or the week after, when James Fitzpatrick Productions get round to making *The Life of William Shakespeare*, it will probably be the Avon—of which fair stream, if I mistake not, Will was Bard, not to say Swan.

And when Wainwright Productions were making *Wolf's Clothing* not so very long ago, it was the Seine. One of these days it will become the Amazon, and flood the beautiful new sound stages.

I've Got a Little List

And now, because I haven't given you a list of names for a week, you are probably dying for a list of names. So here's one.

I've got the cast of *Pagliacci* for you, and it's a first-rate one, let me tell you. Richard Tauber, of course, plays Canio, the leader of the troupe.

Steffi Duna, as I've already informed you,



E. G. COUSINS COVERS

The BRITISH STUDIOS

plays Nedda (Canio's wife); Arthur Margetson will be Tonio, the clown; Jerry Verno is Beppe, a Harlequin; Esmond Knight plays Silvio, Nedda's lover, and who wouldn't?

Diana Napier is Trina, and Arthur Chesney is the coachbuilder; Chesney's talents as an actor are too often overlooked because he happens to be brother to Edmund Gwenn; but in the right part he can be very good indeed.

This, by the way, is not a Capitol production, as I probably led you to believe; did I? Anyway, it's being made by Trafalgar, which is an offshoot of Capitol.

Parti-coloured

I may have mentioned that this film was to be made in colour; well, it isn't—wholly.

But parts of it are to be made in British Chemicolour, which is a new and promising four-colour process invented jointly by Otto Kanturek (who is photographing *Pagliacci*), Karl Grüne, and Victor Gluck.

Karl Grüne is directing *Pagliacci*. And, while I think of it, I regret to say I have trodden on Herr Grüne's toes.

Inadvertently I mentioned, not long ago, that the reason why *Land Without Music* was started before *Pagliacci* was that Herr Grüne's arrangements for the latter were not complete.

Excuse, please, while I untread.

It would now appear that the script was not quite ready; in a week after receiving the script, Karl Grüne was all ready to take the floor—which, you will agree, is no mean feat.

And now the person responsible for getting that script ready will probably come down on me like a ton of bricks because it was all the clapper-boy's fault; but I don't care; I've made it all right between Karl Grüne (whom I like as a man and respect as a director) and me (and,

as my old pal W. S. Gilbert remarked, "I am a good man too.").

Anyway, the studios are so littered with toes that it's difficult to know where to tread.

Got What He Wanted

By the way, this production is another example of the screen teaching me something.

I used to think no one ever got the part they wanted in a film; you hear of people spending their whole lives hankering to play a certain famous role—Hamlet or Cleopatra or Little Eva—and instead having to play Mephistopheles or be third wave from the O.P. side or the hind legs of the horse till their dying day.

Well, meeting Jerry Verno after a private view of the not-so-hot Lupe Velez British film *Gipsy Melody*, in which he wrestled valiantly with a poorly-conceived role, I asked him what sort of a part he wanted to play.

"'Beppe' in *Pagliacci*," he replied promptly; so there you are!

Another illusion gone galley-west, but this time I'm glad to have it shattered, because, other things being equal, it's far better to have a player who *wants* to play the part. He's halfway towards being the character.

A clever comedian, Jerry Verno, but the studios have failed so far to exploit his possibilities because for some occult reason they have neglected to supply him with complete roles; he usually has had to make his part up as he went along.

A Theatre Thriller

No week's studio notes would be complete without the announcement of a new production company or two, so here goes.

The name and style of one new concern is Dela films (but I hope they don't pronounce it



"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" The famous meeting with H. M. Stanley, reproduced at Sound City for the film "David Livingstone."

"delay"), and their first effort is being made at the British Lion studios at Beaconsfield.

The title is a good snappy one for a thriller—*Murder in the Stalls*, which suggests all kinds of good back-stage and front-of-the-house possibilities.

Recently when I was talking to my friends Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon they declared that it was all right to appear together in stage shows, because that was only just fooling around, and they didn't have to convince the audience that they were anybody but themselves.

But in films, they maintained, it was different, and audiences wouldn't want to see them together.

I argued long and fiercely with them, because I consider that the practice they have had in observing each other's style and timing and so forth would be invaluable when they come to play opposite each other on the screen.

Apparently my arguments had some effect, for they are now playing together in *Murder in the Stalls*.

Charm and Skill

Bebe should be a valuable asset to Dela Films, because quite apart from her charm and skill as a player she has studied the production-end and "knows her onions" as they say (only I feel in this case it should be orchids), by heart. She will be worth her weight in gold to Continental director Emil Reinert.

Hay Petrie, the uncannily clever little character actor from Bonnie Dundee, is in the cast, too, and also Charles Farrell—the British one, who usually plays tough gangster parts.

It's a bit confusing, the similarity of names, especially as the American one is now playing over here again, in *Moonlight Sonata*.

But as it happens to be the real name of both of them, and as neither of them, naturally, is willing to change it (though I believe each has politely suggested that the other should!) they seem to have reached an *impasse*.

So we shall have to go on calling them "the British one" and "the American one" until further notice.

A still worse clash occurred when William Boyd went to Hollywood from the New York

stage, and found another William Boyd already well dug-in in films.

Braid Scots

They got over the difficulty by calling themselves respectively Bill Boyd and William (stage) Boyd.

Of course, when one player is already established and one of similar name bobs up, it's up to the newcomer to give way; and this Betty Davies gracefully did, by changing her name to Betty Ann Davies so as not to clash with Bette Davis, who was already in the field.

And now for a drop of Scotch.

A' you chieftains wha' like the Doric will be gey pleased tae hear that Harry Lauder is gaun tae play in a pictur'.

Ay, he's doon at Wembley, at the Fox studio, ye ken, makkin' a feelm based on his famous sang "The End o' the Road"—fine ye ken it!—an' they've been canny enuech tae keep that as the title o' the pictur' furbye.

Alex Bryce, the reid-heidit laddie frae the Western Hiellan's, is directin', an' there's a braw cast, wi' Sir Harry as "John Macgregor" (o' Scotland), Ruth Haven as "Sheila Macgregor," Ethel Glendinning as "Jean Macgregor," Bruce Seton as "Donal' Carson" (yon's the villain), Margaret Moffat as "Maggie," an' Campbell Gullan as "David."

Similarity

Southern readers tune in here.

From what I've heard of the story, it seems to bear rather an unfortunate family likeness to that of the Will Fyffe film *Annie Laurie*, which was made just a few weeks ago.

Like Fyffe, Lauder plays the head of a travelling troupe of entertainers who perform at fairs, living in caravans.

As in *Annie Laurie*, a young wife, married in secret, dies in childbirth, and the child is left on the old man's hands; and a young girl is sent to the city to learn to sing—in one film Glasgow, in the other Edinburgh.

However, there are perhaps sufficient differences to make these similarities seem superficial; but when we get so few Scottish films, it does seem an unco' peety (to relapse for a brief moment into the vernacular) that there should be so marked a resemblance.

Which, I think you will agree, is a good, tactful, pompous way of putting it.

The unit, you will be pleased to hear, has been to Scotland for the exteriors, so I hope we shall be shown some of the lovely Scottish scenery; the opening shots of *Annie Laurie* promised it, but the promise was unfulfilled.

Maybe it's not so awfully tactful to compare two Quota pictures in this way; but with two famous Scottish comedians and stories set in similar surroundings, comparison is irresistible.

A Classic

And now, as we have dealt with only one new company this week and some of you like two or more, let's take a look at John Clein Productions.

Mr. Clein is an

American who, having studied British production methods and possibilities at first hand by working in our studios as an associate producer, has now launched forth on his own, backed by a not-quite-so-new distributing company, National Provincial Film Distributors, Ltd.

His first attempt is that favourite of our schooldays, *The Mill on the Floss*.

Ever read it? I was made to, at school, and consequently I remember precious little about it except that it's laid in Devon (or is it Devon? I couldn't swear to it) in the 19th Century (I think), and there seemed to be an unconscionable amount of very wordy description—which, however, is being taken care of by Messrs. Garnett Weston and John Drinkwater, working together on the script.

I asked Frank Lawton whether he remembered the story, and he said no, not very clearly, he'd had to read it at school, too.

And as he has come all the way from Hollywood to play the lead, you can hardly be surprised at my not remembering it—can you, now?

Be fair!

Two for Joe

Two Joe Rock pictures are going strong at the moment—one "at home" and one "away."

The "away" match is *The Edge of the World*, which Mickey Powell is directing on the edge of the world—or as near it as makes no difference; to wit, the Island of Foula.

Some dangerous cliff climbing and equally daring camera work has been successfully accomplished, on cliffs which rise to the dizzy height of 1,400 feet and are only a few degrees "out of plumb."

Niall McGinnis and Eric Berry fooled about for hours where a fly could hardly get a decent foothold. This, I confess, makes me turn completely over inside just to think about.

Young McGinnis, I'm pleased to hear, acted according to the best traditions by refusing to employ a double when the script called for him to leap into a perilously rocking boat.

The film on the Rock floors at Elstree is *Cotton Queen*, with Bernhard Vorhaus directing.

This one depicts the struggle for supremacy between rival mill-owners, Will Fyffe and Stanley Holloway.

Along with them are Helen Haye, Jimmy Handley, Donald Calthrop, Marcelle Rogez, Denier Warren, Sid Crossley, Gibson Gowland and Syd Courtenay.

Eh, laads, this'll be a reet good toosle!



Sixteen-year-old Dinah Sheridan chosen to play lead in Paramount's "Never Go Home," in Ireland.

The GREAT ZIEGFELD



All the glamour of an idealised Orient is captured in this number, "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody."

THE absolute ultimate in backstage spectacular productions seems to be reached with "The Great Ziegfeld," upon which M.-G.-M. have lavished all the resources of their organisation.

Running for nearly three hours, it is a fine showman's tribute to one of the greatest showmen of all time.

Below are Ziegfeld and Billie Burke (played by Myrna Loy) at the show.

The showman weds. William Powell in the title-role and Luise Rainer as Anna Held.



Another phase of the glamorous "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody" number.



A dramatic moment : Florenz Ziegfeld (William Powell) discovers Audrey (Virginia Bruce) in a state of intoxication.



Much of the comedy is supplied by Frank Morgan, seen above as Billings, Ziegfeld's friendly rival, in his side-show days.

On the right, in an amazing costume, is Audrey, one of the Glorified Girls (Virginia Bruce).



Famous Fanny Brice, played by herself (in black), starts her Follies career.

ZIEGFELD

THE GREAT GLORIFIER

IN this exclusive article by Michael Howard, Bernard Sobel, press agent for the late Flo Ziegfeld for many years, tells you how the great showman chose his glorified girls.

Five of the really beautiful showgirls you will see in the film of the great showman's life—"The Great Ziegfeld."

THE late Florenz Ziegfeld was undoubtedly the most competent judge of feminine beauty that has ever been known.

His uncanny sense of *real* beauty made him the greatest connoisseur of women in the world.

In America the saying became common, when wishing to compliment a woman's beauty, to remark: "She's good enough for Ziegfeld!"

Now, how did Florenz Ziegfeld select his glorified girls? That is the question that has puzzled the public through the twenty-three years of the Follies.

And it was a question that Ziegfeld seldom answered. His reasons for silence may have been personal, his appreciation of beauty being so instinctive that he was scarcely able to explain his own processes.

Nevertheless, as the years went by, he did develop a regular system of auditions. These grew to such proportions that by the time he was ready to select girls, he had to call in the police to control the mobs of girls who wanted to be glorified.

About a week or so before he was ready for one of these auditions, he would make an announcement in the papers telling the girls when and where to report. Long before the hour named, however, the girls would begin to flock into the stage entrance.

There were all types, most of them really beautiful, and others who considered themselves beautiful. There were short girls and tall ones, well dressed girls and poorly-clad. Blondes predominated usually, but brunettes frequently strove for distinctive attention.

Often, too—and this fact is somewhat tragic—women in their thirties and forties would try for places.

"Sorry we can't admit you," the doorman would say upon seeing a mature woman among the applicants.

"Oh, I haven't come here for a try-out," would be the answer, "I'm here to look after my niece, my daughter, or my young sister."

But when the stage director would call for the girls to step down to the footlights, there, standing next to the young ones would be the older woman. Sometimes she was a disappointed chorus girl of years gone by, a woman who was unable to appreciate the ridiculous figure she made, or was so vain that she still considered herself a beautiful and attractive member of the front line.

By the time the stage was full of hundreds of girls, and the doors had been closed and the tardy applicants dismissed, Ziegfeld would enter the theatre. He was always calm, self-possessed and leisurely. The sea of faces before him and the task of selection never seemed to

trouble him. He chatted with his stage director, his secretary or other members of the staff. Then, when he was ready he would ask the stage director to have the girls form separate lines and walk down to the footlights.

Immediately there would be a silence. All the silly chatter, the making up of eyelashes, painting of cheeks and lips would cease, and the girls would form a series of straight lines. Slowly they would walk down to the footlights, there to stand and wait, all frightened yet hopeful, while the glorifier looked them over.

It was a strange ordeal, and the air was full of electric tension; Ziegfeld, determined not to be swayed by the expression on the faces of the girls; and the girls determined to use their eyes and smiles to lure him into a contract.

Sometimes, out of an entire whole line he would pick only one girl or none. Sometimes he would call over his stage director and tell him quietly to take the name of the fourth or fifth girl to the right. Sometimes he would discuss a girl that seemed outstanding. Then, just as the line was about to break up, the director would say: "Will the fourth girl in the line please come to me and give me her name and address."

And thus the difficult procedure continued, a sifting of girls and girls and girls, until the loveliest remained, fortunate creatures endowed by nature with superb physical proportions and facial loveliness.

But they all seemed to love Ziegfeld for his considerateness and understanding. Even the disappointed ones would throw him a wistful smile as they trudged off the stage and out into the obscurity of the real world.

Once Ziegfeld gave away a single trick of his when selecting girls.

"I look first at their ankles," he said, "because these are on a level with the eyes of the audience and make the first important impression."

Ziegfeld was a man of astonishing originality who was determined always to succeed, no matter what the cost. He is given the credit for having collected the most beautiful girls in the world. But only his office staff knew that he sometimes stole beauties deliberately, in the same manner that Paris stole Helen of Troy from Menelaus.

His procedure was suave, smooth and effective. He would go to a famous dress designer, for instance, and select gowns for his stars. He would discuss materials and patterns. He would talk long and seriously about details of workmanship. Then he would ask to see some of the gowns in stock.

This request was always followed by the appearance of living models, lovely girls who would parade through the studio displaying gowns to advantage. Sometimes one of these models would be beautiful and shapely. But Ziegfeld, despite his reputation for admiring beauty, would pay no attention to her and would merely concentrate his attention on the costume.

After he left the building and had driven a short distance away, however, Ziggy would stop his car suddenly and begin his operations for theft.

"Rush back," he would say to his secretary. "Check up on those orders I gave, and then, when you get a chance, manage secretly to tell that blonde model to call me up to-morrow morning at eleven. She's a beauty. Tell her I'll give her a job in the new Follies—give her more money than she's getting now."

That was the Ziegfeld procedure, and through his collecting of beauty, he delighted the public, glorified girls, and built up a tradition about himself.

He could be gentle and severe, cruel and tolerant. When he corrected his stars, he did so considerably in quiet tones, almost whispers, without anybody knowing the subject of his conversation.

He liked most the people he couldn't have. No sooner did he hear of the success of a rival performer, than he would make every effort to secure his services, whether really he needed him or not.

Once, he dismissed a member of his staff. When he heard, a week later, that the man was being engaged by someone else, at a somewhat better salary, he did not rest until he had got the man back again.

Soon you will see the life of Ziegfeld on the screen. The picture is called *The Great Ziegfeld*, and the title role is portrayed by William Powell, who gives an amazing interpretation of the great glorifier.

What the public never knew about Ziegfeld is revealed in factual and legendary episodes in the story. The revelations are surprising and romantic. Most of the present generation will be astonished to learn that Ziegfeld was ever in love with Anna Held. The older generation, of course, has heard of their sentimental relations; how he brought her to America; how he starred her in musical comedy; how he made her famous through publicising her milk-bath.

But the younger generation, knowing only of Ziegfeld's perfect home life, his love for domesticity, may have lost track of the fact that Ziegfeld was young once also, and always completely susceptible to the spell of beauty.

Louise Rainer, whom you saw with Bill in *Escapade*, plays the part of Anna Held, one of Ziegfeld's beauties and later his wife.

Mynna Loy also co-stars with Powell as his second wife, and Virginia Bruce, who was originally one of the glorifier's most famous beauties, plays the role of Audrey Dane, most beautiful of all the girls discovered by Ziegfeld. The most elaborate musical number in the picture, "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody," is built around Miss Bruce.

This number surpassed in cost any complete musical show staged by Ziegfeld!

There were over five thousand people used in this picture, of whom one hundred and five have speaking parts. The costumes worn by the girls in the picture are the most expensive and spectacular ever seen, and I think you will agree with me when you see it that it is the most ambitious musical production to date.

Another interesting point to note is that it is the longest film ever made. It runs for nearly three hours and will probably be shown like a play, with a short interval in the middle.



Oh
Charming.
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in **"THE GREAT ZIEGFELD"**
USING MAX FACTOR'S FACE POWDER



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USING MAX FACTOR'S ROUGE
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Medium..... ☐	Hazel..... ☐	Light..... ☐ Dark..... ☐
Ruddy..... ☐	Brown..... ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow..... ☐	Black..... ☐	Light..... ☐ Dark..... ☐
Freckled..... ☐	LASHES	REDHEAD
Olive..... ☐	Light..... ☐	Light..... ☐ Dark..... ☐
SKIN	Dark..... ☐	If hair is Grey, check type above and here..... ☐
Dry..... ☐	AGE	
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NAME.....

ADDRESS..... P.5

The Story of the Film

The LADY CONSENTS

by
Marjory Williams

"**A**NNE. I kissed her! — kissed Jerry Mannerly! Funny of me. I've met plenty of attractive young women in my medical career, but I've never wanted to kiss any of them."

"Did you enjoy it?"

"I hardly know."

And that, as far as Anne Talbot was concerned, would have been the end of husband Dr. Michael Talbot's affair with Jerry Mannerly. Was it not Anne's creed neither to run away from nor oppose something she feared, but to meet it with open arms? Loving Michael as she did, wasn't it only too natural for her to fear the charms of other women and wasn't it up to her never to appear jealous? She forgot that a pretty young athlete, whose determination has won her a showcase full of silver cups for ladies' sporting events, is unlikely to be deterred by a complacent wife from husband-snatching.

When Anne, about to meet her father-in-law, due in New York after a European cruise, received a telephone call at the customs' office, there was a touch of the unusual in Mike's voice as he said: "I'm terribly sorry. I've an emergency case. I can't make it. Will you explain to Jim?"

"Beer for the lady," came another voice, more faintly over the wire. Almost Anne could picture Michael talking to his "emergency case" at a snack bar. As well for her theory of non-interference that Michael could not see his wife's face as she played up. "All right, dear. Of course, Jim will be terribly disappointed. I know it isn't your fault. See you to-night at dinner. Hope you do well with the patient. Good-bye."

With a lump in her throat, Anne waited for her father-in-law, affectionately known as Jim, but failed, among the crowd issuing from the ship's gangways, to recognise his lean, alert figure.

"Paging Dr. Talbot," announced a page.

"I'm Mrs. Talbot, Dr. Talbot's not here."

"I've a message for the doctor, ma'am. Mr. James Talbot's in the ship's hospital." Fearing the worst, Anne followed her guide. But she found her father-in-law actively engaged in playing dice with the ship's officers and a dark young man who got to his feet with a look of undisguised admiration. Meanwhile, Jim kissed her with his usual gusto

Freely based on the film "The Lady Consents," by permission of Radio Films Ltd. See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 26, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

and asked after Michael. "Maybe you can bring me some luck, Anne," her father-in-law continued when Anne had quoted the emergency case. "Boys, meet my daughter. . . Oh! And the budding engineer hoping to shake hands is Stanley Ashton."

"Will you marry me?" Mr. Ashton inquired gravely, reluctantly parting from Anne's hand.

"Honesty, I prefer my wife to be a mystery to me."

"Don't mind him; he's crazy," Jim informed. "Come along."

In spite of Anne's customary luck in sweeping away the pool, Mr. Ashton renewed his marriage offer.

Discovery that she had a husband in the medical profession was nearly followed by the young engineer's return to Europe by the next boat.

Cheered up completely by Mr. Ashton's fooling, Anne enjoyed her taxi-ride uptown with Jim.

With Michael so much at the hospital, Jim's presence was comforting in the home. Incidentally, he never let one feel surveyed. With her usual flair for making her friends enjoy inexpensive parties, Anne celebrated Jim's return with a Hallow E'en costume dance. She had been bobbing apples with Stanley Ashton, when Jim uncovered the weak spot in Anne's list of guests. "What's the idea of having that Marathon runner here, to-night?" he inquired.

Anne, wearing black lace over full skirts representing a Spanish widow, glanced at the door. Jerry Mannerly came forward with an "I'm here, and don't care who knows it" expression.

"Sorry I'm late, Mrs. Talbot."

"Quite all right. The party's just beginning. You know Susan Greene, don't you? Susan, if you're going up, would you show Jerry where to put her things?"

"You must be out of your mind to throw her and Michael together," Jim fumed, as the gossip-lover and her ideal material disappeared.

"Think so? Evidently, I've more faith in your son than you have."

"The dern fool."

So Jim (as who in town did not?) knew how frequently Michael and Jerry had been seen about together. Susan, coming down from the cloak-room, was eager to impart news

communicated, no doubt, while Jerry had been wielding a lipstick. Anne abruptly refused to listen, even though the communication might be first hand. But when, having refused the ever-pressing Ashton a dance, Anne saw Michael, glide off with Jerry, even a non-jealous wife acknowledged a stab. Seeing her guests occupied, she went off to the billiard-room to play pool with Jim. Michael appeared.

"**D**'you mind, Jim? I want to talk to Anne alone a minute."

"Is it safe to leave me with this man, Jim?"

"Impossible to tell. If you need help, shout. I'll be right outside the door."

Jim removed himself, and joking went with him. "Anne, I feel like a heel," Michael said. "I'm in love with her."

"Bad as that, Michael? What about Jerry?"

"Same thing. Don't blame her. She's been awfully decent. She wanted us to quit seeing each other. It's my fault, but—I hate hurting you, Anne."

"Don't pity me. You're a doctor, aren't you? You can bear seeing people hurt. I love you, and that means I love your happiness. If Jerry means that, marry her and don't worry about letting me down. You've given me the seven best years a woman ever had. Now beat it—while I'm still being lady."

She hadn't meant to let the last words escape, but consenting to a divorce was harder than she realised.

Reno, San Francisco, Rio Janiero, via home by the s.s. *Santa Grazia*—thus Anne's strip abroad, involving her becoming a free woman, was carried out. One of the most satisfactory welcomes home came from Stanley Ashton, who turned up with a friend one evening when Anne was barely installed in a small, but comfortable flat. They were discussing twenty-years-old Scotch in the kitchenette when Jim arrived to add a third to the whisky drinkers, and was heard to remark, having congratulated Anne on having gained five pounds weight, that a cat was a cat.

"Apropos of what?" Ashton insisted.

"Nothing. It's a she, and she's going to have a big wedding, and I've got to be best man when I feel Anne, on the day appointed, 'like wringing the lady's neck.'"

"Jim, you've lost your sense of humour. That's really very funny," Anne commented. Further, she electrified the party, by declaring she would attend Jerry's wedding.

With a mildly dramatic feeling, she changed, into a black ensemble with white revers and pill-box hat. She

was charming to Henry, the English butler, who showed her at once into the boudoir, where Jerry was taking last-minute glances into the cheval mirror before joining Michael at the altar.

Fortunately, Anne couldn't bring herself to feel that it was Michael's wedding, and found it quite easy to enthuse over Jerry, who dismissed her bridesmaids and asked advice about the position of the veil.

"Over your face. It's more bride-like," Anne responded.

"Did you see the look on those girl's faces when you walked in?" Jerry chuckled.

"I did. Was it what you wanted?"

"Of course. You and I are showing the world how civilised people should behave." Somehow, this taking the words out of her mouth, as it were, fell flat with Anne. She had a strange desire to emulate Jim's wish of wringing this heartless, beautiful young creature's neck when Michael walked in. His





Jerry came in, cool, hard composed to the plucked eyebrow. "I'm not divorcing Michael, if that's what you're hoping for," she announced. "He's my husband, and he stays my husband."

bridegroom's outfit, correct to the last petal of his buttonhole, surprised Anne, knowing Michael's innate revulsion against new clothes. "What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"Showing the world how civilised peoples should behave. No, honestly, I thought you might like to have me wish you well. I wanted to."

"That's nice of you, Anne."

She bore the ceremony better for the swift flash of tenderness in Michael's eyes as he said that. Sitting the same evening with Stanley Ashton over a stein of beer and sandwiches, she was joyfully declaiming the fact that, for the first time for years, she felt free and a decade younger, when the lie

became too transparent. "Next man I choose will be a man I can lean on," she

broke out with a sob. "Not one I have to carry round in my arms. Why, Stan, I carried Michael in my arms like a baby, and now—they're empty."

Empty, despite Stanley's friendship and Jim's frequent visits, life remained for two years. From Jim, Anne learned of the changed atmosphere of Michael's home. Not only furniture and her husband's wardrobe, but Jerry was proceeding with more serious overhauls.

"Clever little cat!" Jim exploded. The other night, when Michael was operating on a pal for acute appendix, she offered to take me on at pool—a thing she never does. Then I discovered that she wanted to know whether I was thinking of taking up gold-mining in Utah. Gee, I was glad I'd put cigar-ash in her darned silver cups! No sporting kid would want to turn out her father-in-law that way. Oh, I'm clearing out, mind you. I shall go to Michael's hunting-box for a bit. It's Michael who worries me. Would you believe it? When he got home, having lost his pal under the anaesthetic that day—that—female wouldn't sit up to talk to him, or get him something to eat. I guess the world's kinda wrong, Anne."

Confidences like these prevented Anne from yielding to Stanley's almost hourly proposals. She was, in fact, about to negative one when the telephone rang.

"Stan. It's Jim. He's been

hurt, out fishing. Dr. Wilcox says he's been asking for me. Will you 'phone up a taxi?" Anne implored, putting down the receiver. So intensely her thought was concentrated on Jim that, when she stepped on the night train and saw Michael following a porter into the next compartment, Anne was hardly surprised.

"How bad is it? Did Wilcox tell you more than he told me?" she breathed. "No lies, Michael."

"No lies. There's very little hope. Nothing I can do, I'm afraid."

"Where's Jerry?"

"She couldn't come. Would you mind if I came and talked for a little? I'll go batty by myself. I couldn't sleep."

Sweet to Anne though the talk with Michael on the train, it was overshadowed by the sadness of sitting by Jim's death-bed and hearing him tell his two kids to buck up and be happy.

Christmas that year caught Anne, never very punctual, unprepared. She was, in fact, dressing the small tree, which was all a lone woman could allow herself, and thinking sadly of Jim, when Michael appeared. Beyond his somewhat frail excuse of wishing her a happy Christmas, the reason for his coming was not very clear. Nevertheless, he began by offering flowers and ended by playing duets on the piano that had accompanied their rag-time singing in the old days. They were letting themselves go when Susan Greene demanded to be let in.

"Heavens, Susan! Of course, you're coming to dinner, and I haven't even dressed!" Anne cried.

"Aren't you staying to dinner, Michael?" Susan said pointedly. "Of course not. He's got his own home to go to," Anne countered. Result of Susan's archness and capacity for news-retailing became apparent at the New Year. Yielding to Michael's repeated invitations, Anne joined him at Joe's, where she could enjoy, as she said, her annual allowance of spaghetti.

"Listen, Anne. We've got to talk seriously. I love you," Michael said.

"Michael, if you knew what heaven it is to hear you say that."

"And to hear you say it. Oh, Anne, when I think what a fool I was, wasting time with a girl for whom I never cared, who was just determined to have me! And now—well, now—won't divorce me."

"You've asked her?"

"Of course. Directly Susan saw us together at Christmas, I knew Jerry would have the news in half an hour. But it's no use. I want us to be together, to have our home, our friends, our fun. I won't have you any other way."

"Drink to the New Year! Forget everything except we love each other," she said, raising her glass.

Anne was obliged to admit that Stanley's was a tried friendship these days. From a talker he took to being a listener. "Jerry's in town," Anne explained when Stanley asked, one January evening, for news. "And poor Michael's at the lodge in the Adirondacks, trying to work things out. Now, don't say, 'You're not going to let that woman get the better of you,' because I don't mean to; only it's a bit difficult when she sticks to Michael like a leech for the sake of the wifely position. Ah! Here's Susan!"

"My dear, I just stepped in to tell you that——" Susan had barely completed the usual formula, when Anne had a brainwave. "Perhaps

I'd better not talk," Susan pursued, with a slight malicious glance for Stanley Ashton.

"Mr. Ashton's leaving," Anne said hurriedly, and pushed him to the door, where he remained protesting, "What about lunch?"

"Of course. I'd be perfectly delighted on Sunday. You want your hat and coat. Here Stan, dear, be a brick and call me up on the 'phone as fast as you can. Don't argue. Hurry."

"Michael's up at the lodge," Susan said. "Jerry wouldn't tell me, but I think they must be playing for a divorce. 'Really!' Anne was on thorns till the 'phone rang. When it did, she blessed Stanley and spoke loudly enough for Susan to hear: "Oh! Hello, Michael! At the lodge, darling. Of course. I can make it easily. I'll pack at once. Meet me at the junction."

"I'm beginning to see daylight, lady," came Stanley's voice.

"Sorry, Susan," Anne lied innocently. "I have to see an old school friend who's ill. Help me pack." But, acting to schedule, Susan reported an instant appointment at the hairdresser, and was off, doubtless on her way to supply Jerry with the latest news.

Confidently, Anne walked into the lodge living-room and tiptoed over to Michael, asleep in a chair.

"Anne! What are you doing here?"

"Only compromising you."

"Then you're not going to. I'll get a car."

"I call that downright impolite. You haven't even said you're glad to see me."

"You know I'm glad to see you, but I can't have your name dragged in the gutter. Is Jerry likely to know of this?"

"You bet Jerry knows!"

She managed to keep him talking, listening for every footstep outside, until the longed-for one was actually heard. Jerry came in, cool, hard, composed to the plucked eyebrow. "I'm not divorcing Michael, if that's what you're hoping for," she announced. "He's my husband, and he stays my husband."

"Very well, then." For once, Anne went to the attack, vaguely aware that she was liking it. "When Michael and I split, we agreed that he should pay me 10,000 dollars a year. At the time, I didn't want it; but now he's going to pay me back alimony; thirty thousand dollars, counting this year. Then the house you've been so busy redecorating is in my name, unless by any chance Michael's had it transferred."

"Holy smoke! I forgot," Michael chuckled.

"How dare you do this to me?" Jerry challenged.

"After all, you've got Michael," Anne soothed. "That's what you said you wanted."

"We could start again—in a garret," Michael added, with transparent sarcasm. With a fine disregard for the behaviour of civilised women, Jerry unleashed her temper. "You two have pushed me far enough!" she blazed. "Now it's my turn. I'll get a divorce. I'll take the house. I'll take the income and the car. You're not through with me, Anne Talbot. I'll take every nickel Michael's got."

"And how much have you?" Michael asked after Jerry's whirlwind exit. "Anne, Angel!"

"Wait till I count—there's my pochette—one, two, five, eight dollars and forty cents—thirty-two dollars in paper. We're rich, darling! We're rich!"

Previews

CRITICISMS of the LATEST FILMS

MY AMERICAN WIFE

WHEN young Mary Cantillon, aided and abetted by her mamma whose social aspirations were unlimited, returned to Kansas with a titled husband in tow, the family was delighted. Or rather, all the family except its head, for old Lafe Cantillon had no use for social fal-lals, lived outside the city on his ranch, and was firmly convinced that any young man who went through life with the title of Count Ferdinand von und zu Reidenach must, *ipso facto*, be a cross between a lapdog and a rattlesnake.

As it happened, Ferdinand was a young man who much preferred the wide-open spaces of the plain to the wide-open spaces displayed by social registrars in ball gowns. His one ambition was to become an honest-to-goodness American citizen with a little ranch of his own and a chance to cultivate rough soil in preference to polished acquaintances.

Distressed to find that Mary's head had been so turned through her becoming a countess that she could think of nothing but social aggrandisement, Ferdinand turned for solace to her grandfather, Lafe Cantillon. That rugged and ragged old gentleman having by now discovered that even a count from Mittel-Europa can be sincere and genuine in his ideals, not only offered him the hand of friendship, but also his moral support in facing a more than usually full-dress, formal party in honour of Mary and her husband.

Ferdinand, being anxious to close the gap that is daily widening between Mary and himself, dons a resplendent uniform in which to receive the guests, but a disastrous anti-climax occurs when Lafe, fired by the spirit of emulation, appears in the uniform he wore in the Civil War. The Cantillon family are furious and hustle him away, but the young count not only follows them to the room in which they are upbraiding the head of the family, but also points out that though Lafe's uniform may not be as ornamental as his own, it is certainly more honourable. The two then go off to make a night of it in a saloon.

As a result of all this, Mary, who also believes that her Ferdie is unfaithful to her, arranges to go to Reno for a divorce. However, the young couple are finally reconciled and settle down to live on a ranch as plain Mr. and Mrs. Reidenach, to the disgust of the family—Grandpa Cantillon once again excepted.

This is an entertaining story with plenty of action and more than a little barbed humour aimed at those small-town Americans who yearn for nothing so much as social advancement. Francis Lederer as the young count with democratic ideas is excellent, and Ann Sothorn as his young wife who pursues society life with an Upper Ten-acity, succeeds in being entirely convincing, while Billie Burke as her

voluble but vacuous mother twitters delightfully. But it is Fred Stone as old Lafe Cantillon who walks away with the chief acting honours and gives a performance that never falls into those pitfalls of exaggeration that beset the paths of those who play parts of this type.

THE RETURN OF SOPHIE LANG

Crime is so often handled from the mystery angle nowadays that it is something of a relief to find a picture in which you do not have to wait till five minutes before the end to discover which of the three most improbable characters is the villain of the piece. There is no mystery of that sort in this picture, which relies successfully on taking the audience behind the scenes of a transatlantic jewel robbery and then showing the struggle of the friends of the owner to regain possession of the stolen diamond.

Sophie Lang, an attractive young woman, who in former days was a notorious jewel thief, buries the dead past, and a coffin which is supposed to contain her dead body, and gets a post as companion to the wealthy Mrs. Araminta Sedly, delightfully played by Elizabeth Patterson. When the two are on their way to America, Mrs. Sedley loses a very valuable diamond, which is stolen by an elderly crook, Max Bernard, whose manners are as polished as the stone he purloins.

Sophie confesses her past to her employer, is freely forgiven and, assisted by a young reporter who would do anything for the sake of young Lang's eye, she sets about trying to recover the jewel and at the same time avoid the police, to whom Bernard reveals her identity. From now on the story takes as many strange twists as the Hampton Court maze, and the excitement and action are sustained at a rattling pace until the very end. Gertrude Michael is not only charming as Sophie, but is given opportunities, of which she takes full

advantage, to show her versatility; Sir Guy Standing makes a charmingly unscrupulous crook, and Ray Millard is entirely in character as the reporter. An outstanding performance among the supporting cast is given by Paul Harvey, as Inspector Parr.

Apart from one loose end, a reference to a finger-print of Sophie which is given prominence, only to lead nowhere, the story is close-knit, slick and plays fair with the audience.

THE DEVIL DOLL

It was the Fat Boy of "Pickwick Papers" who yearned to instil terror in the feminine bosoms of Dingley Dell; and those responsible for M.-G.-M.'s *The Devil Doll* seem to have been repeating his immortal phrase, "I want to make your flesh creep." To this end they have provided a story of a mad Doctor Marcel who perfects a process by which human beings can be reduced to foot-high automata which are controlled entirely by will-power.

Unfortunately, his experiments have been held up owing to the fact that he is a prisoner on Devil's Island, but with a fellow-convict, Lavond, he escapes and the two finally reach the secret laboratory in which Marcel's wife has been carrying on experiments unaided during the involuntary absence of her husband. The inventor dies and Lavond and his widow go to Paris, where the former seeks to revenge himself on the directors of the bank whose treachery resulted in his unjust imprisonment.

Being sought by the police, Lavond disguises himself as an old woman and opens a toy shop where some of the wares are living animals which have been reduced to Lilliputian dimensions. Having tricked one of his former partners into visiting the shop, he turns him into one of these tiny human beings and a sort of Marcel wave of terror is let loose on Paris.

Having effected his revenge and seen his daughter, who does not know him, happily married, Lavond retires into well-earned seclusion.

Lionel Barrymore in his feminine disguise resembles nothing so much as a cross between the Witch of Endor and the Widow Twankey, and none but the most credulous could be thrilled by the horrors piled on horror's head. Frank Lawton and Maureen O'Sullivan make pleasant young lovers, and the trick photography is remarkably clever.



Ray Millard, Gertrude Michael, and Sir Guy Standing in "The Return of Sophie Lang."

On the Screens Now

***RHODES OF AFRICA

Gaumont British. "U" certificate. Biographical drama. Runs 91 minutes.

WALTER HUSTON.....Cecil Rhodes
OSCAR HOMOLKA.....Kruger
BASIL SYDNEY.....Jameson.
FRANK CELLIER.....Barney Barnato
PEGGY ASHCROFT.....Anna Carpenter
RENEE DE VAUX.....Mrs. Kruger
BERNARD LEE.....Cartwright
LEWIS CASSON.....Helm
NDANSIA KUMALO OF MATABELELAND.....King Lobengula

Directed by Berthold Viertel. Pre-viewed March 28, 1936.

Cecil Rhodes was not only a great pioneer, but a man whose life was one of the most colourful of all in an age when colourful characters of varying sorts were more common than they are to-day. Starting as a diamond miner, he rose to become the Prime Minister of Cape Colony and a figure whose word and opinions were respected throughout the Empire, and, indeed, the world at large.

In this historical drama is traced the story of his life from the days when he first dreamed of welding South Africa into a united whole, to his death, with his dream still incomplete. Among the highlights of his life which are recorded are his control of the diamond fields, which was brought about through the assistance of the shrewd Barney Barnato, his conquest of Matebeleland, his relations with the wily Oom Paul, when Kruger thought to exploit him for his own ends, and, finally, his downfall, brought about by the impetuosity of Dr. Jameson, whose ill-starred raid resulted in the ambush and capture of his force by the Boers in the Transvaal.

The story has been most cleverly compiled by Berthold Viertel to give a vivid and very interesting picture of Rhodes the man, and is both gripping and convincing. If a fault can be found, it lies in the tendency to whitewash Rhodes unnecessarily. He and his work were sufficiently great to require no such adventitious aids to glory.

Walter Huston, while not bearing very much physical resemblance to Rhodes, has captured admirably the unquenchable fire and spirit of the man. The fact that he presents the pioneer as almost too perfect a person lies not in any fault of his performance, but in the beatified nature of the character he was called upon to portray. Basil Sydney and Frank Cellier provide two excellent portraits as Dr. Jameson and Barney Barnato respectively; Peggy Ashcroft is convincing as the novelist, Anna Carpenter, whose admiration for Rhodes does not prevent her from acting as a shrewd critic of him and his actions when occasion demands; and Renee de Vaux's Mrs. Kruger is another notable performance.

Undoubtedly, however, the acting honours are stolen by Oscar Homolka as Kruger. His conception of the Boer president is a highly natural piece of work, which succeeds in being entirely convincing throughout and stamps him as a character actor of rare distinction.

The spectacular side of the picture maintains the high standard of the story and the acting.

**BIG BROWN EYES

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Crook-comedy-drama. Runs 76 minutes.

CARY GRANT.....Danny Barr
JOAN BENNETT.....Eve Fallon

(Continued on page 26)

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of envelope "Competition." The final weekly competition ends on Saturday, October 3rd, 1936.

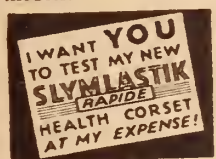
● Each snap entered must be accompanied by an empty ODOL Tooth Paste carton, 1 - size, or two 6d. size cartons. Two entries may be sent with a 1 9d. size carton. All winning snaps become the property of Cranbux Ltd.; no snaps can be returned. Only amateurs may enter. Entries limited to Gt. Britain and N. Ireland.

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REVIEWS

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

***RHODES OF AFRICA
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*DON'T GAMBLE WITH LOVE
WEDNESDAY'S LUCK
THE BIG NOISE FOR THE SERVICE
**ONE RAINY AFTERNOON

What the asterisks mean—

**** An outstanding feature.
*** Very good. ** Good.
* Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

WALTER PIDGEON.....Richard Morey
LLOYD NOLAN.....Russ Cortig
ALAN BAXTER.....Carey Butler
MARJORIE GATESON.....Mrs. Cole
ISABEL JEWELL.....Bessie Blair
DOUGLAS FOWLEY.....Benny Battle
HENRY KLEINBACH.....Don Butler
JOSEPH SAWYER.....Jack Sully
Directed by Raoul Walsh. Pre-viewed May 30, 1936.

Thanks to *The Thin Man*, detective-heroes have to be more than just "stout fellows" nowadays. A fund of bright conversation is as essential as a facility for discovering clues, and the sleuth who cannot hold his own in a wordy warfare is almost beneath contempt. In fact, detective drama without comedy is as an egg without salt; the meat is there, but the piquancy is missing.

This picture may not attain to the heights of *The Thin Man*, but, nevertheless, it is a brightly written story, with fast action and plenty of variety of setting, and is by no means lacking in originality.

Danny Barr is a young detective who sets out to track down a gang of jewel thieves, whose head is a seemingly respectable insurance agent. He is helped in this task by his fiancée, Eve Fallon, a bright and charming girl, whose only fault is an undue propensity for quarrelling with the man of her choice. After one unusually heavy quarrel, Eve, who is a manicurist, throws up her job and secures a post on a newspaper, where, by sheer bluff, she is instrumental in bringing about the arrest of one of the gangsters. Russ Cortig, the gangster in question, has killed a child in a gun fight and stands his trial. However, the gang is so adept at wire-pulling that the trial is nothing but a farce and Cortig is acquitted.

Danny is so disgusted at this travesty of justice that he resigns from the force, which he has now come to regard as a spent force, and carries on his work in a private capacity. He and Eve finally succeed in trapping the gang, all the members of which are laid by the heels, and Danny is reconciled with

by Lionel COLLIER

his girl and reinstated in the police.

Cary Grant and Joan Bennett both work hard and successfully as the young couple whose lives are bound up with gangs and gags, and they blend comedy and adventure excellently. Lloyd Nolan scores heavily as the ruthless Russ Cortig, and another very sound performance comes from Walter Pidgeon. Indeed, the acting throughout is more than adequate, and Raoul Walsh, the director, has made the most of the story entrusted to him.

**THE WIDOW FROM MONTE CARLO

First National. American. "U" certificate. Social comedy. Runs 60 minutes.

WARREN WILLIAM.....Chepstow
DOLORES DEL RIO.....Inez
LOUISE FAZENDA.....Mrs. Torrent
COLIN CLIVE.....Eric
HERBERT MUNDIN.....Mr. Torrent
OLIN HOWLAND.....Eaves
WARREN HYMER.....Dopey
ELY MALYON.....Lady Maynard
E. E. CLIVE.....Lord Holloway
MARY FORBES.....Lady Holloway
VIVA TATTERSALL.....Joan
HERBERT EVANS.....Butler
Directed by Arthur Greville Collins.

Remarkably bright little story notable for its excellent typing and careful attention to detail. Based on the play, *A Present from Margate*, by Ian Hay and A. E. W. Mason, it tells in light-hearted way the story of the gallant Major Chepstow, who, while at Monte Carlo, falls for the attractive widow of the Duke of Rye.

Inez, the lady in question, is engaged to a young member of the Diplomatic Corps, but on their return to England she agrees to spend a day at Margate with Chepstow. On their way home by car they give a lift to an American crook, Dopey,



Joan Bennett and Cary Grant in "Big Brown Eyes."

whom Chepstow hides in his apartment to avoid scandal.

The young widow later writes an indiscreet letter of thanks to Chepstow, and this is stolen by Mrs. Torrent, a social thruster of the most determined type. The latter hopes to use it as a lever to induce the duchess to lend prestige to her forthcoming masquerade ball, and both Chepstow and Dopey do their utmost to lay hands on the letter.

Before they can succeed, Eric, the duchess's fiancé, gets possession of the letter; but, learning from it

that he can hope to play only second fiddle to Chepstow, he justifies his position in the diplomatic world by gracefully standing down. Inez turns up at the ball and everything ends happily.

Dolores del Rio as Inez, Warren William as Chepstow, and Warren Hymer as Dopey, who, although not bearded like the pard, is full of strange oaths, are first rate, and the supporting cast all do much to help the picture to success.

**A NIGHT AT THE OPERA

M.-G.-M. American. "U" certificate. Musical extravaganza. Runs 94 minutes.
GROUCHO MARX.....Otis B. Driftwood
CHICO MARX.....Fiorello
HARPO MARX.....Tomasso
KITTY CARLISLE.....Rosa
ALLAN JONES.....Ricardo



Dolores del Rio and Warren William in "The Widow from Monte Carlo."

WALTER KING.....Lassparri
SIEGFRIED RUMANN.....Gottlieb
MARGARET DUMONT.....Mrs. Claypool
EDWARD KEANE.....Captain
ROBERT EMMET O'CONNOR.....Henderson
Directed by Sam Wood. Pre-viewed March 14, 1936.

The Marx Brothers are a law unto themselves. None knows better than they how to extract humour from the ludicrous, and it is the very inanity of their scenes that creates laughter. To try to confine them within the limits of the ordinary film plot is a task that is as thankless as it is unnecessary; yet this is exactly what the powers-that-be have tried to do with them in this picture, and, as may be expected, the result is not entirely satisfactory.

A conventional love story cuts across the Marxian foolery in a way that tends to apply a brake to their efforts, and a large number of operatic excerpts that intrude from time to time do nothing to improve matters. Wild extravaganza, rather than conventional slapstick, is their metier, and they should never be asked to attempt anything else.

The story deals with the efforts of a plausible gentleman, one Otis B. Driftwood, to extract easy money out of a wealthy and credulous widow who, for social reasons, wishes to become a patron of grand opera. He is foiled in this laudable desire by the machinations of Gottlieb, who is trying to force a new tenor, Lassparri, on an unsuspecting public; but the resourceful Otis turns his attentions to Rosa, a young prima donna who is in love with Ricardo, a small-part singer, but big-time lover, and finally succeeds in thwarting Lassparri and his backer and gaining recognition for Rosa and her lover.

Otis B. Driftwood, being played

by Graucho, proves to be a gentleman who has such weird ideas of financial business probity that he would undoubtedly end up in either Park Lane or Parkhurst; but, despite the fact that he occasionally breaks out in flights of the wildest nonsense, Otis lacks that fine, careless rapture we associate with Graucho's parts. Even one really good stump speech is denied to him, while Harpo, too, seems to suffer from having to play in a picture which actually has a coherent plot. Both have their moments and make full use of them, but these moments are all too few and far between.

Kitty Carlisle and Allan Jones, as the young lovers, are quite sound, and Margaret Dumont as Mrs. Claypool, the wealthy widow, is an excellent foil for the irresponsible Graucho.

*LIMELIGHT

General F. D. British. "U" certificate. Musical romance. Runs 80 minutes.

ANNA NEAGLE.....Marjorie Kay
THE STREET SINGER (ARTHUR TRACY)
BOB GRANT
ELLIS JEFFREYS.....Lady Madeleine Knox
TILLY LOSCH.....The Dancer
JANE WINTON.....Ray Madison
MURIEL GEORGE.....Mrs. Kay
HELENA PICKARD.....Pixie
QUEENIE LEONARD.....Queenie
24 HIPPODROME GIRLS.....Themselves
BOBBIE AND VIRGINIA.....The Dancers
WILLIAM FRESHMAN.....The Producer
RALPH READER.....The Dance Director
FRANK BOOR.....The House Manager
W. MACQUEEN-POPE.....The Press Representative

ALEXANDER FIELD.....Alfred Sparks
ANTHONY HOLLES.....The Impresario
RONALD SHINER.....Assistant Stage Manager
ANDREA MALANDRINO.....The Singer
GERALDO AND HIS SWEET MUSIC
GAUCHO Tango Orchestra

Directed by Herbert Wilcox. Pre-viewed June 20, 1936.

Primarily, this picture serves as a vehicle for Arthur Tracy, the Street Singer, to exploit his musical numbers, and as long as he confines himself to singing everything is as it should be. Unfortunately, his acting and elocution are anything but strong, and one is forced to the conclusion that were he absent from the cast the picture would not necessarily be sunk without Tracy.

The story centres round Marjorie Kay, a chorus girl, who comes to the aid of the management when the principal baritone suddenly loses his voice just before a new show opens, and she introduces to them a street singer named Bob Grant, who, instead of provoking a riot as the management fear, proves to be one. The two fall in love, but Bob's innumerable fans create something of a breeze between them, and he finally sets out on a Continental tour, leaving Marjorie with the unhappy knowledge that he has fallen for a society girl.

In his absence the show flops, and a new edition is prepared in which Marjorie is to be starred as the girl who discovered Bob. It is her big chance, but thoughts of the missing Bob, strengthened by the playing of his most successful songs, bring tears which paradoxically make her dry up. However, Bob has returned to the theatre unknown to her, and, walking on from the wings, saves her dramatic reputation and the show, and the two are happily reunited.

Arthur Tracy sings several tuneful numbers with his accustomed grace and succeeds admirably as a vocalist. Anna Neagle is poorly served as Marjorie, but does all that could possibly be done with the part. Tilly Losch dances admirably and Ellis Jeffreys, as a "lion"-hunting hostess, gives a highly polished performance.

The back and front stage settings



Rob Robin and Virginia Martin, the dancers in "Limelight."

are admirable, as is the camera work, but the plot is so weak that all the trappings in the world could not atone entirely for its shortcomings.

*THE LADY CONSENTS

Radio. American. "A" certificate. Society triangle drama. Runs 76 minutes.
ANN HARDING.....Ann Talbot
HERBERT MARSHALL.....Michael Talbot
MARGARET LINDSAY.....Jerry Mannerly
WALTER ABEL.....Stanley Ashton
EDWARD ELLIS.....Jim Talbot
HOBART CAVANAUGH.....Yardley Ilka Chase.....Susan
Directed by Stephen Roberts. Pre-viewed April 25, 1936.

If you regard matrimony as a social pastime, you may enjoy this story of fashionable Americans who drop in and out of marriage as light-heartedly as if it were a week-end resort.

If, on the other hand, they merely give you a pain, your only reason for seeing the film would be that Herbert Marshall, Ann Harding, and Margaret Lindsay are all in it, struggling vainly to turn puppets—and not very likeable puppets at that—into human beings.

Briefly, the story is about a New York society doctor (Marshall) who falls out of love with his wife (Harding), falls in love with an athletic girl (Lindsay), marries her, falls in love with his first wife again, falls out of love with his second wife, loses his money to get rid of her, and marries his first wife again.

It is life as seen through Hollywood spectacles; as a study of worthless people it is quite interesting, but we are asked to sympathise with two of them—which we can't.

*DON'T GAMBLE WITH LOVE

Columbia. American. "A" certificate. Marital drama. Runs 63 minutes.

ANN SOTHERN.....Ann Edwards
BRUCE CABOT.....Jerry Edwards
IRVING PICHEL.....Rick Collins
IAN KEITH.....John Crane
THURSTON HALL.....Martin Gage
GEORGE MCKAY.....Dan
ELISABETH RISDON.....Grace
CLIFFORD JONES.....Bob
FRANKLIN PANGBORN.....Salesman
RICHARD LIVERNOIS.....Baby
Directed by Dudley Murphy.

Jerry Edwards ran a fashionable and profitable gambling saloon. The life suited him well enough, but he had a small son, and he felt that the latter would suffer under an insurmountable handicap if, in answer to the inevitable question propounded by all youngsters: "What's your father?" truth compelled him to reply: "Oh, he runs a gambling hell." This view is strengthened by his wife, Ann, who finally persuades him to sell out and go into legitimate business.

He finds a purchaser in a business

rival, one Rick Collins, and, with the simple faith of so many otherwise astute men who venture into fresh financial fields, he puts the proceeds into a finance business which he later discovers is run by crooks. Finding that he is left to deal unaided with suspicious officials and an irate public, he decides that it doesn't pay to be honest and, returning to his crooked life, flourishes like the proverbial green bay tree. Indeed, so much does he prosper that his rival, Collins, who is a staunch supporter of the fine old American custom of bumping off underworld rivals, arranges for his speedy removal. Ann manages to save her husband, who is sufficiently grateful to her and alarmed by Collins for forswear the joys of gambling for good and all, and once more becomes a good citizen.

There is nothing original about the story, but it is slickly told and photographed, and even if Bruce Cabot fails to carry full conviction as Jerry, the acting of Ann Sothern, as his wife, and of Irving Pichel, as his rival, is sufficiently good to make this a picture which, though by no means epoch-making, is quite entertaining.



Kitty Carlisle and Harpo Marx in "A Night at the Opera."

WEDNESDAY'S LUCK

Paramount. British. "A" certificate. Crime drama. Runs 68 minutes.

SUSAN BLIGH.....Sheila
PATRICK BARR.....Carfax
WILSON COLEMAN.....Stephens
LYNDEN TRAVERS.....Mimi
MOORE MARIOTT.....Nobby
GEORGE DEWHURST.....Wood
PAUL NEVILLE.....Waddington
ERIC HALES.....Jebb
ERNEST BORROW.....Inspector
GEORGE BAILEY.....Prison Governor
Directed by George Pearson.

A crime drama of the "can-you-guess-the-end?" variety which contains plenty of ingenuity. It fails, however, to score a bull on the target of success and, being unable to register more than an "outer," cannot be considered anything approaching a winner.

Carfax, a young man newly released from prison, persuades Stephens to give him a job as librarian. The latter is an almost incredibly benevolent old gentleman who, like many another benevolent old gentleman on the films, is really a villain of the deepest dye. In this instance he is closely associated with the buying of goods which are offered for sale by others than the rightful owners—in other words, "fencing." He also has a charming and attractive niece, who knows nothing of her uncle's shady business, but does know enough to fall in love with Carfax.

The latter is soon involved in adventures of the most thrilling sort, but finally wins the girl and proves to all concerned that even a gaolbird may sometimes not be all he seems. The story is spoilt by too much dialogue, especially from Sheila, the niece, and the first half hangs fire to an extent from which it never really recovers.

Patrick Barr gives a very promising performance as Carfax, and Wilson Coleman is equally sound as Stephens. Susan Bligh, as Sheila, fails to be at all convincing, but often succeeds in being irritating. And, as we see a very, very, great deal of Miss Sheila, this is not as it should be.

THE BIG NOISE

Fox. British. "U" certificate. Big business comedy. Runs 65 minutes.

ALASTAIR SIM.....Finny
NORAH HOWARD.....Mary Miller
FRED DUPREZ.....Henry Hadley
C. DENIER WARREN.....E. Pinkerton-Gale
GRIZELDA HERVEY.....Consuelo
VIOLA COMPTON.....Mrs. Dayton
PETER POPP.....Jenkins
HOWARD DOUGLAS.....Gluckstein
DESMOND ROBERTS.....Newcomb
EDIE MARTIN.....Old Lady
THE GOAT HIMSELF.....Cap
Directed by Alex Bryce.

Finny is employed by the Capricorn Oil Company in an honourable but lowly capacity, his job being to drive round the streets in a cart drawn by a goat that is the mascot of the company. Suddenly, however, he is pitchforked into the presidency of the concern by two dishonest directors who require a president who will be so simple that he will ask no questions and be told a lot of lies.

Finny proves dumb beyond the dreams of "guinea pigs," and, having fallen into the clutches of an adventuress, signs an agreement with the company's greatest rival which will spell ruin for his concern. An extraordinary general meeting is hastily convened, and things are becoming far from funny for Finny when the company's secretary, Mary Miller, who is as brainy as she is beautiful, not only gets him out of all his business troubles, but also exposes the dishonest directors. In this laudable achievement she is assisted by the company's goat, which butts into the meeting at an opportune moment.

Alastair Sim, as Finny, is amusing at times, but he tends to strike too farcical a note, and often exaggerates the character beyond the bounds of possibility. Norah Howard, as the secretary, is good, and those two seasoned actors, Fred Duprez and



Ann Sothern and Bruce Cabot in "Don't Bet on Love."

A. Denier Warren, provide amusing character studies as the crook directors of the company.

FOR THE SERVICE

General F.D. American. "U" certificate. Period Western. Runs 55 minutes.

BUCK JONES.....Buck O'Bryan
CLIFFORD JONES.....George Murphy
EDWARD KEENE.....Captain Murphy
FRED KOHLER.....Bruce Howard
BETH MARION.....Benny Carson
FRENK MCGLYNN, SEN.....Jim
BEN CORBETT.....Ben
CHIEF THUNDERBIRD.....Chief Big Bear
Directed by Buck Jones.

An artless story, in which scouts of the U.S. Government, renegade white men, and Indians indulge in a perfect orgy of plot, counter-plot, and battle. Buck O'Bryan, a scout of the hundred-per-cent. white man type, takes under his wing a sensitive young man, George Murphy, who has never recovered from the unpleasant experience of seeing his mother and sister messily put to death by Indians. Penny Carson, a sweet, fresh young girl of the wide open spaces, does what she can to inspire the timid George with a good woman's love, but before she can effect a cure the luckless young man first turns tail during an attack on renegades and later turns up his toes, having had the misfortune to stop a bullet in a vital part of his anatomy. This, being the end of George, is also the end of the film, which closes on the spectacle of him being accorded something 'rather special in the way of funerals.

The story has little or no appeal to adult audiences, and the acting does nothing to lift it from the rut of mediocrity.

**ONE RAINY AFTERNOON

United Artists. American. "U" certificate. Farcical comedy. Runs 80 minutes.

FRANCIS LEDERER.....Philippe Martin
IDA LUPINO.....Monique Pelerin
HUGH HERBERT.....Toto
ROLAND YOUNG.....Maillot
ERIK RHODES.....Count Alfredo Donstolli
JOSEPH CAWTHORN.....Mr. Pelerin
COUNTESS LIEV DE MAIGRET.....Yvonne
DONALD MEEK.....Judge
GEORGIA CAINE.....Cecile
MURRAY KINNELL.....Theatre Manager
MISCHA AUER.....Leading Man
EILY MALYON.....President of Purity League
RICHARD CARLE.....Minister of Justice
PHYLLIS BARRY.....Mr. Pelerin's Secretary
LOUIS JANUARY.....Maillot's Secretary
SEGER ELLIS.....Singer on Screen
MARGARET WARNER.....Singer on Screen
Directed by Rowland V. Lee. Pre-viewed July 18, 1936.

This is a gay, inconsequential affair, in which the framework of the story matters far less than the trappings hung on it. Good-natured satire plays a big part in the picture, which tells of an unknown young actor who kisses a strange girl in a local cinema and is promptly attacked by the Morality League.

With fanatical fervour the unco' guid of the place pursue him until he is brought to trial as a sort of Public Monster Number One. The resulting publicity brings him fame as an actor, and the girl he inadvertently kissed in mistake for another charmer falls for him, and he for her, to such good effect that it is soon a case of "a marriage has been arranged."

Francis Lederer, as the young actor, acts and sings with light-hearted gusto; Ida Lupino, as the recipient of his chaste but unexpected embrace, is pleasantly ingenuous; and the Countess Liev de Maigret, as the other woman in the contretemps, is particularly seductive.

The supporting cast, headed by Hugh Herbert, Roland Young, Erik Rhodes, and Joseph Cawthorne, are uniformly good, and the directing of Rowland V. Lee contains many unusually clever touches.

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OF LIPS MEN LIKE
TO KISS"



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BLOCK LETTERS

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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

THE GREAT KINEMA CLASH

Bouquets and Brickbats for Local Theatres

IT seems to be high time that some sort of effort was made by the kinema managers of the suburbs and provinces to ensure that the film showing at one kinema does not clash with that shown at another.

The town in which I live boasts sixteen kinemas and there seems to be nothing to prevent several of them showing not only precisely the same type of film but actually the same film at the same time.

For instance, one week recently at three of the smaller houses we had Jack Buchanan in *Come Out of the Pantry*, at another of the smaller ones Evelyn Laye in *Evensong*, and at another the Rogers-Astaire film *Follow the Fleet*.

Then at one of the more prominent houses we had Jan Kiepura in *Give us This Night*, and at yet another Anna Neagle in *Limelight*. For any person who does not happen to like singing in films (and there are hundreds of these) there was only one film to be seen, and that was *Modern Times*.

Consequently, while the other kinemas were barely half full there was standing room only at the kinema where that film was showing throughout the week.

Surely something could be done about this. It would be of benefit not only to the public but to the kinema proprietor also.—(Miss) Marjorie Jones, 21, Cliff Road, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

Bullying the Queue

IT was a wet Saturday and we were waiting patiently in the kinema queue. The manager appeared, loftily surveyed the crowd and whispered instructions to his burly commissioner who advanced upon us like a sergeant-major.

"Come along, there," he bellowed, "keep close together!" A push in the back caused me to murmur my resentment whereupon the commissioner shouted: "You won't get in any quicker by making a fuss."

A few days later the sun was shining and we were idling through the town. We stopped at the same kinema to study the posters. The burly commissioner advanced and we recoiled. "Seats in all parts of the house," he said pleasantly, "best programme in town, Sir." He became effusive but we edged away, still smarting under the rough treatment of the previous Saturday.

Otherwise, we might have allowed ourselves to be persuaded to enter.—R. D. White, 9 Kimberley Crescent, Fishponds, Bristol, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

Grotesque

THE holiday over, and finance at a consequent low ebb, I dived into the sixpenny section of a local super-kinema. It was enlightening.

I was not even offered the choice of the vast six rows of seats, but was hurriedly shown into a corner almost underneath the screen. From

this angle I gazed on grotesquely shaped figures who towered above me.

Every player seemed about nine feet tall and as thin as a match-stick. The first sound of a star's voice just shook my seat with its vibration and left me with a dull throbbing in both ears.

I thought of the many people who never visit a kinema... the people who are yet to be made into ardent filmgoers like myself. I wonder if they will try the cheap seats first when they are drawn to the kinema? If so, filmdom is doing very little to attract these hesitating newcomers. A statistician recently said that they numbered millions... I don't wonder at it.—L. Turvey, 112 Tennyson Road, Portwood, Southampton, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Bad Manners

Recently the bad manners of many members of a local kinema audience quite marred our enjoyment of that very fine film *The Informer*.

The last poignant, never-to-be-forgotten scene, when the remorseful and fatally wounded Gypo Nolan seeks sanctuary and forgiveness in a church, was accompanied by seats banging like machine-guns as a great many people got up noisily, rustled with coats, mackintoshes and other impedimenta, then scuffled wildly for the exits.

What did they gain? A couple of minutes possibly, but their thoughtless behaviour spoilt the end of the film for other people. This is not an isolated case, the same thing happens in countless kinemas, especially where there is no continuous performance.

Perhaps managers could tactfully intervene by displaying notices such as "If you have to leave before the end of a film, please do so quietly..." —(Miss) Violet Roy, "Coombe," Hillview Road, Woking.

A Wise Manager

WHILST booking seats at a local cinema recently, I noticed on a table a current issue of PICTUREGOER.

Being curious, I asked who was the PICTUREGOER fan; I thought probably the office boy. Imagine my surprise on being told, that it was the management's property. Further revelations came to light:—Lionel Collier's *Previews* were bodily taken out and pasted on an index card, as a help to booking coming attractions.

The management informed me that in their opinion, they had found newspaper criticisms of films very misleading. Pictures that critics had torn to pieces, had been box-office attractions, and vice versa.

However, Lionel Collier's columns are much appreciated and followed, many pictures being booked because of his stars.—N. Robertson, 5 Duke Street, Bishop Auckland, County Durham.

Lucky Matinée Patrons

As I am intimate with nine local kinemas, I will write of them only.

In these, the opening time for the matinée is conveniently placed after lunch. Three of these kinemas even supply good, cheap lunches, in an adjoining room, to allow sufficient time for the diners to be present at the first performance.

The queue is always small enough to be accommodated in the lounge or under cover, until the tickets are issued. Then you enter a clean theatre, containing fresh air; and no cigarette ends, ash or litter.

Choosing a good seat, while the electric lights are shining, is a simple matter among a small audience. The end of the first complete pro-

(Continued on page 30)



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WHO'S WHO

Leo Carillo

HE comes from a family that has been for long associated with Los Angeles, where he was born, for his great grandfather was married and settled down there, and his grandfather was the first provisional governor in the State of California. Leo's original intention was to become an engineer and for several years he was engaged on constructional work on a railroad, later being given a post in the art department of a Los Angeles daily on the strength of a series of sketches he had submitted. He earned a reputation among his fellow-workers as a clever mimic, and so successful were his performances that the dramatic critic managed to secure him a theatrical engagement.

Standing 5 ft. 10 in. tall, he has blue eyes and brown hair, and is an expert swimmer. He is married and has one adopted daughter. His advent into talking pictures dates back to the very beginning of their development, and he was one of the first four stars to be heard on the screen.

The pictures he has made include *Mister Antonio*, *The Foreigner*, *The Hell Gate of Soissons*, *Guilty Generation*, *Girl of the Rio*, *Cauliflower Alley*, *Deception*, *Obey the Law*, *Men Are Such Fools*, *Racetrack*, *Moonlight and Pretzels*, *Four Frightened People*, *Viva Villa!*, *Manhattan Melodrama*, *Before Morning*, *The Gay Bride*, *The Band Plays On*, *The Winning Ticket*, *On Wings of Song*, *In Caliente*, *If You Could Only Cook*, *It Had To Happen*, and *Moonlight Murder*.

Tullio Carminati

BORN in Zara, Dalmatia, he is in private life the Count Tullio Carminati di Bramilla. He stands 5 ft. 11 in. in height, and has blue eyes and black hair. Running away from home at the age of 15, he joined the great Italian maestro, Ermete Novelli, and made such progress with his stage work that by the time he was 19 he was Italy's youngest leading man, and when only 22 was playing lead opposite the great Eleanora Duse. He made his first motion picture when he acted as leading man to Princess Matchabelli, but returned to the stage in 1920 and formed his own company.

In 1925 Joe Schenck took him to Hollywood to star in *The Bat*, and during the two following years, before he had learnt to speak English, he

played opposite Constance Talmadge, Pola Negri, Florence Vidor, Virginia Valli and other stars of the day.

When the talkies arrived, he returned to the stage but came back to the films in 1932 to play in *Moulin Rouge* with Constance Bennett. His silent pictures included *The Duchess of Buffalo*, *Stage Madness*, *Honzymoon Hale*, and *Three Sinners*. His talkies include *Gallant Lady*, *One Night of Love*, *Let's Live To-night*, *Paris in Spring*, *The Wedding March* and *The Three Maxims*.

Jane Carr

HALF Swedish by birth, Jane Carr's real name is Rita Brunstrom. She has blue eyes, fair hair and before taking up the films was well known on the radio. She is a keen athlete and has played for her county at lacrosse as well as being a clever lawn tennis player. Since going into films she has appeared in many pictures, among which are *Let Me Explain Dear*, *Those Were The Days*, *The Outcast*, *Dick Turpin*, *On The Air*, *Oh No, Doctor!*, *Murder at The Inn*, *The Night Club Queen*, *Keep It Quiet*, *The Church Mouse*, *Lord Edgware Dies*, *Triumph of Sherlock Holmes*, *Ace of Spades*, *The Lad*, *Annie Leave the Room*, *The Night Mail*, *Hello Sweetheart*, *Get Off My Foot*, *King of Clives* and *The Interrupted Honeymoon*.

Madeleine Carroll

BORN in West Bromwich on February 26, 1906, she has ash-blond hair, blue eyes, and was married to Captain Philip Astley in 1931. A Bachelor of Arts of Birmingham University, she was for a time a schoolteacher at Hove and later turned her attention to a theatrical career.

She made her screen debut in the leading part in *The Guns of Loos*, and has played leading roles in a great number of pictures since then. They include *What Money Can Buy*, *The First-Born*, *Atlantic*, *The American Prisoner*, *Young Woodley*, *Kissing Cup's Race*, *The "W" Plan*, *Escape*, *The School for Scandal*, *French Leave*, *Madame Guillotine*, *Fascination*, *Sleeping Car*, *I Was A Spy*, *The Dictator*, *The World Moves On*, *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, *The Secret Agent*, *The Case Against Mrs. Ames*, and *The General Dies at Dawn*.

What Do You Think? Cont.

gramme comes at a suitable time for tea. Being a pensioner, the lower prices are, perhaps, the great draw; although cleanliness, pure air, little smoking and no rowdiness make a very close second.—*Lewis Thrupp*, 5 Montagu Road, Hendon, N.W.4.

Lights!

THE other day when I went to the pictures, I had a great deal of difficulty in getting to my seat because of the pitch-blackness.

There was a girl with a torch who showed me to my seat, but after just flashing the torch along my row, she went away and left me to get on as best I could.

Wouldn't it be a much better idea to have a small shielded light attached to the end seat of each row so that people could see where they are walking?

I have been to a few cinemas which have these lights, but then they are only attached to the rear seats.

If they were attached to seats of all prices, then surely the problem of finding one's way in the dark would be solved?—(Miss) E. E. Allsop, 112 Bramfield Road, Battersea, S.W.11

Rotten in Denmark!

TWO years ago I visited the most pretentious cinema of Aarhus in Denmark; the cinema was the size of the average English picture-house.

Out-door garments might be left in charge

of an attendant—a convenience regrettably scarce in England.

But the seats! The wooden benches in the park are luxurious in comparison, for one at least has adequate knee-room. My knees rested on the neck of the person in front!

The film was *Congress Dances* in German translated into Danish underneath: but the talking sounded like a decrepit, cracked record played with a rusty needle.

Last year my Danish friend was in raptures over our small-town cinemas. She was afraid of floating to the balcony whenever she sat in their luxurious seats. And she had never seen a cinema organ—Denmark does not boast a single one.

So, dissatisfied picturegoers, just count your blessings: it might be worse—it is, in Denmark! —(Miss) J. Ellis, "The Haven," Rosemary Street, Mansfield, Notts.

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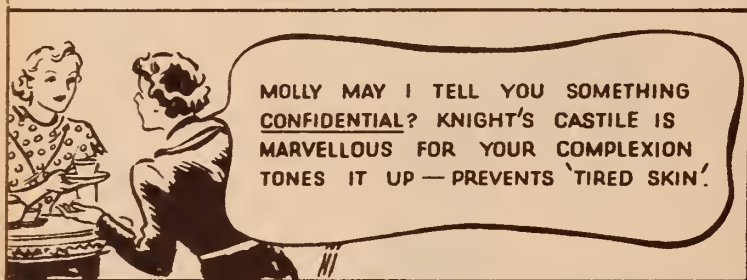
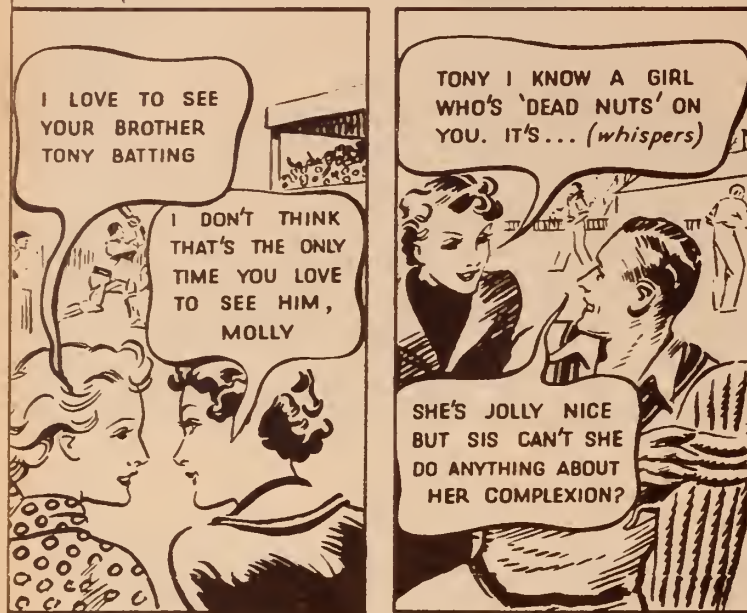
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Let GEORGE DO IT!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

F. P. (Worcester).—Latest films—Clark Gable, *San Francisco*, *Cain and Mabel*. Joan Crawford, *The Gorgeous Hussy*. Jean Harlow, *Suzy*.

R. J. P. (Llangollen).—The address you suggest for Miss Garbo, at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film studio, is quite correct and the letter should reach her.

SHEILA (Darlington).—Addresses—Nova Pilbeam, Gaumont British. Norma Shearer, Jean Parker, Clark Gable c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Herbert Marshall and Bing Crosby c/o Paramount Studios.

NEW READER (Doncaster).—Greta Garbo, b. Stockholm, Sweden, Sept. 18, 1906, 5 ft. 6 in., 125 lb., blond hair and green eyes, to make *Camille* with Robert Taylor for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

POSTCARD COLLECTOR (Scotland).—(1) First Fairy in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was Nini Theilade who was co-dance director of this film with Bronislaw Nijinska.

QUINCE (Lincoln).—(1) Robert Taylor's latest films: *The Gorgeous Hussy*, *His Brother's Wife* and *Camille*. I am sorry we have no details of a Fan Club for this star. (2) Eleanor Powell's latest film *Born to Dance*. No details of a Fan Club. (3) No plans, as yet, for Miss Powell and Mr. Taylor to be teamed together again. (4) The film company, itself, decides when a film shall have its premiere and when it shall be released.

E. A. S. (Essex).—(1) Release dates: *Rose Marie*—Nov. 2, 1936; *Tale of Two Cities*—Oct. 5, 1936; *Professional Soldier*—Aug. 17, 1936; *Prisoner of Shark Island*—Aug. 31, 1936; *Petticoat Fever*—Sept. 28, 1936; *Message to Garcia*—Sept. 21, 1936; *Koenigsmark*—Aug. 24, 1936; *Desire*—Aug. 3, 1936; *These Three*—Oct. 26, 1936; *Showboat*—Jan. 25, 1936; *San Francisco* and *The Three Maxims*, not fixed. (2) The film scheduled for Conrad Veidt and Miriam Hopkins has not yet gone into production.

H. H. (Thornton Heath).—*The Desert Song* was based on the story by Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, Laurence Schwab and Frank Mandel. This film was made by Warner and was released Nov. 4, 1929.

LOUIS AND GINGER FAN (Glamorgan).—(1) Louis Hayward, no age published, latest film, *Absolute Quiet*. (2) Ginger Rogers latest film and leading man, *I Won't Dance*—Fred Astaire. (3) Ages and latest films—Jimmy Butler, Feb. 20, 1921, *When a Man's a Man*. Freddie Bartholomew, 11 years old, *The Devil is a Cissy*. John Mills, Feb. 22, 1909, signed to make a film for Alexander Korda. Tom Brown, Jan. 6, 1913, *Gentle Julia*. Richard Cromwell, Jan. 8, 1910, *Poppy*. Robert Cummings, 25 years old, *Three Cheers for Love*. Madge Evans, July 1, 1909, *Piccadilly Jim*. Ruby Keeler, Aug. 25, 1909, *Colleen*.

E. R. M. (Kent).—Heights as follows: Claire Dodd—5 ft. 6 in. Wendy Barrie—5 ft. 5 in. Phyllis Brooks—5 ft. 5 in. Roger Pryor—6 ft.

D. C. (Wilts).—Photograph of Joan Crawford obtainable from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, 2/6 a dozen.

CURIOUS (Northumberland).—Ross Alexander, b. July 27, 1908, brown hair, blue eyes, 6 ft. 1½ in. hobbies: football, swimming and theatre. (2) Addresses—Fred Astaire, c/o Radio. Robert Donat c/o Gaumont-British. Nelson Eddy, Norma Shearer c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Errol Flynn, Ross Alexander and Olivia de Havilland c/o Warner Bros.

R. V. (Neasden).—Addresses—Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Robert Young, Jeanette MacDonald, Spencer Tracy c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Irene Dunne c/o Radio. Charles Laughton c/o London Films. Loretta Young c/o Twentieth Century-Fox.

M. J. (S. Wales).—The address you suggest for Henry Hall should reach him.

J. B. (N.W.9).—Chief players *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*—Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Richard Cromwell, Sir Guy Standing, C. Aubrey Smith and Kathleen Burke. (2) The film in which Laurel and Hardy owned an electrical shop was *Tit for Tat*.

ERROL FLYNN ADMIRER.—(1) Errol Flynn's films include—*Murder at Monte Carlo*, *Case of the Curious Bride*, *Don't Bet on Blondes*, *Captain Blood*, *The Three Musketeers*, *Charge of the Light Brigade*. (2) Art Plate published—Oct. 12, 1935. Back numbers, Publishing Dept., 6 Catherine Street, London, W.C.2. (3) Articles published—"Irish Lad Makes Good"—April 25, 1936.

MUSIC LOVE (Eccles).—Music—*She Shall Have Music*—"She Shall Have Music," "Why Did She Fall for the Leader of the Band," "Sailing Away on a Carpet of Clouds," "My First Thrill," "May All Your Troubles be Little Ones," "Moaning Minnie," "Don't Ask Me Questions," "Roundaround," *Broadway Gondolier*, "The Pig and the Cow," "Lonely Gondolier," "Rose in Her Hair," "Hagenheim's Odorless Cheese," "Lulu's Back in Town," "Rigoletto" excerpts. (2) I suggest you write to the film company, about the re-issue of *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

PAM (Derby).—(1) Address: Fredric March, c/o United Artists; Jane Withers, c/o Twentieth Century Fox; Jessie Matthews, c/o Gaumont British; Virginia Weidler, c/o Paramount. (2) No, Fredric March has two adopted children, boy aged 5 and a girl of 3 years. (3) Virginia Weidler is eight years old.

K. L. W.—*The Thin Man* was previewed in this magazine in the July 7, 1934 issue.

B. H. N. (Kent).—Rita Cansino, b. New York City, 16 years old, real name Margarita Cansino, is of Spanish and English descent, 5 ft. 5 ins., dark brown hair and eyes, 116 lb.; address, c/o Twentieth Century Fox Studios.

S. B. (Birmingham).—Dick Powell, b. Nov. 14, 1904, 6 ft., blue eyes, auburn hair, 172 lb., mar. Mildred Maund (div.). Latest film, *Hearts Divided and Stage Struck*.

R. A. H.—Edward G. Robinson, b. Dec. 12, 1893, Bucharest, Rumania, 5 ft. 8 in., black hair, brown eyes, married Gladys Floyd, hobby music. At present making *Thunder in the City*, for Atlantic films, over here

FAN CLUB NOTICES

THE LESLIE BANKS FAN CLUB are holding a Grand opening dance at the Jacques School of Dancing, 1mhof House, New Oxford St., W., from 7-30 to 11-30 on Sept. 3rd. Admission is 1s. 6d., including refreshments and non members are welcomed. Write to John W. Deacon, No. 8 Elthorne Mansions, Elthorne Road, Holloway, N.19, for tickets and full particulars of the club.

THE STAGE, SCREEN AND RADIO CLUB has been re-organised to enable people all over the world to form pen or personal friendships with others of similar tastes. For full particulars write to Miss Hazel Bailey, Cosmopolitan Correspondence Club, 29 Carlingford Road, N.W.3, including a stamped addressed envelope.

A Notice to all DUTCH FILM FANS. Any of you who would like to join a Jean Harlow or any other star fan club should write to W. Broodboorn, Schaepmanstraat, 41st, Amsterdam, Holland, for full particulars.

A party is being arranged to hear Richard Tauber sing on the 17th September, at Covent

Garden Opera House by the TAUBER-NAPIER FAN CLUB. Will all those readers interested in this and in the club write to the Secretary, S. Goldberg, 4 Grafton Place, Euston Square, London, N.W.1, for full particulars. This club is run with the permission and personal interest of the stars and a magazine is published quarterly.

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Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

Telegrams: Picturegoer, Southern-
wood, Rand, London.

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September 15, 1936
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No mascara will give your eyelashes the natural beauty with which just a few lucky girls are endowed, but which every girl can achieve by using Lashtone for a short time. And once this marvellous tonic has transformed your eyelashes—made them long and dark and curling—it will keep them like that for good if you use it regularly. No cosmetic will be able to make them lovelier than they already are. Start using Lashtone now. Day by day you will notice the improvement. In a few weeks you will wake to the realisation of new beauty, new sparkle, new youthfulness—lovely eyelashes.

Lashtone
 THE SCIENTIFIC LASH TONIC

From Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors, Harrods, Selfridges, Whiteleys and all High-class Chemists, Stores, Beauty Parlours, etc. Price 2/6 per tube. In case of difficulty, send P.O. direct to LASHTONE PRODUCTS, (Dept. 1), 75 BATHAM STREET, N.W.1, and a tube will be sent to you Post Free.



fastidious?
HERE'S A POWDER PUFF IN A NEW EVER-FRESH MATERIAL

The puff you have always wanted. Hygienic—you wash it at will. No danger of impurities causing spots and blemishes. It definitely takes grease off your face, so avoiding blackheads. Economical—it imparts an even layer of powder without mess or waste. Recommended by many famous beauty editors. Prices: 1½ in., 1/6; 2 in., 1/3; 2½ in., 1/6; 3 in., 2/6. From Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

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 SUPER FINE SPONGY RUBBER
POWDER PUFF



ZOO STARS! The Zoo has its Stars and here's two of them—lion cubs. You can learn more about them in "ZOO"—Britain's great new Nature magazine—a wonderful new thrill for young and old. The 64 big art photogravure pages of the September issue, just out, are packed with all that is unusual in animal life and nature. You'll be amazed at the sensational photographs of animals in their native haunts—wild elephants, fierce gorillas, gigantic buffaloes in the jungle. You'll find thrills galore on every page—gripping animal fiction—amazing accounts of jungle adventure by famous explorers—all this and much more for only SIXPENCE. Make certain of your copy NOW—on sale everywhere.

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★ Tear out this advertisement and send it, with your name and address only, in a halfpenny-stamped unsealed envelope, for a voucher for a free trial 4d packet of Shampette and our booklet, "How to shampoo and set your hair perfectly at home," to Ichima (Dept. SH37), 39 King's Road, London, N.W.1.
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a Brunette... but she chooses a Blonde's powder shade



VISCOUNTESS MASSEEREENE AND FERRARD

SHE has black hair but a fair skin. "I used to try many powders," she says. "But when I gave the new Pond's Powder a trial I discovered that I had never considered my skin before. I found Pond's Rachel 1 gave my skin a creamy smoothness."



What shade of powder for you?

ARE you using the right shade of face powder? "Of course," you are thinking. "I've chosen it ever so carefully. It must be right."

But what about the times when you notice how dull your complexion looks? Has it ever occurred to you then that your carefully selected face powder might be to blame?

You aren't the only woman whose good looks are being spoiled by the wrong powder. Everywhere you can see blondes with faded skin, brunettes with sallow complexions. No wonder! For, until recently, face powder shades were produced without a scientific knowledge of the skin tones.

But now, in developing their 5 new powder shades, Pond's have made a special study of women's complexions. The skin of over 200 girls was analysed under a colourscope to discover what hidden tints gave blonde skin its clarity, brunette its creamy tone.



AMAZING FACTS about the colours in lovely skin were revealed when over 200 girls were complexion-analysed under a colourscope. It showed that beautiful blonde skin has a note of bright blue; that lovely brunette skin contains brilliant green! With this knowledge Pond's have been able to blend, in their new powder shades, the exact tints of lovely skin.

Now these beauty tints are blended in Pond's Powder. You will be amazed at the fresh loveliness the new shades give to your complexion.

The way to find your powder shade is to try all five shades of Pond's Powder free. *Natural* makes blonde skin clear. *Rachel 1* gives pearliness to fair skin. *Rachel 2* adds a creamy tone. *Peach* warms dull skin. *Dark Brunette* gives a summery beauty. Pond's gossamer-fine powder clings smoothly.

FREE: Write your name and address in this margin, pin on a 1d. stamp and post in sealed envelope to Dept. P374-I, Pond's, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex, and we will send you FREE SAMPLES of all five shades of Pond's Face Powder—*Natural*, *Peach*, *Dark Brunette*, *Rachel 1* and *Rachel 2*.

Leave IT to ANNE

IF your complexion is not what it might be, or your hair fails to satisfy you, why not drop me a line telling me your particular problem? I shall be delighted to help you. A stamped addressed envelope will bring you a reply by post.

UNLESS you have a very high natural colour, rouge is an improvement to the girl with glasses.

This also needs rather careful placing. The horn rims of the spectacles cast a slight shadow just beneath the cheekbones. Take care not to carry the rouge beyond this. Blend it out just below the rim of the glasses.

Lipstick helps to restore the balance that glasses tend to destroy. Use as deep a colour as your type will permit and apply it carefully. Thus you call attention to the mouth and your glasses cease to be the most obvious thing about your face.

Hats

Hats and hairdressing should have the most careful consideration. The comic hats which the designers take a delight in introducing at the beginning of each season are out of the question. Very small hats and very large ones, those with high crowns and those with hardly any crowns at all, berets and flat brimmed sailor hats are impossible.

Choose a hat with a brim that is soft and somewhat uneven, and do not consider the front view only. The side view is of far more importance. Whereas the glasses may seem part of your face when viewed from in front, at the side they never can be for they stand out beyond the face.

The neck line of dresses and coats also takes on special importance. High necks and hard lines should be avoided; to be becoming you must aim at something feminine and soft. A fur collar always solves the problem on a coat and a scarf collar or a softly falling jabot on a dress.

In the same way your hairdressing should aim at a soft, but not a fuzzy effect. Generally a little fullness at the sides is needed to balance the outstanding frames of the glasses, but at the same time it must be simple. Never show the ears, arranging the hair loosely to cover them. Earrings should never be worn with glasses, nor tight necklaces of chunky beads.

Choosing the Frames

Frames should be tried on and viewed from all angles as critically as a hat would be. Just now there is a fashion for all tints of light-coloured frames. These are attractive and suitable for wear with afternoon, evening and summer dresses. They are not so happy in conjunction with tailor-mades and, later on, winter coats. So that if you cannot afford to have two pairs with different coloured frames, it is best to strike a balance with a medium-coloured amber. The brunette, however, should remember that dark frames are nearly always becoming to her type.

Answers to Correspondents

Hopeful (Nottingham).—The cream you are using is probably too greasy for you. At night time use a liquefying cleansing cream instead. A mild complexion milk will also help you. Be sure to rinse your face with plenty of cold water and a stiff rubber sponge to tone up pores and circulation. Use a liquid foundation for your powder. If you let me have a stamped addressed envelope I can send you fuller details of the cosmetics you need.

Sixteen.—I think you are suffering from eyestrain. Get your eyes tested to see if you need glasses. Bathe them daily with a good eye lotion.

A. A. (Norbury).—To-day in England we have leading manufacturers producing perfumes of high-class quality at prices within the reach of all, so that perfect perfuming is no longer a privilege of the favoured few. The old established firm which sells

"Californian Poppy" from 1/6 to 9/- a bottle has received testimonials from well-known Society women in praise of the original and attractive quality of this perfume.

Sherry.—Regulate your diet, avoiding greasy, highly seasoned and indigestible foods. Wash with tepid water and a very mild soap. Avoid greasy creams and if you massage your skin, be very gentle. Use no strong astringents.

Unconscious (Scotland).—Massage with a feeding cream, using the lightly clenched fists. Remove surplus cream. Fold some cotton wool into an oblong. Wring out of cold water. Smartly slap the under part of the chin. With thumbs and first fingers, lightly pinch the line of the jawbone. Begin in the middle of chin and work towards the ears.

M. H. (Woolwich).—Scar tissue may improve a little with time. It depends on what caused the scars. You can cover them with a special artificial skin. This is tinted to match the surrounding skin. Send a stamped addressed envelope for the blackhead treatment.

L. H. S. (Coventry).—You are doing wrong to apply powder without a base. Let me have stamped addressed envelope for further advice re this and blackheads.

EVERY woman knows that loose curls and ends are most unattractive. Well, here's a wonderfully economical and effective way of keeping your hair in perfect trim. There's a new Curler on the market that produces the most marvellous curls in 15 to 20 minutes—actually while you dress! They are called Carola. Another excellent thing about them is that you can slip them out easily without disturbing the curls and upsetting a really sleek-looking appearance. Carola Curlers have proved an immediate success. They are made of light metal, and in consequence the curls last so much longer.

MYRNA LOY and **Virginia Bruce** are featured in the *Great Ziegfeld*, which is dealt with at greater length elsewhere in this issue.

These two well-known stars of Hollywood, fully realising that the camera magnifies even the tiniest flaw, takes particular care with their make-up. Equal care is taken in the choice of make-up and if you will turn to page 21 you will find the secret of their youthful radiance and flawless complexions. In this same announcement is an interesting offer which brings to our readers this Hollywood secret.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss Kathleen Jamieson, Richmond House, Bo'ness, Scotland, for:—

My Wife's Family
No Escape
Next Time We Live
The Moon's Our Home

Prizes of half-a-crown each are awarded to Miss B. Cook, 80 Clumber Street, Hull, for:—

The Imperfect Lady
Freckles
In Search of Beauty
Pot Luck

W. Duggan, 10a Dufours Place, Broad Street, W.1. for:—

Things to Come
Fame
Splendour
I Dream Too Much

Miss Gertrude Brown, 12 Mouldsworth Avenue, Mauldeth Road West, Withington, Manchester, for:—

He Who Gets Slapped
Is My Face Red?
Yes, Mr. Brown
Slightly Scarlet

T. W. Beard, 17 Boyer Street, Derby, for:—

Cleaning Up
The Milky Way
Thanks a Million
Mothers Cry

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no rules except that I must ask you to submit your entry on a postcard—and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.

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I'M SCHOOLGIRL
COMPLEXION ALL OVER'**

She's forgotten how long ago she first began using Palmolive for her complexion—giving her skin the benefit of that rich Olive Oil lather. But she'll never forget the first time she used Palmolive in her bath—the delicious glow of freshness and health it gave her all over: and now she blesses it for its beautifying effect on her arms, shoulders and back.



Women, since the days of Cleopatra, have known olive and palm oils as nature's own beauty treatment, and these skilfully blended with other beautifying elements are the main ingredients of Palmolive Soap. Use Palmolive in your bath always and give yourself *all over* the benefit of the soap that creates Schoolgirl Complexions.

3^d per tablet

**WHEN A GOOD GIRL
GIVES HER MIND TO IT!**



After your boy has seen you home—are you left sometimes wondering why he seems diffident, hesitating to say he loves you—comparing him, perhaps, with the ardent romantic lovers of the screen? Make him a screen lover to-night by using the stars' secret of irresistible allure—their own lipstick, the famous KISSPROOF indelible lipstick, placed by the experts in every Hollywood dressing-room. Get it in the fascinating new KISSPROOF AUTOMATIC at 1/-, the smartest beauty aid obtainable. At all chemists, hairdressers and department stores. See also the exotic new baton at 6d.

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NEW AUTOMATIC Indelible LIPSTICK



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TANG is the delightful refreshing flavour which tells that Euthymol Tooth Paste is cleansing your mouth and teeth. Dental decay germs cannot live with Euthymol—laboratory tests show that it kills all it touches in less than 30 seconds. Try the delicious TANG of Euthymol to-day and enjoy the fresh, wholesome mouth it leaves—you can get a large 1s. 3d. tube from any chemist, or send for a free 7-day sample to Dept. 44/101, Euthymol, 50 Beak Street, London, W.1.

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TOOTH PASTE**

Kills Dental Decay Germs in 30 Seconds

**Natural
WAVES FOR YOU**

No matter how straight your hair is now, Vosemar, a hair specialist's wonderful discovery, will give you lustrous natural waves. No curling irons or heat to ruin the hair! Guaranteed pure and harmless. 1/6 tube lasts 2 weeks. (For Baby's hair Curly Top is equally effective at 1/3 per tube.) Sold by most good chemists including Boots, or post free from:—

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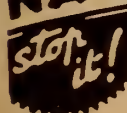
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NEXT
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**NO MORE
CRACKED NAILS**

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A real BEAUTY BATH

OXYGENATED WATER IS
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Imagine it! Your bath a veritable beauty treatment, fragrant as a flower garden, luxuriously soft, super-charged with beautifying oxygen—simply by crumbling a Reudel Bath Cube in the water. Oxygenated water dissolves away secretions and stimulates your skin to radiant velvety health; it holds soap and dirt *in solution* so that it cannot wash back into the pores. Thus you get new life and springlike daintiness!



REUDEL BATH CUBES

the OXYGEN bath cubes.

'VERY
COMFORTABLE
AND SOOTHING'

says

Nancy
O'Neil



"It always gives me a feeling of great satisfaction to sink into a bath scented and oxygenated by a 'Reudel' Bath Cube. The delightful softness of the water is very comforting, and the soothing effect of this oxygen bath is a real blessing."

'DELIGHTFUL
BEAUTY
TREATMENT'

says

Enid
Stamp-Taylor



"Making films is such exacting work that it is always difficult to appear well-groomed and radiantly healthy, but 'Reudel' Bath Cubes have solved the problem for me. These 'oxygen' cubes make my bath both an invigorating tonic and a delightful beauty treatment, from which I always emerge feeling thoroughly refreshed and care-free, and with a delightful feeling of 'all-over loveliness.'"

'PEPS
YOU UP'

says

Elsie
Randolf



"I think it is marvellous how a bath of ordinary hard tap water can be oxygenated and transformed into a luxurious beauty treatment by a 2d. 'Reudel' Bath Cube. The oxygen in 'Reudel' Cubes does really pep you up and make you feel lovely and fresh. Every woman of taste and discernment must surely use these delightful 'Reudel' Cubes."

The Picturegoer Weekly.

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

No. 277 (New Series), Vol. 6

September 12, 1936

Picturegoer

The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

2^d
WEEKLY



Myrna LOY & William POWELL

GREAT TRIPLE PRESENTATION TO EVERY READER

See Pages 2 and 3

Inside Wonderful
16 Page INSET
"WIFE versus SECRETARY"
Clark GABLE
with Myrna LOY & Jean HARLOW

"The Picturegoer's" GREAT TRIPLE

This Great Triple Presentation Gift Set is available in two styles as illustrated here.



THE SUPERB DE LUXE STYLE

On the left is an illustration of the exquisite De Luxe Set with the INLAID ROLLED GOLD BANDS on pen and pencil. Illustration slightly enlarged to show more clearly the streamline beauty of this Set.

THE STANDARD STYLE

On the right is an illustration of the Standard Set. Illustration slightly enlarged to show more clearly the streamline beauty of this Set.

WRITTEN GUARANTEE FOR TWO YEARS accompanies each pen

This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland or Irish Free State. Applicants from Irish Free State will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.

KEEP THE VOUCHER BELOW and "With Care" Label until you have qualified for your Set. Then complete and send in as directed. Do not enclose any other correspondence.



TO QUALIFY

Specimen only. Not to be used.

Above is an illustration showing a token similar to those you are asked to cut out from twelve separate issues of "Picturegoer Weekly." Tokens appear in the RIGHT-HAND bottom corner of the back cover of "Picturegoer Weekly." Affix each Token with paste or gum, NOT pins.

1	2	3
4	5	6
7	8	9
10	11	12

"PICTUREGOER WEEKLY"

Presentation Voucher

for Fountain Pen, Propelling Pencil and Penknife

Post to: Presentation Dept. P.K., "Picturegoer Weekly," Neal Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

I CERTIFY that the tokens affixed to this Voucher were cut from twelve separate issues of "Picturegoer Weekly," purchased from the newsagent whose name and address are given below for verification purposes. Please send my Fountain Pen, Pencil, and Penknife in the style (Standard or De Luxe) specified below, to the address on my "With Care" Label. I have indicated type of nib I require, and enclose Postal Order as specified below, which includes postage, packing in carton, and insurance, etc. I am not qualifying for another Set under this scheme.

STANDARD SET — 1/10

DE LUXE SET — 2/9

YOU MUST CROSS OUT SET NOT REQUIRED.

VERY IMPORTANT Please do this immediately.

STYLE OF NIB.
A Nib can be fitted to the Fountain Pen to suit your hand. Please indicate which style you would like.

BROAD
MEDIUM
FINE

Strike out styles NOT required.

P.O. Number..... Value..... Date.....
Write your name and address on the back of P.O., cross / & Co./ and make payable to "Picturegoer Weekly." If remitting 1/10 send P.O. for 1/6 with fourpence in stamps firmly affixed. If remitting 2/9 send P.O. for 2/6 with threepence in stamps firmly affixed. Do not send loose stamps.

Your Signature

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME (Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
Full Postal ADDRESS

Give your Newsagent's name and address below:—

NEWSAGENT

ADDRESS

Before sending in Voucher read simple directions on opposite page carefully.

Leave Blank for Office Use. VERIFIED. District Supervisor.

WITH CARE

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PRESENTATION

FOR EVERY READER

This Superb

10/6 GIFT SET

Reserve Your Set on the Form below at once

SOMETHING NEW! Something really unique! This week "Picturegoer Weekly" invites every one of its readers to accept a grand Triple Presentation—A BEAUTIFUL STREAMLINED INLAID-LEVER, SELF-FILLING GOLD NIB FOUNTAIN PEN GUARANTEED FOR TWO YEARS—A COMPANION PROPELLING PENCIL—AND A COMPANION PENKNIFE, WITH TWO BLADES OF MIRROR-POLISHED SHEFFIELD STEEL—all to match—all British made—a Gift Set well worth 10s. 6d. You've always wanted a Set like this. Here's your opportunity. Reserve your Set at once on the Form below. All applications will be treated in strict rotation. In order to make it easier than ever for you to qualify, "Picturegoer Weekly" places your Presentation Voucher in your hands now—it is actually printed on the opposite page.

REMARKABLE NEW IDEA! The Pen, Pencil and Penknife are all made to match in a brilliant black material—The Fountain Pen is fitted with a guaranteed 14-carat solid gold nib with a jewel-like tip of iridium—thus ensuring a perfect pen with years of writing service. The Pen is perfectly fashioned out of a new unbreakable material. It is fitted with the latest classic style clip, and has a Safety sleeve device on the penclip, protecting the nib when not in use. The Pen is guaranteed for two years.

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The companion Penknife, finished to match, is fitted with two special quality, mirror-polished, Sheffield steel blades.

WOULD YOU LIKE A DE LUXE SET?

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IMPORTANT.—It is a condition of this offer that your Newsagent MUST hold a written order from you for the regular supply of "Picturegoer Weekly." If he holds no written order from you, you MUST HAND THE FORM BELOW TO YOUR NEWSAGENT TO-DAY.

"PICTUREGOER WEEKLY"

2d. Every Thursday.

ORDER FORM

To.....
(Name of Newsagent)

Address.....

Please deliver or reserve "Picturegoer Weekly" for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

DO THIS NOW

First fill in the Reservation Form below. This reserves your Set in your name in the Style you specify—Standard OR De Luxe—and MUST be sent to us at once. DO NOT SEND ANY MONEY WITH THIS FORM. BE SURE TO INDICATE WHICH STYLE YOU WANT RESERVED. You should also indicate on your Voucher on the opposite page the style you have chosen.

On receipt of your Reservation Form "Picturegoer Weekly" will immediately set aside and reserve in your name a Fountain Pen, Pencil and Penknife in the style you specify.

ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE is your Presentation Voucher on which you start right away to qualify for your Set. You are asked to keep this Voucher carefully and affix to it 12 tokens (Series "A") from 12 successive issues of "Picturegoer Weekly." Begin this week with token No. "A.1," which you will find in the bottom right-hand corner of the back cover of this issue. NO OTHER SERIES OF TOKENS WILL BE ACCEPTED. Affix tokens to voucher with paste or gum—not pins.

When your Voucher is completed—after the twelve weeks and NOT before—it MUST be sent in to "Picturegoer Weekly" accompanied by a Postal Order for 1s. 10d. (one shilling and tenpence), which includes postage, packing in carton, insurance, etc., on your Set. If you require the De Luxe Set send 11d. extra, making 2s. 9d. in all, which includes postage, packing, insurance, etc. Upon receipt of properly completed Voucher and "With Care" Label, together with Postal Order for the correct amount, your Set, in the style specified, will be immediately dispatched to you.

No person may qualify for more than one Set and no Set will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.

APPLY TO-DAY!

"Picturegoer Weekly" readers will hasten in their scores of thousands to secure this superb Triple Gift Presentation. Don't miss this unique opportunity. The last day for receipt of applications from this announcement is THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17. The only way to make certain of your set, is to fill in the Form below and post it at once.

POST FORM BELOW AT ONCE

CUT AROUND DOTTED RULE

Send no money with this Form
"PICTUREGOER WEEKLY" TRIPLE PRESENTATION

RESERVATION FORM

This form reserves in your name the Presentation of a Fountain Pen, Pencil and Penknife.

To Dept. (G.W.1) "Picturegoer Weekly," 3 Arne Street, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please reserve in my name a Fountain Pen, Pencil and Penknife. The newsagent whose name and address are below for verification purposes holds my written order for the regular weekly supply of "Picturegoer Weekly." I certify I have not applied for another Presentation Set under this scheme. N.B.—You MUST indicate below the Style—Standard or De Luxe—which you wish reserved.

X STANDARD SET { You MUST cross out Set NOT required. } **DE LUXE SET X**
WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

READER'S NAME.....
State Mr., Mrs. or Miss.
Full Postal
ADDRESS.....

NAME OF NEWSAGENT.....

ADDRESS.....

DATE.....

Last day for receipt of reservations from this announcement, Thursday, September 17.

"Picturegoer," 12/9/36.

You may post this Form in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp.

LEAVE
BLANK
Checked

District
Supervisor

10 MINUTES TO WAIT—so



Mine's a Minor!

JUST the cigarette for a restful smoke.
In taste and quality the equal of much
dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large;
big enough, however, to last the full 10
minutes—and so conveniently packed.

IN TINS

30 for 1/- * 60 for 2/-

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THE TEN-MINUTE SMOKE
FOR INTELLIGENT FOLK

De Reszke MINORS

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

PLAIN, CORK OR 'IVORY'-TIPPED

Picturegoer-The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

RECENTLY in these columns I was discussing the disadvantages of being a Hollywood star—on account of the "rackets" to which they are subjected.

But the worst misery the stars have to endure (at any rate according to Walter Huston) is having too much money.

"I know several actors," the star of *Rhodes* and *Dodsworth* has declared, "who are being made nervous wrecks by the money they earn. I don't suggest that they are being paid more than they earn, but for their own good the majority of screen stars make too much money."

"Few of them are capable of adjusting themselves to it.

"Besides, they are a prey to almost every unscrupulous person with whom they come in contact." That's true enough; see what Charles Blair has to say about it on page 8.

Driven Insane

"It isn't the fact that they get so little of the money they earn," Mr. Huston went on to say, "as that they are bothered and badgered all the time by those who do get it.

"I know one top-notch player, a man whose name is known everywhere, who, having no head for business, is being driven slowly insane by the burden of money.

"To some people this may sound absurd, but many an actor will know what I mean. Personally I think this friend of whom I speak would be much better off if he knew he was making only £20 a week."

But why £20? Even the insignificant sum of £1,000 a year may bring attendant evils in its train.

Why not reduce the unfortunate sufferer's burden to £5 a week or even £3, and so correspondingly decrease his blood-pressure?

No, I refuse to weep for the woes of the wealthy; but I admit that Walter Huston is absolutely right in one respect.

He says: "To some people this may seem absurd."

It does.

Vague About Value

On the other hand, it is quite true that a large Hollywood salary is not nearly as large as it sounds.

The trouble is that most of the younger players who are given handsome contracts are extremely vague about the value of money—or rather, any sum above that which they have been used to handling.

In Hollywood, as in most over-civilised places, it is possible to live very cheaply if you are so minded—some well-known players, even some stars, do this—or as expensively as you feel inclined . . . as long as the money lasts.

The regulation contract is for forty weeks in the year; and when a young player is awarded a contract at a thousand dollars a week, that's forty thousand dollars to spend in a year—which seems an infinitely large sum.

Actually, of course, it is a large sum, being £8,000; but it isn't large enough to withstand the orgy of spending into which most young players plunge, using the £200-a-week mark as a springboard.

Incidental

They feel they must join every club to which anyone they know belongs; they must rent a house in Beverly Hills, and a beach-house as well; they must have a couple of expensive cars; they must entertain lavishly.

But they overlook certain little items which are incidental to their profession, and quite apart from personal expenditure.

Here is a list of such expenses for a forty-weeks year, based on the experience of a well-known Hollywood business manager. (This functionary, receiving 5 per cent of the player's salary, must not be confused with the *agent*,

who gets 10 per cent—very often for merely introducing the client to a producer.)

	£
Agent	800
Taxes	800
Business manager	400
Wardrobe	400
Studio maid or valet	200
Make-up and wigs	100
Publicity	240
Advertising	200
Total	3,140

Blackmail

The "wardrobe" item, it should be noted, is for professional purposes, quite apart from the player's own private clothes; the item for "publicity" (as distinct from "advertising") covers a fairly wide field, including the entertainment of press-men, etc.; "advertising" means space actually bought in magazines and newspapers, including some of the little Hollywood "scandal sheets" which exist chiefly on blackmail.

In Hollywood you don't need to have done anything indiscreet for a damaging if covert attack to be made on you in

All the Gossip

Shirley Ross's success is based on good understanding—in fact, a pair of them.

some local rag—unless it's indiscreet not to advertise in such papers.

That total of £3,140 brings the figure for the year down to £4,860; and as the player has to live for fifty-two weeks in a year (and probably more expensively when he *isn't* working than when he *is*) it represents a weekly stipend of less than £94—a handsome amount, certainly, but not princely, and very different from the £200 with which he started out.

Add to this the traditional improvidence of actor-folk, and the fact that options are not always taken up, and you have a clue to some of the financial sick-headaches to which the film colony is liable.

Laughton Says—

Something wrong there. The public pays all that money to the theatres, the theatres pay it to the studio, the studio pays it to the star—and the star doesn't get it.

Instead, he has to pay it to other people to help him remain a star.

This indicates that the star-system is wrong—or at least that there's something wrong with it. A great many people believe it's wrong in principle; that as long as it endures, we shall not have the best films, because the story will be beaten into shape to fit the stars.

Charles Laughton is one of the people who

think the star-system will disappear; this is convincing, because although as an artist he has much to lose by the star-system, as a business-man he has everything to gain.

The more a player is "starred," the more he is paid; and the higher he is paid the more we think of him.

Life is like that.

Heart Must Beat

Another pregnant utterance of Charles—and just about as original—is that it doesn't matter how bad films are technically, provided they have the right emotional content.

Well, that needs qualifying.

If he means "The photography and lighting and sound-reproduction are not the most important things," some of us have been saying that for years.

Many of the Russian propaganda films, in particular, had villainous photography—yet there was no escaping their emotional appeal.

Certainly a fine film like *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, with its truly lovely camera-work, is considerably more effective than it would be if it leapt and jumped and flickered and made harsh noises; but many a beautifully-photographed and recorded film has been null and void, simply because there was no human heart beating inside the handsome body.

Grading Them

But in his use of the word "technique" does Charles Laughton include scenario-writing and cutting?

(Continued on page 6)



PICTUREGOER Weekly

(Continued from page 5)

These two essential arts are frequently dismissed rather contemptuously as "trick-work," but upon them depends far more of the film's success or failure than most people realise.

If I were asked to estimate the relative importance of all the elements that go to make a motion-picture, my list would be:

(1) Story; (2) Script-writing and editing, equal; (3) Direction; (4) Production; (5) Dialogue; (6) Photography; (7) Sound-reproduction; (8) Acting.

This order assumes a director who will make the actors act as he wants them to, not as they have seen themselves act in the mirror or in previous pictures.

"Production" includes not merely the setting, but also the organisation that makes things go smoothly on the set and renders it possible for the director to achieve his effects.

Double Honour

The star-system certainly justifies itself if it can produce such actors as Spencer Tracy, who has come unobtrusively but steadily into the front row by sheer force of good work.

He has just established a new record in Hollywood by being voted twice in succession, by the Screen Actors' Guild, the actor putting up the best performance of the month.

First it was his unforgettable portrayal of a small-town boy turned into an avenger against the mob who had tried to burn him alive in *Fury*; and next his natural, down-to-earth parson in *San Francisco*.

There are few players of whom one can say that they have never contributed a poor performance to the screen; and of this honourable few Spencer Tracy is an outstanding example.

He will next be seen in *Libelled Lady*, with Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, and William Powell.

On the Cover

These last two, who adorn our cover this week, and who caused a sensation when they appeared together in *The Thin Man*, are husband and wife again in the spectacular backstage musical *The Great Ziegfeld*.

Powell, of course, plays the title-role, while Myrna Loy essays the role of Billie Burke, who subsequently married the great showman.

This must have been an ordeal for Myrna, since the real Billie Burke is still very much alive and acting.

And since those of us who remember Billie a score of years ago see very little resemblance between her and Loy, it must be a sheer job of acting on Myrna's part.

Make a Date!

There's an important premiere coming on next Monday, September 14, which I feel you ought to know about if you live within reach.

It's *Accused*, the Criterion film which is going into the programme at the London Pavilion.

Accused, you may remember, is the film in which Douglas Fairbanks junr. plays opposite Dolores del Rio, with Florence Desmond as the menace. Thornton Freeland, who made *Brewster's Millions* and *The Amateur Gentleman*, directed it, and I hear he's made a very good job of it.

But one reason I'm urging you to go to the premiere is because it's in a good cause—the Institute of Journalists' Pension Fund.

Just imagine for a moment what a dull place the world would be without the humble working journalist . . . and then go along and book your seat.

And I hope we all have a grand evening.

Russia Gets Going

Last week I mentioned some of the Soviet film activities; here's further news of them—and just in case you're inclined to sniff and exclaim "Foreign," I would remind you that the kinema used to be international and will be again . . . some day.

By far the biggest spectacular production which the Russians have tackled since the coming of talkies robbed them of their world-market is *Peter I*, which is being directed by V. Petrov at the Leningrad Film Studios.

A complete town has been built at Ozerki,

near Leningrad to film such scenes as the capture by Russian troops of a Swedish fortress, the building of St. Petersburg, and the first flood in the city.

1,500 people will be in each of these scenes; the Swedish fortress covers an area of 25 acres and has a moat hundreds of yards long.

Evidently the Soviet means business.

A Royal Stand-in

Talking about Russians, of course we're used to Russian ex-royalty and ex-aristocracy appearing in films. There's nothing new in that.

But when a Russian princess takes a job as stand-in, that is news.

Princess Galina Kropotkina was six years old when her family escaped from the Bolshevik terror. They travelled through Turkey and Czecho-Slovakia before settling in France, where the young princess was educated, particularly in languages; and in her spare time she did a little film-work for the Albatross Film Co., in Paris, working her way up to "second leads."

Then her family migrated to Berkeley, California, and she entered the University of California. And being so near to Hollywood she has crept back into films, under the name of Galina Liss.

She is standing-in for Claire Trevor in *Star for a Night*, in the hope that it will lead to her becoming a star for a long time.

Parkyard

Following up my remarks last week on kinemas and the marvellous value they offer for our money, an aspect of this has just come to my notice which I confess I had previously missed.

Under the Ribbon Act, which regulates building on the by-pass roads, local authorities can—and do—insist on new kinemas on such roads being provided with car parks.

This, of course, is admirable from the point of view of picturegoers, thousands more of whom every year own cars; it encourages family filmgoing, and also attracts patrons of the higher-priced seats—always the most difficult to fill.

So exhibitors probably feel that the additional £1,000 to £3,000, which the car-parks are estimated to cost, although a grievous burden at the time, will be justified by results.

But the danger is that municipalities will neglect to provide car-parks of their own where kinema-parks exist; this is unfair to the public and the kinema alike, and should be sternly discouraged.

First Blood

The censor-shooting season has opened with a bang.

First pot at the British Board of Film Censors has been taken by "World Film News," a monthly publication with high-brow tendencies, but a disconcerting habit of speaking plain common-sense of a distinctly middlebrow order.

It has made a scathing attack on the constitution of the Board, pointing out that the ages of five of its members must total three hundred years, whereas the censorship of a young and vital art like the motion-pictures should be in the hands of young and vital people.

Further, it is pointed out that this body, appointed by the Kinematograph Renters' Society and the Kinematographers' Association, wields absolute powers and acknowledges no higher authority than its own.

From its judgments there is no appeal.

All Change!

The article goes on to point out ruthlessly that the members of the Board—an ex-ambassador, an ex-soldier, an ex-sportsman and dog-fancier and musical composer—are singularly devoid of academic distinction such as abounds in other branches of the industry.

Which, in still plainer words, means that they don't seem to be particularly highly educated.

Well, this goes a long way towards explaining the remarkable judgments which the Board



Victor Varconi, Charles Collins, Frank Morgan, and Steffi Duna during a disagreement in the first full-length New Technicolor musical film, Radio's "Dancing Pirate."

has delivered in the last year or two.

It would be unfair to expect people who have been brought up in the tradition of the Army and the Foreign Office to have minds plastic enough to cope with an essentially changing thing like this great popular entertainment.

Don't let us be unfair. Let us simply not expect vision, nor progressiveness, nor even a sense of humour from the B.B.F.C. as at present constituted.

But let us pray fervently for a change in its personnel, and that soon.

A New Rudy?

It's an amazing business, this film industry. It gets more and more amazing as the years wear on.

For example, for some time it's been in the air—quite a nebulous thing, just talked about here and there, never coming to anything, but known by everyone "in the know"—that we were to have a new Valentino; or at any rate a return of the Valentino type.



Doug. Fairbanks, jun., Dolores del Rio, Edward Rigby, and Googie Withers in a convivial moment in "Accused."

Paramount had the idea first, and thought they had the man, too, in George Raft; but he simply wasn't the type.

Certainly he bears a slight facial resemblance to the great "Rudy," but he's really no more like him than a mountain wild-cat is like a lion.

So they wisely made a Raft out of Raft, and let it go at that.

Not So New

The next development is that Warner Bros. have found a Valentino, and have cast him opposite Kay Francis in *Mistress of Fashion*, in a role in which he is said to be amazingly like the late great heartbreaker.

The idea, I gather, is not to appeal particularly to Valentino fans, but to the great new public which has grown up since his death ten years ago.

And the man they have chosen is a Frenchman named Alexandre d'Arcy.

Now I have a good memory for names, and my mind went straight back to *Daughter of the Regiment*, a silent film made by B.I.P. at Elstree eight or nine years ago, in which d'Arcy played the lead opposite Betty Balfour, and was hailed all over Britain as the great new hope and a possible successor to Valentino.

But the excitement died down, and he returned to small parts in French films. I saw him last playing a "bit" in Rene Clair's *A Nous la Liberté*, as the young man who eloped with the hero's wife.

What will happen this time?

Hollywood Scatters

I wonder how long there will be film-production in Hollywood—that is to say, in Hollywood proper, that tiny little suburb of Los Angeles?

Already most of the major production has moved out to other and distant points—to Culver City, to Fox Hills, to the San Fernando Valley; the only four major studios remaining in Hollywood itself are Paramount, Radio, Columbia, and the old Fox studio on Western

Avenue, where over 2,000 feature films and shorts have been made since William Fox took over the property from Thomas Dixon in 1917.

Now this last is to be scrapped, and all Twentieth Century-Fox production will be concentrated at Movietone City in Fox Hills.

Consequently the latter has to be enlarged, and for this purpose the company has purchased, for the considerable sum of £40,000, the famous Westwood golf course of 46 acres, adjoining the studio.

If you alight from a bus at Elstree village you will have to walk a mile or more before seeing a film-studio. Will the same soon be true of Hollywood?

Sing, Bing, in Sing-Sing

Sing-Sing, as everyone knows, is a grim prison in New York. Some readers, to whom Bing Crosby is just a croon in the neck, will probably be delighted to hear that their pet bugbear is to be incarcerated in the famous gaol.

However, it's only for a film—Columbia's *Pennies from Heaven*. A condemned convict, preparing for his execution, entrusts Crosby with an important mission that launches the story into action.

This suggests that Mr. Crosby is released; cynics will declare that it is on account of his singing "Saint Louis Blues" in his cell.

I remember seeing—and hearing—Al Jolson as a singing convict once, and reflecting how unfair it was to the other inmates.

Scar-face Bellamy

If you saw a scar-faced gangster of the most vicious type loafing about the restaurant where you were lunching, you would probably keep an eye on the peg where you had parked your coat.

But Hollywood is different. When an evil-

looking fellow of that description lurched into Columbia studio restaurant the other day, expensively-dressed people sitting at lunch called out to him to join them; and he did.

It was Ralph Bellamy, all fixed up for his "bad-man" role in *The Man Who Lived Twice*, in which he appears with Isabel Jewell and Marian Marsh.

It takes nearly three hours every morning for the make-up man to pin that disguise on him; and there isn't time to refix it after lunch, so Ralph has to eat in it.

But he doesn't try to lunch outside the restaurant any more, because the first time he tried it he was nearly arrested for stealing his own car.

Film Folk

James Montgomery Flagg, the famous poster artist, has chosen the ten "most exquisite" girls in Hollywood; they are Marjorie Lane, Grace Ford, Jean Parker, Shirley Ross, Gail Patrick, Olivia de Havilland, Mary Carlisle, June Knight, Claire Trevor and Ann Sothern.

Wallace Beery is starting a frog-raising business on his California ranch; he imported six for breeding from Santa Cruz, where they grow from a foot to two feet long.

M.-G.-M. stars and contract players have now moved into their new restaurant, which is of stucco, with high windows, acoustic ceilings, rubber-tiled floors and air-conditioning, and is finished in cream and marine blue.

An English version of *Michael Strogoff* is to be produced in Hollywood by Radio Pictures, under the supervision of Joseph Ermolieff, who produced the French and German versions.

Ginger Rogers' first song of her own composition, "I Can't Understand why You Can't Understand Me" is such a success in America that she is writing the music and lyric for another.

When she has finished her work in *Swing Time* (originally *Ain't Gonna Dance*) with Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers is to star alone in *Mother Carey's Chickens*.

Twelve new Our Gang shorts are to be made at the Roach studios at Culver City, starting immediately.

GUY BEACON

OUR THRILLING TRIPLE PRESENTATION FOR EVERY READER

IT'S JUST WHAT YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED—a superb Fountain Pen and Propelling Pencil and a Pocket Knife—all to match. Three beautiful Gifts in one—a Set well worth half a guinea—that's the stupendous TRIPLE Presentation which PICTUREGOER WEEKLY this week is inviting every one of its readers to accept. Full details together with your Presentation Voucher and Reservation Form are published in the special announcement on pages 2 and 3.

This fountain pen is fitted with a 14-carat gold nib with an iridium tip and has a classic style clip. This superb modern pen is guaranteed for TWO YEARS.

The ever-pointed pencil also has a classic style clip. Extra leads are supplied in a neat container at the top of the pencil.

The handsome pocket-knife that completes the set, well worth half a guinea, is fitted with two mirror-polished Sheffield steel blades.

For those who would like their Presentation Sets in an even more handsome style there is available a limited supply of this Triple Presentation in an exquisite De Luxe style.

A Presentation of such value as this cannot remain open for long, so turn at once to pages 2 and 3 and send in your Reservation Form immediately. It's the only way of making certain of your Set.

AS police chief of Beverly Hills for eighteen years I have been, at one time or another, in close contact with most of the motion picture stars. Many it has been my privilege to number among my friends. With others my association has been strictly professional. With very few exceptions my dealings with film folk have been most pleasant.

When years ago I emigrated with my parents to Canada from Dundee, Scotland—where my father had been a merchant and my grandfather a town councillor—I little expected in later life to head the police force of the "city of stars" and to act in the capacity of "father confessor" to numerous screen notables.

Nor did I expect to have as one of my assistants Captain M. L. Vallance, a native of Hamilton, Scotland, former member of the Royal Air Force, later of the Canadian Mounted Police, and incidentally, Sir Harry Lauder's brother-in-law.

It is impossible in this short series of articles to deal with all the rackets of Hollywood, but I will cover as briefly and as interestingly as possible those that are most prevalent and give me as Police Chief most trouble.

The rackets are limited only to the ingenuity of the scoundrels who conceive them. Every confidence man, every extortionist, every black-mailer in this part of the world dreams of appropriating large slices of some film star's salary for his personal use. Promoters of wild cat schemes, dealers in "green goods" or worthless securities, and swindlers of all types consider the stars their rightful prey. Thieves, burglars and kidnappers hatch greedy plans to victimise them. The wonder is not that some rackets flourish, reaping an annual tribute totalling many thousands of pounds, but that more rackets do not yield their illicit rewards to their authors.

Jimmy Gleason, actor-playwright who, incidentally, holds an honorary detective lieutenantship in my department, one day declared "The insurance companies call us 'target risks', refuse to give us liability insurance except at high premiums, and in many cases won't cover against jewel thefts. Our valuables are targets for thieves. Our salaries are targets for damage suits. Our loved ones are endangered by kidnappers. Sometimes it isn't so pleasant to be in the limelight." Similar sentiments have been expressed by most of the film stars at one time or another.

Petty rackets, too, add their burden to the woes of a kinema celebrity. Servants often pilfer and abuse their employers accounts. Tradesmen sometimes maintain two prices—a high one for film notables and a standard one for other customers. Many landlords charge higher rental to screen folk. Even the movie fans to satisfy their curiosity or to secure a memento, practise annoying ruses and make demands which border on extortion methods. Such is the price of fame.

As an example of the limits to which the stars must go to get fair treatment, many of them have "price agents" to aid them on shopping tours and on business deals. After a movie star has seen some dress which she may want to buy, for instance, her agent casually visits the shop to learn the price. If it is reasonable the actress herself enters the shop to close the deal. Joan Blondell uses her secretary, Maurice Leo, as her "price agent". Bette Davis's sister Barbara acts in a like capacity. Eroll Flynn employs a friend, Warren Ulman, and Warren William sends his wife, who uses their off-screen name of Krech. Thus the preliminary work of purchasing real estate, homes, yachts, furniture, antiques and the like is handled indirectly.

In the remainder of the present article I should like to touch upon some of the precautionary measures taken by the kinema stars themselves to avoid being victimised.

First, they endeavour to keep their place of residence secret. There are in Hollywood individuals having access to inside information, who compile lists of the stars' home addresses.

BEGIN THIS GREAT SCOOP SERIES

I GUARD THE STARS

by Charles C. Blair

CHIEF of Police of Beverly Hills, California, the luxurious suburb next to Hollywood where the famous film stars have their homes



Warren William with his wife who does all his shopping for him using their off-screen name of Krech.



Mae West has three 'phones in her apartment, and the numbers are not in the 'phone book

Loy and Arthur Hornblow, just recently married, is concealed in a canyon back of Beverly Hills, known as Hidden Valley.

In addition, bodyguards are employed by a number of first rank stars. Sometimes these guards double as butlers, chauffeurs or secretaries. Just as often they have no duty other than that of protector. They may remain unobtrusively in the background, or they may accompany the star conspicuously wherever he or she may go. The Bing Crosby children are never far from the watchful eye of a burly guard whom they know as a genial playmate. Harold

Lloyd's girls always have a guard within call, and even when they motor with their governess they are trailed by the guard in another car. The chauffeurs for Mae West and Lupe Velez, among others, have proved their value on more than one occasion.

I do not mean to convey the idea, however, that motion picture folk are allowed in Beverly Hills to put guns into the hands of anybody they may select as guards. California State Law is strict in limiting the number who may carry firearms. The Beverly Hills City Council, which grants gun permits if approved by the police department, is even more strict. Applicants for permits must first of all show good reason for carrying a gun, and then they must be carefully investigated by the police department and their fingerprints and records checked in the state capital, Sacramento, and the national capital, Washington, D.C. If applicants are

These lists are sold for as high as five hundred dollars a copy. They are in demand by legitimate merchants who desire to conduct a sales campaign by mail. They are sought by "movie guides" who pilot sightseers through the streets of Beverly Hills for a fee. They are also acquired by persons with dishonest designs.

In self protection many celebrities rent houses instead of buying or building them. Then they can move to another as soon as the place of residence becomes generally known. Some stars move two or three times a year.

Many of the stars, of course, prefer to own their homes or lease them for long periods. In this event they resort to other means of achieving the security they desire. The residence occupied by Marlene Dietrich has stout bars across the lower floor windows. The Harold Lloyd estate is surrounded by a high wall. Charlie Chaplin's is difficult to approach and is patrolled by watchmen. The house being built for Myrna



Harold Lloyd with his children Gloria, Peggy and Harold, jun., in the garden of his beautiful home which is surrounded by a high wall to keep out undesirables.

A portrait of the author wearing his uniform of Chief of Police.

approved they receive processed celluloid permit certificates which are absolutely temperproof and impossible to duplicate.

As yet another precaution to maintain security and privacy, the stars keep secret their telephone numbers, revealing them only to their closest friends and associates.

To give out an unlisted telephone number is a cardinal sin in Hollywood. The telephone company, studio switchboard girls and secretaries guard zealously the combination of prefix and digits assigned to the stars. It is not only that in this way telephone racketeers are thwarted, but eager fans with a thousand requests, demands and curiosities are likewise shunted.

No extra charge is made by telephone company for unlisted numbers. Accordingly most of the stars, directors, producers and writers take full advantage of this fact. Some have their numbers changed as often as once a month, too often—sometimes—to remember the number themselves. Thus racketeers who sell listings

of private telephone numbers, just as others peddle lists of addresses, cannot keep their records up-to-date.

Several celebrities, though, have kept the same unlisted number for years. Among them are William Powell, Gary Cooper, Carole Lombard and Mae West. The latter has three 'phones in her apartment, the number of one being known only to two or three persons, while the others are semi-private. Jean Harlow, in addition to having a private number, has a central switchboard in her home which enables inter-communication between rooms and allows her to listen in while the butler talks. Then if she recognises the speaker's voice she will answer herself.

To gain any idea of the miserable existence a film star would lead if his front door were as easy to knock on and his telephone number as easy to ring as the average citizens, one must read a representative sheaf of fan mail. The inspiring motive behind much of the fan mail which pours into the studios is the belief that motion picture

players are easy marks who can be cajoled into parting with their money.

To cite an example, Warner Baxter not long ago admitted that there are times when he dreads to go home and face the demands made upon him and his bankroll. Perhaps because he is a leader in charity drives, Mr. Baxter receives a great many donation requests. "If I acceded to only the most persuasive requests made for money" he said, "it would, I assure you, cost me in excess of 200,000 dollars yearly. Recently I received a typical communication which put me under the obligation of replying. "I am sending you a dollar bill" said the woman writer, "it is the last cent I have and I am giving it to you as a gesture of my great desperation. I need 125 dollars right away. Please send it me by return mail. God will bless you."

"I sent her ten dollars by return mail. I'm not certain I should have done that, for many similar requests engender the belief that they come from persuasive charlatans."

Written demands for money are easy to deal with. A waste basket is always handy. Personal demands cause the most annoyance. To help avoid these, as well as to cloak their identity from all kinds of racketeers, some film celebrities who are known by screen names use their real names in private life. To mention only a few—Myrna Loy often goes about as Myrna Williams, Sally Blane as Betty Jane Young; Gary Cooper as Frank J. Cooper.

Another way of circumventing racketeers, particularly those of a more dangerous type, is for the stars to delegate their financial affairs to banks. They have their paychecks sent direct to the depository bank from the studio. The trust department budgets the salary. A small portion goes into the star's personal checking account. Another part goes into a fund and may be withdrawn only to meet household and other expenditures approved by the bank or the star's business manager.

The greatest sum goes into the trust and may not be withdrawn even by the star himself.

In this way the cautious star, or producer, or director, not only provides for his own financial security and that of his dependants, but he also makes it impossible for racketeers to touch any of his wealth, for even under threat of death, celebrities could not hand over money which is not under their control. What this amounts to is wealth concealment, so as to lessen temptation for the unscrupulous gentry.

By these means, then, the film people seek to overcome the disadvantages of fame.

In his next article Chief Blair will deal with impostors who claim relationship to famous stars

Shots with Our Candid Camera



100 ft. above the street, Grace Bradley and chorus cuties practise taps for "O.H.M.S.," under instruction by Leslie Roberts.



(Left) Luise Rainer calls on Robert Montgomery and Frank Morgan in the studio.



Dark brown and beige are the colours of Mary Brian's costume, above. Like it?

Chalrapine, famous Russian baritone, visits Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone on the "Gorgeous Hussy" set.



How hairdressing transformed Olivia de Havilland for her various ages in "Anthony Adverse."



DON'T BE AFRAID TO CHANGE

by ALICE L. TILDESLEY

ONLY those who take chances find themselves moving forward and upward, says Josephine Hutchinson—"Be your age" is her advice to young and old.

DON'T be afraid of change!" It's Josephine Hutchinson speaking, her lips outlining her words in a curiously fascinating fashion.

"Change means growth," she went on, earnestly. "No one wants to stay 7 years old forever, yet some mothers seem to think of their children as perpetually 7. They seem to want to hold on to their babies, to stand between them and life. They resent any change in their young sons and daughters."

She has the prettiest red hair in Hollywood, her eyes are a sort of amber-brown; she wears no make-up except lipstick and powder, and her colours are usually yellows, hennas and browns.

"So many of us are afraid of change in ourselves, just as parents are afraid of it for their children," she continued. "It is tragedy when two persons marry and in a few years one has changed and the other hasn't. Outgrowing a beloved one must be a frightful experience."

Discussing this subject some years ago, Cecil B. De Mille declared that people who are married long enough get to thinking alike on all subjects, to saying much the same things and even to looking alike.

"When you think about it, you realise that what Mr. De Mille says must be true to some extent in all families, because a husband and wife are likely to talk things out together and to form opinions on many subjects in this way. You often hear married couples say: 'We think so-and-so about that!' as though they had but one opinion between them."

"But that doesn't alter the fact that we should change as we grow, even though changing means growing away from old ties if change also means progress."

"People who have had great success—and those whose success isn't so great, but has at any rate set them ahead—often worry because they are afraid their old-time friends will say: 'He's changed!' or, 'She's changed!'" the actress observed. "They worry because they have said this of others who have succeeded. They wonder if they really have changed."

"Am I forgetting old friends?" they say to themselves. "Am I actually high-hat? Do I seem conceited—or am I merely more definite than I used to be?"

"Sometimes we all need to take stock of ourselves. Personally, I think it's a poor idea to put in too much time thinking of ourselves, but occasionally it's a good thing to sit back and try to see our weak points and our strong ones. We all need editing, no doubt about that. And we can only edit ourselves if we see ourselves correctly."

"You can't keep people from criticising you, just as you can't keep them from flattering you, but you mustn't let what people say affect you unless they happen to hit home so definitely that you see it is true and so correct the fault."

"But—" she tapped a finger on the arm of her bamboo chair, "you mustn't be always listening to other people, you mustn't be always trying to look at yourself objectively. You can't give a sincere performance on the stage if you are audience-minded—you can't march in the procession and stand in the sidelines watching yourself go by."

"Decide what's important and let the rest go. We can't hold on to the past, we must

change. No tree wants to be a sapling forever."

Don't cling to youth any more than you would cling to babyhood, is Josephine's advice.

"You know those parts Ina Claire plays so often—gay young mothers whose grown daughters suddenly appear from school or college or grandma's ranch to abash the reluctant parents? In Ina's plays the girls must be hidden or kept in the background. In real life, it's a minor tragedy. The mother can't be forever the belle of the ball; the daughter must some day have her chance."

"I think the ideal thing would be for us to try to get all we can from each age. When we are children, to be children with all our might; to get all we can from adolescence; to taste the joy of youth, and when we're mature to get the best there is to be had out of this period; middle age and old age should be savoured completely. I'd like, at 70, to be able to look back on the perfect time for each period, not trying to reach forward to the next age or to reach backward to the past."

"The trouble with most of us is that we try to reach back."

"Dancing, walking in the moonlight, laughing and flirting, always being admired, may be hard to give up. But unless we give them up at the right time we make ourselves ridiculous, and we might as well face it. Change comes, and we must be ready. We can't get anything out of the next age if we don't approach it with an open mind."

In spite of this cheerful philosophy, the red-haired actress believes that there is no sense in looking older than one needs to look.

"Sometimes I've heard people who don't use any aids to beauty say that character is finer than beauty—let character be seen in your face, don't try to smooth out every wrinkle."

"That is all very well, but I maintain that there's very little chance of smoothing out every wrinkle—they'll come along—and as for character, it will shine through if you have any to shine. I think it's foolish not to take advantage of beauty aids when science has been kind enough to provide us with them. I go in for massage, which helps circulation. Blood rebuilds tissue, so when I am tired or under the weather I avail myself of massage and feel all the better. There's no harm in it."

"Change comes whether we like it or not. In marriage, if both husband and wife grow, change is good," said the young actress. "But if they lose contact because one changes and the other doesn't—or changes in a different fashion—the marriage is lost even though they may stay together."

That's why the marriage of two undeveloped youngsters is usually a tragedy. It's so seldom that both grow in the same direction. I am not sure whether this can be controlled or not. Speaking as one who has never had any experience of it, I should imagine that if one grew and the other lagged behind, the latter might wake up in time to do something about it, to study, to work, to try to keep up—or to make herself (it would have to be the woman in this case) so indispensable to him that he couldn't



Pretty Josephine Hutchinson argues that marriage between two undeveloped youngsters is not just change, but tragedy.

manage without her. I admit I don't know about this."

Her amber eyes smiled. "Another thing: It's a mistake to think that because you like two persons, they will like each other. I don't know how often I've been told. 'You'll simply adore So-and-So!' only to meet her and discover no point of contact whatever. She apparently has felt the same about me. The two of us happened to appeal to different sides of our mutual friend, but we didn't fit."

"Being shy and self-conscious is a handicap," asserted Josephine. "I should know, for I am that way myself. I believe the only way to lose it is to get fearfully keen about something. Then you let go and forget yourself entirely in this deep interest."

Some mothers make the mistake of pulling their shy youngsters into a conversation. The child, with all eyes upon her, tries to say something—her voice comes out suddenly loud, and she is so appalled at the sound of it that she forgets what she was going to say. Her embarrassment is tragic.

"Let her alone to learn gradually to overcome the shyness, to be at ease."

"There's so much said about silence being golden. But there's a time to talk and a time to listen. One girl told me that she read, as an adolescent, so much advice on the importance of being a good listener that she found herself listening all the time instead of saying anything. It wasn't until she overheard someone say of herself, 'She's a dead weight at a party—nothing to say!' that she realised what was happening."

"That's one side. But, imagine the deadliness of an evening if you had to do all the talking, telling everything you knew or could invent, and getting nothing whatever in exchange! You'd come home with no stimulation at all."

"You can always tell an amateur on the stage, for he never listens intelligently—he's always thinking of his next line."

"You haven't changed!" is not such a compliment as is meant by the expression, according to the actress.

"It sounds as if you haven't advanced a step," she commented. "Lack of change is not admirable unless you have attained perfection in the first place. A certain beauty was so pleased with her own face that she never permitted herself to show any expression on it, lest a line should appear. Even when she was saying the most horrible things to someone, her face remained placid. . . . But is that beauty, after all?"

"WE THANK



Elisabeth Bergner

talks to

Lore Leni

"PLEASE thank the readers of 'Picturegoer' for the honour they have conferred on me. I will always treasure this gold medal they have voted me, and it will remain a bond of friendship between me and that vast audience I do not see, but whom I love dearly."

THIS is the message Elisabeth Bergner gave me for readers of PICTUREGOER. But let me start my story at the beginning.

I had been asked by the Editor to inform Elisabeth Bergner that PICTUREGOER readers had awarded her the Gold Medal for the best performance of 1935. They had selected her Gemma Jones in *Escape Me Never* as the finest piece of acting on the screen for the year.

So I made my way to Denham where Bergner is working in a new version of *Dreaming Lips*, a picture that had already enhanced her reputation in 1932.

Fortunately Bergner and I are not strangers. We can claim a friendship of nearly twenty years standing and even the kind introduction of Max Schach, who is sponsoring this film was unnecessary. But I suspect it was a good excuse for him to visit Bergner. He adores her.

While a scene was being got ready I delivered my message. I wish I could describe for you the joy and pride I saw in those large wide set brown eyes. For a moment she said nothing. Then she called her husband, Dr. Paul Czinner, who is directing the film, and told him the good news.

"I am glad," he said simply but very sincerely. "You deserved it."

This was not a conventional compliment from a man to his wife, but from a director to an

ELISABETH BERGNER and Leslie Howard won PICTUREGOER's Gold Medals for the best screen performances of 1935. Miss Bergner's performance in *Escape Me Never* placed her at the top of our readers' poll on the woman's side while Leslie Howard's acting in the name-part of *The Scarlet Pimpernel* resulted in his winning the other medal. And here are the Gold Medallists themselves to talk to PICTUREGOER readers

artist. For that is how Dr. Czinner regards Bergner on the set.

"I cannot tell you how glad I am," said Bergner.

Then she gave me the message to PICTUREGOER readers with which I began this interview.

She was called to play the scene. Slim, tomboyish, dressed in pyjamas, yet essentially feminine, she had to say a line to Raymond Massey, who looked most impressive in evening dress. Just one line, and how that little lovable woman said it! She had forgotten everything. I felt almost hurt to realise that she had forgotten for the time being my existence and that of everybody else outside this scene.

"Cut," said Dr. Czinner and then followed a little conference between Bergner and Czinner. He was not entirely satisfied with the way this one-minute scene was played. He explained his point of view to the actress. They would try again.

As far as Bergner is concerned no trouble is too great. Perfection is what matters.

I remembered as the make-up man surveyed Bergner that a few years ago this Austrian born actress was the most magnetic figure in the German theatre. Her playing in *St. Joan*, *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney* and in Shakespeare had enslaved theatregoers. She had been an inspiration to novelist and playwright.

I remembered seeing her in the film studios after she had declared that her first picture would be her last. She had played a part in *Der Evangelimann* and after seeing herself in the projection room she decided to stay away from the screen.

But she was soon back. No, it was not the caprice of a woman. Money was needed to pay the expenses of a sick friend. She appeared in *Nju* with Conrad Veidt and Emil Jannings. Then followed *The Violinist of Florence* (called *Impetuous Love* in England), *Love, Donna Juana*, *Fraulein Else*, *Ariane* and *Dreaming Lips*, which won the prize for the best film in Europe in 1932. I recalled how vivid and real the Bergner of those films still is to me. As real and vital as her Catherine, her Gemma Jones and her Rosalind in English pictures.

"Now I have a few moments," whispered Bergner as Czinner and the cameraman discussed a certain shot. And what gives singularity to this interview is the difficulty with which a film actress could be made to say anything about herself.

"But please don't ask me questions," she pleaded. "In any case you know the answers. You know how I love working in England, that I have not great ambition to play in Hollywood, that I am not high-hat and that we have no visitors on the set when we are working, because our work is our life. We want to give our best and that needs every ounce of energy and every atom of concentration."

"It is when I receive the applause of PICTUREGOER as I have just now, that I feel that all the trouble is worth while. It is a recompense for many tiring hours."

"And now tell me about" —and here followed a list of people we had both known intimately in the old days. Some day I may obtain Bergner's permission to tell you about these folk.

"Bergner, please."

Dr. Czinner was calling.

They were still shooting that one-minute scene they were working on when I entered two hours ago.

But Bergner must be as near perfect as it is humanly possible to be. We demand it.



Elisabeth Bergner has been working hard at Denham making a new version of "Dreaming Lips," but she was not too busy to send you the message conveyed in this interview.



YOU"

SAY YOUR GOLD MEDALLISTS

Leslie Howard talks to Bruce Woodhouse

IT was for his acting in *The Scarlet Pimpernel* that Leslie Howard was awarded by popular vote the PICTUREGOER Gold Medal for the best screen performance of 1935. As you will remember, the man who was the Scarlet Pimpernel had one outstanding quality—he was "demmed elusive," and in this respect the actor bears a very definite resemblance to the character he portrayed so brilliantly. To run Leslie Howard to earth, drive him into a corner and then remorselessly interview him calls for powers of endurance and ingenuity of the highest order.

He has an absolute horror of being asked to talk about mere trivialities, for the ballyhoo which swamps many public figures is anathema to him. Trivialities count for nothing in his life and he is genuinely at a loss to understand why any of his vast army of admirers should be interested in what he likes for breakfast, what weight tennis racket he uses or if he takes one or two lumps of sugar in his tea.

However, on subjects of vital concern to the world of films he can talk both fluently and well, as I found when I finally ran him to earth at his lovely home in the heart of Surrey, and conveyed the news of the result of PICTUREGOER's ballot to him. After he had told me that the tribute paid to him by PICTUREGOER readers was one that he regards as a very real honour and I had promised to convey his sincere thanks to you, we sat in the long cool drawing-room with its light walls, plain green carpet and large windows overlooking a sun-drenched lawn and he discussed the position of British films as it is to-day.

I had asked him what his plans were following his theatrical season in New York where he is to play Hamlet this autumn.

"Well," he said slowly, "I shall almost certainly come home to make pictures over here in the spring. I am actively interested in the formation of a company to make British films and I shall be kept fully occupied once production starts."

"You have faith in the future of British films, then," I said.

"Most, certainly," he replied. "The film industry over here is progressing all the time, in fact, it is doing so well that it is running a very real danger of experiencing a set-back if it is not careful."

Seeing my look of surprise, he hastened to explain. Then I realised that his remarks were not nearly so contradictory as they appeared at first.

"When a business does well," he went on, "it is inevitable that it should be in danger of being exploited. Unfortunately there are, and always will be, a certain number of people whose

greed is a real menace to honest production. It doesn't matter what the business may be—furnishing, fishmongery or films, it is all the same to them, provided they can make money out of it.

"Naturally, an industry so closely allied to art is liable to suffer the most from these people. When British films were going through a lean time, they kept well in the background, but now that they think the making of pictures in this country is liable to prove a sound financial investment, they are busying themselves with pictures.

"Of the artistic and technical side of pictures they know little and care less. All they are concerned with is the easy money that they hope to make out of them. As long as they can be associated with a picture that will increase their bank balances, they do not care one scrap how much of an artistic offence that picture may be.

"America experienced exactly the same trouble some time ago," he continued. "The financial sharks went round calling joyously to each other, 'Come on in, the water's warm!' and for a time everything went swimmingly.



Leslie Howard in one of the costumes he wore in "The Scarlet Pimpernel." An oil painting of him in this part is a recent addition to his lovely home in Surrey.

Then, when a flood of bad, inartistic picture began to swamp the theatres—pictures made by companies which, unlike the leading ones in the industry, cared nothing about turning out the most artistic and interesting films possible, the public began to jib. They stayed away from those theatres which were content to show inferior films, something approaching a panic seized the men who had gambled on all of the public being uncritical all of the time, and the repercussions hit the good companies as well as the bad.

"As long as British films are controlled by those who have the interest of the business sincerely at heart, British films should go on to play an ever increasing importance in the world of pictures. It is only if the money-sharks are ever allowed to get a stranglehold on them that disaster, first artistic and then financial, will overtake them."

"And you hope to counteract this?" I asked. "We certainly propose to try and give the public artistic films," he countered. "And by artistic I do not necessarily mean ones on which vast sums of money are lavished. Naturally, some films call for a more expensive decor and more elaborate scenes than others, but as long as the story is a good one, well and artistically acted and presented, the public will not worry how much or how little it cost."

Leslie Howard has the reputation of being something of a dreamer, but if all his dreams are of such practical value to films in this country, one could almost wish that he might sleep all the time he is not acting!

Before I left, the star once again expressed his appreciation of the honour bestowed on him. "I want you to thank all PICTUREGOER readers on my behalf," he said earnestly. "When one acts in films it is naturally impossible to get the immediate reactions of your audience, but this Gold Medal not only cheers me with the knowledge that my past efforts have proved acceptable, but also serves as an inspiration for future works."





Douglas Fairbanks Junr.

Few Americans have ever entered the British production field so successfully as Doug. Fairbanks junr., who is a director of Criterion Film Productions, responsible for "The Amateur Gentleman" and "Accused." This is how he looks in the latter film, which is to be shown at the London Pavilion next Monday, Sept. 14.

THE story of Rosalind Russell is the story of the society girl who made good as a film actress. That is the sort of achievement which amazes even hard-boiled Hollywood.

Hollywood has seen so many of these society "dolls", sponsored by their fathers' bank-rolls, come and go.

A short while ago you could count them in dozens. They all forsook the round of penthouse parties for Hollywood because its glamour satisfied some inward craving which keeps the thrill-seeking rich chasing from one strange occupation to another.

The bright young things of Park Avenue and Mayfair have found little success in pictures. They haven't had the talent or the patience to learn the acting business from the bottom up. They've bought their way straight to the top, and just haven't been able to hold on to their lofty perch.

That's why Rosalind's story is so interesting. She didn't buy her way into pictures—she worked her way in. In fact she worked a good deal harder than most of the top-line actresses in Hollywood to-day.

You see, Rosalind remembered the story of the boy who started as president and worked his way down to third assistant office boy. She decided that she would take up acting as her career but would start at the very bottom and work her way up. This she did very thoroughly, turning down tempting Broadway offers time and again, in order to gain experience in small-time stock companies.

Rosalind seems to stand aloof in Hollywood. Her fine up-bringing is apparent in everything she does. She does not seek her enjoyment at the various gathering-places of the stars, but prefers to tour the countryside in her car whenever she is not working. She is tall, dark and slim, with a very engaging smile and a manner which puts you at ease the moment you meet her.

Talk to her, and you'll see immediately that she has some very definite views on society girls with a yen for a film career.

"The odds are generally against her becoming an actress from the start," she says to us. "Almost every society girl who has not been trained to work for success wants to become a star the first day.

"A typical example of how many debutantes start their acting was clearly demonstrated in the cast of a play in which I was a member. The producer needed money so the rich father of a girl became the 'angel' for the play, to the end that his stage-struck daughter, who had tired of trips abroad, teas and parties, could become, if not a great actress, a much publicised one.

"The producer gave the girl one of the most important parts. While we sat around for a week, the director rehearsed and re-rehearsed the debutante on how to make entrances, exits, etc., etc., things that she should have learned through years of experience while playing minor roles, if she had been willing to work and earn the position in the theatre she desired.

"Few society girls are really serious about their 'careers'. In spite of jokes directed at the word, the theatre is an art. Everybody, regardless of money, position and connections, should be willing to serve apprenticeship in it.

"The fault of the society girl often lies in her home training. Frequently parents are responsible for making their daughters helpless and unable to understand the value of work—from the bottom up.

"Fortunately, I had been trained at home to respect hard work. As my father used to say to my brothers, my sister and myself, 'It doesn't matter to me what you do, but everyone of you must be able to do something—and do it well!' We were taught to start at the bottom and not to be ashamed of it. This lesson was so thoroughly drilled into me that when I decided

She's a MODERN SOCIETY GIRL

VERY few Society girls have had to work their way up to the top of the film tree. Read here about a notable exception, as described by Michael Howard.

to embark upon a stage career in 1930, I went out of my way to find, of all things, a tent show. It was a stock company where we did two plays every week. And until you've worked in a tent show, you have no idea of the bottom of the acting profession.

"From tent shows I joined repertoire companies and toured America. I worked in summer companies—some were good and some were bad, but, as I used to say, 'If you can't learn what to do, you can learn what not to do!'

"Time and again I refused engagements on Broadway until I had completed a lengthy apprenticeship. And I think I did the right thing because when I eventually arrived on Broadway I made a hit in my first play with the Theatre Guild. Later the play, *The Second Man*, won me a screen contract with M.-G.-M.

"So my advice to society girls or for that matter any other girls who want to go on the stage or screen is—Hitch your wagon to a tent show and work your way along the road of experience!"

Rosalind Russell plays a typical society girl in "Casino Murder Case" with Paul Lukas.

Pretty shrewd advice from a girl who has made less than a dozen pictures, and managed to find important roles in all of them.

Perhaps Hollywood found her so useful because she is able to portray that modern rich society girl to perfection on the screen—she's the right type. But it's the kind of role she hates. She seems to be quite a society renegade, and just doesn't want to be screenland's example of modern sophistication.

"It's the truth," she said to me, "I don't want to be a modern woman!"

"They intend it as a compliment when they say that I represent the perfect modern girl on the screen. However, I regret the fact, for I do not consider myself the typical modern girl. On the contrary, I am very old-fashioned.

"An actress cannot afford to be typed as 'modern', strictly speaking, for she should be able to portray women of all ages.

"Clothes have far more influence on one's personality than you realise, and in my own case, I find playing in a costume picture such as *Suicide Club* to have its effect off the screen. I actually feel more feminine and dependent. In short, I can escape from the modern groove into which I might fall.

"Which brings me to why I really don't want to be a modern woman.

"Few of these women are happy. They acquire the habit of fighting their own battles, and are likely to become self-sufficient and difficult to please. While they may get a thrill from 'being on their own' and absolutely independent, they pay for it heavily in the long run.

"I am old-fashioned enough to be convinced that it is the clinging vine who goes serenely through life, while the modern woman is left to shift for herself. If the modern girl gets into any difficulty, the chances are that her friends will shrug their shoulders, and say, 'Oh, don't worry about her. She'll get along.'

"I would no more want to be a clinging vine than a strictly modern girl. The ideal type exists somewhere between the two, that is, just to be a woman with her natural strength and weakness—no more, no less."



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SIMPSON IODINE SOAP

BRAND

The Hollywood

NEWSREEL

SHOT BY PHIL LONERGAN

SHIRLEY TEMPLE recently met a little girl from France who strikingly resembles the little star.

The visitor from La Belle France, whose name is Ginette Marboeuf-Hoyet, of Paris, was a visitor to the Twentieth Century-Fox Studio, where she met Shirley. Ginette participated in a contest in Paris to select a little girl who resembled Shirley. Several thousand children competed, but Ginette emerged victorious and was given a trip to Hollywood as a prize.

Shirley's mother taught her daughter a few words of French, so the star was able to exchange greetings with Ginette, who does not speak a word of English. The little visitor presented Shirley with a handsome doll, which she received with rapturous "ohs" and "ahs."

No, Ginette did not try to crash the gates of Hollywood. She and her mother, after a brief tour of the studios, embarked for France.

Glamorous Greta !

Greta Garbo, when she made her first appearance, after a year's absence at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, surprised everyone when she strode on to stage 21, attired in grey silk slacks and jacket, and in long curls. One hundred and fifty people were on the set and few noticed her.

Garbo walked over, playfully poked the cameraman in the back (alas, where is Garbo's famous reserve?) and greeted the director and Robert Taylor, who is to play opposite her in *Camille*. This was the first time that Taylor had met the Swedish star.

Evidently the once almost unapproachable Garbo is a thing of the past.

A Romantic Triangle

George Raft and Virginia Pine have everyone in the film colony guessing, and perhaps they are doing a little guessing themselves.

The couple admitted the early approach of matrimony, and it was announced that the actor's wife was coming to Hollywood to consult with George and secure a divorce in Mexico. Then later on, Virginia was quoted as saying that there would be no marriage.

Mr. Raft promptly announced that Virginia declared she had made no such statement, and that the romance was progressing smoothly. Last, but not least, when Mrs. Raft arrived in Hollywood, she characterised the romance as a rumour, said she had no intention of getting a divorce, and that she and George were still good friends.

She also remarked that she had never heard of Miss Pine!

So that's that!

The Sky's the Limit

Our film favourites continue to bewilder the air lines by chartering planes for most unusual reasons.

Ann Sothern held a cocktail party ten-thousand feet in the air for her house guest, the Marquesa Filiasi; the Marx brothers chartered a plane to Ensenada for wild boar hunting; Roger Pryor employs an airship regularly to transport his orchestra about the country.

But the strangest flight on record is that occasion when Joe Penner gathered a plane

of crated California ducks and flew them to an orphans' picnic in his native Detroit!

Clipped Wings

Ruth Chatterton has agreed not to fly while she is making *Dodsworth*. Samuel Goldwyn made her sign an agreement that she would put her plane in a hangar because Lloyds, insuring the picture, refused to issue insurance on the million-dollar production if the star, who has several hundred hours in the air as a pilot, took one foot off the ground until the picture is finished.

So Ruth cranes her neck and watches the planes, instead of flying one!

He Hates Hollywood

Possibly his pleasant experiences in England, while working for G.-B., has had something to do with his attitude, but it is a well-known fact that Walter Huston dislikes Hollywood!

Huston lives at his Lake Arrowhead home when not working, and at his studio bungalow when engaged on a picture.

He has a record of never having accepted a dinner engagement in Hollywood because he hates to have to discuss business—and that, he says, is all film folk talk about!

Love Triumphant

As I predicted, Polly Moran and her husband, Martin Malone, are reconciled. The couple are now cruising in the Pacific on their yacht.

The charge of assault with a deadly weapon, preferred because Polly said her husband flourished a revolver at her, will probably be dismissed when the case comes for trial. That is, it will be dismissed if Polly has anything to say about it.

The actress told a friend that her husband became irritable because someone had referred to him as "Mr. Polly Moran"!

A British Victory

The Four Star Theatre was packed at the world premiere of *Nine Days a Queen* (American title of *Tudor Rose*), produced by Gaumont-British with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Nova Pilbeam and John Mills in the leading roles.

Stars had their troubles getting through a dense mass of people clustered about the theatre. Among those present were Garbo, Franchot Tone, Joan Crawford, Sir Cedric Hardwicke (the only member of the cast who was present), Francis Lederer, Elizabeth Allan, Freddie Bartholomew, Una O'Connor, Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldredge, Frank Lloyd and Edward Arnold.

I did not see Garbo, but heard that she slipped in unobserved. She was shabbily dressed and thus escaped the attention of the keen-eyed fans.

Freddie Bartholomew apparently took a keen interest in the fine performance of Desmond



Mamo Clark, who played the Tahitian girl opposite Clark Gable in "*Mutiny on the Bounty*" (subject of next week's Free Supplement) inspects the copy that is to go to Tahiti.

Tester, the boy who is hailed as a rival of Freddie.

The picture is one of the finest seen in Hollywood this season, and will do much to enhance British film prestige in the United States.

The Sad Sea Waves

Only one actress in Hollywood can walk one mile along her own private beach. Karen Morley is the star whose ocean-side estate at Palos Verdes permits her this luxury. It covers 42 acres along the ocean front, and is one of the most beautiful private estates in the West. The entire grounds are surrounded by an 8-foot wall to protect Karen's two-year-old son, Michael, from harm.

Time Marches On

Mrs. S. S. Dante accompanied her granddaughter, Jeanne Dante, to court, where she approved a contract with Universal Pictures, whereby the 13-year-old girl will receive a salary of £1,000 a week, which will gradually increase, during a six year period, to £5,000 a week.

The bewildered grandmother remarked that when she was 13-years-old £100 a year was considered a good salary, so it was hard for her to realise that her granddaughter was receiving £1,000 a week.

Even more amazing is the way those tempting contracts have of suddenly terminating! Failure to exercise options does the trick.

WHENEVER an American company starts to shout from the housetops about making its British Quota product in a manner worthy of a great and awakening national industry and so on and so forth, I prepare for a particularly nauseous and discouraging ooze of quickies from our studios to our screens.

Warner Brothers, even before they rebuilt their Teddington plant, began to talk excitedly about spending more money there and making better pictures.

And what happened? No, don't tell me. I'll tell you.

They made *Man of the Moment*.

Now that was a very expensive film as Quota product goes, and although it had some pretty glaring faults, it made a good deal of kudos for Teddington and quite a fair amount of money at the box-office as well.

Laura la Plante was her old charming comic self in it, and Doug. Fairbanks jun. was good, too. But what of it?

It has never, as far as I am aware, been followed up; and although Irving Asher (Warner Bros.' plenipotentiary at Teddington) was highly commended by his Hollywood bosses for that effort, he has apparently never been allowed enough money to make another as ambitious.

That Shoestring

Perhaps the studio improvements have swallowed up the ration of dollars; perhaps when rebuilding and reorganising is complete, we shall have that long-promised film of Hollywood standard, with real live Hollywood stars.

Anyway, there is this to be said for Warners—they have made an attempt, even if a half-hearted one, to cope adequately with the Quota problem.

To some other American firms in this country there is no problem. For the most part they've simply bought up "quickies" that have been made on the proverbial shoestring by independent producers either in this country or in the Dominions—even in India.

Occasionally they sponsor the film before it is made, which means that they contribute some of the finance and approve the (very inexpensive) cast, and sometimes provide a story, which is often utter rubbish.

When, however, one of these companies (as happens from time to time) decides to improve its Quota output, you'd think from the excitement that our studios were to become another Hollywood, with the company's enormous resources in man-power, money, and talent behind the venture.

Hail, Columbia!

It's significant that the big Hollywood names being imported to England are hired by British companies, not by Americans. All this being so, I am chary of growing too het-up about the Hollywoodian activities in this country; and yet, such is my natural optimism, I can't help sitting up and taking pleased notice when news comes to Britain such as Columbia has sent me.

Now, you know that Columbia is a major (if comparatively new) production company of Hollywood, with such smash hits to its credit as *It Happened One Night*, *Lady for a Day*, *She Married Her Boss*, and now *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*.

You also probably know that Columbia has a distributing organisation in Britain which has to find for Quota purposes a certain number of British-made pictures.

And it may not have escaped your notice that few of those pictures attain a stupendously high level of excellence (I'm deliberately understating the case so as to seem quite fair—a hoary old trick.).

Inviting the Bird

Well, now Columbia announce that in collaboration with Paul Soskin they have arranged to produce here eight films to distribute

throughout the world—which means, boys and girls, that *they've got to be good enough to sell in America*.

What a change of heart! Can't you imagine how some of the current crop of Columbia Quota films would get the bird if offered in the U.S.A.?

These eight will be the first films to be made at the new Amalgamated Studios at Elstree, which look more impressive every time I pass.

Three of them will be definitely in the "super" class, to cost not less than £80,000 each, while the other five will cost more than £40,000 each.

And let me tell you, you can make a whale of a good film for £40,000, if you mix brains with the brew.

The Columbia studios in Hollywood are to co-operate with Soskin Productions by sending over "leading directors, stars, script-writers, and technicians."

Which?

Okay by me—if it comes off. But what is a "leading director"? Will Columbia send us over Frank Capra . . . or will they fob us off with junior meggers from their roster?

Leading stars, too. Here is Columbia's contract-list, "from whom demands will be made, as and when occasion arises, to appear in the British series": Grace Moore, Jean Arthur, Fay Wray, Marian Marsh, Edith Fellows, Jean Dixon, Ralph Bellamy, George Bancroft, Melvyn Douglas, Lloyd Nolan, Leo Carillo, Lionel Stander, Walter Connolly, Douglass Dumbrille, and Herman Bing.

"As and when" . . . well, optimist though I be, I shall be dumbfounded if we get anyone more exciting in the first consignment than Jean Dixon and Lloyd Nolan.

Paul Soskin needs no introduction to you; he is the brilliant and handsome young Russian who was responsible for *Ten Minute Alibi*, *While Parents Sleep*, and *Two's Company*.

These have all been crowned with success, and though they stopped short of being entirely satisfactory, each successive one came a little nearer to that ideal.

Elstree Recovers

I've dwelt rather heavily on this Soskin link-up with Columbia because it is potentially the first big step towards restoring Elstree's somewhat dwindled glory.

Not that Elstree product is inconsiderable, but lately it has been scarce. Ever since B and D stages burned down, very little has been going on in what was once the film capital of Britain.

I must admit, however, that when B.I.P. do make a film instead of merely letting their studios, it's better stuff than they've ever done—or at least since the coming of talkies.

And when the new Amalgamated studios get going, and the new "Rock plant" blossoms out, and Julius Hagen gets thoroughly dug in at the J. H. studios—why, you won't be able to see Elstree for stars.

The most important thing there at the moment is undoubtedly the Tauber operatic film *Pagliacci*, which Karl Grune is directing. Space for this has been rented on the B.I.P. stages.

Oh, talking of B.I.P., I hear Billy Milton has just been given another year's contract; I always thought this likeable youngster would make good in films if he was ever given a decent start; and evidently Walter Mycroft, director of production for B.I.P., thought so, too.

Miscast

One thing that pleases me very much at the moment is that Conrad Veidt is back in harness. It's much too long since we saw this fine actor on the screen—not since *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* and *King of the Damned*—and I hope when his present job is over he won't promptly retire into his shell again for another six months or so.

In his last films I'm afraid he was rather sadly miscast.

This time, in *Dark Journey*, no mistakes have been made (so I am assured). Victor Saville (who is head of Victor Saville Productions, the company making this film, as well as director of



E. G. COUSINS COVERS

The BRITISH STUDIOS

the film itself) has cast Veidt as a mixture of dashing German officer and suave, cool spy.

Yes, Evangeline, your suspicions are correct; this is a spy drama; and I think we may now declare the spy season formally and officially open.

As you have no doubt already guessed, it is also a drama of the Great War. I wonder how long our four-and-a-half years' agony will be honoured with that proud name . . . after the next war starts.

However, this is not laid in Lille or Liege or Berlin or Paris. It breaks new ground by being located in neutral Stockholm, in 1918.

Ah!

Baron Karl Marwitz (Conrad Veidt to you) is ostensibly a German officer who has been cashiered—which, when it happens to you or me, is simply "sacked"—and is taking refuge in neutral territory; but ah!

Actually, he's the head of a German espionage system.

And do I have to tell you there's a charming little *modiste* in Stockholm (looking to me exactly like Vivien Leigh) who is posing as German spy but is really a French one? No, I can see I don't.

And if you saw *I Was a Spy* and know Conrad Veidt's habits in spy films, you will immediately guess that, although he knows the attractive little *modiste* is an enemy spy, he falls in love with her.

So there you have all the ingredients of a

which will necessitate the story being changed slightly.

First Appearance

This, the company declares, is the first picture Miss Hohenberg has made in England. She was born in Munich in 1909—which makes her 27 now—and her first stage job was understudying Elisabeth Bergner, in Berlin.

But most of her filming has been done in Austria, and now she has been signed on a Hollywood contract, which she will take up as soon as the thunder has finished rolling over the city.

Well, Atlantic Films, her sponsors should know. But I have started remembering.

I remember that when I saw a "quickie" called *My Friend the King*, directed by Michael Powell in the autumn (I think) of 1931, I was struck by the charm and naturalness of a German actress in the cast with Jerry Verno.

Then I lost sight of her, but I have often wondered when we should see her again in a British film.

And I remember she was a baroness: and that her name was Luli Hohenberg.

Can there be two?



Charles Farrell, Barbara Greene, three-year-old Binky Stuart, and Paderewski, in a charming scene from Pall Mall's "Moonlight Sonata."

drama which, if not startlingly novel, has generally been successful.

All Gone German

Then there is Lupita, a Brazilian dancer who works in the Grand Hotel in Stockholm . . . at any rate the Stockholm of the story. When I first saw her I thought it was Joan Gardner; then I looked again and knew it was.

Lupita is a friend of the baron. Bob is a friend of the *modiste*. He is a one-armed English spy named Anthony Bushell. We haven't seen Bushell since *Dusty Ermine*, when he took over the title-role after Paul Cavanagh's accident.

Ursula Jeans plays a German assistant in the dress-shop; Margery Pickard is the French assistant; and all your old friends are either dangerous German spies or equally dangerous French ones.

Sam Livesey, for example, plays Major Schaffer, head of the German Secret Service in Stockholm; Austin Trevor is another German; Eliot Makeham is a French porter in the dress-shop; Martin Harvey is a German and Edmund Willard a German general in Berlin (fine actor, Willard, badly neglected by our studios).

And the screen play and scenario are by Lajos Biro and Arthur Wimperis, the strongest writing team in British studios. So all is set for an entertaining evening at the pictures.

For weeks we have been exercised in our minds as to who was to play opposite Edward G. Robinson in *Thunder in the City*.

They were looking for a girl to represent the English aristocracy; you know roughly the theme—an American financier, something of a rough



A C.I.D. man explains to Paul Cavanagh the mechanism of an automatic he is to use in "The Thousand Windows."

diamond, comes over to conquer the City of London, but finds himself checked by this girl.

Well, apparently we have no aristocratic-looking English girls who can act well enough to please Messrs. Atlantic Films.

This depresses me, but doesn't altogether amaze me. One or two recent importations to the studios from Mayfair have "never flattered their supporters," as they say in the racing news.

Still, I shouldn't have thought the search was absolutely hopeless. We have on our stage, if not in our films, a few capable young actresses whose deportment and accent might easily have been acquired in the *traditional* Mayfair; and hundreds who are indistinguishable from the inhabitants of Mayfair to-day.

But no; they wouldn't do. So we are to have a German in the role.

Her name is Luli Hohenberg; and although she has been living in England for the past six years, I presume she still has a trace of accent



Lovely Vivien Leigh as she appears in the juvenile lead in Erich Pommer's "Fire Over England."



(Above) the police vainly search Godfrey's room for the pearls which Cornelia Bullock (Gail Patrick) has planted there.



(Left) To damp Irene's enthusiasm for him, Godfrey puts her under the shower—but without effect.



Part of the game of "scavenge" at the Bullocks is "Find a forgotten man"; Irene Bullock (Carole Lombard) finds one, Godfrey Parke (William Powell).

My MAN GODFREY

THIS is a crazy, hilarious comedy of a wealthy family, the Bullocks, whose daughters find a "forgotten man," make him a butler, and proceed to fall in love with him. When the man is William Powell and one of the women is Carole Lombard you can understand why and how the most astounding things happen.



Mrs. Bullock (Alice Brady) has a protege who imitates a gorilla, which delights neither Irene nor her father (Eugene Palette).

(Right) Mrs. Bullock with the goats she has "scavenged."



"Tomato juice for a hang-over?" Godfrey rouses Mrs. Bullock (Alice Brady).

(Below) Mrs. Bullock opposes Irene's project of engaging Godfrey as butler.

Y

(Circle) the maid (Jean Dixon) breaks it to Godfrey that the family engages a new butler every day.



The Story of the Film

The Trail of the Lonesome Pine

by
Marjory Williams

Freely based on the film "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"
by permission of Paramount Pictures Ltd.

When June went to town Thurston told her and Jack that no good could possibly come of her wish to become a lady.

STRAIGHT of trunk with dark, plumed head, stands the lonesome pine, guardian of the ridge above the primitive homes of an American mountain people. Out of a disputed soil it grew, by fierce struggle denying existence to other seedling pines, till it stood alone, a proud conqueror. In similar contest, for generations, warfare raged between the two families of mountain-dwellers—the Tollivers and the Falins.

Time was when Dave Tolliver killed Jim Falin, no taller than a whip, Buck Falin's favourite son. Whereupon, Jim's brother, Wade, shot Dave in the arm. Lying in the Tolliver cabin by the mountain stream and the overshot wheel, Dave could hear Aunt Melissa in the kitchen, talking to a neighbour who had looked in with her baby.

"Got a pain, Melissa?" the woman's voice inquired.

"No—just thinking, Lina."

"Sakes and sassafras—thinkin' biles the pot over."

"Pots bile over if you ain't thinking. It's the killing I can't stand. All the men think of is killing. All they can say while they're ploughing, splitting rails or filling the corn crib, is 'Kill a Falin.'"

"What's biting you, Auntie?" Dave asked when she came to the bedside with a bowl of gruel.

"Worrying, I guess. June and Buddy ain't back yet from herb picking."

Strength of feature above her homespun blouse had Melissa, rather than beauty, but her patient smile was very lovely. "You should have let me get a town doctor, Dave," she

said fondly. "Your arm don't look right. It's too swell up."

"You're awfully good to me, Auntie."

"You're a good boy, Dave . . . my boy."

"Sometimes I wished I was; then I'm glad I ain't. I want to marry June. Cousins can marry, can't they?"

"Cousins are thicker than fleas in the mountains, Dave."

The appearance of six-year-old Buddy crying out that he and June had been playing bears when she disappeared suddenly as though she had been swallowed by one, disturbed Dave. Pain in his arm accentuated fear. Never was a time when he hadn't loved June, loved her rounded figure, her soft face with its pointed chin and its crown of dark, often tousled hair. June was no more educated than the rest of the Tollivers; moreover, she lacked the gentleness which made her father, Judd, a peaceful element in the home.

"Well, I brung them, didn't I?" she said defiantly, arriving panting five minutes later with the bunch of herbs for which Melissa had asked. Mud stained her cheek and the V of white neck bared by the cut of her raw-edged buttoned blouse.

"June; if you ain't the lookiest thing," greeted Melissa. "Did you bring the river with you?"

"I tripped over the log bridge, if that's what you mean. On account of a foreigner who was watching. The dog caught sight of him laughing at me and right dab, smack in the middle, stopped short and . . . I tripped up."

"What was the foreigner like?" Dave inquired.

"He had a squint. He's tall, dressed in brown, even his hat. His coat has a belt."

"Huh! Better go down to the creek and wash your dirty face."

"For two carrot seeds I'd rub this mud over you."

She threw herself down on the home-made coverlet and made him wince. "Never mind," he said.

"It's the arm that can't bear tetching. I've been talking to your pappy. We-uns is going to get married."

"I ain't marrying till green-up, Dave. Spring's the time to do them things. Besides, I don't feel nothing."

"Like what?"

"I don't know, Dave." His impatience to see the foreigner, thus redoubled, was shortly indulged. Melissa was bathing his arm when a strong, live, but harsh voice could be heard outside in conversation with Uncle Judd. "My name's Hale. Jack Hale. I wanted to talk to you, Mr. Tolliver, about the coal on your property. There's going to be a railroad run along the Ticopi river valley, then down across the ridge to your place."

"Who said there would?" came Uncle Judd's mild offensive.

"Oh, I mean if it's agreeable to the contracting parties, meaning yourself. The thing'll make you rich. No doubt of that, and if we can make a deal. . . ."

The two men came inside. From the bed by the window, Dave could see the foreigner for himself. It was rather a libel on June's part to talk of a squint. The young man gave a general impression of straightforwardness and virility. A shock of dark hair curled upwards over a high forehead. His arms and hands were sinewy, but sensitive. "How long have you been like that?" he asked Dave.

"Three days ago his arm shewed that queer colour," Melissa answered.

"Get me some warm water, quick. It's gangrenous infection. The flesh is rotting."

"You ain't no doctor," Dave said suspiciously.

"You want to live, don't you? Listen to me . . . the only possible cure for that infection is to cut the dead part out. You understand, don't you? Act first . . . then pray."

"They don't," came Melissa's voice. "They understand nothing, but shooting and killing. Their crops can rot, their cattle starve and they wouldn't care so long as they stand back of a squirrel rifle with a Falin the other end of it. Meantime . . . my Davie's dying." Through Melissa's sobs sounded

Jack Hale's peremptory order. "Get me a cloth—a tourniquet—something to tighten round the arm and shut off the circulation. I want hot water—lots of it and some small knives. The sharpest you have. Heat them till they're white hot. This is going to hurt," Jack warned as he bent over Dave. "We've no anaesthetic—something to put you to sleep, I mean."

"Start lacing the cornliquoer with a little pepper," Dave smiled. "I'm going to need it."

He bore his pain resolutely; the arm in due course healing and becoming the talk of the valley. Impossible, Dave found, not to like Jack Hale, who endeared himself to Buddy by playing trains with him. That the foreigner was endearing himself to June was another matter, but Dave recognised with satisfaction that Jack treated June as an ignorant child, an attitude which she was obviously trying her best to alter. As his guide she had in fact taken him a good two miles out of the way on the evening on which Jack appeared in the Tolliver cabin to claim Judd's signature to the coal-owners' contract. Judd after her long walk settled to the rug loom. Jack opposite Judd read the contract by the square-topped table. "I don't know what them squirrel tracks and chicken scratches mean," Dave opined, looking at the document. "But I take it you're trying to tell Judd and me, Mr. Hale, that your coal won't be disruptive to our corn."

"That's so."

"And we get a packet of money?"

"Fifty-thousand dollars in thirty days and a percentage of the company's earnings."

"What percentage?" Judd asked.

"Little pigs, Pappy," June thrust in. "You git one out of sic for taking keer of them."

"Figgers sensible," Dave agreed.

"But one thing's eating me. Ain't there no way to build a railroad except across the Falins. . . . Oh! I know the property belongs to the railroad if Buck Falin agrees, but it were the Falins. They walked on it, driv their sheep across it. . . ."

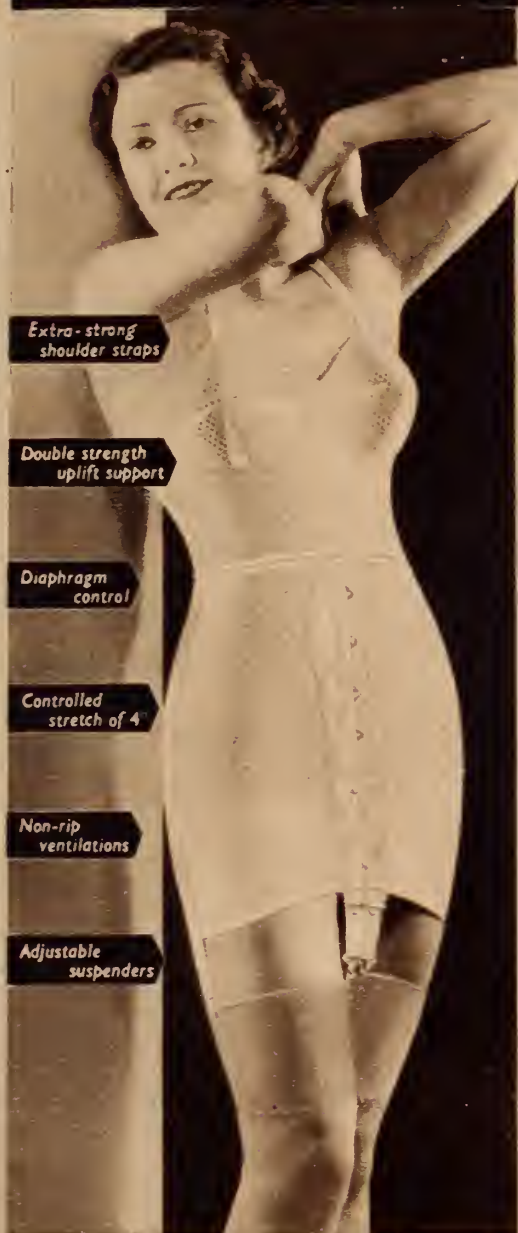
"The boy's right," Judd thrust in. "We-uns is not going to make money out of the land that has the Falin smell on it."

(Continued on page 24)

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C.F.H.213

Ultimately, however, Judd agreed to put a cross like David's in the place indicated.

June looked pleased. "We've been pigging long enough," she declared. "I got a chance for fancies, and I'm going to have 'em, Dave."

"That ain't no way to talk. You don't need to be dolled up to be happy." Dave's mind reverted to the Falins, for whose cabin Jack was already leaving. Buck Falin, bearded, with a barrel-shaped pipe ever in his mouth, plus his two sons, Wade who had shot Dave in the arm, Meed, younger, not yet a killer, would raise an argument about making money out of the Tollivers.

Buck shortly lived up to Dave's inward prophecy by remarking that the Falins wanted no left-overs of the Tollivers, and eventually signed the contract with boisterous laughter and much splashing of ink from Jack's fountain pen.

So the railroad was started. A construction camp sprung up in the forest clearing. Mules and men worked at tree-felling and a steam-shovel hissed and chugged its way, clearing out a track.

Thurber, foreman of the works, was a kindly, moustached, middle-aged man with a complete ineptitude for understanding the mountain people. The "foreigner" whom Buddy, next to this genial bachelor, liked best, was Corsey, driver of the steam-shovel—seeing that he allowed the youngster to share the driving seat and ring the alarm bell.

Dave watched the march of civilisation, but his heart remained with the old life. "Going coon hunting?" Melissa enquired seeing him at work with more concentration than usual on materials for bullet making.

"Skunk, maybe."

"I'd rather you not fight Dave. Leave the Falins be. There's turning over to be done and corn husks to get for mattresses. . . .you're the only big boy I got now."

"You're always snorting preachments, Auntie. You make me sick," he grumbled; then seeing the look in Melissa's clear eye, kissed first one, then the other, as he had done since a child, repeating the rhyme: "Two pink-eyed doves sitting in a tree One for you, and one for me."

June, running in from the barn, brought, rare arrival at the Tollivers, a letter. It took the combined family nearly ten minutes to appreciate the startling fact that they were in receipt of a cheque for five thousand dollars on account of the Alton Coal Mines.

"I seen a cheque once in Gaptown," Judd breathed. "Folks, we're richer than cream cheese."

"Can I have the things I want?" June asked.

"More important," Judd stipulated. "A new dress for Melissa with pearl buttons an' shoes and a hat."

Taking advantage of Judd's talk, Dave whirled June into the closet beyond the inner room and kissed her. "You're beautiful, like a budding sapling without even room for a robin to sit," he said hungrily. "When we get married, you're going to have ivory combs in your hair, and blood-red wine to drink."

Alas! June had other ideas, encouraged no doubt by Jack Hale. Sunset time when the pine stems glowed copper, while Melissa by the brick-stove was ironing and June stirring cake dough in a bowl, she argued passionately with Judd.

"Yes, and you can use your whip

THE TRAIL of the

on me," she told her father. "But I've made up my mind. I'm going to town to learn to think for myself, to write and read and be a help to Dave when the cheques come in some more."

Judd, protesting that he was no mean father, gave in, though neither he nor Dave were prepared next day for June to drive into Gaptown, not with the mailman, but with Jack Hale.

"Gone to see a man who sent him a load of ties not creosoted," Judd informed. "Took the wagon and team and give June a lift."

Dave coming up from the lake path backed by peaceful water reflecting the firs at its margin, spluttered with rage.

"It was him as done it. Him that took the bullet out of my arm and made friends with Buddy. That's why he put us in the way of getting money, 'cos he wanted to take June away. Well, money ain't stopping we-uns from keeping our women."

Ignoring the danger of crossing the ex-Falin property, Dave, taking his gun, headed for the construction camp. At the open flap of Jack's tent, the mild-mannered Mr. Thurber faced the nose of a gun. "So help me, Hale isn't here. On my honour he went to Gaptown by himself on business," the overseer said nervously.

"June didn't go with him."

"No. I told you he went alone."

Dave, trying to assimilate the statement, recoiled as he was leaving. Wade Falin's shadow struck across the floor and Wade Falin's gun with intent to injure more than an arm was levelled at the hated Tolliver. With a bound Dave kicked the weapon into the air and the fight began.

All Gaptown was shortly to hear of the terrific fight in which Dave punished Wade Falin by a final blow on the chin which sent the victim tottering over a precipice. One look Dave cast down at his enemy still alive and raising himself on the rocks sixty feet below, then walked grimly into Gaptown. News of the fight having preceded him, Falins, father and son were waiting for Dave in the saloon. Caring nothing for the fact, he stalked up to Jack, who with June was turning away from the door of a lodging house.

"You ain't going to do nothing, Dave. It's all my fault," June stammered. "I can't even get a room here 'cos the landlady heard about 'you and don't want no trouble."

"Talk'll keep," Dave said. The foreigner looked at him between the eyes. "Get this straight," Jack said. "You're looking for trouble. I haven't done anything, but I can see you won't believe it, so here goes."

Respectable folk in Gaptown are fond of telling how the ensuing tussle involved larger issues. Possibly if Jack, realising that the Falins, taking advantage of the situation to heave an axe at Dave, hadn't hit Mead Falin, the narrative would have been shorter. Jack did hit Mead, however—moreover, when June, relieving Mead of the knife intended for Jack, was seized by Buck, Jack hit the father as well.

"Okay, I'm licked," Jack said from the dust of the street where Buck's uppercut had landed him.

"You've lots to learn, Mr. Hale,"

LONESOME PINE *Cont.*

Buck informed him. "I scratched a bargain with you on a piece of paper and I kept it, but now you're sticking your nose into my personal affairs, bargains don't count and you won't be long finding it out."

No idle threat! That night the construction camp was aflame, the blaze being ignited by a procession of torch-bearing Falins. Dave, a mere spectator of the disaster, could not but admire Jack's courage in getting stock and mules out of the corral, while Thurber in the office tried to save instruments and papers.

The foreigners, moreover, declared themselves unbeaten. As Jack put it to the men, while the powder-house catching alight roared upwards in a million pieces. "You're not licking me. I'll put this railroad through if I have to use your dirty, rotten bodies for ties and I hire every man in Gaptown to finish the job."

So this was the talk of an educated man! Education was becoming like a red rag to Dave. Every time he saw Buddy playing with the alphabet game Jack had given him, Dave was put off his meal. Meanwhile June, stopping with Jack's sister in Louisville, was attending school. Wearing the plaid frock and big straw hat, purchased by Mr. Thurber, grumbling good-naturedly at Jack's generosity in footing the bill, June had looked bewitching as she boarded the train. Lucky that Dave had not been there to witness Jack's good-bye kiss. So active already indeed was the beetle of discontent in Dave that he vowed he'd leave the Tolliver cabin. As ever, Melissa saved him from himself.

"You're our boy, Dave," she entreated. "I mean you're like our boy. I ain't a-wanting ya to go." He stopped and kissed her eyes with the old rhyme: "One for you and one for me and one . . . Ah! one was for June in Louisville, learning arithmetic and about the French Revolution and how to use the telephone."

Reconstruction work was in full swing when Buck Falin's appetite for revenge demanded further satisfaction. Knowing that Buddy, in Corsey's absence, had succeeded in working the gears of the steam shovel, Buck ordered his men to ignite a stick of dynamite under the river bridge. The time-fuse was accurately set. As Buddy, a little scared but proudly ringing the alarm bell, was borne down the slope and crossed the bridge, the flame reached its destination. From a mass of debris they brought the still recognisable little body into Jack's tent, but Buddy's spirit had passed.

Dave told them he fell on his gun and Buck passing the spot kindly brought him home.

Dave, hewing elm-wood for the child's coffin knew that June's eyes were all for Jack as he came towards them. She had been speaking to Judd for the first time on the telephone when the explosion took place, and realising that something had happened, had boarded the next train to Gaptown. More womanly than of yore she looked in her black frock, her soft hair clinging to her nape in ringlets, but her tongue was like a whiplash. "What are you doing here, Jack Hale? You're on the side of the law . . . oh yes you've been talking to the sheriff! You wouldn't kill a Falin for what they've done. All you care about is the law."

"The law doesn't operate here," Jack said sadly. "The sheriff says so. He's lived here fifty years. He can bring the Falins to court, maybe hang them, but it won't stop feuds. I'm not saying that Buddy wasn't murdered, but you, Dave, remember, shot Jim Falin, a kid not much older than Buddy . . . Buck's favourite son." Dave was silent. "You don't love me . . . you wouldn't talk so, Jack," June sobbed. Ignoring his "I do, with all my heart, June," she turned to Dave. "It'll soon be green-up time. That's what you've always wanted. Now, it's what I want—to marry someone who can act like a Tolliver."

After the funeral, unmindful of Melissa and Jack's efforts to stop him, Dave went to the Falins' cabin. Buck and his two sons were in the living-room. "Whatcha here for, Dave Tolliver?" Buck said. "I see ya ain't got a gun. Come in."

"I will. If I told ya we were licked, would you stop fighting?" The answer was unexpected. "Maybe. I've been thinking that way myself lately. Would ya shake hands?"

Dave, stepping forward heard Wade's: "You snivelling pup, father," followed by a shot and a blinding pain in his arm. Unaware that Buck's reply was to shoot his son, Dave staggered home, Buck in his wake. Melissa helped him to the bed. "What happened, Dave?"

"I fell on my gun. . . . Buck was passing . . . he . . . kindly brought me in. . . ." He was conscious that June was sobbing and talking of green-up. He was aware of telling Jack that this was a bullet he couldn't cut out, of Jack's telling him that he would have the biggest wedding in the country. But it was Melissa to whom Dave turned, facing a world sustained by laws higher than those that nourish the lonesome pine. It was on Melissa's eyes Dave Tolliver the peacemaker pressed his dying lips, murmuring in turn the familiar rhyme: "Two pink doves sitting on a tree . . . one for you . . . and one for me."

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Previews

CRITICISMS of the LATEST FILMS

THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES.

MR. H. G. WELLS is not only a great thinker but a great talker and it is this latter quality of his that comes perilously near at times to wrecking the kinematic value of this film based on one of his stories. The story centres round George McWhirter Fotheringay, on whom a celestial overlord confers the power to work miracles and Mr. Fotheringay having accidentally discovered his unique gifts while enjoying a well-earned drink after his labours as an assistant in a drapery store, is quite overawed.

After a few tentative experiments in which he materialises objects beloved of the conjuror, he grows more ambitious and commands one of his women colleagues to fall in love with him. Then it is that he finds he has no power over the soul of human beings, but only over concrete things. Being a decent little fellow at heart, he is most anxious to benefit mankind in general but he soon finds that it is impossible to help one section of the community without hurting another.

His employer and the local bank manager try to use his powers for financial gain, an idealistic minister of the church has beautiful but impractical ideas for creating a modern Utopia and, as a start, persuades Fotheringay to point out to a crusty colonel of the most die-hard type the error of his ways. This he does by changing that choleric old warrior's supply of whisky to something as unpleasant as it is non-alcoholic and by converting his swords and rifles into ploughshares and other agricultural implements.

The colonel is so scandalised that he tries to shoot him, and Fotheringay realising that you can't please all of the people all of the time, creates a magnificent palace to which he fetches all the rulers of the earth and orders them to get busy right away devising a better world for that neglected being "the-man-in-the-street." To demonstrate his own power, he then orders the world to stop rotating and universal chaos ensues until he cries "Let everything be as it was before," and things are just as they were before he possessed the power to work miracles, which power he surrenders for good and all—and very glad he is to do so.

The trick photography by means of which Fotheringay, admirably and sympathetically played by Roland Young, is seen working his miracles is excellently handled and there are many amusing sidelights. But the action is so frequently held up for minutes at a time while some character or other expounds Wellsian philosophy that one is left regretting that there is so little of the jam of entertainment value to so much of the powder of sociological diatribe, especially as the author's doctrine seems to be one of despair.

One is also left regretting the performance and grotesque make-up

of Ralph Richardson as the colonel, although Ernest Thesiger as the clergyman, Edward Chapman as Fotheringay's employer and Joan Gardner as the girl by whom he is attracted are all excellent.

As usual, H. G. Wells has a lot to say, but the kinema does not appear to be his ideal medium of expression.

MARY OF SCOTLAND

Hollywood's attitude towards historical films is a strange one. Drama dealing with famous people of a bygone age must always be handled in an expensive and lavish style and the greatest care must be exercised to avoid obvious anachronisms in details of production. Yet it will cheerfully play ducks-and-drakes with recorded facts if by so doing dramatic values can be heightened. History, in fact, may be sacrificed on the altar of entertainment but the sacrificial robes must be authentic to the last gusset.

Thus, *Mary of Scotland*, which purports to tell the story of the dark-starred queen's unhappy life after her return to her native land. Her struggles against the power-seeking barons, the treacherous behaviour towards her of Elizabeth, her short-lived happiness with Bothwell, and her execution are all treated in a manner which tends to defeat its own ends by the very weight of colourful drama employed. It is as though an organist attempted to cover up faulty phrases in his playing by pulling out the "open diaphason" stop throughout.

There is drama in plenty, but most of the characters are unable to adapt themselves to the heavily stressed sixteenth century atmosphere and they are not helped in their task by such lines as the one Bothwell has to speak to Mary's husband when he exclaims, "Still hanging around, Darnley?" In many instances they achieve the boorishness of manners without capturing the underlying bravado of spirit

which was so notable a quality in men of those days.

Katharine Hepburn works hard as Mary and emotes to good effect but she seems unable to capture the underlying spirit of a woman whose high office had preordained her to a life of tribulations which could at times triumph over her inherent spirit of fatalism. Rather does she suggest an ordinary woman struggling with the everyday problems of modern life.

Fredric March as the loyal, impetuous Bothwell has sensed the spirit of the man and the times admirably and his performance unquestioningly adds a fine new feather to his cap—or rather, bonnet. A sensitive performance comes from John Carradine as Rizzio but Douglas Walton rather over-emphasises the worse qualities of Darnley. Florence Eldridge is convincing as the suspicious, intriguing Queen Elizabeth, and Moroni Olsen thunders impressively as the uncompromising John Knox.

As a contribution to history the film is negligible but it is a colourful spectacle with plenty of drama of a flamboyant type and were at least thirty minutes to be lopped off the running time its entertainment value would be increased.

IT'S LOVE AGAIN

We have had to wait a long time to see this new Jessie Matthews musical, for America was accorded the first peep, but now that Gaumont-British have given us the opportunity, we realise that the high praises bestowed upon it on the other side of the Herring Pond are by no means exaggerated. In fact, *It's Love Again* reaches a new level of entertainment that it would be hard indeed to surpass.

The story, such as it is, tells of an ambitious young actress who tries in vain to get a "shop" in musical comedy. She meets Peter Carlton a young man-about-town whose bosom pal, Freddie Rathbone, supplies him with "copy" for the social gossip feature he writes for *The Record*, and the two fall in love. Peter and Freddie conceive the not very original idea of inventing a mythical Mrs. Smythe—Smythe, a glamorous young woman who is a famous big game hunter and explorer, in order to bolster up their column with exclusive stories of her exploits.

Elaine, not realising that the lady has no corporeal existence, poses as

her to gain publicity and creates such a sensation that she is offered the lead in a West End revue. Her opening night is spoiled by a rival newspaper man who threatens to expose her unless she gives all future stories to his own paper exclusively, and the show ends abruptly half way through. However, all works out well in the end with Peter and Elaine facing imminent matrimony and a cloudless future.

Directed by Victor Saville, this musical moves both smoothly and fast and there are no weak links in the chain of entertainment. The musical numbers are very tuneful and "It's Love Again" and "Love Is Slipping Through My Fingers" are certain to be rendered with varying degrees of success by every radio, dance band, and musically-minded errand boy in the country.

The humour is never far absent and at times rises to hitherto undreamed of heights in British musicals, Sonnie Hale as Freddie scoring heavily all along the line in this respect. Jessie Matthews, as Elaine, has no chink in her histrionic armour and her acting, singing and dancing have a verve and charm that excel even the very high standard she has set herself in previous productions, while Robert Young succeeds in being bright and cheerful to exactly the right degree.

The supporting cast, too, are uniformly sound and there are no rough edges anywhere to jar the easy running of what is the best British musical to date.

EAST MEETS WEST

Those who enjoyed seeing George Arliss as the Rajah in *The Green Goddess* will, doubtless experience 72 minutes of happy memories, for here he is back again, this time as a stately old buffer ruling an old buffer state which both Great Britain and a sinister Oriental power badly need as an ally. Courteous but crafty, cultured but cruel, his words are as measured as his steps, so it is hardly surprising that his native cunning enables him to triumph in the battle of diplomatic wits and ultimately collect no fewer than £2,000,000 for development in Renang.

The Sultan's troubles are not ameliorated by the fact that his son, Nezim who was sent to Oxford and obtained a blue for lawn tennis, is in love with Marguerite, the wife of the Collector of Customs to the British dependency of Tunatra which lies just across the river from his own State. However, when Carter, Marguerite's husband, is caught smuggling gin into his kingdom, the Sultan's crafty mind conceives a scheme whereby he can play Sir Henry Mallory, the Governor of Tunatra, and Dr. Shagu, the emissary of the Oriental power against each other, and in doing so he gets his own way all round.

George Arliss, as the Sultan, acts with almost ostentatious suavity, Lucie Mannheim infuses the part of Marguerite Carter with considerable emotional depth and a great deal of sincerity and Ronald Ward as her hard-drinking, hard-hearted husband also does good work. Godfrey Tearle as the Governor of Tunatra adds sartorial lustre to the Diplomatic Corps and John Laurie is undiluted Scotch as a doctor.

Herbert Mason's direction assures plenty of action, but whether you are able to enter wholeheartedly into the plottings and plans of the Sultan of a somewhat nebulous State depends entirely on your reactions to George Arliss.



Sophie Stewart as 'Maggie Hooper' and Roland Young as 'Fotheringay' in "The Man Who Could Work Miracles."



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REVIEWS

The PICTUREGOER'S
quick reference index to
films just released

- ***WIFE VERSUS SECRETARY
- ***THE PETRIFIED FOREST
- ***THINGS TO COME
- c**WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD
- **MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION
- *FAIR EXCHANGE
- c*THE SKY PARADE
- *MURDER ON A BRIDLE PATH
- *CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE
- THE ROGUES TAVERN
- TUGBOAT PRINCESS
- TWO ON A DOORSTEP

What the asterisks mean—
**** An outstanding feature.
*** Very good. ** Good.
* Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

***WIFE VERSUS SECRETARY
M.-G.-M. American. "A" certificate. Social comedy. Runs 87 minutes.

CLARK GABLE.....Van
JEAN HARLOW.....Whitey
MYRNA LOY.....Linda
MAY ROBSON.....Mimi
GEORGE BARBER.....Underwood
JAMES STEWART.....Dave
HOBART CAVANAUGH.....Joe
JOHN QUALLEN.....Mr. Jenkins
TOM DUGAN.....Finney
GILBERT EMERY.....Simpson
MARJORIE GATESON.....Eve Merritt
GLORIA HOLDEN.....Joan Carstairs
Directed by Clarence Brown. Previewed May 13, 1936, and fully dealt with in Famous Films Supplement in this issue.

The hand of the expert shows in every department of this film—acting, direction, script-writing, settings, cutting—and the result is 100 per cent. entertainment.

The story is about Van, a wealthy publisher, and his wife Linda, who have been married for three years and are gloriously happy. Van has a pretty, adoring, and extremely efficient secretary named Whitey, with whom he is friendly (as he is with everyone), but not intimate.

Gossiping tongues awake Linda's suspicions, and although she clings to her belief in Van, apparently unassailable proof of his unfaithfulness causes her to bring divorce proceedings; Whitey, however, by telling Linda she means to have Van for herself as soon as he is free, makes her reconsider her decision, and she and Van are reconciled.

Clark Gable, Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow are an exceedingly strong combination, and the humour and pathos are intermingled with great skill.

***THE PETRIFIED FOREST
Warner. American. "A" certificate. Emotional drama. Runs 83 minutes.

LESLIE HOWARD.....Alan Squier
BETTE DAVIS.....Gabrielle Maple
GENEVIEVE TOBIN.....Mrs. Chisholm
DICK FORAN.....Boze Hertzlinger
HUMPHREY BOGART.....Duke Mantee
JOSEPH SAWYER.....Jackie
PORTER HALL.....Jason Maple
CHARLES GRAPPEWIN.....Gramp Maple
PAUL HARVEY.....Mr. Chisholm
EDDIE ACUFF.....Lipman
ADRIAN MORRIS.....Ruby
INA CAMPANA.....Paula

by LIONEL COLLIER



Bette Davis and Leslie Howard in
"The Petrified Forest."

SLIM JOHNSON.....Pyles
JOHN ALEXANDER.....Joseph
Directed by Archie Mayo. Previewed August 1, 1936.

Alan Squier is an author and an idealist who is married to a rich woman. Feeling that his idealism, which is an integral part of his spiritual make-up, is becoming stifled, he sets out on a vague pilgrimage with the object of finding some concrete means whereby he can justify his existence. At a lonely service station in the Arizona Desert he meets a girl, Gabrielle Maple, who longs to express herself in some artistic way and rebels at the loneliness she has to endure. Alan, the idealist and mystic, and Gabrielle, the practical artist, fall in love with each other, but happiness is short-lived, for they fall into the hands of bandits, and Alan, in the hope of being able to give Gabrielle the chance to give her love of art and beauty expression in a practical manner, which he himself was too much of a dreamer ever to achieve, makes over his life insurance to her and then persuades one of the bandits to shoot him. Thus he passes on to the girl the same opportunities which he had but failed so badly to exploit.

Appealing to the senses and emotions in a most unusual manner, this beautifully acted and intensely moving story is dominated by Leslie Howard as Alan. Just as in *Berkeley Square*, the underlying spirituality and idealism of the hero are stressed in a manner which is as free of mawkishness as it is full of sincerity. Bette Davis, as Gabrielle, is wholly natural and human, and Humphrey Bogart, as the bandit killer, acts with such understanding that one pities the man as much as one detests the crimes he commits. The supporting cast is uniformly excellent, and Archie Mayo, the director, has produced a story that is right out of the ordinary and full of a brilliance and depth that inspire not only pleasure at the time, but thought afterwards.

***THINGS TO COME
United Artists. British. "U" certificate. Futuristic melodrama. Runs 110 minutes.
RAYMOND MASSEY.....John Cabal
EDWARD CHAPMAN.....Pipper Passworthy
RALPH RICHARDSON.....Raymond Passworthy
.....The Boss

MARGARETTA SCOTT.....Roxana
CEDRIC HARDWICKE.....Theotocopulos
MAURICE BRADDELL.....Dr. Harding
SOPHIE STEWART.....Mrs. Cabal
DERRICK DE MARNEY.....Richard Gordon
ANN TODD.....Mary Gordon
PEARL ARGYLE.....Katherine Cabal
KENNETH VILLIERS.....Maurice Passworthy
IVAN BRANDT.....Modern Mitani
ANNE McLAREN.....The Child
Directed by William Cameron Menzies.

I give this three stars because it is a grand experiment. Unfortunately it is a picture in which nearly everything is sacrificed to "production values"; the human interest is negligible, because, for one thing, we do not follow the fortunes of the same characters throughout, and also, while we do see them, they talk interminably in the words of H. G. Wells.

True, the words are good words; and if you are inclined to listen to a lecture on the future of the world this will delight you.

On the other hand, the trick photography, the model work, and the cuttings are so amazingly clever that for large portions of the film you will be enthralled.

The destruction of Everytown, the aftermath of the world-war, and the reconstruction of civilisation by scientists and dreamers, who finally attempt to reach the moon, is a triumph of skill and art, and the film is worth seeing for these things alone.



Irene Dunne and Robert Taylor in
"Magnificent Obsession."

But the pity is that the breath of life was never breathed into the characters. The players (especially Ralph Richardson and Margareta Scott) fight to make them come alive, but they never do.

c**WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD

General Film Distributors. British. "U" certificate. Comedy burlesque. Runs 75 minutes.
JACK BUCHANAN.....Sir Guy de Vere
FAY WRAY.....Lady Rowena
GARRY MARSH.....Brian Ballymote
KATE CUTLER.....Aunt Agatha
MARTITA HUNT.....Aunt Esther
ROBERT HORTON.....Cousin Bertie
AUBREY MATHER.....The Canon
AUBREY FITZGERALD.....Barker
ROBERT NAINBY.....Whittle
MOORE MARRIOTT.....The Tramp
CHARLES PATON.....The Mayor
Directed by Jack Raymond. Previewed March 7, 1936.

Since this farce was first staged, twenty-nine years ago, it has become as internationally famous as *Charley's Aunt*, and few people do not know the story of Sir Guy de Vere, who finds himself back in the Middle Ages and has many hilarious adventures with the people whose lineal descendants are his own friends and contemporaries.

In this version Jack Buchanan, who plays de Vere, is well served

with a part to which he suits himself admirably, and he extracts enough humour, to say nothing of dancing and singing, out of it to satisfy his fans completely. There is plenty of broad, obvious humour in this version, which has several additions to the stage production, and director Jack Raymond has been most successful, especially with the mediæval sequences, which are richly colourful and spectacular.

The action moves along at a good round pace, and even if some of the later scenes lack a little of the pep of the first sequences, there are few, if any, dull moments.

Fay Wray, as the Lady Rowena, is somewhat stilted, but Kate Cutler and Martita Hunt are both excellent as her aunts; and good performances come from Garry Marsh, as Brian Ballymote, and Moore Marriott, as the tramp.

**MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION
Universal. American. "U" certificate. Emotional drama. Runs 112 minutes.

IRENE DUNNE.....Helen Hudson
ROBERT TAYLOR.....Bobby Merrick
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH.....Tommy Masterton
BETTY FURNESS.....Joyce Hudson
SARA HADEN.....Nancy Ashford
RALPH MORGAN.....Randolph
HENRY ARMETTA.....Tony
GILBERT EMERY.....Dr. Ramsay
ARTHUR HOYT.....Perry
LOWELL DURHAM.....Junior Masterton
ALAN DAVIS.....Dr. Justin
CRAUFORD KENT.....Dr. Thomas
EDWARD EARLE.....Mr. Miller
INEZ COURTNEY.....May
MARION CLAYTON.....Amy
NORMAN DREW.....Receptionist
BERYL MERCER.....Mrs. Eden
CORA SUE COLLINS.....Ruth
ARTHUR TREACHER.....Horace
Directed by John M. Stahl. Previewed March 21, 1936.

Here is a good dramatic story, well acted, and both sentiment and humour cleverly blended. Dr. Hudson had a magnificent obsession, namely, to act the Good Samaritan to all who needed help and to take no reward for his services. A rich young waster, Bobby Merrick, is the indirect cause of his death by drowning, and later Merrick meets the doctor's widow, with whom he falls in love. He takes her for a trip in his car, and behaves so badly that Helen Hudson insists on getting out and walking. No sooner does she leave the car than she is knocked down, and her injuries result in blindness.

Bobby, genuinely distressed and penitent, makes secret arrangements for her to go to Paris for treatment, and does all he can to make amends, but when he proposes to her, she thinks he does so out of pity, and turns him down. He then resolves to reform his life, and takes up

(Continued on page 30)



Fay Wray and Jack Buchanan in
"When Knights Were Bold."

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REVIEWS—Continued

surgery, and later—as you have doubtlessly guessed—saves the life and restores the sight of the woman he loves.

Told thus baldly, the story, which seeks to prove that the good as well as the evil that men do lives after them, sounds trite, but under the skilful direction of John Stahl it is sufficiently infused with life to become thoroughly convincing, and possesses that "little of everything" that makes for a successful picture.

Irene Dunn and Robert Taylor earn fresh laurels for their acting as the widow and the playboy, and, out of the big cast of forty, special mention must be made of the acting of Charles Butterworth, Betty Furness, Sarah Haden, and Frank Morgan.

*FAIR EXCHANGE

Warner. British. "U" certificate. Comedy-drama. Runs 63 minutes.

PATRIC KNOWLES.....Tony Meredith
ROScoe ATEs.....Elmer Goodge
ISLA BEVAN.....Elise Randall
LOUIS GOODRICH.....James Meredith
RAYMOND LOVELL.....Sir Reeves Willoughby
CECIL HUMPHREYS.....Matthew Randall
MORLAND GRAHAM.....Dr. Franz Schmidt
Directed by Ralph Ince.

An unpretentious but quite entertaining comedy-drama, which tells of two undergraduates who are sent down for having accused one of the dons of theft. Tony Meredith, one of the young men, is the son of a famous criminologist, who is so anxious that his son shall not follow in his footsteps that he determines to hold the boy up to ridicule by faking a burglary and letting him try to solve the mystery. Tony and his friend, Elmer Goodge, get to work and find that the picture has really been stolen. They finally run the thief to earth and Tony finds romance with the niece of one of the hoaxers.

Patric Knowles, as one of the embryonic Sherlocks, has a part that fits him perfectly, while his colleague, played by the stuttering Roscoe Ates, provides most of the comedy. Isla Bevan makes an attractive heroine and another good performance comes from Raymond Lovell.

*THE SKY PARADE

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Aerial melodrama. Runs 70 minutes.

JIMMIE ALLEN.....Jimmie Allen
WILLIAM GARGAN.....Speed Robertson
KATHERINE DEMILLE.....Jerry Croft
KENT TAYLOR.....Tommy Wade
ROBERT FISKE.....Scotty Allen
GRANT WITHERS.....Casey Cameron
SID SAYLOR.....Flash Lewis
EDGAR DEARING.....Gat Billings
GEORGES RENAVANT.....Baron Ankrevitch
BILLY LEE.....Jimmie (aged 4)
Directed by Otho Lovering.

Clever direction makes this picture good entertainment, and the fact that the story is frankly melodrama of the conventional does not matter. It is the trimmings that count, and they, including as they do, many pages from the thrilling history of commercial aviation, are full of excitement and spectacle. The story deals with the adventures of three war-time air aces who join a flying circus and are approached by an unscrupulous flyer to carry contraband. They refuse, and later enter commercial aviation, where they again run foul of the villain of the piece before love and success come to at least one of them.

William Gargan, Kent Taylor, and Robert Fiske, as the Three Musketeers of the air, are convincingly strapping and manly; Katherine DeMille is an attractive heroine; and Grant Withers is as sinister a crook as any schoolboy could desire. The



Derrick de Marney and Ann Todd in "Things to Come."

flying thrills are excellently handled and are never allowed to become dully technical, and the photography is of a high standard.

*MURDER ON A BRIDLE PATH

Radio. American. "A" certificate. Mystery Comedy. Runs 64 minutes.

JAMES GLEASON.....Inspector Oscar Piper
HELEN BRODERICK.....Miss Hildegard Withers
SHEILA TERRY.....Violet Feveler
LESLIE FENTON.....Don Gregg
LOUISE LATIMER.....Barbara Foley
OWEN DAVIS, junr.....Eddie Fry
CHRISTIAN RUB.....Abe Thomas
JOHN ARLEDGE.....Joey
JOHN CARROLL.....Latigo Wells
WILLIE BEST.....Highpockets
GUSTAV VON SEYFFERTITZ.....Dr. Bloom
JOHN MILTERN.....Pat Gregg
HARRY JANS.....Addle
JAMES DONLAN.....Kane
SPENCER CHARTERS.....Mahoney
MURRAY ALPER.....Taxi Driver
DEWEY ROBINSON.....Turkish Bath Attendant
MAURICE CASE.....Handwriting Expert
Directed by Edward Killy and William Hamilton. Previewed June 13, 1936.

Although this story falls short of the standard of excellence maintained in the previous *Inspector Piper* films, it yet contains sufficient mystery and humour to be good entertainment. A young woman, who was universally disliked, is found murdered on a bridle path, and the suspects are so many in numbers that Piper is set a more than usually difficult task in finding the criminal. Once again he has Hildegard Withers, the sharp-tongued school teacher, to aid him, and after a perfect shoal of red herrings have been dealt with the murderer is netted. Needless to say, the character is one of the most unlikely people, which is in the true mystery tradition.

James Gleason is as good as ever as the impetuous detective who yearns to make wholesale arrests when not checked by the level-headed Miss Withers. The latter part was created by Edna May Oliver, but in this story the role is played by Helen Broderick, and, although comparisons are notoriously odious, one cannot truthfully claim that the change is for the better. The supporting cast is above the average in talent, and Leslie Fenton and Owen Davis, jun., are very good.

The picture is well set, the direction is sound, and wise-cracks are both plentiful and—what is more important—amusing.

*CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE

Fox. American. "A" certificate. Crime drama. Runs 50 minutes.

PAUL CAVANAGH.....Charlie Cortland
HELEN WOODBURY.....Linda Craig
THOMAS BUCK.....Tod Hollingsworth
MINNA GOMBELL.....Lillian Wayne

HERBERT MUNDIN.....Mr. Phipps
NOEL MADISON.....Pedro Corini
MONTAGU LOVE.....Ivan Suchine
Directed by James Tinling.

The story, the action of which takes place for the most part on board a liner bound from America for Europe, sees the trouble start when an unpleasant crook, named Pedro Gorini, is found dead. On board are several people who knew Pedro, including Linda Craig, now on a honeymoon trip with her husband, Tod Hollingsworth, and Mr. Phipps, a bar-tender and formerly a valet to Champagne Charlie, an adventurer who, before his death, had been financed by Pedro.

Champagne Charlie had been told to marry Linda for her money, but when he realised that she was the daughter of an old flame, he preferred death to added dishonour and made an abrupt exit from this world. Both Linda and Mr. Phipps, having been more or less directly involved in Pedro's death, go to the captain of the liner and each seeks to take the blame for the deed. However, when he has heard their stories, the captain is so convinced that the villain deserved all he got that he



William Gargan and Katherine De Mille in "The Sky Parade."

orders a report to be prepared that Pedro died by his own hand—which is a piece of intelligent anticipation on his part.

Paul Cavanagh, as Champagne Charlie, is suave and sentimental enough to be entirely convincing; Herbert Mundin, as his valet, is both amusing and sincere; and Helen Woods lends plenty of character to the part of the wealthy Linda; while the Pedro of Noel Madison is as sinister a rogue as anyone could wish not to meet in real life. The story is somewhat shilling shockerish, but the production is so neat and well balanced that it provides plenty of sound entertainment.

THE ROGUES TAVERN

Pathé. American. "A" certificate. Murder Mystery. Runs 68 minutes.

WALLACE FORD.....Jimmy Flavin
BARBARA PEPPER.....Marjorie Burns
JOAN WOODBURY.....Gloria
CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG.....Mrs. Jamison
JACK MULHALL.....Bill
JOHN ELLIOTT.....Mr. Jamison
JOHN COWELL.....Hughes
VINCENT DENNIS.....Bert
ARTHUR LOFT.....Wentworth
IVO HENDERSON.....Harrison
ED CASSIDY.....Mason
SILVER WOLF, THE DOG.....Himself
Directed by Bob Hill.

An artificial murder mystery which, although presented adequately, lacks a leaven of humour and is further handicapped by weak dialogue. Jimmy Flavin, a young detective, takes the girl of his

choice to an isolated tavern, where they are to meet a justice of the peace who is to marry them. The young couple run into no matrimony, but plenty of murder of a sensational but not too convincing type, and after almost as many corpses as are found in "Hamlet" have strewn the stage, the detective clears matters up to the satisfaction of everyone except the murderer and, presumably, his victims.

Wallace Ford does a lot of good work with a lot of poor material, but Barbara Pepper is unable to surmount the obstacles that beset her acting path as his fiancée who helps him to discover the villain despite the shoals of red herrings that descend on his hapless head. The rest of the cast are as good as the story and characterisations permit.

TUGBOAT PRINCESS

Columbia. Canadian. "U" certificate. Sentimental drama. Runs 68 minutes.

WALTER C. KELLY.....Uncle Jack
EDITH FELLOWS.....Princess Judy
VALERIE HOBSON.....Sally
CLYDE COOK.....Steve
LESTER MATTWES.....Bob
REGINALD HINCKS.....Captain Darling
Directed by David Selman.

A mawkish and unconvincing story of the "Little Orphan Annie" type that is poorly handled throughout. Princess Judy is an orphan who lives with her adopted father, an old sea-dog and the owner of a derelict tramp steamer, until she is seized by cruel welfare officials and flung into an orphanage. However, her adopted father, a rough old fellow with a heart of the purest gold, saves a rival's steamer in a fog, wins a nice round sum of money as a reward, and Judy is restored to shed tears of joy on his manly bosom.

Edith Fellows puts up an excellent show as Judy, but Walter C. Kelly, as the sea-dog, lays it on with a trowel and is far too heavy to be convincing, and the supporting cast have little chance to do anything worth while. The production, as a whole, does nothing to help things; in fact, "Contrariwise," as Tweedledee was wont to remark!

TWO ON A DOORSTEP

Paramount. British. "A" certificate. Romantic comedy. Runs 71 minutes.

KAY HAMMOND.....Jill Day
HAROLD FRENCH.....Jimmy Blair
ANTHONY HANKEY.....Peter Day
GEORGE MOZART.....George
DOROTHY DEWHURST.....Mrs. Beamwish
FRANK TICKLE.....Mr. Beamwish
WALTER TOBIAS.....Diggle
TED SANDERS.....McTavish
Directed by Lawrence Huntington.

A weak story of a brother and sister who get into financial difficulties owing to the former's unfortunate propensity for picking losers on the racecourse and dog-track. Thinking that the betting public in general must be as incompetent as he is, the brother sets up as a bookie, and he and his sister make a fortune with an ease that would fill the average turf accountant with the wildest envy. Their monetary problems being so easily solved, the sister marries the handsome young broker's man who is in possession of her flat—and that is that.

Kay Hammond and Harold French as the sister and the bailiff, do not act as though they found their parts the least bit convincing—which is not surprising. George Mozart is quite amusing in a comedy role, but the rest of the cast find the task of making bricks without straw quite beyond them.

I cannot hand this picture even the smallest bouquet for acting, story, or production.



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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

BEAUTY THAT GOES DEEPER

And Actresses Who Wear a Lovely Mask

NEARLY all screen actresses possess beauty of figure and of features. But there is one type of beauty which is rare and which no make-up expert can manufacture, that is, beauty of expression.

The former is, shall I say, accidental, whereas the latter comes from within. And the faces of the actresses who lack that inner warmth and kindness are merely lovely masks. While noting their perfection, one looks upon them dispassionately. After all, a piece of sculpture, however exquisite, does not induce a feeling of friendliness or of admiration.

I wish that there was a greater number of actresses whose beauty is more than skin-deep, such as Madge Evans, Frances Dee, Irene Dunne and Diana Wynyard.—*Betty Hazelton, Frognaal, 35 The Chase, Coulsdon, Surrey, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.*



Irene Dunne

Dutch sounding name from South Africa has written, and letters from France and Switzerland are fairly frequent. Nothing from Australia yet, but Canada has obliged from Montreal.

The PICTUREGOER, through its readers' pages, is certainly doing great work in bringing together film fans from all parts of the globe.—*J. E. Robertson, 151 Withington Road, Manchester, 16.*

Contrast

Recently I attended a local kinema and saw *Broadway Melody of 1936* and *Turn of the Tide*.

In the former I was dazzled by the glitter of costumes, the spectacular scenery, the wise-cracking Jack Benny, the handsome Robert Taylor, the brilliant dancing of Eleanor Powell, and the fascinating Ebsens.

Then straight from this overwhelming extravaganzá I was transported to a quiet little fishing village, where I found myself in the midst of a jealous feud, taking place among the hardworking fisherfolk.

I was awed by the fury of the stormy sea; amused by the quiet humour of the people; sympathetic with the young lovers and thrilled when I saw the tiny boat tossed mercilessly on the heaving waves. I am sure that long after I have forgotten the wisecracks and spectacle of *Broadway Melody of 1936* I shall remember the simple yet stirring tale of *Turn of the Tide*.—*(Miss) V. Price, 52 Church Road, Croydon, Surrey.*

His Classroom

One is forever hearing the kinema blamed for the slangy speech of the average Englishman and for the general low standard of our present-day diction.

When I left school eight years ago I was ignorant of the existence, or correct pronunciation, of half the words in the English dictionary. I knew little or nothing of foreign lands, and my knowledge of history was a mere jumble of meaningless dates.

Through the medium of the "silver screen" I have listened to dialogue written by the world's greatest writers and spoken by the cream of the world's actors. I have seen English history re-lived and mere names have become real people. My knowledge of foreign lands has been vastly improved by seeing films set all over the universe. How much more interesting are these lessons than the dreary hours one was forced to endure in the class-room!

Yes, whenever I am asked where I was educated, I feel inclined to answer: "At the kinema!"—*John W. Hill, 23 Westbury Road, Crumpsall, Manchester.*

Extremes Meet

It must be the would-be and newly-weds who are so entranced with this filmy love-making. The youngsters snort at it, and I think that being nigh on the Biblical limit of man's years I am entitled to put the oldsters' point of view:

Little Miss Green at the age of thirteen

Thinks screen love a bore and a waste.

Whilst I as a greybeard entirely concur,

And I think she shows excellent taste.

—*Jas. Hart, 5 Ely Grove, Sea Mills Park, Bristol, 9.*

Just for a Change

For the sake of novelty I would like:—

Some visiting star to say our policemen were a pain in the neck.

A newly divorced star to say that her late
(Continued on page 34)

Jig-Saw

May I make some sort of protest regarding what seems to me to be a technical fault which appears increasingly in films to-day. I refer to the curious ways in which film editors cut from one scene to another.

In the old days, one scene simply dissolved into the next, and this fade-out did not upset the rhythm of the film.

Nowadays, however, scenes follow scenes in the queerest ways. One is pushed off towards the left by the next; another may be followed by another in a sort of spiral-like sweep—the momentary confusion looking like a composite photograph.

The film editor seems to delight in using fantastic patterns to get from one scene to the next.

When you are engrossed in a film, to be suddenly disturbed by an exhibition of trick photography makes you conscious immediately of watching a film—not people doing interesting things.—*Gilbert Snowden, 25 Pender Street, Deptford, S.E.8, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.*

Bringing Them Together

A reader recently stated that he had gained numerous interesting correspondents through having his letters published in the PICTUREGOER. So have I.

Perhaps it would interest you to know that the PICTUREGOER is read quite a lot in America. Also in India. At the present time I am exchanging letters with a girl living in Iowa. From India I have received many letters from people asking me to correspond with them and exchange views upon the kinema. Many of these who write are soldiers in the British Army stationed in god-forsaken spots where out-of-date films and primitive kinemas have to be put up with.

I have had letters from Egypt; one from a native student; also from a Spanish girl living in Las Palmas, Canary Islands. A boy with a

WOMEN! MEET GRAND MA

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Here's Grand Ma, the woman whose new idea in face powder has created such a sensation in Paris, London and New York

Grand Ma says: Now at 50 I am still going strong and look fresh and young with plenty of men after me—dances booked up far ahead—it's my skin and complexion that does it. It is marvellous what a stimulating tonic astringent powder will do for your skin. If you use an ordinary powder, switch to Poudre Tokalon at once. It is the magical 4 in one powder I created. I have sold my rights and patent on this powder, so I cannot tell you what is in it, but I guarantee it is pure—absolutely pure.

Say good-bye forever to ugly nose and face shine. This powder is waterproof. You can go out in the rain, bathe in the sea, perspire and the powder is still there and your complexion is still fresh and beautiful. Put this powder on your finger; then put your finger in water; take it out and the powder is dry and so is your finger. They call me Grand Ma Tokalon. Try a box of the POUFRE TOKALON—the magical 4 in one powder—and if it does not produce highly successful results write me and I will refund your money. 6d. and 1/- everywhere. The shilling box saves you money.

Note: Crème Tokalon is the only cream which should be used with Poudre Tokalon.

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WHO'S WHO

Walter Catlett

BORN in San Francisco on February 4, 1889, he stands 5 ft. 10½ in., and weighs a little more than 12 stone. He has fair hair and blue eyes and was educated at St. Ignatius College, San Francisco, where he specialised in history. He has over thirty years stage experience to his credit and entered pictures in 1929, playing Joe Gliner in *Married in Hollywood*. He played a part in *Why Leave Home?* for which he also wrote the dialogue, played Rex Wardle in *Let's Go Places* and titled and played in *Happy Days*.

His other pictures include: *The Big Party*, *Platinum Blonde*, *Yellow*, *Palmy Days*, *Gold Fish Bowl*, *Rain*, *Mama Loves Papa*, *Only Yesterday*, *Olsen's Big Moment*, *The Captain Hates the Sea*, *Lightning Strikes Twice*, *Every Night at Eight*, *The Man Who Pawned His Soul*, *The Affair of Susan*, *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*.

Paul Cavanagh

BLACK-HAIRED and blue-eyed, he weighs about 12 stone and was born at Chislehurst in Kent. Educated at the Royal Grammar School, Newcastle-on-Tyne, he later went to Cambridge, graduating with honours, and has a fondness for swimming and motoring. He first made a name for himself on the legitimate stage and appeared in many West End productions, including *It Pays to Advertise*, *Spring Cleaning*, *The Enchantress*, *The Padre* and *The Mountain*. He first appeared in pictures when he played in *Two Little Drummer Boys*, later playing opposite Maria Corda in *Tesha*, after which he signed a contract with Paramount and went to Hollywood.

His pictures include, *Grumpy*, in which he played the menace character, Jarvis, *The Virtuous Sin*, *Unfaithful*, *Born to Love*, *The Squaw Man*, *Transgression*, *Always Good-bye*, *Heartbreak*, *To-night Is Ours*, *Curtain at Eight*, *The Sin of Norah Moran*, *The Kennel Murder Case*, *Uncertain Lady*, *Tarzan and His Mate*, *Thank Your Stars*, *The Notorious Sophie Lang*, *One Exciting Adventure*, *Menace*, *Goin' to Town*, *Without Regret*, *Thunder in the Night*, *I Live for You*, *Splendour* and *Champagne Charlie*.

His surname is pronounced Cav-an-er.

Hobart Cavanaugh

BORN in Virginia City, Nevada, he was educated in San Francisco schools and later at the University of California. He has an extensive stage experience, having appeared in many plays, including *Irene*, *Tangerine*, *Remote Control* and other successes. His name is pronounced Cav-an-or, with the accent on the first syllable.

His films include *Good-bye Again*, *Mary Stevens M.D.*, *Private Detective 62*, *He Knew Too Much*, *Moulin Rouge*, *Dark Hazard*, *No Marriage Ties*, *I Cover the Waterfront*, *Evidence in Camera*, *Hi Nellie!*, *Easy to Love*, *Fashion Follies of 1934*, *I've Got Your Number*, *Mandalay*, *My Woman*, *Havana Widows*, *Broadway Through a Keyhole*, *From Headquarters*, *The Dancing Fool*, *A Very Honourable Guy*, *A Modern Hero*, *Merry Wives of Reno*, *Convention City*, *When New York Sleeps*, *Madame Du Barry*, *Housewife*, *Kansas City Princess*, *Courageous*, *I Sell Anything*, *The Key*, *A Perfect Week-end*, *The Firebird*, *I Am a Thief*, *Bordertown*, *Wings in the Dark*, *While the Patient Slept*, *Broadway Gondolier*, *Page Miss Glory*, *Don't Bet on Blondes*, *We're in the Money*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Dr. Socrates*, *Captain Blood*, *The Lady Consents*, *Love Begins at Twenty*, and *Wife Versus Secretary*.

Frank Cellier

BORN at Surbiton in Surrey on February 23, 1884, Frank Cellier, who stands 5 ft. 10 in. in height and has dark hair, has had a long and distinguished experience on the legitimate stage since he started acting in 1903. Among the many famous plays in which he has appeared are, *Henry IV*, *Othello*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The School for Scandal*, *A Man with a Load of Mischief*, *Mary Rose*, *The Improper Duchess*, *And So to Bed*, *The Mask of Virtue*, *Orders Is Orders*, and *Admirals All*.

His films include *Her Reputation*, *Tin Gods*, *The Golden Cage*, *Soldiers of the King*, *Jew Suss*, *The Fire Raisers*, *Colonel Blood*, *Lorna Doone*, *The Dictator*, *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, *The Gun'nor*, *Rhodes of Africa*, *Tudor Rose* and *The Man Who Changed His Mind*.

His surname is pronounced, Sell-ee-er.

What Do You Think? Cont.

husband was the worst skunk that ever infested the film colony.

Some star going to Hollywood, to say she is going for money.

Lupe and Johnny to keep secret every tenth quarrel.

Newspapers not to mention Chaplin and Mary Pickford for a time.

W. C. Fields not to believe he is a comedy genius; as he doesn't resemble Napoleon one bit. —(Miss) J. Fraser, 1 Shamrock Street, Dunfermline (Fife), Scotland.

A Fearful Doubt

I have written to you several times and now I write again to say that I don't believe you really print readers' letters. I think you have someone in your office make them up.—M. Bacon, 65 St. George's Road, S.W.1.
(Wrong!—"The Thinker.")

Full Operas

I have just seen Nino Martini in *Here's to Romance*. This young man is easily the best tenor we have yet heard on films, but why should music-lovers have to sit through an hour's piffle to hear half an hour of opera excerpts?

What a great experiment it would be to corral the singing stars of the screen under one company and film a complete opera. Imagine Martini, Kiepurá, Grace Moore, Gladys Swarthout, Nelson Eddy and Lawrence Tibbett all in one film, with no tortuous ingenuity having

to be exercised to give them an excuse to sing.

The film moguls have been giving us opera sandwiches long enough. Surely the public is now in a condition to digest a full meal!—G. Cutts, 3 Chesterfield Road, Clay Cross, Chesterfield.

Screen Biographies of Stars

THE PICTUREGOER have published from time to time life stories of film stars. These are popular on paper, so would they not be just as popular on the screen? No doubt, biographical films have been made, but, as far as I know, they have not featured the actual person the story concerns, which, in this case, could be done.

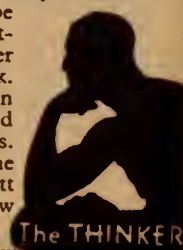
A reader recently asked for true-to-life stories, so why not true-life stories?

From their younger days, stars have many ups and down before their names appear on top of the bill; so their life story should prove to be as interesting as some films now shown. S. Povey (Aged 15 years), 20 Stonecroft Avenue, Langley Road, Iver, Bucks.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 rs. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.



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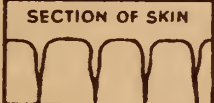
The razor cuts off hair at the level of the skin—leaves coarse hair ends which grow back thicker and faster.

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This new toilet cream dissolves the keratin in the hair and its roots. Removes hair below the skin surface. Leaves no stubble—no coarse re-growth.

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An amazing new discovery by a celebrated chemist. The hair simply falls away! No odour; no mess or bother. Simply spread the cream on the skin—wash off with water—every trace of hair is gone. Skin is left soft and velvety smooth, as if that ugly growth had never existed. The razor method is old-fashioned and dangerous. Nasty smelling pastes and powders completely out of date. The up-to-date scientific way is New Veet (new and improved formula). Get a tube to-day and end your superfluous hair troubles for ever. By exclusive arrangement with the manufacturers, every woman reader of this paper can now obtain a special package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 139K), Cunard Road, Acton, London, N.W. 10.

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LETTERS ON LOVELINESS

Every Beauty Expert will tell you that her post-bag assumes abnormal proportions after the holiday months. SOS messages for help in restoring the ravages wrought by sun and salt water pour in by every mail.

So we have asked a well-known writer to answer some of the most pressing problems in this column. Her advice will help you.

UNWANTED SUNBURN.—Many queries have already reached me asking for advice on the problem of unwanted sunburn. Many women seem to have tired of their golden tan, freckles are another beauty bugbear—and everyone wants to acquire a pink and white skin again as quickly as possible. To all these nut-brown maids I recommend Mercolized Wax. It can be purchased from every chemist. If you want to banish sunburn, freckles, or rid yourselves of those little lines and wrinkles that your mirror reveals so relentlessly, just use this beautifying wax. Smooth a thin film over the discoloured skin nightly. While you sleep it works its magic, gently and imperceptibly absorbing the outer skin with all its blemishes, revealing in their place a brand-new skin, fresh and flawless, pink and white and lovely. The process is perfectly harmless and natural. Apart from the improvement in your complexion, no one could possibly be aware of the secret. And, here's another tip. If you want to keep your skin ageless, make the wax habit a regular one.

NEGLECTED HAIR.—Next on the list come the hundreds of sorry little stories about sun-scorched hair after a hatless holiday. Here is my answer—revise your shampoo methods. Give your hair an oil bath with warm olive oil the night before you shampoo and allow the oil to remain on overnight. Next morning shampoo with Stallax. Stallax is a beauty treatment in itself for neglected hair. It restores drab, faded tresses to gleaming loveliness, makes curls and waves set better and even encourages straight hair to take on a hint of curl. Just a teaspoonful of the little golden granules dissolved in a cup of hot water suffices for a shampoo which blonde, brunette, copper-top or silver-locks will find beneficial. **SLIMMING WITH SAFETY.**—I am frequently asked to recommend suitable slimming diets, but I do not believe in dieting. If you are over-weight you can get rid of the unwanted pounds in a much safer and certainly a much more pleasant way. All you have to do is to take Clynol Berries, one of these little brown berries after each meal will banish the fat-producing tendency from your system and you can eat what you will without fear of the scales going up.

LOVELY LASHES.—Film-struck lovelies coveting lashes like Garbo are responsible for many of my heavy post-bags. Fortunately, I am able to tell them how to make nondescript lashes grow long and luxuriant. "Just brush them with Mennaline twice a day," I tell them. "then see how they grow!" Mennaline is non-injurious to the eyes and improves the colour of lashes and eyebrows as well as strengthening the growth.

Note.—All the preparations advised above can be obtained from your chemist.



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There's an appeal in lovely hands that a man cannot resist. And they are so easy to acquire. Even rough "Sports Girl" hands are transformed after a few applications of Glymiel Jelly. Non-greasy and fragrant, it sinks into the pores of the skin—nourishing the tissues—soothing roughness, leaving the skin supple, soft and white. The kind of hands men love! Glymiel Jelly is made by a secret process and is unique in results. Always keep a tube in your handbag. It's specially handy for days spent in the sun.



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Natural WAVES FOR YOU

No matter how straight your hair is now, Vosemar, a hair specialist's wonderful discovery, will give you lustrous natural waves. No curling irons or heat to ruin the hair!

Guaranteed pure and harmless. 1/6 tube lasts 2 weeks. (For Baby's hair Curly Top is equally effective at 1/3 per tube.) Sold by most good chemists including Boots, or post free from:—

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11 Parsons Lane, Bury, Lancs.

VOSEMAR

SHIRLEY Sits Pretty for YOU!



Shirley Temple

Here's some great news! Seventeen different pictures of Shirley Temple—entirely new—EXACTLY as she appears on the screen. They are the most fascinating, vivacious postcards you could imagine. There are thirteen taken from "Captain January" and four from "The Littlest Rebel." In each one Shirley is utterly adorable. You must not miss adding them to your collection. Real photos, sepia glossy style, on sale to all, price 3d. each, or 2s. 6d. a dozen.

Don't forget to order also from the

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Ginger Rogers.

"PARTNERS"—Sepia and colourgraph (State which one required)

Walter Abel and Margot Graham. Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sydney.
William Powell and Rosalind Russell. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

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BOURJOIS

Let GEORGE DO IT!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

W. B. (Nunhead).—Release dates: *Under Two Flags*, Nov. 2, 1936; *San Francisco*, Jan. 11, 1936; *The Showboat* of 1936, Jan. 25, 1937.

WENDY (Bradford).—Jimmy Hanley, b. Oct. 22, 1918, fair hair and blue eyes, 5 ft. 11 in. Films include: *Little Friend*, *Boys Will Be Boys*, *Royal Cavalcade*, *Forever England*, *The Tunnel*.

DUTCH FILM FAN (Amsterdam).—Jean Harlow, b. Kansas City, March 3, 1911; real name Harlean Carpenter; ed. Ferry Hall, Lake Forest, Illinois; 5 ft. 2½ in., brunette hair, blue-green eyes; married Charles McGrew (mar. dis.), Paul Bern (dec.), Hal Rosson (mar. dis.). Latest film: *Suzy*, with Cary Grant and Franchot Tone. Address c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

C. B. (Greenock).—(1) Errol Flynn, b. North Ireland, June 20, 1909; 6 ft. 2 in., 180 lb., brown hair and eyes; married Lili Damita. Latest film: *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. (2) Ross Alexander, b. June 27, 1908, New York; brown hair, blue eyes, 6 ft. 1½ in.; hobbies, football, swimming and the theatre. Scheduled for *Kid Gallahad*.

M. M. C. (Newhaven).—Dick Foran, b. June 18, 1910; address c/o Twentieth Century-Fox Studios.

ROBERT DONAT ADMIRER.—(1) Pronunciations: Dvorak—Vorjak; Chevalier—Sheval-ee-ay; Muir—Mu-er; Talbot—Tall-bot; Gielgud—Geel-good.

R. H. (Margate).—Chief players, *The Love Affairs of the Dictator*: Clive Brook, Madeleine Carroll, Emlyn Williams, Helen Haye, Isabel Jeans.

E. F. (Surrey).—The late Dorothy Dell made the following films: *Wharf Angel*, *Little Miss Marker* and *Shoot the Works*.

DICK POWELL FAN (Birmingham).—Dick Powell films and leading ladies: *Too Busy to Work*—Marion Nixon; *Blessed Event*—Ruby Keeler; *Forty Second Street*—Bebe Daniels and Ruby Keeler; *Gold Diggers of 1933*—Joan Blondell; *Footlight Parade*—Ruby Keeler; *Football Coach*—Ann Dvorak; *Convention City*—Joan Blondell; *Wonder Bar*—Kay Francis and Dolores Del Rio; *Twenty Million Sweethearts*—Ginger Rogers; *Dames*—Ruby Keeler; *Happiness Ahead*—Josephine Hutchinson; *Flirtation Walk*—Ruby Keeler; *Gold Diggers of 1935*—Gloria Stuart; *Broadway Gondolier*—Joan Blondell; *Midsummer Night's Dream*—Olivia de Havilland; *Thanks a Million*—Ann Dvorak; *Shipmates Forever*—Ruby Keeler; *Hearts Divided*—Marion Davies.

F. G. B. (Cheltenham).—We have not got a photograph of Michel Andre in our Postcard Salon, so I can only suggest you write to Gaumont British asking them if they can supply you with one.

P. L. (Kingston-on-Thames).—Olivia de Havilland, b. Tokio, Japan, July 1, 1916, of English descent, 5 ft. 4 in., 107 lb., reddish brown hair, brown eyes; hobbies, sketching, writing, crossword puzzles and good books. Latest films: *Charge of the Light Brigade*, with Errol Flynn. *The Marriage Clause*, with Robert Montgomery, and *The Head of the House of Coombe and Robin*, with Patric Knowles.

M. M. (Edinburgh).—(1) Robert Donat, b. March 18, 1907. (2) Hugh Williams is married and has two children.

P. A. L. (Kingston-on-Thames).—Arline Judge, b. Feb. 21, 1912, Bridgeport, Con.; 5 ft. 2 in., dark hair and eyes; married Wesley Ruggles and has one son.

FILM STAR MAD (Wandsworth).—John Arledge took the part of O'Brien in *We're Only Human*. He was b. Crockett, Texas, March 12, 1907; 5 ft. 10 in., blond wavy hair and grey eyes, 140 lb., married; hobbies, music, swimming and tennis.

F. G. (Ilford).—I am afraid we cannot help you in the matter of the re-issue of films. I can only suggest you write to London Films and tell them that you and many other fans would very much like to see *The Scarlet Pimpernel* again.

SULLA-FAN (Chester).—(1) Articles on Margaret Sullivan: "Margaret Sullivan's Life Story"—June 22, 1935 and June 29, 1935; "Margaret Sullivan Talks of Cricket, Ambition and Romance"—June 23, 1934; "John Boles introduces Margaret Sullivan"—April 14, 1934. Art plates: Dec. 8, 1934; Summer, 1935; Dec. 7, 1935. (2) *The Moon is Our Home*, released Sept. 21, 1936. Miss Sullivan has injured her arm and has not been able to make a film for some time. She is scheduled for *The Luckiest Girl in the World*. (3) Yes, *Only Yesterday* was her first film.

DICK POWELL ADMIRER (Johannesburg).—Dick Powell, b. Nov. 14, 1904, 6 ft., blue eyes, auburn hair, 172 lb.; mar. Mildred Maund (mar. dis.). Latest film: *Hearts Divided*, with Marion Davies.

J. B. (London).—Lloyd Nolan, b. Los Angeles, Calif., Aug. 11, 1903; 5 ft. 10½ in., 176 lb., brown hair and eyes; married Mell Efred, May 23, 1933. Latest film: *Texas Ranger*. We do not publish a photograph of Lloyd Nolan in the Postcard Salon, so I suggest you write to him, c/o Paramount Studios.

JESSIE MATTHEWS FAN.—(1) Jessie Matthews' films include: *Out of the Blue*, *There Goes the Bride*, *Man From Toronto*, *The Midshipmaid*, *The Good Companions*, *Friday the Thirteenth*, *Waltzes from Vienna*, *Evergreen*, *First a Girl*, *It's Love Again* and *Head Over Heels*. (2) Centre spreads: *It's Love Again*—Aug. 1, 1936; *Evergreen*—June 23, 1934; *The Good Companions*—Dec. 24, 1932; *The Midshipmaid*—Dec. 10, 1932; *There Goes the Bride*—Jan. 14, 1933 (story). (3) Art plates: Nov. 26, 1932; June 2, 1934; Oct. 19, 1935; Xmas 1935; April 25, 1936. Front covers: Nov. 18, 1933; June 23, 1934; Aug. 15, 1936. (4) Articles: "How I Keep My Figure"—May 18, 1935; "At Home with Jessie Matthews"—Summer, 1933; "Hands Off My Private Life"—March 10, 1934.

P. B. L. H. (Eltham).—Addresses: Marlene Dietrich, Robert Donat, Charles Laughton, c/o London Films; Joan Blondell, James Cagney, c/o Warner Bros; Loretta Young, Ronald Colman, Claire Trevor, c/o Twentieth Century-Fox; Johnnie Weismüller, Mary Carlisle, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, Jean Parker, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Ginger Rogers, c/o Radio Studios; Carole Lombard, Sir Guy Standing, c/o Paramount.

J. M. (Lancs).—Chief players *Steamboat Round the Bend*: Will Rogers, Ann Shirley, Irvin S. Cobb, Eugene Pallette and Raymond Hatton.

A. M. (Highgate).—Write to Preston Foster, c/o Columbia Pictures, Ltd.

A YOUNG ADMIRER.—Jackie Cooper, b. Los Angeles, Sept. 15, 1923; fair hair and blue eyes, hobby, his gang. Making *The Devil is a Cissy*. Yes, his photograph is obtainable from the Postcard Salon.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

LESLIE PERRINS FAN CLUB. Will all those interested please note that the headquarters have been changed to 32 High Street, Esher, where you should write for full particulars, etc.

* * *
Will all readers please note that a British representative is required for the ERROL FLYNN FAN CLUB and also for the JAMES STEWART FAN CLUB. All inquiries should be addressed as follows: ERROL FLYNN CLUB—Miss Dorothea Rupp, President, 1015 Bellevue Road, San Bernardino, California, U.S.A. JAMES STEWART CLUB—Miss Eloise Steele, President, 370 D Street, San Bernardino, California, U.S.A. New members for both these clubs are also welcomed and you can write to the above for full particulars.

* * *
There is a Welsh Branch of the GINGER ROGERS FAN CLUB run by THE INTER-

NATIONAL CLUB. The President is Mr. Leonard Williams, Lynwood, Wyndham, Crescent, Bridgend, Glamorganshire, to whom all enquiries should be addressed.

No. 277 (New Series) Vol. 6:
September 12, 1936.

Edit. Offices: Martlett House,
Martlett Court, Bow St., W.C.2.

Adv. Offices: 57 Long Acre, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

Telegrams: Picturegoer, Southern-
wood, Rand, London.

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Worth a Guinea a Box

AS LIGHT AS A FEATHER

—Hindes Phleblex Hair Curlers and Wavers do their work while you sleep. Comfortable and flexible, they curve to every shape of the head. Set of five 1/- Hindes make 32 wonderful patterns in wavers and curls.

At Hairdressers, Chemists, Drapers and Stores

HINDES

Patent

'P-H-L-E-X-I-B-L-E'
HAIR CURLER & WAVER

NAIL BEAUTY in 2 minutes

If you are too busy to bother with long and complicated manicures you will be interested to hear of a marvellous new nail cream which gives your nails a complete beauty treatment in two minutes. It is so easy and quick to use that you can apply it with your nail-brush at any time. This new cream is called NAILOID, and it softens the cuticles so that you can push them back to show bigger "half-moons" and longer, more shapely nail frames than ever before. It also enriches the nails with natural oils and keeps them smooth and healthy—free from cracks and brittleness. It is splendid for removing stains and blemishes from the fingers and hands. Try a jar to-day. Ask at your Chemist, Hairdresser or any Store for NAILOID—the amazing new nail cream, price 1 6d. Money refunded if not satisfied. Or send 6d. (in stamps) for generous trial jar to Allcock's, Dept. P.K.2., Hamilton Sq., Birkenhead.

The Girl with the GLAMOROUS HAIR

is the Girl who uses

AVA

People call her "The Girl With the Glamorous Hair." Her friends can't guess how she can afford the time and money to keep her hair in such gorgeous condition. Now the secret's out. Someone saw her with a packet of AVA—the marvellous original soapless shampoo that makes sticky film and after-rinses things of the past—and turns your dream of hair beauty into reality. Try it—and prove it.



AVA Soapless SHAMPOO

From your Chemist, Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors or your Hairdressers.

4^p
PER PKT.
U.K. ONLY

TRY AVA SETTING LOTION contains no gum, 1/- per bottle.

AVA Ltd., 9 Park Hill, London, S.W.4

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Although Mene Towels can be had in 6d. packets you can prove their merit without spending a penny. Send the coupon below and samples will be gladly sent to you.

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Please send me five samples of MENE Towels

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ADDRESS
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stop it!

Free booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, secretly and permanently cure yourself of this objectionable, health-endangering habit. No aloe, no auto-suggestion. New discovery. Send 1d. stamp for postage. FILTEX LTD. (Dept. P.), 31, The Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

NEW NAILS NEXT WEEK!



At last!
A
**REALLY
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PERFUME**

Saville announces
Mischief

Utterly new! Breathlessly smart!

"**MISCHIEF**" is disturbing... exciting!... What an aura of romance it creates about your smartest frock! What an air of chic, style and allure it brings to the "special occasion." "Mischief" is new, different—and most intriguing to masculine interest. Use it when you want to feel better than your best, for it will kindle the gay mood and thrill both your escort and yourself.

Hurry, Madame!
secure your Special
Trial Flask for 1'3

From Chemists, Coiffeurs, Stores
and all Branches of Boots, Timothy
Whites and Taylors.



In terribly swaggy
Black-and-Chromium
Flasks

Saville Perfumery, Ltd.
Watford, Herts.

Prices do not apply in I.F.S.

Leave IT to ANNE

WHETHER you are a mother or a daughter, I shall be delighted to help you decide upon the make-up most becoming to you. When you write, be sure to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a reply by post.

MOTHERS write to me nearly as frequently as daughters. Many of them deplore young girls' liking for make-up. And, if it is not disclosing secrets, many young daughters write to ask me how they can persuade their mothers to make more of their looks. "If only she would use a touch of rouge, my mother would be quite handsome," is a not infrequent remark.

Some modern mothers are in complete accord with their girls about this cosmetic question. Others are a little old-fashioned, do not see matters in the same light. So here am I trying to convince them that a little discreet—very discreet—make-up not only gives the older woman a new conceit about herself, which is as good as a tonic, but gives her more sympathy with her young daughter.

As a woman grows older her complexion tends to take on a neutral shade. The living flesh tones of youth have gone and in their place is a skin, somewhat thickened and opaque, and a little yellowish in colour.

Hair may be grey, or a dingy shade that once was "brownette." All this is unnecessarily depressing and unbecoming. Carefully chosen cosmetics can make a new woman.

Rouge

Take rouge first. Grey hair needs a delicate, near-natural tint. Those dark tints, bordering on raspberry, must be avoided, and flaming colours are equally taboo. The pastel rose series are the right ones. You will find them in many makes, and they are generally labelled "rose, blush, medium," or something similar. These go with what we might call a parchment skin. A very dark skin needs a medium rouge, and a red face, none at all.

If the complexion is really very yellow, select from the orange red tints. Of course, the lipstick must match exactly.

Most women on the wrong side of forty choose far too light a powder. White powder is hopeless, and quite out of date, and the pink shades are almost as bad. The tints that flatter a yellowish skin are the darkish rachels and the peach range. If the complexion is at all weather-beaten, choose tea-rose, rose ochre, or special rachel.

With the passing of time, most skins become drier, so that generally speaking the woman of forty needs a foundation cream specially made for sensitive skins. Here again white is better avoided. There are one or two excellent protective creams made in natural, ochre and rachel tints. These make a becoming base for the warmer shades of powder. There is also the pale lettuce-green tint for the woman with too florid a complexion. To accompany this there is a similar tinted powder. On some women this tint is not always absolutely successful by daylight, but by night, it is wonderfully effective.

Colours to Choose

Which colours should the grey-haired woman choose to wear? It depends on two things: the shade of grey her hair has become, and once again the tint of her skin.

Coal black hair generally is accompanied by vivid colouring. In nine cases out of ten, this vivid colouring of skin and eyes is retained long after the hair has passed through the greying

stage. Here is the woman who can wear black and many of the strong colours. At the other end of the scale, she can also wear grey. Her dark eyes and probably still dark eyebrows are the perfect foil for cold tints.

But supposing this vivid colouring is absent, and the general effect is more neutral, then both black and the greys, as well as a strong colour, are better avoided.

Choose the flattering tints, and there are any number of them. The modern colour known as "dusty pink" is just perfect on a grey-haired woman. There is also a lavender shade with a good deal of pink in it. There is rose beige, and the elusive colour once called "bois du rose," though it answers to that no longer.

Periwinkle blue is delightful. and all the more delicate shades of rose.

Brightening

Years do not necessarily imply grey hair. It may be hair that is faded and dingy-looking. In which case there is all the reason in the world for trying to brighten it up.

"I shouldn't like to dye it," I hear some of my readers say. I am not suggesting that you should. Use a rinse instead. Of recent years, chemists who specialise in beauty products have perfected a whole range of rinses that achieve wonderful effects with the hair. The rinses have no harmful effect on the hair, and they are applied with the minimum amount of trouble.

They not only put bright tints into the dull and the mouse-coloured. They also darken hair that requires it, and give to grey and white hair a lovely silvery sheen.

If even simpler ingredients are preferred, there is always lemon juice for fair hair turning dark; camomile infusions for imparting bright lights, and cider vinegar for making coarse hair lighter and more fluffy.

Answer to Correspondent

E. T. (Aden).—The best treatment I have discovered for holiday hair trouble is Shampoo. It is a new shampoo which lathers in any type of water, producing a light, creamy foam which loosens the stickiest speck of salt or dust. It rinses away without a trace of sediment leaving each separate hair perfectly clean and glossy. This holiday hint is worth following all the year round. A shampoo that can remove sticky salt will get rid of any other impurities and give the hair the beauty of perfect cleanliness and health. Shampoo costs only fourpence a packet and is made in two varieties—No. 1 for light and medium hair and No. 2 for dark.

Talkie Title Tales

THIS week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to K. Stewart, 33 Paignton Road, Rotton Park, Birmingham 16, for:—

No More Ladies
Sandy
Padlocked
The Crown Wallet

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to: Miss Marie Harwood, 77 Coronation Street, North Shields, Northumberland, for:—

She Learnt About Sailors
They Never Come Back
Once to Every Woman
Always Good-bye.

Miss K. White, 49 Woodside, Oswestry, Salop, for:—

Bureau of Missing Persons
The Eternal Question
Where Are My Children?

Mrs. L. M. Terrace, 13 Spring Park Avenue, Shirley, Surrey, for:—

Married in Hollywood
Eighteen Minutes
Afterwards
The Gay Divorce

Miss Vera D. Christy (aged 14), 36 Wellesley Avenue, Beverley High Road, Hull, for:—
The Rainmakers
Change of Heart
Things to Come
Heatwave

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no other rules, except that I must insist that your "titles" are submitted on a postcard—and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.

A coming-of-age ball taught me this Beauty Rule



Lady Millicent Tiarks

"A COMING-OF-AGE BALL! How thrilled I was to be going to such an important event so soon after I had left school. And how anxious I was! For I knew that much hunting had roughened my skin and it would contrast oddly with my satin dance frock.

"So desperate did I become as the great day drew nearer that I asked a friend's advice. She said, 'Pond's Creams will work wonders for you.' And she was right. I went to the dance confident in the knowledge that my skin was clearer and smoother than ever before. Since that day I have always used Pond's Creams."

A skin as smooth and lovely as Lady

Millicent's can be yours if you learn these simple facts about the skin and follow her daily beauty care.

Skin faults vanish when the under-skin is roused

The loveliness of your complexion depends on the condition of your under-skin. This lies beneath the skin you see, and contains myriads of glands and blood-vessels. Even before you are 20, your under-skin begins to get lazy. Muscles relax. Circulation slows down. Then blackheads, enlarged pores and lines appear.

But when you use Pond's Cold Cream, its fine oils cleanse out the pores; and then ugly blackheads disappear. As you pat the cream into your face, it reaches down and stimulates the under-skin. Then the little muscles are strengthened. Pores close up. And lines and wrinkles vanish. Soon your complexion looks clear and lovely again.

Cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream every night; use it to remove make-up. And before you powder, use Pond's Finishing Cream. Besides holding make-up on evenly for hours, it puts two substances into your skin. One softens rough, dry

skin at once; the other nourishes your skin.

Begin with Pond's Creams to-day and watch your skin grow lovelier.

FREE—Pond's Powder: Write your name and address below, put a 1d. stamp to this coupon and post in sealed envelope to Dept. P.892, Pond's, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex, and we will send you FREE SAMPLES of all five shades of Pond's Face Powder—Natural, Peach, Dark Brunette, Suntan, Rachel 1 and Rachel 2.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

POND'S

SHREDDED WHEAT

*one of my earliest
recollections*

SAYS ANNA LEE

GLAMOROUS GAUMONT BRITISH STAR

"My earliest memory in life is a packet of Shredded Wheat. I was brought up in a country rectory where we had Shredded Wheat every day for breakfast, and I used to keep silkworms in the empty packets. Now I give my husband Shredded Wheat for breakfast, but alas, I no longer have any silkworms."

Anna Lee.



Busy, active people everywhere sustain their energies with Shredded Wheat's vital whole wheat nourishment. Shredded Wheat is easily prepared and delicious to eat, either alone or in a great variety of tempting ways. Order a packet to-day.

SHREDDED WHEAT

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS.

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The Picturegoer Weekly.
No. 278 (New Series), Vol. 6

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

September 19, 1936

Picturegoer

The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

2^d.
WEEKLY



Luise Rainer

FREE Inside **16** PAGE Supplement of Charles LAUGHTON • Clark GABLE • Franchot TONE
in "MUTINY on the BOLINTY"

HURRY! FINAL

This Great Triple Presentation Gift Set is available in two styles as illustrated here.

**WRITTEN GUARANTEE
FOR TWO YEARS**
accompanies each pen

KEEP THE VOUCHER BELOW
and "With Care" Label until you have qualified for your Set: Then complete and send in as directed. Do not enclose any other correspondence.

A2 TO QUALIFY

Specimen only. Not to be used.

Above is an illustration showing a token similar to those you are asked to cut out from twelve separate issues of "Picturegoer Weekly." Tokens appear in the RIGHT-HAND bottom corner of the back cover of "Picturegoer Weekly." Affix each Token with paste or gum, NOT pins.

1	7
2	8
3	9
4	10
5	11
6	12

"PICTUREGOER WEEKLY" Presentation Voucher for Fountain Pen, Propelling Pencil and Penknife

Post to: Presentation Dept. P.K., "Picturegoer Weekly," Neal Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

I CERTIFY that the tokens affixed to this Voucher were cut from twelve separate issues of "Picturegoer Weekly," purchased from the newsagent whose name and address are given below for verification purposes. Please send my Fountain Pen, Pencil, and Penknife in the style (Standard or De Luxe) specified below, to the address on my "With Care" Label. I have indicated type of nib I require, and enclose Postal Order as specified below, which includes postage, packing in carton, and insurance, etc. I am not qualifying for another Set under this scheme.

**STANDARD
SET—1/10**

**DE LUXE
SET—2/9**

YOU MUST
CROSS OUT
SET NOT
REQUIRED.

**VERY
IMPORTANT**

Please do this
immediately

STYLE OF NIB.
A Nib can be fitted to the Fountain Pen to suit your hand. Please indicate which style you would like.

**BROAD
MEDIUM
FINE**

Strike out
styles NOT
required.

P.O. Number.....Value.....Date.....
Write your name and address on the back of P.O., cross / & Co., and make payable to "Picturegoer Weekly." If remitting 1/10 send P.O. for 1/6 with fourpence in stamps firmly affixed. If remitting 2/9 send P.O. for 2/6 with threepence in stamps firmly affixed. Do not send loose stamps.

Your Signature.....

WRITE (NAME.....)
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....
LETTERS.....

Give your Newsagent's name and address below:—

NEWSAGENT.....
ADDRESS.....

Leave Blank
for Office Use.
VERIFIED.

District
Supervisor.

Before sending in Voucher read simple directions on opposite page carefully.

WITH CARE

NAME.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....

G. If undelivered, please return to "Picturegoer Weekly," 6 Catherine Street, London, P.K. W.C.2

THE SUPERB DE LUXE STYLE

Above is an illustration of the exquisite De Luxe Set with the IN-LAID ROLLED GOLD BANDS on pen and pencil. Illustration slightly enlarged to show more clearly the streamline beauty of this Set.

THE STANDARD STYLE

Above is an illustration of the Standard Set. Illustration slightly enlarged to show more clearly the streamline beauty of this Set.

This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland or Irish Free State. Applicants from Irish Free State will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.

OPPORTUNITY!

for "Picturegoer's" Great Presentation to every reader

10/6 GIFT SET

FOUNTAIN PEN, PROPELLING PENCIL & PENKNIFE

"JUST what I wanted." "A Writing Set that really is different"—such are the remarks of "Picturegoer" readers who are applying in their scores of thousands for the wonderful Presentation Gift Set which "Picturegoer Weekly" is making to every reader, of a A BEAUTIFUL STREAMLINED INLAID-LEVER, SELF-FILLING GOLD NIB FOUNTAIN PEN GUARANTEED FOR TWO YEARS—A COMPANION PROPELLING PENCIL—AND A COMPANION PENKNIFE, WITH TWO BLADES OF MIRROR-POLISHED SHEFFIELD STEEL—all to match—all British made—a Gift Set well worth 10s. 6d. If you have not applied you should do so at once before it is too late. This great offer is closing shortly and the Reservation Form below will not appear again next week. All applications will be treated in strict rotation.

In order to make it easier than ever for you to qualify, "Picturegoer Weekly" places your Presentation Voucher in your hands now—it is actually printed on the opposite page. Don't miss this great opportunity. Reserve your Set on Form below at once.

REMARKABLE NEW IDEA! The Pen, Pencil and Penknife are all made to match in a brilliant black material—The Fountain Pen is fitted with a guaranteed 14-carat solid gold nib with a jewel-like tip of iridium—thus ensuring a perfect pen with years of writing service. The Pen is perfectly fashioned out of a new unbreakable material. It is fitted with the latest classic style clip, and has a Safety sleeve device on the penclip, protecting the nib when not in use. The Pen is guaranteed for two years.

The Ever-pointed Pencil is of the same unbreakable material as the pen. It is fitted with the new classic style clip and has a non-overtunable propel, repel and expel movement. There is a lead container at the top of the pencil and extra leads are provided. Both the Pen and the Pencil are of an attractive modern streamline design.

The companion Penknife, finished to match, is fitted with two special quality, mirror-polished, Sheffield steel blades.

WOULD YOU LIKE A DE LUXE SET?

Realising what a lifetime companion this Set will be "Picturegoer Weekly" has arranged for a limited supply to be produced in a De Luxe Style of rare workmanship and beauty. Not only is every feature of the Standard Set to be found in this De Luxe Set, but, in addition, the entire De Luxe Set is made more valuable, and more magnificent by the addition of TWO INLAID BANDS OF REAL 18-CARAT ROLLED GOLD. But that isn't all! The Propelling Pencil, too, is embellished by an INLAID BAND OF REAL 18-CARAT ROLLED GOLD.

IMPORTANT.—It is a condition of this offer that your Newsagent MUST hold a written order from you for the regular supply of "Picturegoer Weekly." If he holds no written order from you, you MUST HAND THE FORM BELOW TO YOUR NEWSAGENT TO-DAY.

DO THIS NOW

First fill in the Final Reservation Form below. This reserves your Set in your name in the Style you specify—Standard OR De Luxe—and MUST be sent to us at WHICH STYLE YOU WANT RESERVED. You should also indicate on your Voucher on the opposite page the style you have chosen.

On receipt of your Reservation Form "Picturegoer Weekly" will immediately set aside and reserve in your name a Fountain Pen, Pencil and Penknife in the style you specify.

ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE is your Presentation Voucher on which you start right away to qualify for your Set. You are asked to keep this Voucher carefully and affix to it 12 tokens (Series "A") from 12 successive issues of "Picturegoer Weekly." Begin this week with token No. "A.2," which you will find in the bottom right-hand corner of the back cover of this issue. NO OTHER SERIES OF TOKENS WILL BE ACCEPTED. Affix tokens to voucher with paste or gum—not pins.

When your Voucher is completed—after the twelve weeks and NOT before—it MUST be sent in to "Picturegoer Weekly" accompanied by a Postal Order for 1s. 10d. (one shilling and tenpence), which includes postage, packing in carton, insurance, etc., on your Set. If you require the De Luxe Set send 11d. extra, making 2s. 9d. in all, which includes postage, packing, insurance, etc. Upon receipt of properly completed Voucher and "With Care" Label, together with Postal Order for the correct amount, your Set, in the style specified, will be immediately dispatched to you.

No person may qualify for more than one Set and no Set will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.

APPLY TO-DAY! The last day for receipt of applications from this announcement is WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30. The only way to make certain of your Set, is to fill in the Form below and post it at once.

Reserve Your Set on the Form Below at Once

CUT AROUND DOTTED RULE

"PICTUREGOER WEEKLY" TRIPLE PRESENTATION FINAL RESERVATION FORM

This form reserves in your name the Presentation of a Fountain Pen, Pencil and Penknife.

To Dept. (G.W.2) "Picturegoer Weekly," 3 Arne Street, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please reserve in my name a Fountain Pen, Pencil and Penknife. The newsagent whose name and address are below for verification purposes holds my written order for the regular weekly supply of "Picturegoer Weekly." I certify I have not applied for another Presentation Set under this scheme. N.B.—You MUST indicate below the Style—Standard or De Luxe—which you wish reserved.

X STANDARD SET { You MUST cross out } **DE LUXE SET X**
Set NOT required.
WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

READER'S NAME.....

State Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Full Postal

ADDRESS

NAME OF NEWSAGENT.....

ADDRESS.....

DATE.....

Last day for receipt of reservations from this announcement, Wednesday, September 30.

"Picturegoer," 19/9/36.

You may post this Form in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp.

LEAVE
BLANK
Checked

District
Supervisor

"PICTUREGOER WEEKLY"

2d. Every Thursday.

ORDER FORM

To.....
(Name of Newsagent)

Address.....

Please deliver or reserve "Picturegoer Weekly" for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

As soon as you light one you know a Player's by its fine quality Tobacco. Before you light it your guarantee is the name Player's "Medium" Navy Cut on each Cigarette and the Lifebuoy Trade Mark on the packet.



PLAYER'S
"MEDIUM"
NAVY CUT

SOON AS YOU LIGHT IT
YOU KNOW IT'S A

PLAYER'S

10 FOR 6^d



20 FOR 11½

50 FOR 2½

N.C.C. 357. F.

Picturegoer-The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

ALL THE GOSSIP

ONE of the things you, collectively, complain most about is the quality of "shorts."

They are silly, you say; fatuous; feeble. They take up valuable time and space in the programme, to no good purpose. With the exception of the all-to-rare Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphonies, and a few others, they would be better wiped off our screens . . . and much more to the same effect.

Most heartily of all, you dislike the story short that begins to work out a plot—and then you discover it's an advertisement of some well-known commodity.

Well, I agree that the subject is a vexed one, but for a long time it has been impossible to see a solution.

There is no encouragement to producers to make shorts, for exhibitors will not pay for them; they are frequently "given away with a pound of tea"—or a feature-length film—in order to make up entertainment-time.

Consequently, since they are only makeshifts at best, it is nobody's business to make them of a quality to compare with the rest of the programme.

"Scat!"

However, there's a glimmer of light on the horizon.

The other day, I wandered into Merton Park studios at Wimbledon, and there found an impressive array of talent gathered.

Nat Gonella was there with his band; you know him, of course:

"There was a band-leader named Nat,
Who attempted to broadcast some 'Scat';
But they said: 'Oh, Gonella,
I say, my deah fellah,
We reahly can't let you do *that*!'"

However, the studios are a little less grandmotherly than the B.B.C., and also realise that it's precious little use paying good money to hire an Emperor of Scat if you don't let him do the thing he's good at.

So there was Nat, hi-de-hoing away at full blast; and in addition there were the Carlyle Cousins, Peggy Ward, Dick Francis, Freddie Carpenter, Muriel George, Andre Charlot's Starlets, and a host of other entertainers, including a special chorus.

"What's all this in aid of?" I asked, intrigued.

"We're making an advertising film for Beecham's Pills," I was informed.

Chicken-Fed Artistes

Doesn't that put a new complexion on the matter? Doesn't it open up new vistas?

Consider for a moment another medium of entertainment, which is getting more and more mixed up with the cinema; broadcasting.

We seldom hear internationally-famous stars on our radio, such as they have in America, because the B.B.C. can only afford to offer them fees which they regard as chicken-feed.

This is because the B.B.C. derives its revenue from listeners' licences and royalties on wireless-sets sold. Broadcasting in the U.S. has tapped another and more fertile source—advertising.

If you listen-in in America you will hear the announcement before and after each item—and frequently in the middle as well—"This broadcast comes to you by courtesy of the Curall



Elisabeth Bergner in her new British film, "Dreaming Lips"; she made a great success in the original German version some years ago.

BERGNER talks to PICTUREGOER

I HAVE just received my lovely gold medal and I am so filled with joy and gratitude that I must write to thank you straight away.

It could not have come at a better moment; to-day is the opening day of my last picture, "As You Like It," and I felt very down-hearted, and now this lovely symbol of appreciation from the readers of your paper fills me with encouragement beyond words.

I thank you and the readers of the PICTUREGOER from the bottom of my heart.

Yours sincerely,

Elisabeth Bergner

Drug Company Inc. Take Curall Drugs every night and morning. . . and so on, irritating at times, it's true, but that's when the announcements are overdone; there isn't anything to be gained by repeating the sponsor's name and qualities all the way through. If the listener doesn't keep tuned-in until the end, it's a poor broadcast anyway.

"Story Shorts"

The point to notice is that the advertisement is *not* incorporated in the entertainment, as it is in our advertising films. It is "kep seprit" as Disko Troop remarked.

And it is enormously popular—and profitable. Then why shouldn't we have films produced on the same principle? The advertiser would pay for the production of a "straight" short film, and this would go free to cinemas, proceeded and followed by a "credit," showing who was responsible for the entertainment.

Thus we should at least be spared the necessity of choosing between cheaply and badly made short films, and films that, having worked up our interest, suddenly betray themselves as an advertisement for soap or matches or gripe-water.

In inconsequential films of the Beecham's Pills type you can sing songs about pills all the

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

way through if you like, as they do about Ovaltine from Radio Normandy; but the short-story type, which is badly needed, won't bear mixing. And this is one way we may get it.

We Err

We have shocked, offended, and grievously wounded the susceptibilities of our American cousins; we have sent them a film, made in Britain, which is abhorrent to their sense of propriety.

It is immoral; it is deleterious; in fact, it is *Living Dangerously*.

This B.I.P. film, featuring Otto Kruger, has been so favourably received here that it was almost assured of success in the States—which, of course, means a lot to a British film at this juncture.

But the American Purity Code Authorities have banned it, for two reasons.

First, it shows a doctor (British, it's true) selling drugs illicitly; and secondly, at the climax of the film a doctor shoots a blackmailer, and the suggestion is that he will escape scot-free.

Blessed in Britain

It is laid down in the Code that no evil-doer shall go unpunished on the screen; this objection, by the way, does not apply in the first instance, for the drug-vendor is imprisoned and also struck off the Medical Register.

The same rule applies in Britain, but the British Board of Film Censors gave this one its blessing, evidently considering that the blackmailed doctor had suffered enough already.

And so another chapter is added to the long, long tale of "uninternationality" of films.

It is not that films are more "national" in character, or more calculated to offend other nations, than they were a decade ago, when a film produced in any country could be shown in any other country, with only one proviso—that it must be good enough.

World Importance

The change is due to the importance which films have attained in the scheme of things; films which ten years ago would be merely an evening's entertainment are now a matter of world-interest, not merely to picturegoers but also to that vast body of men and women, ranging from statesmen to school teachers, who know what is good for picturegoers.

Another factor contributing to the general "jumpiness," of course, is the fact that Europe, and not only Europe but practically the whole world, is like a powder magazine that awaits only a spark.

HURRY FOR OUR GRAND TRIPLE PRESENTATION

HAVE you yet sent in your Reservation Form for the "Picturegoer Weekly's" GRAND TRIPLE Presentation—if not, you have not a moment to lose. On page 3 of this issue we publish the VERY LAST Reservation Form. It's definitely your FINAL opportunity to make certain of these THREE beautiful Gifts in One. So act to-day, or you will be too late.

Just think! A gold nib Fountain Pen guaranteed for two years, a superb Propelling Pencil and a handsome Pocket Knife—All to match.

The Pen is fashioned in a new unbreakable material. It has a 14-carat solid gold nib with a jewel-like tip of iridium, and is fitted with a safety device on the pen-cap to protect the nib and prevent leakage. The pencil has spare leads in a special container.

The companion penknife has two blades of mirror polish Sheffield steel.

The superb De Luxe Style Set, a limited supply of which is also available is already in great demand. This set is enriched by the addition of inlaid bands of 18-carat rolled gold on both pen and pencil.

Remember, after this week no further Reservation Forms will appear and all applications must be received by not later than September 30. Make sure of this thrilling Triple Presentation now. Turn to pages 2 and 3. Apply at once!

The fuss about films started a year ago, with Spain crying out for vengeance upon the producers of *The Devil is a Woman*. Paramount, burned the film as a "grand gesture," and it's whispered that they were glad of an excuse to do so, for the film (until it was burned) was "not so hot."

You May—You Mayn't

Canada is odd in its decisions, too. Its Prime Minister banned *The Green Pastures* as a "cheap burlesque of the Scriptures . . ." and then removed the ban under pressure by the Press and the clergy; but the ban in Britain remains.

Even China has done her bit of banning; Harold Lloyd comedies have had to be withdrawn because "supposedly Chinese characters were an insult to the Chinese nation."

Well, you can't blame them for that; the usual screen Chinaman is a pigtailed absurdity.

France, you may remember, forbade Para-

mount to picture the novel *Paths of Glory*, under pain of barring all Paramount products from France.

And so it goes on, with the producer having to tread warily between the pet corns of a dozen nations.

Are We Awakening?

So we at least have the comforting assurance that Britain is not alone in offending.

In fact (may I say it quietly, so that America will not hear that abhorrent thing, a Briton boasting), British films have offended rather less than those of other nations.

It's rather a sign that British films are waking up; *Living Dangerously* is a well-made film dealing with a subject of world-importance.

Therefore it is bound to annoy someone.

And British films are waking up (I'm continuing to speak very quietly). On pages 32 and 34 this week, my colleague "The Thinker" publishes readers' letters, selected from hundreds, on the subject of British films.

Some praise, some blame; some criticise constructively, some destructively; but they all testify to the awakening interest in our home-grown product.

Choosing the Best

This being so, I'm glad to hear that one Old Hollywood Custom has now come to England.

For years we've been accustomed to hearing about Hollywood awards (the Academy award and a dozen others) for the best film, the best acting, the best photography, the best script, and so on; so many of them, and so frequent, that it is becoming merely confusing.

Over here we have the PICTUREGOER Gold Medal awarded by readers, for the best acting performance in each year, but no authoritative selection of the best film.

Now the British Institute of Cinematography has founded an annual award, and so long as its example is not followed by other and less responsible bodies, I feel that this is a step in the right direction.

Certainly the B.I.C.'s decisions will carry weight, if the names of its founder governors go for anything.

Impressive

Here is the list—a truly impressive one:

Irving Asher, Michael Balcon, John Corfield, Paul Czinner, Basil Dean, the Marquis of Ely, Douglas Fairbanks, junr., Julius Hagen, Leslie Howard, Robert Kane, Alex. Korda, Lothar Mendes, Walter Mycroft, Erich Pommer, Joe Rock, Victor Saville, Max Schach, S. W. Smith, Paul Soskin, Ludovico Toepflitz, and Herbert Wilcox.

Every one of these is the production chief of an important British company; their names are widely known in Britain, and in some cases in America and on the Continent as well.

What good will this do? It will foster competition, which is one of the surest roads to progress; and it will ensure at least one British film a year attracting the widest possible attention in America, for the production that carries the stamp of approval of the whole film-hierarchy of Britain will certainly be considered worthy of attention by the inhabitants of the United States, who are quick to spot new possibilities.

However, we must not lose sight of the fact that the opinion of these illustrious gentlemen would not have been worth a nickel



Cesar Romero, Pat O'Brien and Margaret Lindsey in a hair-trigger moment in "G-Man's Wife."

at the American box-office if some of them had not made, without benefit of the B.I.C. or any other body, pictures which have removed the reproach from the tag "British" in America.

Where's That Kiss?

What has happened to the Final Fade-out Kiss?

Time was—and not so long ago—when it would have been almost unthinkable for any film except stark tragedy or custard-pie comedy to have dispensed with the "terminal osculation," as the highbrows sniffily term it.

We still have kisses—in the opinion of some of our younger readers, a darned sight too many—but they no longer monopolise the screen in enormous close-up during the last thirty feet or so.

Consider the recent pictures from which the final kiss was absent; you could probably think of dozens, but here are a few from memory, straight off the reel:—*Mutiny on the Bounty*, *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, *The Story of Louis Pasteur*, *The White Angel*, *Anthony Adverse*, *Bullets or Ballots*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *The Petrified Forest*, *Ceiling Zero*; and I am assured that future films such as *Bengal Tiger*, *Polo Joe*, and *The Charge of the Light Brigade* will have kissless finishes.

Growing Up

British films, it's true, have been a little slower in departing from tradition, but at least the two H. G. Wells pictures, *Things to Come* and *The Man Who Could Work Miracles*, end with any incidental love-making forgotten.

This may seem a trifling matter in itself, but it is a sign of the times.

It shows that our films are no longer dependent upon a love interest for their main theme, or, more encouraging still, that we no longer need a false ending tagged on to make us feel we have been watching a love-story.

Any sign that we picturegoers are growing more intelligent, or that producers are giving us credit for more gumption, is welcome.

And now, speaking of *The Man Who Could Work Miracles*, a word about Wells, who can't.

As a writer of imaginative, pseudo-scientific romances he is without a rival since the days of Jules Verne; as a political and social-economic pamphleteer he merits respectful attention; but as a complete reviser of the basic principles of kinematic entertainment, he must be written down as a failure.

Celluloid Lectures

It is common knowledge that Mr. Wells had a vast deal to do with the making of the two London Film productions which proudly bear his name—*Things to Come* and *The Man Who Could Work Miracles*.

The former was based on a book, the latter on a short story; and both had sufficient theme and plot to be made into a first-class motion-picture by anyone who understood the needs of the cinema and the business of supplying such needs.

And what happened to them?

The narrative, which should in its own development have made clear any message it was intended to convey, was in each case interrupted while characters struck attitudes and delivered long orations full of Wellsian theories and philosophy!

The Man Who Could Work Miracles could be a moving thing; it could—and does—show that no one of us is fit to wield a power which comes into our hands promiscuously.

But, not content with this, Mr. Wells must rub in his lesson in flowery language, and meanwhile keep us waiting for the action of the film to go on.

Comparison

To appreciate this, consider films made from two Wellsian stories—this *Man Who Could Work Miracles*, and *The Invisible Man*, made in Hollywood.



This latter conveyed a message, too—that invisibility, or any other great gift, was not in itself sufficient to secure one's happiness.

But this truth was implicit in the subject; it was left to the intelligence of the audience to grasp what was meant; and, even if they missed it, they had an hour's rattling good entertainment, uninterrupted by any University Extension Lectures; in fact, they had what they paid for.

I have heard it said that it was originally intended (by Mr. Wells) that *The Invisible Man* should be supervised by Mr. Wells; but when the contract with Universal was drawn up, this proviso was omitted, and the omission was not discovered until too late.

Whether this is true or not, *The Invisible Man* was grand entertainment; *The Man Who Could Work Miracles* is "excellent in parts".

In the difference lies a moral.

On the Cover

One of the most intriguing personalities to have "hit" the Film Capital for some time is Luise Rainer, who adorns our cover this week.

Born near Vienna just before the War, she became a famous stage actress in that city before she was twenty.

Max Reinhardt starred her in Berlin, where she scored a terrific success in *Six Characters in Search of an Author*—on the stage.

Bob Ritchie, in search of talent for M.-G.-M., saw her in that play in Vienna, went to her dressing-room after the show, and made a contract with her on the backs of menu-cards.

In Hollywood she was "nursed" until she made a triumphant screen debut opposite William Powell in *Escapade*; and on the strength of this she has been given one of the three leading parts in *The Great Ziegfeld*—that of Anna Held.

Her performance in this seems likely to send her soaring to fresh heights.

What do you suppose Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy are bickering about now?

Boles the Bold

Have you ever wondered how original stories come to the screen?

Well, here's one way.

William le Baron, production-chief of the Radio studios, and John Boles were playing golf together, and chatting between strokes they began to discuss their war experiences, when Boles was a spy and Le Baron was a war-correspondent.

Boles told such an exciting story about close shaves he had had that Le Baron said: "Put that down on paper, and we'll make a film of it."

So Boles is now sitting up, far, far into the night, struggling with his memory and his typewriter.

Film Folk

Wendy Barrie will play opposite Lawrence Tibbett in Twentieth Century-Fox's *Love Flight*; Arthur Treacher and Pauline Frederick are also in the cast.

Lionel Barrymore's fight in *The Gorgeous Hussy* is not faked, Barrymore having been an expert boxer for years.

Mary Carlisle wears her lipstick in the breast-pocket of her tailored suit, attached to her lapel button-hole by a braided leather strap.

To keep her pullovers in shape, Betty Furness washes them herself and dries them on a specially made wooden block of exactly her own measurements.

GUY BEACON

Continuing "I GUARD THE STARS" CHARLES C. BLAIR

WORKING with SCOTLAND YARD

AT one time or another, nearly all the major kinema stars have had to deal with purported relatives—mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, uncles or cousins—who have turned out to be impostors. Sometimes these impostors land in jail cells. Other times no legal action is taken, though the frauds are effectively dealt with. Very often, unfortunately, a celebrity allows himself to be victimised for fear that if he complains to the police the story may somehow leak out and the publicity harm his career.

Just recently a man in the eastern part of the United States made newspaper headlines by claiming to be Mae West's husband. Her denial of any such relationship was prompt and decisive. Yet he persisted in his assertion. He made an issue of the matter in the courts, seeking to establish his claim and compel Miss West to acknowledge the alleged relationship. At last reports, he had appealed an adverse lower court decision, and the case is pending at this writing.

Now, irrespective of how sincere "Mr. West" may be, and regardless of the truth or falsity of his particular claim, his case is but one of hundreds which are to be found in the files of my department.

I recall the time an Indiana carpenter came to Beverly Hills claiming to be the father of Mae Busch, then at the height of her career. He had previously sent her letters over a period of a year. These she had disregarded. When, however, he appeared on her doorstep to create a scene, she sent for me. After questioning the man I suspected he really did believe Miss Busch to be his daughter who had run away many years before to join a circus. At any rate, he held to his story very stubbornly even when confronted by Miss Busch herself and her real father, in my office. Investigation revealed that the impostor had very little money in his possession—so I suggested to Miss Busch that the wisest course, in order to avoid publicity, would be to advance him enough money to return to Indiana. This she did. I warned the fellow that further annoyance would land him in prison, and I had him escorted to the train. He has not been heard of since.

Both "Mr. West" and the Indiana carpenter may have had no other motives in their assertions than a desire for recognition which they believed rightfully due. Not so with most other claimants to a kinema celebrity's reflected glory. Some seek notoriety. Others desire to share the celebrity's opulence. Still others demand hush money to keep their alleged relationship secret. A few are "cranks" or psychopathic cases.

Understand, some of the claims prove genuine. There have been cases where celebrities have

Many and devious are the tricks by which stars are victimised. In this article the Chief of Police of Beverly Hills relates how the tricksters are out-maneuvred.

denied the parentage of their children. There have been instances where abandoned wives or forsaken husbands have appeared out of the past. But the genuine claims among the fraudulent are less than one in ten.

To illustrate the trouble and embarrassment such impostors cause stars I will select one case

from my departmental records—a case in which, incidentally, I had to solicit the co-operation of Scotland Yard—I refer to the activities of Conrad Nagel's "brother," his fraudulent impersonation and defalcations and his final arrest by Scotland Yard. This case, besides, represents another aspect of the impostor racket, for in many cases a crook poses as a celebrity's relative or manager, not to victimise the celebrity, but that he can plunder the celebrity's friends. Such crooks are far more difficult to apprehend—their "trails" are cold by the time the deception is discovered. They usually are immaculate in appearance, have a convincing manner, a sharp brain and a clever tongue.

Such a man was Albert William F——, a painter of English nationality, who first was convicted of theft in 1910 at the age of 19, and who subsequently served sentences for at least six counts of obtaining money under false pretences.

F——, bearing a marked resemblance to Conrad Nagel, conceived the idea of posing as the actor's brother. He was smart enough to know that he would need inside information regarding the actor, his personal life, his home address, his activities and his friends. This information he obtained, perhaps through a confederate in Hollywood, or perchance through some other channel in Hollywood. At any rate fortified by the knowledge, and forged documents, he set himself up as "George Nagel" and commenced his activities in the summer of 1928.

So persuasive was his manner that he was able to deceive, among others, Mary Pickford, Alice Joyce and Adolphe Menjou—who knew Conrad Nagel well—while they were on holiday in Europe. His manner of operation was to watch American Express Company records and hotel registers for the names of American tourists from Los Angeles or Hollywood. This procedure he followed in London, Paris, Berlin, Brussels, Vienna and Rome. Having selected a prospective victim, he next determined whether that person knew Conrad Nagel, or took a chance that the person might. Then he would strike up

The author of this series, with the late Will Rogers.



Alice Joyce was one of the people victimised by "George Nagel."



acquaintance perhaps by sending such a letter as this which he addressed to Louis D. Lighton, famous Hollywood producer, and which reposes before me in the dossier of the case.

Carlton Hotel,
London, S.W.1.

Dear Mr. Lighton,

Having heard you were staying here I called to see you, if possible, as my brother, Mr. Conrad Nagel, of Beverly Hills, is in company with Mr. Lighton of Kansas City in Hamburg at the Wuterburg Hof. So I thought I should like to see you. I will call you on the 'phone to-morrow at 10 a.m.

I remain, yours sincerely,
George Nagel.

Once he had met his victim, the impostor volunteered details of Mr. Nagel's intimate affairs, and before long it was not difficult to negotiate a loan for a few days "to meet a pressing obligation." As he was modest in his requests, the loans ranging from £5 to £50, he was usually successful. Having obtained the money, he would disappear.

As many of the victims continued in the belief that he was Mr. Nagel's brother, and since the amounts were comparatively small, they hesitated to embarrass Mr. Nagel by mentioning their loss. In this way F— was able to continue operating, until a Mr. William Brown met Conrad Nagel upon returning to Hollywood from abroad and displayed this letter given him from the impostor:

Beverly Hills,
Calif.

Dear George,

I am sending this by our friend (Mrs. Ashenfield) who is going over to Europe. Have signed a new contract with Metro so am taking Ruth and the children over for a visit. We expect to sail on the S.S. *Ascania* on August 19. While in London I wish you would call to see Mr. Brown

and family and give them my best regards.

Love from brother

Conrad.

Denying authorship of the letter or relationship to its writer Mr. Nagel then learned that Mr. Brown had been approached for a loan, which had, however, been refused. Mr. Nagel approached his attorney who put the matter in my hands.

I immediately had prepared printed bulletins describing "George Nagel" and his operations. These were mailed to the police departments in the principal European cities.

To the Commissioner of Police of Scotland Yard I wrote on August 11, 1929, a personal letter as follows: "Knowing the splendid reputation your organisation enjoys throughout the world and feeling sure that your department will co-operate in apprehending an adventurer of this type, who is victimising British subjects as well as Americans, I am taking this opportunity of sending you the enclosed circulars with the suggestion that the same be placed in leading hotels."

Scotland Yard soon apprehended the impostor and we closed our case upon receipt of the following letter:

New Scotland Yard,
February, 1929.

The Chief of Police,
Beverly Hills, Calif.
Sir,

With reference to your letter of the 11th August and his reply of the 15th September, 1928, regarding a man using the name of George Nagel, I am directed by the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis to transmit for your information and retention copies of the fingerprints and descriptive form of Albert William F— C.R.O. No. S131386, and to ask that you will be kind enough to forward any additional convictions which may be known concerning this man.

Florida. There the impostor had become involved in some shady deal, and the newspapers of that city referred to him as the actor's relative.

When the facts were wired to me I approached Mr. Nagel who immediately denied the relationship. By the time the St. Petersburg police learned of the deception, however, the impostor had escaped.

Whether this case had any connection with the London one there is no knowing. It appears that the *modus operandi* was similar in both



Adolphe Menjou also was taken in by the false "George Nagel."



Mae Busch with her real father. The fake one was let off.

instances. Certain it is, at any rate, that neither F— nor the St. Petersburg impostor has ever succeeded in duping people since by claiming to be George Nagel.

In other cases brought to my attention of impostors in other parts of the world, our procedure has been along lines similar to that in the above instances. I might say that I

have always found British police agencies quick to co-operate and efficient in matters of this nature.

NEXT WEEK

Further Revelations.

In Hollywood there are bogus film companies that fleece film aspirants. In the next article of this fascinating series, Charles C. Blair describes their mode of operation, and the measures taken to circumvent the swindlers.

I am to add that in committing the offence of which he was convicted on 17th December, 1928, in London, the prisoner called upon the editor of an American film publication and by falsely representing himself to be George Nagel, brother of Conrad Nagel of Beverly Hills, obtained the loan of one pound. He was arrested when calling for a further ten pounds.

I am sir, your obedient servant,
H. E. Archer,
Deputy Assistant (Commissioner).

Two years after the impostor had been convicted in England, our department again received word that a man was posing as Conrad Nagel's brother, this time in St. Petersburg,

Shots with Our Candid Camera



Above: No, this is not Jeanette MacDonald who is being filmed, but Gladys Holmes, who is impersonating her in "Scenes from the Films," which is being shown supported by the personal appearance of the Amami Film Star Doubles. On the left are Betty Browning as Myrna Loy and Lola Cordell as Ginger Rogers.



Just an old Spanish custom: Madge Evans watching a Mexican girl breaking a paper egg filled with confetti over the head of her dance partner



Douglas Fairbanks, jun., has been preparing for his role in Criterion Films' forthcoming Scottish war picture by taking fencing lessons. Here he is being coached in the grounds of the Wharton Hall studios by Ernest Froeschlen, the European champion.



Marsha Hunt, the clever young Paramount actress, in a striking cocktail suit of black velvet topped by a tunic of beige lace. The tailored neckline and tiny buttons are interesting sidelights.

AND certainly no living actor has a better right to say it, for Basil Rathbone breathes the very spirit of Romance.

I've known him for some years; with a great many actors that's fatal to illusion. With Rathbone—well, I've never ceased to picture him with his head held high, a smile on his lips for danger and a sparkle in his eyes for adventure, a fleck of blood on his white shirt and the rapier hot in his hand.

If I were commissioned to paint a portrait of a duellist—which heaven forbid, for I can only draw corks, and that not skilfully—I should get Basil Rathbone to sit for me; and thus I should be more than half-way to accomplishment, for he is a duellist—a duellist with life.

Nearly two hundred years of tradition are behind Rathbone as an actor; nearly a thousand years are behind him as a romantic Englishman—although he was actually born in South Africa.

It is a breed that is dying out, in an age fairly equally divided between hearties and sissies, rumbustious he-men and pallid half-men.

We only—more's the pity!—see this true romantic strain in the race in time of war; then the band lifts the head high, and danger curves the lips and adventure sets that sparkle a-dancing in the eye. . . .

We get our adventure now—vicariously—from the films. We who have grown into a nation of sport-watchers such as the world has never known, are a nation also of adventure-watchers. We sit in a kinema and watch the great battle of life go on, and perhaps sigh a little for the dear dead days. . . .

Ask Basil Rathbone.

"Dead days? Rubbish!" he exclaims, with that fanatical look which every now and then makes way for a flash of white teeth to show you he isn't too serious about it all . . . and then an immediate relapse into seriousness to show that the smile was only fooling you.

"Don't you believe it! There's romance everywhere you look for it, but you must really want it, to begin with.

"Adventure! I tell you, life's ram-jam-cram full of adventure; a great deal too full for comfort, sometimes!"

"What's your idea of adventure?" I asked him.

"Oh, to play worthwhile parts on the screen or the stage. Have you ever thought what grand fun it would be to get into somebody else's body, see out of his eyes, think with his brain? My God, what an adventure!"

"Well, now and then, with the right role, well conceived and skilfully written, with a good producer, a good make-up, the right audience . . . an actor can experience that. He can be the character.

"Who wouldn't be in a job that gives you that?"

"Yes, that's all very well for actors," I argued. "But that's a glamorous profession anyway. You said anyone could have romance, adventure . . . what about the people in humdrum occupations? Clerks, shop-assistants, factory-workers."

"I can scotch the first part of your argument in just once," he replied. "I know actors, very sound and reputable actors at that, who find no glamour in their profession. To them it's just a job of work to be done, and that's that; which proves—doesn't it?—that the glamour is inside you. It's something you can apply like a—well, rather like switching on an electric torch."

"But some jobs are pretty hard to illuminate," I reminded him.

"Unfortunately that's only too true," he agreed soberly. "In fact, I'm often appalled by the number of people who seem to be working merely to live, with no interest in their work beyond what it brings them in at the end of the week.

WE CAN HAVE ROMANCE

declares

Basil Rathbone

ONE of our most romantic actors, who has come home to play opposite Ann Harding in *Love From a Stranger*, for Trafalgar Films, points out in this interview with Max Breen that glamour and romance are to be had for the asking.

"I suppose it's inevitable, but it does seem an appalling waste of enthusiasm; you don't find mechanics, as a rule, in that state of apathy—because they've usually chosen their job; I've seen a motor-mechanic, for instance, as excited about a repair to a universal-joint as if he were just going into action.

"Now to my mind, shop-assistants have a much more romantic job than mechanics. The people they meet!—Good Lord, a girl or boy behind the counter in a big store meets thousands of interesting people. The dreams you can weave, and the sidelights you can get on human nature!—if you want to.

Are there many more exciting, adventurous, romantic jobs than driving a motor-bus through a great city? The load of hope, of sorrow, of ecstasy, of heartbreak behind you . . . and all the forces that have brought that bus into being. . . .

"Kipling was dead right when he wrote—

*'All unseen
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.'*"

"But there are still the clerks," I murmured.

"Right!" The white teeth flashed again in the lean brown face, and I knew the duellist had another trick up his sleeve. "I once read a story about a book-keeper—a musty, fusty, 'faithful old servant of the firm' type, who seemed to have nothing to live for except the figures which he totted up in his ledger from nine till five.

"Yet he was always alert, interested, vital; and when someone asked him what kept him like that, he replied that his firm did business with the East, and every time he entered up a bale of spices he pictured the cinnamon gardens, the blue vault of sky, the bronze hurrying figures on the quay, the tall ship straining at her moorings.

"I tell you, that old boy had the right idea about living.

"If we can only do that—dig out the gleam of glamour that lies embedded in the dull rock—we shall be living instead of existing."



"The screen has given me some grand parts to play," says Basil Rathbone.

"And for yourself—what's the adventure you want most?" I asked, knowing him to be a born wanderer and also with the means to indulge his fancies.

The "most expressive eyes on the screen" gazed out for a moment at some distant vista, and I thought he was going to say: "To take cocktails in the Forbidden City of Chootabarraga, behind the Himalayas"; but the actor prevailed over the adventurer.

"I love the screen," he said earnestly, "but no one can belong to the theatre as I have belonged to it without having a hankering.

"I want to make a lot of money out of films and the theatre; and then I want to do as Leslie Howard is doing—put it, or at least a great deal of it, back into the theatre by presenting plays; plays I believe in, with parts I want to play.

When you can do that, it seems to me you have a right to call yourself an actor.

"But don't run away with the idea that I want to rob Peter to pay Paul—exploit the screen for the benefit of the stage.

"The screen has given me some grand parts to play—in *Loyalties*, in *Anna Karenina*, *Kind Lady*, *David Copperfield*, *A Tale of Two Cities*—for which I am deeply grateful.

"And I'm grateful to it for something more besides; while it can show a multitude of people—as it does—a broader view of life than we would otherwise get, and helps us to pick out the glamour in the dross, I think it's an art eminently worth serving, and I'm proud to be one of its servants."

(Left) A dramatic moment in "The Passport to Fame," the picture in which Edward G. Robinson plays the dual role of a tough gangster and a meek bank clerk with such notable success.

Edward G. Robinson visits the "Rembrandt" set at Denham and chats with Charles Laughton, who appears in the name part.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON, one of the most polished character-actors on the screen to-day, discusses with Bruce Woodhouse the methods he adopts in studying the types he has to portray.

HAVING seen Edward G. Robinson on the screen, a small, dynamic figure lording it over a bunch of gangsters who positively wilt beneath his flashing glance, I approached him with some trepidation. In my mind's eye I saw the newspaper headings announcing: "Importunate Interviewer Bumped off. 'He Sure Had It Coming To Him!' says Famous Star," and I determined to proceed with all caution.

However, I need not have worried, for the Edward G. Robinson of private life is anything but a forbidding person. In fact, I had not been in his hotel suite overlooking the Thames for five minutes before I realised that I was in no danger. The only ride I was likely to be taken would be in the hotel lift!

Naturally I asked the star about those gangster roles which he plays with such success.

"I don't in the least mind taking the role of a super-crook," he said cheerfully. "A gangster part is as good as any other, and better than most, but what I *do* want to avoid is always playing the same type of part. What the nature of the character may be is quite beside the point. A gangster or a "G" man, a politician or a priest—it's all the same. If you portray one sort of character year in and year out, you are bound to become typed.

"After all," he continued, "crooks do not differ to a vast extent, and it is impossible for an actor to ring the changes indefinitely in his characterisations. If one is condemned to play only one type of character for years, it is inevitable

that sooner or later some smart guy will come along with a wisecrack to the effect that 'Edward G. Robinson gave a grand impersonation of Edward G. Robinson impersonating a gangster' and I don't want that to happen."

"Variety is the spice of an actor's life, then?" I suggested.

He nodded emphatically.

"As a matter of fact," he went on, "although many people are inclined to associate me only with those 'tough guy' roles of mine, I have played more straight parts than gangster ones during my screen career.

"Some folk," he went on, "seem to imagine that the average crook is wholly bad the whole of the time, but, of course, this is not so by any means. All of us have a certain amount of both good and bad in our spiritual make-up, and it is only when the bad and anti-social side predominates that your crook comes into being. In many respects he may be perfectly rational, and in real life it is most unusual to meet a man who has not got at least one redeeming point to his credit."

"You seem to have studied the subject very thoroughly," I ventured.

"It's no good trying to make me out as being a professor of psychology!" he protested laughingly. "As an actor I am naturally interested in my fellow-men—that is all. Obviously, unless you can get a line on a man's mental reactions, it is impossible to build up a character satisfactorily.

"Of course," he continued, "heavy make-up, false whiskers, padding and all that sort of thing can be a help in acquiring a physical resemblance to a certain character, but it is not the trappings that make the actor. No, it is the ability to get the right line on a man's mental equipment that really matters. To understand how he would think and act in any given circumstances, to see life through his eyes

A STAR who STUDIES MEN'S MINDS

rather than through your own, in fact, to get right into the skin of the part, as the saying is—that is what really matters. Good acting must always come from within."

He went on to elaborate the theme further.

"A few decades ago," he said, "people were much more typed than they are to-day. The Frenchman with his little pointed beard, conical silk hat and pointed boots was as easily identified as the Turk with his embroidered jacket, baggy trousers and fez, and the Irishman with his green tail coat and knickerbockers. But nowadays, national characteristics are becoming more and more standardised and the ubiquitous lounge suit makes all men seem to have been cast in much the same mould."

"There was even a time when a man who smoked a large briar pipe was immediately identified as an Englishman!" I added.

The star laughed. I had counted no fewer than fourteen such pipes lying about his sitting-room, and he was even then contentedly puffing at yet another one!

"I get you!" he said. "But doesn't that just illustrate my point? With people growing more and more alike in appearance, manners and dress, it is essential for an actor to delve beneath the surface and get on terms of understanding and sympathy with the mental and spiritual make-up of the characters he is to portray.

"Nowadays, the average criminal no more looks like, say, Charles Peace, than the manly and upright hero resembles one of Ouida's dashing young men. Naturally, a certain amount of convention still clings to all branches



A portrait of the star, who recently made his first British picture, "Thunder in the City."

of the acting art, and it would obviously never do for the hero of the story to look like one of Boris Karloff's more sinister creations, or for the villain to be a super matinée idol in looks.

"But," he continued, "the kinema of to-day is not content to make all its heroes mere plaster saints or to paint all villains in unrelieved black. Light and shade of character now intermingle in screen characters as much as they do in real life, and the result is that characters nowadays achieve an actuality that is all to the good, for no matter how exciting or enthralling a film story may be, it is impossible for an audience to appreciate it to the full if the people in it never become more than so many puppets."

The star is a firm believer in the power the kinema can exert for the common weal.

"No greater medium of propaganda ever existed," he assured me. "It is thanks very largely to the way in which the kinema showed up the evils and abuses which resulted from the introduction of the Volstead Act, that Prohibition in America is now a thing of the past. The general public possesses a far greater strain of common-sense than many of its rulers realise. In the words of the song, they will 'try anything once,' but if they do not like it, they most certainly will not try some more!



"The kinema set out not only to show the many public evils resulting from an impossible attempt to impose harsh restrictions on the free-will of the people, but it also succeeded admirably in its efforts which were, of course, prompted entirely by a respect for everyday common-sense. The public learnt to appreciate the fact that more harm than good was resulting from the attempt to enforce Prohibition, and when the time came, they acted accordingly."

"Then I take it you are in favour of gangster films for the same reason?" I asked.

"As long as they strip the gangster of the false glamour that at one time was in danger of presenting him in flattering colours, I most certainly am," he replied. "The average gangster is of a cowardly type, and, like almost all criminals, possesses so great a self-conceit that he imagines he can rise superior to the law of the land. The kinema by constantly driving

home the great truth that crime does not pay, has not only awakened public conscience to a tremendous extent but—and this is equally important—it has also prevented many a youth from throwing in his lot with the gangsters.

"Selfishness and greed are the motivating forces behind your criminal, and if it can be made clear that he stands to lose much more than he can gain by pitting himself against law and order, he will think very seriously before trying his hand at the game; and it is just this lesson that the kinema has been hammering home to such good effect.

"And do you think the kinema is as valuable a medium in international affairs?"

"I am afraid it is impossible for it to be," he answered. "After all, the prime duty of the films is to entertain. If a moral can be pointed at the same time, well and good, but the play's the thing, still. Anything approaching world-wide propaganda would be quite impracticable, for censorship is very powerful in many countries and a film which voiced any social, political or religious views that were contrary to those approved of by the powers-that-be would stand no chance of being shown.

"So you see," he went on, "censorship of films makes anything remotely approaching world-wide unity impossible, and even in more local conditions it often acts as a brake to enterprise in picture-making. I do not believe for one moment that the big companies would take advantage of the removal of a censorship to produce pictures of questionable taste or violently controversial themes, but they would at least be able to present sincere and important stories without having to worry continually about minor dislikes and prejudices displayed by official bodies.

"After all, the kinema-going public would never stand for films in bad or questionable taste, for it is the ordinary man-in-the-street who constitutes the most powerful censorship in the world—the censorship of inherent good taste."

When I asked the star what were his future plans, he told me he is returning to Hollywood in the autumn to make another picture.

"But I may be back here later," he added.

"I certainly like England and enjoy making pictures over here."

"And are you always going to play 'tough' parts?" I asked.

He laughed. "I don't know about that, but I guess I'm hardly cut out to play dashing heroes!" he said cheerfully. "After all, physical limitations must exercise a certain control over the sort of parts that an actor can undertake with the reasonable hope of success. And if you want to give a sound performance, it is essential to keep this in mind. Can you picture me as Romeo, for instance? No," he went on while I was still groping for the right answer, "I haven't any aspirations in that direction. In fact I'll let you in on a great secret."

"What is it?" I demanded eagerly. He looked preternaturally solemn. Then in grave tones which the twinkle in his eyes betrayed completely, he announced: "During the entire course of my career I have never once had the least desire to play Hamlet!"

And that is Edward G. Robinson in a nutshell. He refuses to take himself seriously off the screen—which is probably one of the reasons why he is so successful when he is on it!

Luli Hohenberg

The Viennese star who is Edward G. Robinson's leading lady in "Thunder in the City," the Atlantic Films production made at Denham under the direction of Marion Gering. Hollywood is keenly interested in her work, and she is now under contract to B. P. Schulberg.



WE lay a great deal of stress on our modern freedom, but I believe we over-estimate it. Young people to-day have so much liberty that they don't appreciate it. When Juliet lived—and I believe she really lived and wasn't merely a figure in romance—young people were so hedged around with restrictions that merely being alive had a spice in it," the star declared.

"Outwitting authority, eating forbidden fruit, has a glamour, and will always have one, far ahead of doing the same things with no opposition.

"Juliet's generation was denied so much that they enjoyed everything that happened with a zest that can never be known to those who have every wish granted as soon as it's expressed.

"I don't believe there could be such a thing as a modern Juliet.

"She was 14, but she had been carefully and thoroughly educated. She had been given the training of a university man, something not common in those days. She knew all she could learn from books. She had no experience, naturally, but she knew a great deal about life, as can be told from the things she says.

"She was no simpleton. She had a wisdom beyond her years. She was an impetuous, passionate, eager young creature, with a spiritual quality, too, but she was ready for love. She was constant and true.

"Girls of to-day are too divided in their interests to be able to understand her kind of love. Modern girls do fall in love, and they love intensely—I'm not trying to belittle them or their affection—but they have other vital interests. They have careers. They excel in sports. They are leaders in their communities. Something or some one depends entirely on them and they delight in the responsibility.

"Juliet expected love to be the supreme joy of her life. The fact that this love led her to death doesn't seem to me unhappy, for she could not have had Romeo alive, and without him, she had nothing. She could not have endured artificially filled-up hours.

"She was an Italian girl, and she was of her generation. She was hedged in and sheltered; she never appeared without a chaperon, unless she was with her parents, but she was not repressed, as girls of a later generation were. She was the darling of the household, treasured and beloved, although the custom of the times did not permit her to relax in filial respect.

"Girls and boys no longer live under the direction of and in subjection to their fathers. To-day we all talk to our parents as equals, even though respectfully. We know we can present our viewpoints and that these will be listened to, if not accepted. No parent attempts to domineer over his children as a matter of course.

"I admit that girls to-day do elope and marry without their parents' consent, that they refuse to be guided by the wishes of their elders and that desperately unhappy youth does commit suicide for love in 1936. But it seems to me not in the same fashion. We are more direct to-day.

"This 'pair of star-crossed lovers' delighted in their love—they would rather have died for love than to have lived lacking it. They could never compromise. Romeo was the sort of boy who was always in and out of love until he met Juliet, when he became serious. This makes him natural and the more charming.

"Juliet, before she met Romeo, was rather thrilled and flattered to hear that Paris had expressed a desire to marry her. Marriage was the bright aim of her life. But once having seen Romeo no one else would do.

"They lived more for romance than is possible to us in this age. So I believe there can be no modern Juliet.

"If I had no memory of the twentieth century and so could not feel the lack of our luxuries, comforts and conveniences, I wouldn't mind being born back in that time of the Renaissance. I think it would have been fun.

IS MODERN FREEDOM AN ASSET?



Norma Shearer answers the Question

"I suppose no one could actually advocate sacrifice and denial for modern youth," she mused, "but there's no denying that they do add a piquancy to the taste of life.

"Surmounting difficulties, overcoming obstacles, always intrigues me, as I believe it intrigues most people. When things were held back from young people they looked forward to them with a more eager appetite. If getting something called for winning it from a reluctant elder, there was more delight in the game.

"Who is interested in a race unless the track is a tricky one and the competitors have to put forth every effort to win?

"Girls who are not easily won are usually the ones who have most suitors.

"Girls of other ages were more feminine. They were mistresses of all the arts of coquetry. They knew instinctively how to manage men, for all their dependence. To-day we have the compensation of living on a plane nearer our husbands. We can do the things that appeal to us, and we follow whatever path we wish, in a direct and simple fashion, because we are a

direct sort of people without much subtlety.

"Coquetry belonged to other ages, to other generations. It was a pretty thing when a girl understood it. Juliet knew how to play with words, to toss them back and forth lightly, to handle a scene well. Girls of our grandmother's, if not of our mother's day, could have great fun with a flirtation, carrying a dangerous flame under a gay shawl of glances and laughter, yet never letting the flame burn their fingers.

"Girls to-day are not so adept. They are too direct to do such things convincingly.

"We are not repressed to-day, as every one knows," observed Norma. "But neither was Juliet. I think repression came in at a later date, with another and colder race.

"Elizabeth Barrett was repressed, for example, but she was not the wise, impatient, eager child that was Juliet. Juliet wanted to be married the day after they had met. She couldn't wait, once she fell in love. Elizabeth was always trying to hold her impatient lover off, to warn him, to get out of marriage, not for her own sake, but for his.

"When I speak of freedom I am not referring to the sort of freedom that makes it possible for people to marry and divorce every other year, nor the sort that 'makes allowance' for affairs on the side.

"I don't believe any true woman permits her eyes to wander once she has pledged herself to her husband. I don't believe that Juliet, for all her disregard of conventions of her day, would have looked at Romeo twice if she had not met him until she was safely married to Paris, instead of being merely in process of becoming engaged.

"She had met Paris for the first time that evening, and she was ready for love. Then she met Romeo and his attraction was overwhelming. But she would not have allowed herself to glance at him if she had first given her love to Paris as his wife.

"Juliet was a woman, although she was but 14.

I feel after living with her for more than a year, as if I knew how she would feel about anything. One symbol of modern freedom is the way we dress. The 1936 modern girl takes her shorts, slacks, brief bathing suits and simple dresses as a matter of course. Less than a hundred

years ago, getting up in the morning was a much more complicated affair—what with eleven petticoats and numerous other undergarments.

"Now that we have related health to sunlight and air, and discovered the benefits of being lightly clad, there's not much danger that we'll return to clothes-slavery.

"Lack of ceremony is another advantage of to-day's freedom.

"To modern people ceremony as our ancestors knew it seems a complete waste of time for all concerned. I believe we live in a tempo to which ceremony doesn't belong.

"Only occasionally can we slow up enough to enter the necessary rhythm.

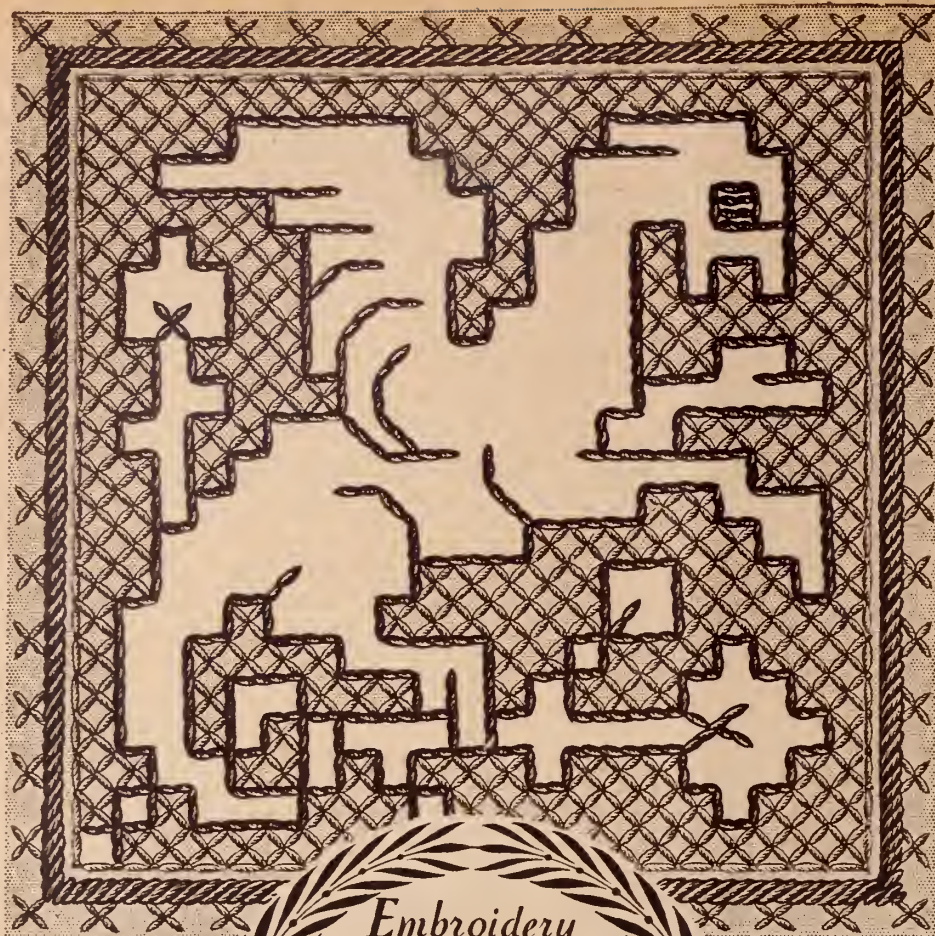
"Perhaps we miss something because we have no time for the courtesies of yesterday. I think it likely. But we never get something precious without giving up something else for it. Women have gained independence, but they had to sacrifice a certain sweet protectiveness for that liberty.

"Sometimes I think we lay too much stress on freedom. No one can be absolutely free. When we cut every tie that binds us to our families or shed every responsibility toward other people, are we really free or are we merely alone?

"Love, whether romantic, filial, parental or friendly, doesn't make for freedom. When we love some one, we take on a certain sense of responsibility for him. It is up to us to make him happy, to comfort him when he is despondent, to share his joys, to hope with him and never to let him down.

"That isn't freedom, is it?

"But who would exchange love for all the liberty in the world?"



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HOME — Continued

Finally, Cherry accepted the offer of a milk-carrier's lift to Boston, and arrived in New York to find herself the object of newspaper headlines as to her mysterious disappearance. Pressing past the crowd and the notice in front of the Van Steedan house, "Cherry Chester returns," she entered the drawing-room.

"I've considered the situation thoroughly," Lucy told her. "There's only one way to silence the malicious, gossip that's been going about ever since you left. Your engagement to Horace must be announced at once. Well, what are you looking like that for? The reporters are waiting."

"Granny, it's absolutely impossible." Suddenly, Cherry felt like giving way to tears. "Suppose I were to tell you I'm married?"

"I'd say it was your way of avoiding an issue."

"But I am. To John Smith."

"Who's he? Where does he come from? What does he do?"

"I—I don't—Granny, you've simply got to believe me—but I don't know."

"Produce him, then!"

"I—I—I really don't know where he is just now."

Moreover, as the days flew by, Cherry was no nearer knowledge of these all-important facts. The Simpsons, the proprietors of Moonsocket Hotel, in reply to telegrams alleged that John Smith had left without forwarding address. Pictures of Cherry and Horace as prospective bride and groom appeared in the papers; but what good was that to a man who had wooed and won Cherry under the name of Sarah Brown?

Cherry showed a lamb-like agreement to interviewers and press-photographers which was in itself alarming. She even dressed to please her grandmother and Horace. After all, the Moon was her home; and what did terrestrial things matter provided there were no exhausting quarrels? Horace's New Year's Eve party, to be given at the Club Continental, was to mark the apex of his entertaining as a bachelor. Wearing white with white fox stole,

a bandeau of brilliants in her fair hair, Cherry posed with Horace at the club entrance for press photographers, conjuring up a smile simultaneous with the flash. Girls, demanding autographs, crowded round. Sick of the publicity business, Cherry was signing mechanically when she caught sight of John, heading for the bar.

"Excuse me—no more now," she murmured and went over.

John, with—surely it couldn't be—quite his one-time gaiety, was asking for two double Martinis when Cherry, coming up behind, added: "Make it four."

"What's new?" she added, looking into his eyes.

"Haven't I seen you before?"

"Possibly. I'm the girl you married once."

"I knew it. Never forget a face. Don't try to get away from me again."

"I won't. Why didn't you tell me it was my perfume, and not me, that night?"

"I was too ill. It's got musk in it, and musk always makes me go green. That day I jumped into your carriage, some girl in a shop I was in, came up to me smothered with it. Hence my rushing into the street."

"Oh! I thought it made you remember some girl you couldn't forget."

"There's only one I can't forget—Sarah Brown."

"There's something I want to tell you." They spoke together and then again. "I'm Cherry Chester."

"I'm Anthony Amberton."

"Darling, we're bigamists! Do you mind?" Cherry asked.

"I love it. We had fun, didn't we?"

"We'll have a lot more when you've given up Hollywood. We'll go everywhere. We'll live in the moon."

"But I'm not retiring from the screen. Why should I? I suppose you're not giving up your writing?"

"Certainly not."

The interview, begun in words, ended in blows. They were chasing each other round a chaise-longue in a deserted corner of the bar when Horace appeared. Nothing perturbed Horace. Speaking in his usual quiet voice, he performed an introduction: "Johnnie Smith. This is my fiancée. I didn't think you were listening just now, when I told you we were getting married."

Anthony Amberton, rubbing his ankle, got to his feet. "I see, I owe you an apology, Miss Chester," he observed. "You certainly are an actress—a great actress. You might try Paris for a divorce."

"Certainly, and I'll marry Horace there, too," Cherry riposted.

But, after all, it was at Newark Airport, on her way to Hollywood, that Cherry's temperament finally and for ever met its match. In the airport corridor, following an attendant on their way to the plane, Cherry found herself seized, covered with a straight jacket, and placed in an ambulance.

"Don't struggle; it was the only way," Anthony said beside her as the ambulance shot forward. "I talked to your grandmother, who was an absolute sport. She arranged for Boycie to take Horace for a ride in a police patrol van, and here I am. Don't try to do things with your arms. Wait a minute, now."

"I'm so tired of having them around me," Cherry confessed, freeing herself.

"Kiss me, darling!"

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Olive ☐		Light . . ☐ Dark . . ☐
	LASHES	REDHEAD
	Light ☐	Light . . ☐ Dark . . ☐
	Dark ☐	
SKIN	AGE	
Dry ☐	Over 35 . . ☐	If hair is Grey, check type above and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	Under 35 . ☐	

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Previews

CRITICISMS of the LATEST FILMS

AS YOU LIKE IT

IT is with a dignity and consciousness of the importance of the work that he is transferring to the screen that Paul Czinner has approached the direction of Shakespeare's romantic comedy—a fairy tale for grown-ups, if you will.

He has not departed widely from stage traditions—in fact, I feel that a fuller exploitation of the screen's resources for action would have been warranted—but he has kept the spirit of the original, set it with delicacy and taste, and brought out to the full the poetry of the dramatist's play.

Produced in this manner Shakespeare ought to appeal to those who reverence his works as well as those who are only on nodding terms with them.

In other words, I think the picture definitely adds to the prestige of the screen, and any criticisms about the individual performances are subservient to that fact.

The whole thing is exceedingly well planned. The artificiality of action which makes it a potential fairy tale is charming.

The poetry is brought out by the ability of a strong cast, which contains many names famous on the stage.

Pride of place I give to Leon Quartermaine, whose melancholy Jacques is an outstanding piece of work. The famous "Seven Stages" soliloquy is masterly and a model for any young actor.

Next, in order of merit, I would place Felix Aylmer's Duke Frederick, a finely dignified characterisation which makes up in quality what it lacks in quantity.

I am in something of a quandary regarding Elisabeth Bergner's rendition of Rosalind. It takes a little time to accustom oneself to hearing Shakespeare's words spoken with a foreign accent. I intend no criticism of Bergner's ability, but it seems to me a mistake to try to attune our ears to an essentially un-English intonation in an essentially English masterpiece.

Again, she seemed to me to present Rosalind with an over-emphasis of ingenuousness; a little too much ebullient girlishness.

Later when she is posing as a youth she seemed more in her element, and I would applaud her impishness and attractive air of insouciance much more than the atmosphere of querulousness that characterises her interpretation in the earlier scenes.

Laurence Olivier delivers his lines well as Orlando, but he seems to lack the robustness of a lover and his bewilderment caused by the grand passion of his life is overdone.

An excellent performance comes from Sophie Stewart as Celia, Rosalind's sweet cousin, while I particularly liked Dorice Fordred as Audrey, the country wench.

Henry Ainley's voice shows to full advantage in the role of the exiled duke, and Mackenzie Ward's Touchstone is in the true tradition of stylised clowning.

J. Fisher White is admirable as Adam and Austin Trevor is good as Le Beau.

There is beauty of design in every foot of the production. Interior palace scenes and pageantry in the courtyards are equally effective, while the Forest of Arden is a place such as dreams are made on, and is very much as you should like it.

The costuming is notably good and praise is due to John Armstrong and Joe Strassner for their work in this direction.

The production has been artistically photographed by Hal Rosson, who gets full value from the excellent settings.

As I said in the beginning of this review, I would have liked to have seen more kinematic treatment, but if it is to be played "straight," as it is, the effect could not have been bettered.

THE GREAT ZIEGFELD

IN his lifetime Florenz Ziegfeld set out to glorify the American girl, this production sets out to glorify the late impresario's work in that direction.

That it is technically excellent and extremely well acted goes without saying—it took two years and cost £400,000 to make—but it lacks that essential of all biographical films, a soul.

With all its lavish settings and careful detail work one cannot take a great deal of interest in the fate of its main character.

Ziegfeld is just a name to most people in the country and I am not sure that his romances and escapades

which, when viewed coldly, are quite commonplace, are going to raise anyone to any particular pitch of enthusiasm.

He was apparently, judging by the film, a showman who made money, spent it and succeeded in making it again. That he had a genius for providing for the needs of the tired business man, an unerring eye for beauty and an extremely fertile imagination in the matter of stage craft is also apparent but otherwise his life story as here presented has little of the essential of drama.

The picture is divided roughly into three parts. The first introduces him as a fairground backer with the strong man Sandow as his main asset followed by his capture of Anna Held, his romance and marriage to her. The second deals with more spectacular sequences supposedly taken from the shows he produced with a glimpse of his relations with other women, while the third depicts his break with Anna, his meeting with Billie Burke, his marriage to her and his death after he had been ruined on the stock market.

The first part is undoubtedly the best. It introduces his friendship with a rival showman Billings whom he is always managing to beat at his own game. It also contains his romance with Anna Held which strikes a human and sincere note, in spite of the fact that it is extremely drawn out. This sense of sincerity is mainly induced by the emotional acting of Louie Rainer as the temperamental French star.

She gives an excellent performance but whether she in any way resembles her famous prototype I am not in a position to state.

William Powell I should say has very little resemblance either in looks or temperament with the late Ziegfeld; he puts over a typical Powell performance with efficiency and polish but without convincing one particularly as to his outstanding qualities of showmanship or with any particular degree of intimacy.

Myrna Loy gives a clever rendering of Billie Burke and introduces, without over emphasis, certain little mannerisms of that artiste who had made a big name for herself in England before she went to America.

Frank Morgan is extremely good as Billings and adds the requisite touch of comedy with a characterisation that may or may not

resemble the original.

I particularly liked that Pendleton's representation of Sandow; it was difficult to recognise the even delightful portrayer of dumb gangsters in the blond haired and moustached weight lifter.

A clever little study comes from Virginia Bruce as Audrey, a girl Ziegfeld tries to make a star but who lets him down by her loose living and eventually causes the breach between him and his wife, Anna.

The late Will Rogers and Eddie Cantor, both of whom were "made" by Ziegfeld are well interpreted by A. A. Trimble and Buddy Doyle, Fannie Brice—she's fine—Harriet Hootor and Ray Bolger appear respectively as themselves.

Reginald Owen has a rather thankless role as Ziegfeld's accountant, but he plays it well. Robert Z. Leonard has been inclined to over-portray his sequences which leads to dull spots. There is also too much repetition especially in the drawing of the character of Anna Held.

The picture as it stands runs for approximately three hours and that, I contend, is too long for any film, especially when it is so slight in its dramatic farce as this is.

I should say that with drastic cutting, especially in the opening and in the spectacular stage sequences the entertainment would be greatly increased and that ever present danger of boredom completely banished.

MERCHAND D'AMOUR

Edmond T. Greville has directed this little romance dealing with the case of a temperamental, middle-aged film director for a fully ingénue actress with extreme subtlety and makes this a touch of satire at the expense of film studios.

It is remarkable for its very sparing use of dialogue for which pictorial development is substituted. Consequently it is perfectly easy for a person who has no French to follow the action with hardly any recourse to the sub-titles that have been imposed on it.

The plot is a simple one dealing with Jack Stephen, a successful director, known as the Merchant D'Amour (the Dealer in Love) because of the passion he puts into his pictures and his private life, who meets a little girl, Lily, on a 'bus and turns her into a star.

For the first time in his life he is genuinely in love, but she becomes the mistress of his leading man and refuses to work in his next picture. Disillusioned, he makes a film of stark horror and misery which is derided by the critics and the public.

No one will engage him, and he drifts aimlessly. Meanwhile Lily has gone to Hollywood and returned because of a scandal which spoils her screen prospects. Hearing of Stephen's plight, she manages to obtain capital to finance a new production. She is only just in time to save him from committing suicide, and so makes amends for her heartlessness.

Intimate and human characterisation is the keynote of the picture which has a deep underlying note of tragedy beneath its comedy. The director has built up the complex nature of his hero in a human and entertaining manner and Jean Galland plays the role admirably.

He reminds one somewhat both of Erich von Stroheim and Conrad Veidt and impresses one with his

(Continued on page 28)



Luise Rainer and William Powell in "The Great Ziegfeld."

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REVIEWS

The PICTUREGOER'S
quick reference index to
films just released

- ****MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY
***OURSELVES ALONE
***THE MOON'S OUR HOME
**A MESSAGE TO GARCIA
*FALSE PRETENCES
*SILLY BILLIES
*ROYAL EAGLE
*FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE
*MADCAP

What the asterisks mean—
**** An outstanding feature.
*** Very good. ** Good.
* Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

cleverness in presenting the temperamental side of the character and contrasting it with the sincerity of his love-making and the artistic side of his nature which is hidden under the cloak of showmanship.

Greville has used parallel action very successfully. That is, he has presented the action of various characters in succession with the same time factor common to all. Also his satirical touches help to point the dramatic highlights.

His one mistake is the ending. The logical conclusion is the death of the director after having taken poison, in order not to prove a handicap to the woman he loves.

His subsequent recovery is terribly anti-climatic.

Rosine Derean is charming as Lily and excellent performances are given by Francoise Rosay as one of Stephen's old flames and Robert Arnoux as a "yes-man." All minor roles are consistently well cast.

An unusual picture this which is being accorded a special run at Studio No. 1 in London and is well worth your attention.

PALM SPRINGS AFFAIR

A very mediocre affair in which Frances Langford is cast as the daughter of an impoverished earl who tries to marry a millionaire in order to prevent her father disgracing himself by earning his living as a croupier at a Palm Springs casino.

However, father sees that she does not sacrifice herself, but marries the man of her choice—a somewhat dumb cowboy.

It is a mixture of song, sex and snobbery very indifferently served up in spite of technical polish.

Frances Langford croons well but the most persistent stretching of the imagination fails to make one believe in her origin.

Sir Guy Standing does his best with the very thin role of the earl living incognito as Major Smyth.

David Niven is sound as the young millionaire, as is Ernest Cossart as the Major's faithful valet.

by Lionel COLLIER

Smith Ballew croons as the cowboy, but makes little attempt at acting.

The best performances come from interpreters of small parts. Spring Byington as the millionaire's snobbish aunt and E. E. Clive as an old friend of the Major's both score and provide the best part of the laughs.

MEN OF YESTERDAY

Any effort that is liable to be of assistance to the promotion of world peace is deserving of everyone's sincerest support.

This unpretentious little picture sets out to support the idea of the re-union of ex-servicemen of all nations and while there is, to my mind, a tendency to underline sentiment rather heavily, it is obviously sincere in its aims.

It is directed by John Baxter and stars Stewart Rome as an ex-major who loses his job after the war, but whose idea to get ex-servicemen to visit each other gives him a further incentive to carry on when he felt that he was of no further use to anyone. He is helped in his scheme by men of his old battalion.

Reconstructed war scenes are good and a concert party behind the lines includes such artistes as George Robey, Ella Shields and Dick Henderson.

Will Fyffe, Sam Livesey and D. Hay Petrie all give clever character studies.

On the Screens Now

****MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

M.G.-M. American. "A" certificate. Maritime drama. Runs 132 minutes.

CHARLES LAUGHTON.....	Captain Bligh
CLARK GABLE.....	Fletcher Christian
FRANCHOT TONE.....	Roger Byam
HERBERT MUNDIN.....	Smith
EDDIE QUILLAN.....	Ellison
DUDLEY DIGGES.....	"Bacchus"
DONALD CRISP.....	Burkitt
HENRY STEPHENSON.....	Sir Joseph Banks
FRANCIS LISTER.....	Captain Nelson
SPRING BYINGTON.....	Mrs. Byam
MOVITA.....	Tehani
MAMO.....	Maimiti
BYRON RUSSELL.....	Quintal
PERCY WARREN.....	Coleman
DAVID TORRENCE.....	Lord Hood
JOHN HARRINGTON.....	Mr. Purcell
DOUGLAS WALTON.....	Stewart
IAN WOLFE.....	Maggie
IVAN SIMPSON.....	Morgan
DEWITT JENNINGS.....	Fryer
VERNON DOWNING.....	Hayward
WILLIAM BAMBRIDGE.....	Hitihi
MARION CLAYTON.....	Mary Ellison
STANLEY FIELDS.....	Muspratt
WALLIS CLARK.....	Morrison
CRAUFORD KENT.....	Lieutenant Edwards
PAT FLAHERTY.....	Churchill
ALEC CRAIG.....	McCoy
CHARLES IRWIN.....	Thompson
DICK WINSLOW.....	Tinkler

Directed by Frank Lloyd, from a story by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Previewed January 11, 1936.

In spite of occasional weaknesses, this is a very notable piece of screencraft and one which utilises the full scope of the screen in bringing vividly to you adventure on the high seas in the Year of Grace 1789.

Historically, the story of Captain Bligh, whose brutalities lead to a mutiny, may not be accurate, and certainly his character has been drawn in the blackest of colours,



John Lodge and Niall McGinnis in "Ourselves Alone."

with little or no relief, but as a fine piece of spectacle, superb in camerawork and rich in characterisation it is very hard to beat.

Although the brutalities are overstressed and spectacle plays such a big part, neither the one nor the other are allowed to obscure the main thread of the story, which is gripping and logical in its development.

Charles Laughton gives a remarkable performance in spite of the fact that only one side of the nature of a remarkable sailor is presented; his sterling qualities of seamanship are not sufficiently stressed.

As the chief officer who eventually leads a mutiny and settles down to found a colony on Pitcairn Island, Clark Gable is virile and impressive. His sincerity of purpose is always apparent.

No less good is Franchot Tone as Byam, a young midshipman who is forced to sail with the mutineers and is finally tracked down and taken back to London for trial by Captain Bligh.

These three hold the stage most of the time, but they are admirably supported by the strong cast, of which Eddie Quillan is particularly noteworthy as a young press-ganged sailor.

Frank Lloyd's handling of the subject is admirable. Detail work is perfect, and every character is etched in with an eye to the design of the production as a whole.

Settings are highly realistic. The Portsmouth of the period, storms at sea, and the contrasting peace of a Tahitian island are all noteworthy.

Native women appearing in the island sequences are graceful and natural and the production as a whole is an extremely praiseworthy piece of work.

***OURSELVES ALONE

Wardour. British. "A" certificate. Strong drama. Runs 68 minutes.

ANTOINETTE CELLIER.....	Maureen Elliott
NIALL MCGINNIS.....	Terence Elliott
MAIRE O'NEILL.....	Nannay
of the R.I.C. (Royal Irish Constabulary)	
JOHN LODGE.....	County Inspector Hannay
E. J. KENNEDY.....	District Inspector Sullivan
PAT NOONAN.....	Sergeant Halloran
BRUCE LISTER.....	2nd Lieutenant Lingard
JERRY VERNON.....	Private Parsley
JOHN LODGE.....	Captain Wiltshire
of the I.R.A. (Irish Republican Army)	
CLIFFORD EVANS.....	Commandant Connolly
PAUL FARRELL.....	Hogan
TONY QUINN.....	Maloney
HARRY HUTCHINSON.....	Hennessy
FRED O'DONOVAN.....	The Publican
CAVAN O'CONNOR.....	The Singer

Directed by Brian Desmond Hurst and Walter Summers. Previewed August 1, 1936.

Exceedingly good straight melodrama dealing with the Irish rebellion of 1921. It is excellently characterised and holds an even balance between the two expressions of Irish opinion of the time, thus avoiding all risk of offence to anyone.

A great deal of its success is due to the fine acting by members of the Irish Players, who are included in the cast, but at the same time great praise is due to the joint direction of Brian Desmond Hurst and Walter Summers; the former makes his bow as a director of "commercial" pictures and was, I should say, responsible for the interiors whilst Summers handled the exteriors, which are notably realistic in action.

Development is very good and there are plenty of unforced thrills which, however, are not allowed to obscure the essential characterisation.

John Lodge is extremely well cast as Inspector Hannay, who is trying to catch a Republican leader, Michael O'Dea, a role equally well played by Niall McGinnis.

O'Dea is really Terence Elliott, brother of Maureen, to whom Hannay is engaged.

Antoinette Cellier presents the heroine with a naturalness and capability that speaks well for her future on the screen.

Maire O'Neill gives a clever little cameo study as her nurse.

As Captain Wiltshire, an intelligence officer attached to the R.I.C., who loves and is loved by Maureen without either having given any definite indication of their feelings, John Loder is quite good.

Light relief is supplied by Jerry Verno as a Cockney lorry driver, while splendid support is given by Wally Hutchinson as an informer, Clifford Evans, Paul Farrell, Tony Quinn and Fred O'Donovan as Republicans, and E. J. Kennedy and Pat Noonan as members of the R.I.C.

The guerrilla warfare is presented in an exciting manner with plenty of detail touches which add to its realism, and the plot itself holds the interest and avoids the obvious.

***THE MOON'S OUR HOME

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Satirical comedy. Runs 81 minutes.

MARGARET SULLAVAN.....	Cherry Chester
HENRY FONDA.....	Anthony Amberton
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH.....	Horace Van Steedan
BEULAH BONDI.....	Boyce
HENRIETTA CROSMAN.....	Lucy Van Steedan
WALTER BRENNAN.....	Lem
DOROTHY STICKNEY.....	Hilda
BRANDON HURST.....	Babson
LUCIAN LITTLEFIELD.....	Ogden Holbrook
MARGARET HAMILTON.....	Mitty Simpson
SPENCER CHARTERS.....	Abner Simpson
MARGARET FIELDING.....	Miss Manning

Directed by William A. Seiter, from the novel by Faith Baldwin. Previewed July 4, 1936.

William A. Seiter, the director of this most amusing romantic comedy, evidently found it so good that he could not bear to bring it to an end—anyway, that is the impression gained by the prolonging of the final sequences and their consequent anti-climax. Apart from that, however, it is first-class entertainment. It deals with the love affair of a temperamental screen star and a man whom at first she believes to be a thief, but who turns out to be a famous novelist.

The romance develops tempestuously but they are finally married, only to part on another temperamental storm.

Finally the novelist runs her to earth again and holds her in his arms—all being well, apparently, until the next quarrel.

(Continued on page 30)



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REVIEWS—Continued

It is not the plot that matters so much as the clever detail work and character drawing.

Margaret Sullivan makes the screen star a very human and wildly wayward creature, while Henry Fonda is equally lively and subtle as her novelist lover.

This pair make a fine team, and get the utmost out of every line and situation.

Clever supporting studies are given by Charles Butterworth as Horace, a meek and mild gentleman whom the film star's equally temperamental grandmother wants her grand-daughter to marry, Beulah Bondi as the star's companion, and Henrietta Crosman as grandmother herself.

*A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

Fox. American. "A" certificate. Adventure melodrama. Runs 80 minutes.

WALLACE BEERY.....Sergeant Dory
BARBARA STANWYCK

Senorita Raphaelita Maderos
JOHN BOLES.....Lieutenant Rowan
ALAN HALE.....Dr. Krug
HERBERT MUNDIN.....Henry Piper
MONA BARRIE.....Spanish Spy
ENRIQUE ACOSTA.....General Garcia
JUAN TORENA.....Luis Maderos
MARTIN GARRALAGA.....Rodriguez
BLANCA VISCHER.....Chiquita
JOSE LUIS TORTOSA.....Pasquale Castova
LUCIO VILLEGAS.....Commandant
FREDERICK VOGEDING.....German Stoker
PAT MORIARITY.....Irish Stoker
OCTAVIO GIRAUD.....Spanish Commandant
Directed by George Marshall. Based on an essay by Elbert Hubbard. Previewed August 1, 1936.

Full-blooded action and thrills are the order of the day in this very well acted and presented melodrama.

At a crucial period in the Spanish-American War, Lieut. Rowan volunteers to carry a message to General Garcia, leader of the Cuban forces. On landing in Cuba he is trailed by Krug, a Spanish agent, and only escapes by the skin of his teeth with the help of Dory, a rascally renegade formerly with the American Army.

Later they link up with Raphaelita, a Cuban girl, who had seen her father murdered and demands revenge, but the trio get separated, Raphaelita is wounded, and Dory unwittingly leads Rowan to the enemy's camp. Misfortune does not, however, destroy Dory's resource, and at the cost of his own life he sees that Rowan delivers his message. Following this, Rowan is rejoined by Raphaelita.

The treatment is rather scrappy but generally George Marshall manages to conceal the essential artificialities of the plot by good detail work and character touches.

The camera work and settings are worthy of note and give a sense of realism to the hardships endured by the Lieutenant in his efforts to reach the Cuban leader.

Wallace Beery's performance as Dory is the best he has given for some time. He makes the character live, and one can even believe in his final sacrifice when he saves Rowan from being shot.

As Rowan, John Boles is sound without being remarkable, but Barbara Stanwyck contributes a striking study as Raphaelita, and brings sincerity to the slight love interest which is not allowed to intrude on the main theme of the story.

Alan Hale as a Mexican spy who tries to prevent Rowan from achieving his mission is also extremely good, while Herbert Mundin supplies

light relief as a Cockney trader. His part, however, is too much in the vein of musical comedy to be really effective.

*FALSE PRETENCES

Twickenham F.D. American. "U" certificate. Comedy-drama. Runs 68 minutes.

IRENE WARE.....Mary Beekman
SIDNEY BLACKMER.....Kenneth Alden
RUSSELL HOPTON.....Pat Brennan
BETTY COMPTON.....Clarissa Stanhope
EDWARD GARGAN.....Mike O'Reilly
ERNEST WOOD.....Tiffany Cortland
HERBERT CLIFTON.....Bleven
LUCY BEAUMONT.....Miss Milgrim
MARSHALL RUTH.....Gardener
JOHN PICORRI.....Soutar
DOT FARLEY.....Mrs. Smythe
WILLIAM HUMPHRIES.....Newman
WILSON BENGE.....Stephens



John Boles and Barbara Stanwyck in "A Message to Garcia."

JANE KECKLEY.....Landlady
FLORENCE DUDLEY.....Waitress
AL THOMPSON.....Restaurant Manager
JACK SHUTTA.....Waiter
FRANK O'CONNOR.....Policeman
Directed by Charles Lamont.

Poor and unimaginative treatment fails to do justice to a plot which certainly has quite a good idea behind it.

It is not helped either by the rather raucous voices of some of the players or by its excessive verbosity.

The plot concerns Mary Beekman, an ambitious waitress who meets Kenneth Alden, a society man down on his luck, and sees in him an entry to society. In return for launching her, she promises Kenneth a percentage of all she may gain by a wealthy marriage, and a fashionable hotel is then made the centre of their operations.

Clarissa Stanhope, a former flame of Kenneth's, sees through their scheme, however, and in attempting to wreck it Clarissa not only wins Kenneth for herself, but helps Mary to a rich husband in Pat Brennan, an ex-bootlegger.

The best performance comes from Irene Ware as Mary. Her acting is good and she gets full character value for her part. Sidney Blackmer too, is good as Kenneth, but the rest of the cast is definitely weak and too inclined to nasality for the peace of mind of their hearers.

*SILLY BILLIES

Radio. American. "U" certificate. Gold Rush burlesque. Runs 62 minutes.

BERT WHEELER.....Roy Banks
ROBERT WOOLSEY....."Doc" Pennington
DOROTHY LEE.....Mary Blake
HARRY WOODS.....Hank Bewley
ETHAN LAIDLAW.....Trigger
CHIEF THUNDERBIRD.....Chief Cyclone
DELMAR WATSON.....Morton
RICHARD ALEXANDER.....John Little
Directed by Fred Guiol.

Wheeler and Woolsey act up to formula in this broad burlesque of the early Californian gold rush days, and while they are inclined to over-prolong their gags, they will, no doubt, please their numerous admirers.

The story deals with Doc Pennington, a travelling dentist, and Roy Banks, his assistant, who park at Littletown, a hamlet in the wild and woolly West, bent upon starting a practice. A slick estate agent gets them drunk, and then lets them a shop, but when they recover they find the town deserted, the inhabitants having joined a gold rush.

Roy's interest in Mary Blake, a charming pioneer, compels them to follow, and after being mistaken for crooks in league with hostile Indians, they save the wagon train from being wiped out. At this juncture gold is discovered in Littletown, and the hasty return of the former inhabitants brings with it prosperity for Doc. and romance for Roy.

It is not really until the action goes "West" that the fun becomes fully established, but once there it makes the most of the situation and mingles thrills and laughter.

Dorothy Lee is attractive in the small role of Mary and sound support is afforded by Harry Woods, Chief Thunderbird and Delma Watson.

The production is staged on a spacious scale and a good atmosphere is achieved.

*ROYAL EAGLE

Columbia. British. "A" certificate. Crime drama. Runs 69 minutes.

JOHN GARRICK.....John Hornby
NANCY BURNE.....Sally Marshall
EDMUND WILLARD.....Burnock
LAWRENCE ANDERSON.....Vale
HUGH E. WRIGHT.....Albert Marshall
BETTY SHALE.....Mrs. Marshall
MURIEL AKED.....Mrs. Minn
FRED GROVES.....Sam Widdock
FELIX AYLNER.....Windridge



Dorothy Lee, who appears with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in "Silly Billies."

IAN FLEMING.....Andrews
CLARE GREET.....Mrs. Bindle
Directed by Arnold Ridley and George Cooper, from a story by Arnold Ridley.

The Royal Eagle, the well-known Thames pleasure steamer forms the novel background for this crime drama which in spite of its ingenuousness, succeeds in being fairly entertaining.

It deals with John Hornby, a dispatch clerk to a riverside warehouse who finds himself suspected of being in league with Barnock and Vale, two crooks wanted for robbery and murder.

His fiancée Sally, a dance-hall hostess, and her mother and father take him on a pleasure trip to

Margate and who should be on the boat but Barnock and Vale!

Sally recognises the crooks and, following a series of hectic events, John overcomes Barnock in single combat, saves Sally's life and proves his innocence.

It is all very artless but not devoid of human and humorous touches.

John Garrick is sound as John and Nancy Burne quite effective as Sally.

Edmund Willard, and Lawrence Anderson admirably fill the roles of the crooks, while two clever little supporting studies are given by Hugh E. Wright and Muriel Aked.

*FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE

British Lion. American. "A" certificate. Costume melodrama. Runs 67 minutes.

HELEN MORGAN.....Frankie
CHESTER MORRIS.....Johnnie
FLORENCE REED.....Lou
WALTER KINGSFORD.....Timothy
WILLIAM HARRIGAN.....Curley
JOHN LARKIN.....Andy
CORA WITHERSPOON....."Lumpy"
Directed by Chester Erskin.

A somewhat vague story with some hectic situations helped out by tuneful songs, a full measure of sentimentality and some good acting.

Chester Morris is true to type in the lead as Johnnie Drew, a gambler whose simple looks are belied by his shrewd brain. He cleans out a gang of card sharpers on a show boat bound for St. Louis and on his arrival there is saved from their attention by Frankie, a singer.

Frankie falls for Johnnie although she is engaged to a sincere if surly suitor by the name of Curly, and they marry.

Johnnie soon gets tired of married life and decides to run away with Nellie, a gold-digger.

Frankie determines to take action but is frustrated by a friend who puts an end to Johnnie's career with a bullet.

The general effect of the picture is artificial and theatrical and technically it is no more than satisfactory. There is, however, a certain picturesqueness about the period atmosphere and a rough artlessness which will appeal to the unsophisticated.

*MADCAP

Pathé. American. "A" certificate. Gangster comedy-drama. Runs 57 minutes.

ROD LA ROCQUE.....Dick
MAXINE DOYLE.....June
BRYANT WASHBURN.....Graham
BARBARA PEPPER.....Hazel
DONALD KERR.....Jimmy
ZELLA RUSSELL.....Mrs. Bolton
REED HOWES.....Chuck
VINCENT DENNIS.....Red
Directed by Bob Hill.

Some old timers such as Rod La Rocque and Bryant Washburn put in sound performances in this naive and very familiar gangster story.

The former is cast as Dick, a young lawyer who is engaged to curb the recklessness of June, a wild society girl.

He manages it with a fair amount of dignity and conviction.

The latter plays the role of Graham, a racketeer who "bumps off" one of June's friends and is finally brought to justice by her and the dead man's girl, Hazel.

The experience makes her mend her ways and take Dick on as a permanent guardian.

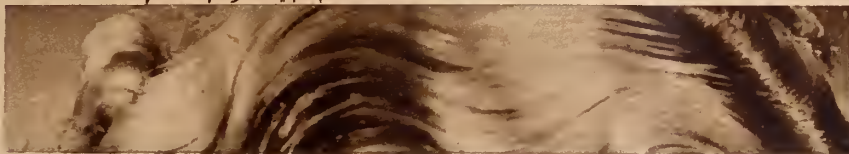
Maxine Doyle gives a spirited performance as June and Barbara Pepper is fair as Hazel.

Light relief is provided by Donald Kerr as an enthusiastic reporter.

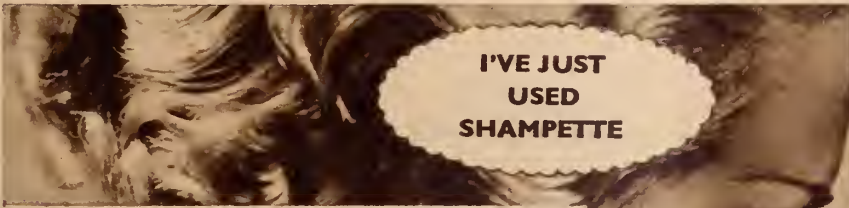
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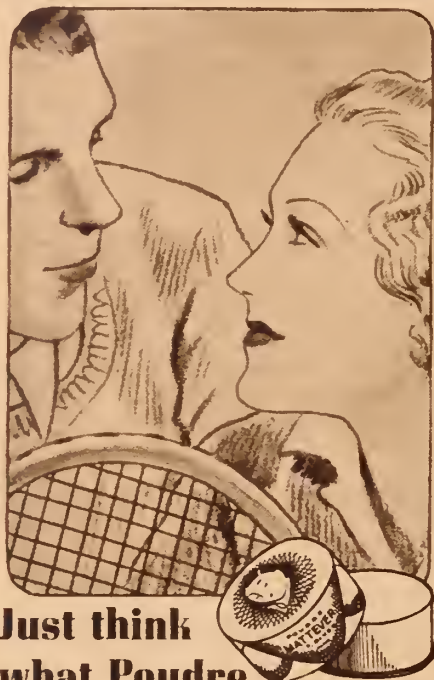
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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

WHERE are the BRITISH HEROES?

Picturegoer Readers Discuss the Product of Our Own Studios

MANY people have a good reason for preferring American pictures to British, when you think of the few really handsome heroes we have on the British screen.

Many of the "big" British pictures feature such stars as Sydney Howard, Leslie Fuller, Jack Hulbert, Stanley Lupino, Tom Walls, Lupino Lane, George Robey and others who are nearing "middle age," and are exactly the opposite to handsome. They are amusing at times, but more serious romantic films with younger actors are needed. Why not some Clark Gables, Fred MacMurrays, Gary Coopers, etc., who are pleasant to look at?—J. Emery, 11 Sea View Road, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.



Sydney Howard

I have seen several British films lately with at least 75 per cent. of the faults here tabulated—some 100 per cent.

1. Lack of attention to detail with sets, props, effects, and consistency of plot. (We can confidently criticise Britain and things British.)
2. Actors so obviously talk to camera, director, or microphone, elocution is too "stagey," and movements rigid.
3. Wisecracks give no appearance of spontaneity. Preparation for utterance and pause for appreciation. Too many music hall "perms."
4. Too many "imbecile" policemen and half-witted "domestics," belittling them in a criminal manner.
5. Terrible imitation of "dialects" by voices betraying their "refinement"!
6. Bad lighting and make-up.
7. No study and creation of "film" fashions in clothes.
8. Little use of Britain's natural amenities.
9. Poor film "titles," which can themselves be a powerful "draw."
10. Lukewarm efforts to discover and groom film stars in "their own right," and lack of publicity for them.

How long must we wait before such elementary faults are rectified?—G. McCandless, 5 Moorside Court, Somerset Road, Ealing, W.13, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

Where Credit Is Due

Nearly every week there are letters published deploring British inferiority in the film world.

I for one do not; it seems that instead of encouraging the British film industry in their endeavour to compete with Hollywood, some people do their utmost to push it down by bemoaning and criticising the films the British studios turn out.

There is a need for complaint, but not to the extent of denouncing the British studios completely. When doing that those people forget such pictures as *Tudor Rose* and *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, etc., and choose the poorer

type to make comparison with Hollywood's best.

In my opinion great British pictures deserve far greater credit than is usually given; we have no Garbo, Gable, nor Harlow to amplify the achievement, but just Nova Pilbeam or Cedric Hardwicke, stars of a lesser degree.

On seeing these, then, I say: "Well done, England! Keep it up."—W. T. Butler, 34 Station Road, Kirkham, Lancashire, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Come Outside

The centre spread of a recent issue of PICTUREGOER illustrates the heading that "He-men still attract," and to the (I hope) mortification of British film producers it should be noted that not one British film was mentioned—for the reason that there "ain't none."

True, there have been signs recently of a swing toward strong open-air dramas in this country, but have we made any films to seriously compete with *Bengal Lancer*, *Hell Divers*, *The Lost Patrol*, *Captain Blood* (with British actor Errol Flynn), *Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, *Ceiling Zero*, and the recent sensational *Fury*, to name but a few of this particular type?

We have—or have had—suitable actors in our studios simply waiting for the chance to get their teeth into a real he-mannish role, but in nine cases out of ten it was Hollywood that gave them the chance.

Come on, British producers—stop deluging us with so-called "light comedies," and get out into the open where men can really be men, and where might definitely is right!—Edward H. Nash, 92 Dunch Lane, Melksham, Wilts.

Boost British!

Why do not British films "boost" a little more? American films do so at every opportunity.

For instance, if there is the slightest excuse for it, the wonderful lights of Broadway and New York's skyscrapers are shown in an American film, while a British film would expect the picturegoer to conjure up London from an ancient omnibus, a few cars, and a policeman directing a few shabby persons across an equally shabby roadway.

American films show America's police, army, navy, and air force in their best light, while British films seem to regard our police as comic characters who possess no sense.

We have the best scenery, the loveliest buildings, and the finest army, navy and air force in the world.

Let's tell the world!—Una Nielsen-Jones (aged 15), 78 Syke Ings, Richings Park, Iver, Bucks.

British Photography

The photography in most British films still leaves much to be desired.

Hollywood stars appearing in our pictures are sometimes scarcely recognisable. Until I saw her in *The Tunnel*, I did not know that Madge Evans had a disfiguring mark on her cheek, it has never been noticeable in any of her American films. Compare the handsome Robert Donat of *The Count of Monte Cristo* with the rather sharp-featured young man of *The Thirtynine Steps* and *The Ghost Goes West*.

Through Hollywood cameras George Arliss had a very distinctive appearance, but he certainly lacks this in his British efforts. Notice, too, the vast improvement in the appearance of a British star when in an American-made film.

Appearances mean a lot, and as we are
(Continued on page 34)

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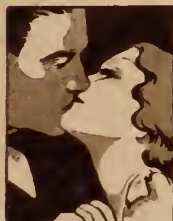


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WHO'S WHO

Charles Chaplin

THE most internationally famous of all comedians and one of the uncrowned kings of Hollywood, Charlie Chaplin has been making pictures since 1913, in which year he joined the Keystone Company. Born in London on April 16, 1889, he joined a troupe of juveniles—the Six Lancashire Lads—at an early age, and later played "Billie," the page boy in *Sherlock Holmes*. Some time later, he joined Fred Karno's company and made a personal hit as the dude in *Mumming Birds*.

Other companies for which he worked in his early film days were Essanay, Mutual and First National, and he became definitely established as a leading film comedian by his work in *Tillie's Punctured Romance*. In 1918 he built his own studios in Hollywood and is an owner-member of United Artists' Distributing Corporation and is an independent producer of silent comedies in his own right. He has been twice married, first to Mildred Harris and second to Lita Grey, both marriages having been dissolved; he has two sons.

His films since the war include *Carmen*, *The Circus*, *The Idle Class*, *Shoulder Arms*, *The Kid*, *Pay-Day*, *The Pilgrim*, *The Gold Rush*, *City Lights* and *Modern Times*.

Maurice Chevalier

BORN at Menilmontant in France on September 12, 1889, he stands 5 ft. 11½ ins. has light brown hair and blue eyes and weighs nearly twelve stone. He has a long and successful stage career behind him, having played in many Paris revues and was once Mistinguett's dancing partner. He appeared with Elsie Janis at the Palace Theatre in London, with Mistinguett at the Casino de Paris and later, as a star, with Yvonne Vallee.

He was later tempted by the films and has made many pictures. These include, *The Little Café*, *Innocents of Paris*, *The Love Parade*, *The Big Pond*, *Paramount on Parade* (1930), *The Playboy of Paris*, *One Hour With You*, *The Smiling Lieutenant*, *Love Me To-night*, *A Bedtime Story*, *The Way to Love*, *The Merry Widow*, *The Man From the Folies Bergere* and *The Beloved Vagabond*.

Chevalier served with distinction during the Great War. He was wounded and taken prisoner but later escaped disguised as a Red Cross worker, and it was while in a prisoners-of-war

camp that he learnt his English, his instructor being a fellow prisoner, Ronald Kennedy.

Ruth Chatterton

BORN in New York City on Christmas Eve, 1893, she stands 5 ft. 2½ ins. and has light brown hair and blue eyes. She was educated at Mrs. Hazen's private school at Pelham Manor and began her stage career in chorus in Washington. At fifteen years of age she was playing in stock companies with Lowell Sherman, Pauline Lord and Lenore Ulric and became a star at eighteen. Among the many stage successes in which she has appeared are, *Daddy Long Legs*, *Come Out of the Kitchen*, *A Marriage of Convenience*, *Mary Rose*, *The Little Minister*, *The Man With a Load of Mischief* and *The Green Hat*.

She made her screen debut in *The Sins of the Fathers* and has since appeared in many films including, *The Doctor's Secret*, *The Dummy*, *Madame X*, *The Laughing Lady*, *Charming Sinners*, *The High Road*, *The Lady of Scandal*, *Paramount on Parade* (1930), *Anybody's Woman*, *Once a Lady*, *To-morrow and To-morrow*, *The Crash*, *Frisco Jenny*, *Lilly Turner*, *Female*, *Journal of a Crime*, *Lady of Secrets*, *Girls' Dormitory* and *Dodsworth*.

Mady Christians

BORN in Vienna, she is the daughter of professional parents. Standing 5 ft. 5 in. in height she has blonde hair and grey-blue eyes. In 1912 she accompanied her parents to New York where they established the German Theatre and she returned to Europe in 1917 to study under Max Reinhardt. She appeared in plays by Shakespeare, Lessing, Goethe, Molière, Pirandello and others, and the pictures she made in Europe include *Glass of Water*, *Finances of the Archduke*, *Cinderella*, *The Waltz Dream*, *Queen Louise*, *Duel*, *Priscilla's Fortnight*, *Burning Heart* and *Meet My Sister*. She made English, French and German versions of *Dichalder Gelieb*, *Mon Amour* and *Fate of the Renata Lancer*, also, *The Black Hussars*, *Ich Und die Kaiserin* and *The House of Dora Green*.

She returned to America and appeared on the New York stage in *Divine Drudge*, *Talent and Races*. In 1933 she appeared in the film, *One Year Later*, and after doing a lot of radio work she was signed up by M.-G.-M. Her pictures since 1933 include *The Only Girl*, *Wicked Woman*, *Escapade*, and *Ship Café*.

What Do You Think? Cont.

making such rapid strides in other directions, it seems unfortunate that this big fault should remain.—H. J. Layzell, "St. Moritz," *Sidford*, *Sidmouth*, Devon.

Scathing

I do not think "Hollywood's Ten Commandments," as given recently on this page, are half so good as those followed by the British film industry:

1. Do not "boost" our productions—somebody might hear.
2. Film audiences must be "played down to."
3. Characters must be "illiterate," or "old school tie."
4. Talkie films must not interrupt talkie patrons.
5. Avoid "sentiment"; the public like it, but it's *infra dig*.
6. Actresses must always be "naice."
7. Do not build new "stars"—second-hand ones cost more.
8. Discourage originality—follow Hollywood.
9. Our "commentators" are funny.
10. "Lots in a name"—from Hollywood.—Bernard Heath, 49 Hertford Road, Brighton.

Where Is Our Comedy?

Are there no competent comedy writers in British studios? The majority of the British successes of recent times have been

costume pictures, spy thrillers and spectacular films like *Things To Come*. The only comedy produced by our studios is the slapstick variety as expounded by the Hulberts, Gracie Fields and the rest. I consider it surprising that the enormous success achieved by such films as *It Happened One Night*, *Forsaking All Others*, and *The Bride Comes Home* has not prompted our studios to attempt something in the same vein.

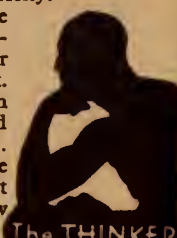
A perusal of Mr. E. G. Cousins' current article shows that there is nothing in the way of a romantic comedy in the course of production. It is not that we lack the actors and actresses; what Claudette Colbert achieved could have been done by Madeleine Carroll, for example.

The touch of an Ernst Lubitsch would go a long way in our film studios.—(Mrs.) N. Arnold, 23 Cassland Crescent, Well Street, London, E.9.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 is. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.



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Let GEORGE DO IT!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

GARY COOPER FAN (Hamilton).—(1) Gary Cooper, b. Helena, Montana, May 7, 1901. 6 ft. 2½ in., 175 lb., light blue eyes, brown hair, hobbies cartooning and riding. Married Sandra Shaw. Latest film: *The General Died at Dawn*. (2) William Powell, b. July 29, 1892, Pittsburgh, 6 ft., brown hair, and eyes, married Carole Lombard (mar. dis.). Latest films: *The Great Ziegfeld*. (3) Edmund Lowe, b. Mar. 3, 1893, California, 6 ft., blue eyes, light brown hair, married Lilyan Tashman (dec.). Latest film: *Seven Sinners*. (4) Victor McLaglen, b. Dec. 11, 1883, London, married, two children Sheila and Andrew, hobbies boxing, wrestling, swimming, horseback riding and golf. Latest film: *Under Two Flags*.

J.B. (Bury).—(1) Claudette Colbert, b. Paris, Sept. 13, 1905, black hair, brown eyes, 5 ft. 5 in., 103 lb., married Norman Foster (mar. dis.). (2) Dr. Joel Pressman. Likes all outdoor sports, favourite recreation travel. Latest film: *Under Two Flags*. (2) Anna Lee, b. Ighbam Vicarage, Kent, Dec. 31, 1913, 5 ft. 4 in., real name Joanna Boniface Winnifrid. Latest film: *O.H.M.S.* (3) Claire Trevor, b. New York, Mar. 8, no year given, 5 ft. 3 in., blonde hair and hazel eyes. Latest film: *15 Maiden Lane*. (4) Shirley Temple, b. April 23, 1929, fair hair and blue eyes. Latest film: *Poor Little Rich Girl*.

FAN OF ALL (Richmond).—(1) Jane Withers, b. Atlanta, Georgia, April 12, 1927, brown hair and eyes, enjoys swimming, horseback riding and skating. Latest film: *Pepper*. (2) Myrna Loy, b. Aug. 2, 1906, Helena, Montana, 100 lb., 5 ft. 6 in., red hair, green eyes. Latest film: *The Great Ziegfeld*. (3) Ginger Rogers, b. July 16, 1911, Independence, U.S.A., 5 ft. 4 in., brown hair and eyes, married Jack Pepper (mar. dis.). Latest film: *Swing Time*. (4) Jean Harlow, b. Kansas City, Mar. 3, 1911, 5 ft. 2½ in., platinum-blonde hair, blue-green eyes. Married (1) Charles McGrew (mar. dis.) (2) Paul Bern (dec.) (3) Hal Rosson (mar. dis.). Latest film: *Suzy*.

JEAN (Ilford).—Griffith Jones, b. London, 6 ft. 2 in., brown hair, grey eyes, ed. London University. Hobby, athletics. Latest film: *First a Girl*. Photograph obtainable from the Postcard Salon.

GRANT LOVER.—Cary Grant, b. Jan. 18, 1904, Bristol, 6 ft. 1 in., 172 lb., black hair, brown eyes. Married Virginia Cherrill, separated. Latest film: *Suzy*. (2) Nelson Eddy, b. Providence, Rhode Island, June 29, 1901, 6 ft., blond hair, blue eyes, unmarried, 175 lb., latest film: *Maytime*. (3) Ronald Colman, b. Feb. 9, 1891, Richmond, Surrey, 6 ft., black hair, brown eyes, 160 lb., married. Thelma Raye, separated. Hobbies, tennis and reading. Latest film: *Under Two Flags*.

NEW READER (Londonderry).—(1) Franchot Tone, b. Feb. 27, 1906, Niagara Falls, 11 st., 6 ft., married Joan Crawford, Oct. 12, 1935. Latest films: *Suzy*. (2) Fredric March, b. Aug. 31, 1898, Racine, Wis., 5 ft. 11 in., brown hair and eyes, married Florence Eldridge, hobbies, riding, swimming and tennis. Latest film: *Mary of Scotland*. (3) John Loder, b. Jan. 3, 1898, London, 6 ft., brown hair, blue eyes.

Ed. Eton and Sandhurst. Latest film: *Sabotage*.

HOWARD FAN.—(1) Loretta Young, b. Jan. 6, 1912, Salt Lake City; real name Gretchen Young; 5 ft. 5 in., brown hair blue eyes; married Grant Withers (mar. dis.). (2) Merle Oberon, b. Feb. 19, 1911, Tasmania; 5 ft. 4 in., brown hair and eyes, 7 st. 7 lbs.; real name Estelle O'Brien Thompson. (3) Norma Shearer, b. Aug. 10, 1904, Montreal, Canada; 5 ft. 3 in., brown hair, blue eyes; married Irving Thalberg, has two children—a boy and a girl. (4) Leslie Howard, b. April 3, 1893, London; real name Leslie Stainer; 5 ft. 11 in., fair hair, brown eyes; married Ruth Evelyn Martin, has a son, Ronald, and daughter, Leslie.

DONAT FAN (Kent).—(1) Robert Donat is making *Knight Without Armour* with Marlene Dietrich. (2) Yes, Stuart Robertson is a brother of Anna Neagle. (3) You must write to the film companies about the re-issue of their films—*Little Women* to Radio, *The Scarlet Pimpernel* to London Films, and *Smilin' Through* to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

POWELL CRAZY (Edinburgh).—Write to Chaw Mank, Staunton, Illinois, America, for details of the Dick Powell Fan Club.

B. INQUISITIVE (N. Z.).—Chief actors as follows: *Not So Dumb*—Elliot Nugent; *The Temporary Widow*—Laurence Olivier; *Reducing*—Buster Collier jun. and William Bakewell; *A Notorious Affair*—Basil Rathbone; *Evangeline*—Roland Drew; *A Lady of Chance*—Johnny Mack Brown; *The Price of Things*—Alfred Tennyson; *After Midnight*—Conway Tearle. Chief actresses: *Beau Sabreur*—Evelyn Brent; *The Man From Blankley*—Loretta Young; *Afraid to Love*—Florence Vidor; *Lady Windermere's Fan*—Irene Rich; *Footlights and Fools*—Colleen Moore; *The Impossible Lover*—Madge Evans. (2) Joan Crawford's latest film: *The Gorgeous Hussy*.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE FAN (Malmesbury).—Articles published on Shirley Temple in this magazine as follows: "Poor Little Rich Girl"—Sept. 5, 1936; "Baby Take a Rest"—May 16, 1936; and "Shirley Temple's Intelligence Test"—Feb. 15, 1936. Write to the Publishing Dept. 6 Catharine Street, London, W.C.2, for back numbers, price 3d. each, post free.

READER (Glasgow).—Chief players: *Trail of the Lonesome Pine*—Sylvia Sydney, Henry Fonda, Fred MacMurray, Fred Stone and Nigel Bruce; and in *Scarface*—Paul Muni, Ann Dvorak and Karen Morley.

CRAZY (Worcs.).—Music in *Reckless* as follows: "Reckless" sung by Jean Harlow, composed by Jerome Kern, published by T. B. Hyams; "Told at Twilight" composed by Hewarter, published by Boston Music Co.; "Oh, Promise Me," composed by De Koven, published by Schumen. "By the Stream," composed by Kapee and Axt, published by Robinson. All other music, property of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. (2) Cesar Romero, b. New York, Feb. 15, 1907, of Cuban parentage, became professional ballroom dancer and then actor. Address, c/o Columbia.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

THE INTERNATIONAL FILM CLUB are holding a dance at Bush House, Aldwych, W.C.2, on September 26th Saturday. The well-known "Georgians Dance Band" will be in attendance while the bar will be fully licensed until 11.30 and there is a free car park. Dancing will be from 8 p.m. until midnight during which time there will be a special Paramount Hour which will include tunes from the latest Paramount Films and has been specially arranged in conjunction with that company. The tickets obtainable at the door are priced at 2s. 6d. and every effort is being made to make the evening a pleasant one—as the club are donating a portion of the proceeds to the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund. All film fans are welcomed.

THE LESLIE BANKS FAN CLUB are holding a social and dance meeting every Thursday, 7.30 to 11.30 from now onwards. Will all those interested in this club, which is personally recognised by the star, write to John W. Deacon (Hon. Sec.), No. 8 Elthorne Mansions, Elthorne Road, Holloway, N.19, or to Miss N. Burt, 74 Trinity Road, Wood Green, N.22, for full particulars.

Will all readers interested in the CONRAD VEIDT FELLOWSHIP write to Miss M. Morris, 14 Dudley Road, Ilford, Essex, for full particulars.

It is always advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letter to Fan Clubs to ensure a reply.

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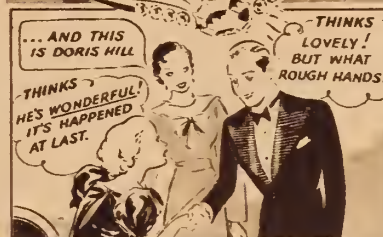
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WHEN you are in perplexity, two heads are better than one.
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IF your holiday tan is already beginning to look patchy maybe you are beginning to regret so much sun bathing.

You almost wish you had been content with a synthetic tan.

Your skin is already so dry with sun and sea air, that if you are going to fade out this holiday legacy, it must be done by gentle means. Strong bleaches will make an already dry skin, drier.

An ordinary tomato is a wonderful aid for getting rid of unwanted tan, or the left over patches of a faded one. Squeeze a tomato through muslin, catching the juice in a saucer. This may be applied to neck, arms and hands, and unless your face is hyper-sensitive, to that too. Let the juice dry on. Repeat the treatment for one or two nights, if necessary.

Cucumber is a well known household remedy for soothing and cooling the skin. You can use it simply by rubbing slices over the skin. If, however, you are prepared to take a little trouble, you can make it into a lotion.

Cut your fresh cucumber into cubes. Put them into a stone jam jar, stand the jar in a pan of boiling water, and cook till quite soft. Then squeeze the chunks through butter muslin till you have extracted all the juice from the pulp. Measure the juice, add twice as much water, and mix well. Add half a teaspoon of powdered borax. When dissolved, add one tablespoon of glycerine. Mix well by shaking, and finally add, one drop at a time, five drops of simple tincture of benzoin.

Cleanse the face before using it, with tepid water and a very mild soap. Rinse well and dry. Dab on the lotion with a pad of cotton wool, and leave it to dry on.

Freckles

Freckles are an annual nuisance to many girls. The truth is that it is easier to prevent them than to get rid of them. Those who are subject to summer freckles should always wear a shady hat, or an eye-shade that casts a shadow across the upper part of the face and the nose. It is also wise to cover the tops of the arms.

But, if you have acquired them, here is a simple bleach for fading them out. You must be patient in using it. It is never possible to fade out freckles safely overnight. So strong a bleach, would be harmful to your skin.

Take a freshly dug horseradish and shred up an ounce of it. Add to this half a teaspoon of powdered borax, and pour over them a cupful of boiling water. Allow to get cold, strain through muslin, and bottle the lotion. Use by dabbing on the freckles several times a day.

Hair Tonic

Rosemary, which grows so freely in country gardens, provides an excellent tonic for the hair. This is well recognised for it forms an ingredient of many well known shampoos. If it grows in your garden, you can make a tonic rinse from the leaves. Gather a handful, rinse off the grime (if you live in a town) tie up in a bit of butter muslin, and suspend the bunch in a jug of boiling water.

You can use some of this liquid to mix your shampoo, and the remainder may be used to make a final rinse.

There are many other products of field and garden that are good for the

toilet table. But these need expert handling before they are turned into beauty products. These must, of course, be bought ready prepared for use.

The apple has astringent qualities which tone up the pores and helps a skin that is prone to greasiness. A cream may be bought containing the juice of both fruit and flowers and many women find it extremely helpful.

Cowslips were known for their beautifying and whitening properties as long ago as Queen Elizabeth's reign. They are still used to-day, but pounded into a skin-food.

Elder flowers have a cooling and soothing effect on the skin. In their season the freshly gathered flowers may be steeped and added to the bathwater. The dried flowers are nearly as effective, and these you may buy from many herb shops. They are very soothing when the skin has had an overdose of sun. But if you cannot be bothered to make your own concoctions, you can buy a massage cream in which elder flowers are incorporated. If the back of the neck and shoulders, and the upper arms are sore from exposure to the sun, elder flowers will soothe and restore them.

Bleaching

Lemon juice is one of the most powerful bleaching agents. So powerful is it, that some people find it much too drying. Therefore you need discretion about its use. If it is used, it is best mixed with rose water. To three tablespoons of strained lemon juice, add one of rosewater. Mix well. Apply it with swabs of cotton wool. Let it dry on and leave for five minutes only. Bathe off with warm water, dry and afterwards apply almond oil or a good skin-food. Leave this on for ten minutes. It takes from two to three weeks of daily treatment to restore a discoloured neck to whiteness.

For the face, a lemon cleansing cream is the better choice. It is more kindly in action, and is less bother as it combines the bleach and the cream treatment in one. A lemon cream is not only whitening, but is an excellent and certain method of freeing the skin of all traces of cosmetics before going to bed.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Mrs. R. Pidwell, 79 Sunderland Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23, for:—

Come Out of the Pantry
The Goose Hangs High
It's in the Air
Keep It Quiet

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to: Miss G. Thornton, 9 Thames Street, St. Aldates, Oxford, for:—

Dark Victory
What Price Glory?
Wooden Crosses
Forgotten Men

S. A. Olive, 125 Queen's Road, East

Grinstead, Sussex, for:—
Cat and the Fiddle
Too Much Harmony
The Milky Way
Absolute Quiet

Miss G. Tunaley, 63 Andrewes Street, Leicester, for:—

Gay Bride
The Wedding Night
The Intruder
My Wife's Mother

Mrs. L. Parsons, 46a Miners Row, Redruth, Cornwall, for:—

After the Dance
Car of Dreams
Stranded
I Dream Too Much

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no other rules, except that I must insist that your "titles" are submitted on a postcard and only one attempt on each card.

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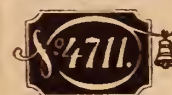
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SURPRISE
for every reader

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So stop anything you are doing and hurry for a copy of this grand issue of "Woman's Fair" before it is too late. Price 6d To-morrow, Friday, September 18th, everywhere.

Look for this lovely illustration on the Front Cover, at all Newsagents and Bookstalls



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Woman's Fair

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No. 279 (New Series), Vol. 6 September 26, 1936

Picturegoer

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Mary ASTOR

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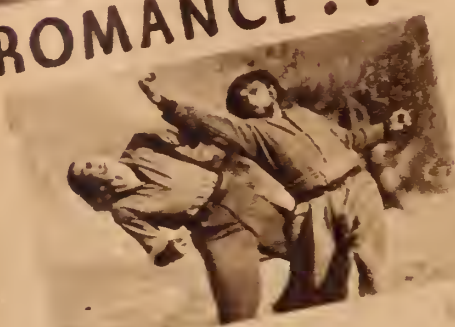
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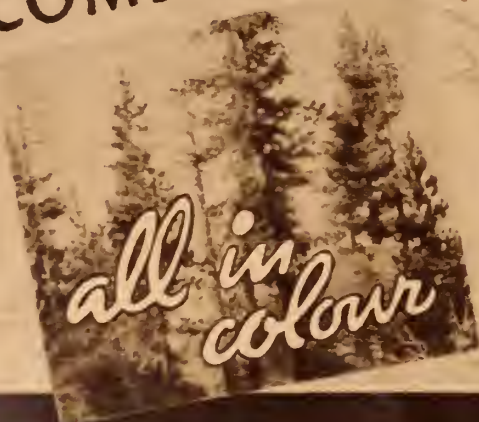
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Picturegoer-The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

All the Gossip

FASHIONS in Love-making—
Leslie Howard's Plans—Holly-
wood's Star Marksman—Going to
School at the Studio—Some New
Contracts—Family Affairs—Mae
West on the Farm—A Bedtime
Story—Mickey's Birthday.

THERE was a time when love-making on the screen was treated in the grand manner. The hero set about the task of wooing the girl of his heart with a fiery ardour and a passionate sincerity that implied that love was not an emotion to be treated lightly, and even if such scenes did not always soar to sublime heights, they usually provided the "big moment" for which the audience had been waiting eagerly.

However, fashions in love-making appear to change as much as do fashions in clothes, and nowadays it is so seldom that one comes across scenes in which palpitating passion holds the stage that one is tempted to ask: "Where are the great lovers of yesteryear?"

Modern Methods

There is no lack of screen lovers to-day, but their technique is usually the poles apart from that which made Rudolph Valentino the idol of a million feminine hearts. We have the calm and collected lovers who not only lay their hearts before the women they adore, but proceed to dissect them to discover exactly why they should beat so fast in the presence of only that one certain woman.

We have the "hard-boiled" lover whose method makes up in directness for what it lacks in subtlety, and whose avowals are accompanied by a hearty sock on the jaw of the girl he would wed; we have the terribly sophisticated lover whose proposal is usually made over the table of a restaurant or night club where the popping of champagne corks all but drowns the popping of the question; and we have the oh-so-cheery lover who keeps up a barrage of badinage and wisecracks with the girl who adds her own display of verbal pyrotechnics to the scene.

A Closely-guarded Secret

Of course, no one can say with any degree of confidence that any one method of love-making is wrong, for man is the most reticent of all human creatures when this subject is under discussion. His closest friend may not hesitate to criticise his taste in ties, his irritating habit of telling funny stories that were old when Norman William fought at Senlac, or his habit of dropping tobacco ash on the best carpets. But never will he question him on how he proposed to his wife and in what words he spoke.

That is a secret which men share with one person only and therefore we cannot say "This scene is all wrong. No man would conduct his wooing like this."

Whether kinema audiences as a whole appreciate the modern fashion of love-making, is another matter. One school of opinion will insist that it is the duty of the films to reflect modern manners and, as this is a cynical age, colourful romance must go by the board. Others say that a certain amount of

idealism is not only desirable but necessary in art, and point to the indisputable fact that really beautiful love scenes have outlived all others through the centuries of our national drama.

How Hard is "Hard-boiled"

Well, there it is. Despite the tendency in many quarters nowadays to regard all sentiment as slop, there must be many kinema-goers who still cherish an affection for love scenes on the grand scale. Whether they are in the majority or not, is quite another matter, but I am prepared to wager that among the

Local girl makes good! Shirley Ross has lived in Hollywood since she was twelve and was educated at the High School there. Then she tried her luck on the films and after minor successes in small parts she was picked by Paramount to play an important part in "The Big Broadcast of 1937," and Shirley had arrived!

audiences who will flock to see Leslie Howard and Norman Shearer in *Romeo and Juliet* there will be many up-to-the-minute, "sophisticated" moderns.

And their genuine emotion at the glorious poetry of Shakespeare's classic will be equalled

(Continued on page 6.)





(Continued from page 5)

only by their determination not to let anyone suspect that so tender a quality has been included in their spiritual make-up!

Leslie Howard's New Venture

Mentioning Leslie Howard reminds me that when he sailed for America recently he did so in the happy knowledge that his great plans for making pictures over here are on the highroad to completion. Three years ago he and Dudley Murphy, the director of many important pictures including *Emperor Jones*, *Twenty-four Hours* and *The Night Is Young*, discussed the possibilities of co-operative production and now the seeds have borne fruit in the shape of Associated Artists Ltd.

Founded on entirely new lines which will make it possible to utilise the finest brains and talent in the industry, the company is to make fifteen pictures over the next two years at an expenditure of £675,000.

A Novel Arrangement

An interesting point about the venture is that the stars, writers and directors, will work on a co-operative basis, holding shares in the company and participating in its profits. This seems an admirable idea for it certainly makes for really good team work and adds just that personal interest in each picture which often makes all the difference to a production.

Leslie Howard will star in one picture a year and Hugh Walpole, whose screen plays include *David Copperfield*, *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, will write exclusively for United Artists and will occupy the post of Scenario Editor.

A Question of Costs

The fifteen pictures to be made will be divided into three major productions costing approximately £85,000 each, and twelve productions averaging in cost about £35,000 each. I am glad to see that these latter pictures are not going to be treated with any less care than their more expensive fellows and they will have

Frances Farmer, Walter Brenner and Edward Arnold indulge in a little vocal exercise. They are appearing in "Come and Get it," and if it is that top C they hope to get, they look like succeeding!

the benefit of the same technicians and personnel that will go to the making of the super productions.

The first of the latter productions are to be *Riviera* by Franz Molnar, the script of which is entrusted to Robert E. Sherwood whose work includes *The Ghost Goes West* and *The Petrified Forest*, and *Bonnie Prince Charlie*, a Technicolor picture directed by Dudley Murphy and with a script written by Hugh Walpole.

Leslie Howard will star in both these pictures.

Author! Author!

Often fine acting and brilliant production is heavily handicapped by a mediocre story, but Associated Artists pictures will certainly not be guilty in this respect for a first-rate team of authors are already at work on original stories. Liam O'Flaherty, the author of that grim story of the "trouble" in Ireland, *The Informer*, Dashiell Hammett whose *The Thin Man* made screen history, and James Hilton of *Lost Horizon* and *Mr. Chips* fame are three of them, and so we can count on something extra special in the way of stories.

It certainly looks as though Associated Artists are heading straight for success and nothing now remains but to wish Leslie Howard and his colleagues all the fortune they deserve. And that is a lot!

An Expert Shot

Cecil B. De Mille is an expert in more forms of shooting than that of the film camera, for he is not only first-rate with a pistol but can manipulate a bow and arrow with the best of them. So, when anyone has to be shot with a pistol or an arrow in one of his productions, he

makes sure the job is well and truly done by undertaking it himself.

He is in for a busy time in the near future for in *The Crusades* which will star Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur, bullets and arrows will fly as thick as autumn leaves in Vallambrosa.

The Luck of the Game

During the filming of *The Crusades*, De Mille personally fired the arrows which the camera showed striking the man.

"It was too dangerous for me to trust to anyone so long as I had the responsibility," he explains. "There was a specified spot prepared for it which was a layer of cork. If the archer missed the cork, the arrow would have gone through the man completely, regardless of the steel mail which he wore."

As a matter of fact, there was one casualty as a result of all this toxophilic activity in *The Crusades*. A man was struck on the jaw by an arrow when he peered round a shield; and the victim was none other than De Mille himself. And that's life all over!

Schooldays in Hollywood

Just because you may be lucky enough to be a youngster who is working on the films you cannot hope to dodge the trivial round, the common task, of school lessons. At the rear of one of the M.-G.-M. stages is a little wooden building which houses the regulation desks, blackboards and equipment similar to that of any other school classroom, and here Miss Mary MacDonald presides over her class comprising contract children.

Hers is by no means an easy life, for she averages nine hours work a day, six days a week, and her duties start as early as 8.30 a.m.

Tutors for Stars

Her first pupil was Jean Parker, and others who have studied the "three R's"—to say nothing of music-appreciation and etiquette—under her guidance include Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Joan Brodel, Edna May Durbin, Peggy Ryan and Gareth Joplin, while the latest star in embryo to be "entered" for the school is little Juanita Quigley who is now four years old.

Youngsters who have attained star rating enjoy all the dignity of private tutors, however, and neither Freddie Bartholomew nor Jackie Cooper answer the call of the old school bell, or its Hollywood equivalent.

Signing on the Dotted Line

A whole batch of new contracts have been signed, sealed and duly delivered by M.-G.-M. recently. Five writers, four players, a director and a musical conductor have all signed on the dotted line and now M.-G.-M. have in their ranks author S. N. Behrman whose latest Broadway success, *End of Summer*, brought many sunny hours to the box-office staff, Eleanore Griffin, James Rickard, Andrew Northland and William Roberts.

Players who have signed new contracts are Julie Haydon, Ariane Borg, Juanita Quigley and the Viennese baritone, Igor Borin. The Director to renew his contract is Sam Wood who will be responsible for the new Marx Brothers picture, *A Day at the Races*, and Franz Waxman is the musical director.

Following in Father's Footsteps

It certainly looks as though in the course of time the screen will have its famous families which will follow the same calling through the generations just as the stage has them to-day. The Kembles, the Kendals, the Jerrolds and the Terrys of the Theatre may yet have their counterparts in the studio if certain young people of to-day have a say in the matter.

For instance, Roscoe Karn's eleven year old daughter, Mary Jane, is hard at work studying dramatics, dancing and singing as is her brother, Roscoe junior. Ida Lupino is so determined that her family shall win as much fame on the screen as it has already won on the boards, that she is encouraging her fourteen year old sister, Rita, in her dramatic and dancing studies, and

NEXT WEEK

Portrait of Fred Astaire

Exclusive Story of World's Dancer No. 1, authorised by himself, starts in next week's Picturegoer.

WHEN we asked Fred Astaire to give us permission to publish his life story he refused point blank on the grounds that his life is as yet far from finished.

He suggested, however, that we alter the title of "Life Story" to that of:—

"PORTRAIT OF FRED ASTAIRE" a title suggested by himself. We readily agreed to fall in with his wishes and in consequence Fred Astaire has taken a personal interest in the preparation of this story. He has read and corrected every line of it himself and we now have the privilege to present it to you—with his authorisation.

A portrait is naturally made up of many colours. In this story of the World's Dancer No. 1, new and unpublished stories by his mother, his sister, Lady Charles Cavendish, and his dancing partner, Ginger Rogers, are included. They have all contributed their quota to the making of this portrait; and the finishing touches have been provided by the star himself.

You cannot afford to miss the opening chapters of this great series which appear in next week's issue—so place your order now.

Marlene Dietrich's daughter, Maria, is being schooled in music, dancing and dramatics in case she should wish to follow a screen career.

And, of course, we have Douglas Fairbanks, junior to carry on the good work begun by his father.

On the Cover

Mary Astor has figured so prominently in the news of late that many people have allowed their interest in her private life to obscure the recollection of what a talented actress she really is. One of the Old Brigade in length of time on the films, she made her screen debut at the age of fifteen when she appeared in *The Beggar Maid*.

It was her performance in *Don Juan* in which she played with John Barrymore that first brought her into prominence and she has done much good work since then. Her latest picture to be shown in this country was *They Had To Get Married* in which she plays with a sure touch of comedy.

The Rustic Note

One would scarcely associate a Mae West picture with life on a farm. Orchids rather than Orpingtons would seem to be indicated, yet an American farmhouse is the unusual setting in which she will appear in her new picture, *Personal Appearance*. This is an essentially modern story and is the screen version of the stage success of the same name.

Warren William, Randolph Scott, Lyle Talbot, Alice Brady and Isabel Jewell will be in support, and Henry Hathaway will direct. It should be a rare sight to see the exotic Mae complete in a pink sunbonnet and gingham frock seated on a rustic stile and inviting the local hayseeds to "come up and see me, sometimes."

However, if you expect to witness any such idyllic scene, I fear you are doomed to disappointment. There is not likely to be much of the "back to the land" business about Miss West's latest characterisation!

Wanted: a Bed

Milton Rosmer, the director of *The Great Barrier*, the Canadian railway adventure drama now being made by G.-B. in the mountains of British Columbia and Alberta, wanted a bedstead of the type used in 1880 for a bedroom scene. George King, the property master of the unit consequently spent many hectic hours dashing round Revelstoke asking its surprised inhabitants what sort of bed they slept in.

Faint yet pursuing, he carried on until a damsel named Ruby blushingly admitted that hers was "a very old bed" and when "Props" inspected it he found that it was just what he required.

Such is Fame!

With Ruby's puzzled permission the antique was dismantled and rushed to the studio, and the next morning Richard Arlen was reclining on it before the camera's gaze. Ruby and her four-poster are now the object of feminine envy in Revelstoke, for the star of *The Great Barrier* autographed the bed before it was returned safe and sound to its fair owner.

A Word to the Wise

ONLY a few days remain in which to make certain of the grand Triple Presentation which PICTUREGOER WEEKLY is making to its readers—THREE beautiful Gifts in ONE—a gold nib Fountain Pen, a propelling Pencil, and a Penknife—all to match.

The final Reservation Form and Your Presentation Voucher appeared last week, and all applications must be received by WEDNESDAY next, September 30th. After that it will be too late.

Both the fountain pen and pencil are made of black unbreakable material. The pen has a 14-carat gold nib and is guaranteed for two years. The propelling pencil carries its own supply of spare leads. Then, of course, there is the companion pocket knife. It has two blades of Sheffield steel and the case is in black.

A limited supply of a superb De

Leslie HOWARD Thanks PICTUREGOER READERS

The winner of the Gold Medal voted by PICTUREGOER readers for the best screen performance of 1935 is now in New York. Before he sailed he wrote the following letter:

"JUST a line to thank you and your readers for the beautiful gold medal and the sentiments which prompted it.

"It is wonderful to carry away with one such an expression of appreciation for work done from one's own countrymen.

"I shall be back fairly soon to do my bit in making English pictures the best in the world.

"With many thanks.

"Very truly yours,

Leslie Howard

Luxe Set is also available—in this set both the fountain pen and pencil have inlaid bands of real 18-carat rolled gold.

Every day of your life you need this lovely triple gift. Don't miss this last opportunity to make it yours. In a few days it will be gone, so find the reservation form which appeared last week and complete and post it NOW.



Greetings to Mickey

It is hard to realise that the great little Mickey Mouse and his fair Minnie are so old that they are approaching very near double figures. Yet here we are this week, hastening to wish them happy returns of the day on their eighth birthday.

Many and varied have been the changes that have come and gone in the world of the cinema since Walt Disney first picked up his gifted pen to introduce Mickey to a world-wide audience. The talkies have ousted the silent films since that day, and now Colour is knocking loudly on the door of progress; new stars have risen in the Hollywood heavens and many old ones have sunk into oblivion, but through all the changing scene the irresponsible Mickey has romped his way on to greater triumphs.

Still Going Strong

True, Mickey and Minnie may not hold the undisputed sway in their pictures that once they did. Such newcomers to their ranks as Horace Horsecollar, Pluto and, more latterly, Donald Duck, have shown a marked tendency to steal some of their thunder, but they rise superior to such human failings as jealousy, and the green-eyed monster is one of the very few creatures that we can say with confidence will never be welcomed in the troupe.

But even if Mickey is somewhat overshadowed in these days, he is still lurking in the background to inspire his irresponsible pals. If he pauses to think of the manifold changes that have come to the fortunes of so many of his human colleagues during the last eight years, he may well quote with justifiable pride those lines of Tennyson about the stream:

"Men may come, and men may go
But I go on for ever!"

Film Folk

A Screen Boys' Club has been formed in Hollywood, with Freddie Bartholomew, Bennie Bartlett, Jackie Cooper, David Holt, Billy Lee, Micky Rooney, Sherwood Bailey, and Buster Slaven as founder members. Age limit is sixteen.

The cast of M.-G.-M.'s *Chained Lightning* includes Stuart Erwin, Betty Furness, Edmund Gwen, and Robert Armstrong.

Fred MacMurray, much to his disgust, has had to let his curls grow for three months for *The Texas Rangers*.

"Samuel of Speen," a Shetland pony destined for Shirley Temple in Hollywood, has been on exhibition at the London Zoo.

In the 20th Century-Fox film *Pigskin Parade*, 172 dancing girls will perform complicated routines.

Gloria Stuart has had her poem "San Francisco Street Cars" accepted by a committee of well-known writers for inclusion in "Muse," an anthology of contemporary American poetry. She has had about thirty poems published.

One of the biggest star casts of the year is in the 20th Century-Fox production *Ladies in Love*, including Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, Loretta Young, Simone Simon, Don Ameche, and Brian Donlevy.

San Francisco has smashed summer attendance records in many key cities in U.S.A.

GUY BEACON.

Happy returns and many of them, Mickey. His eighth birthday sees Mickey Mouse going as strong as ever, and here he is with Donald Duck congratulating Walt Disney whose genius has made him world-famous.

THE Chief of Police of Beverly Hills describes in this article some of the many sharks who try to batten on the would-be film star. He explains what steps are taken to protect the interests of aspiring actors and actresses.

THAT a person's vanity must do half the harm another plans against him never was more true than along "Quickie Row" where, mingling with second and third-rate movie-making outfits which are conducted legitimately if precariously, fake producers set up gilded fronts to trap the unwary film aspirant. For here swindlers play upon the screen aspirant's ego, holding out golden offers of stardom in return for a small investment; and when they have managed to transfer the would-be star's entire fortune to their own pockets, they search out others to dupe.

Here, too, the bogus drama school and rascal literary agents set up offices, canvas a "sucker list" by mail, advertise in cheap magazines, and sit back like bloated spiders to await their victims who have been attracted by visions of fame and fortune. Needless to say a "sucker list" contains the names of persons who will rise again and again to snap an attractive bait. They never seem to profit by experience. The lists circulate among fraudulent promoters of all types.

Now the "star racket" as it is known, has been exposed by Better Business Bureau. It has been attacked by legitimate producers whom it harms indirectly. It has been kept under police surveillance. But still it continues a vigorous existence, with clever refinements from time to time which keep its practitioners just out of the law's clutches.

Suppose a man from London with a bank balance of £15,000 comes to Hollywood on a holiday, and like most visitors he wants to see the inside of a Hollywood motion-picture studio. Suppose further he is inclined towards vanity and has thought on various occasions that he probably could act as well as many of the stars. There you have the perfect mark for a swindler.

The swindler with an uncanny knowledge of human frailty, picks his victim carefully. Next he learns as much about his victim as possible. Then he arranges a meeting. He may strike up a conversation at the hotel bar or elsewhere. If the victim even faintly resembles some actor—or actress—so much the better. Meeting the visitor as though by chance in the lobby, the fake producer will exclaim, "Well, as I live and breathe, if it isn't old Clark Gable himself! How are you, Clark? Thought you were on location."

Secretly flattered, the victim murmurs, "There must be some mistake. My name is Lovelace."

"No-o-o. Well, I'll be— You're surely a dead image for Clark! Guess it's because I was thinking about him for a role in my next picture, that I made the mistake. I could have sworn— Say, you ought to be his double."

Being interested in making friends with this person who apparently knows the stars and produces pictures, Mr. Lovelace accepts an invitation to a drink. Skilled allusions to friends in the movie colony entangle him further. Readily he agrees to visit the Quackie Studios Ltd., of which his new friend is head. Then the producer excuses himself to make an important telephone call, and prepares his associates for the visitor.

At the "Quackie Studios" Mr. Lovelace is introduced to the "officers" and "film directors" of the concern. He is led past doors marked "scenario editor" and "publicity director" into the producer's private office. There the producer, pretending to deal with several matters requiring his immediate attention, continues his web-spinning. Before long his secretary, in an outer office, puts through a call



purporting to be from Louis B. Mayer.

"Hullo, Louis B.," the producer answers airily into the instrument. Pleasantries follow. Then says the producer, "Listen, Louis B., I'm counting on you to let me use Clark Gable in my next picture *Hearts and Darts*. It's an original by James Smith. I don't need to tell you how that'll wow 'em at the box office."

As the conversation proceeds, Mr. Lovelace overhears that Gable can't play the leading role after all, and the producer, when he puts down the telephone, falls into a brown study.

"I was hoping," he soon confides, musingly, "you could double for Clark Gable in some of the long shots. That is, had you been interested." Mr. Lovelace would have been very interested, and says so. Suddenly the producer exclaims, "By George! Why couldn't you play his part all through? If it's made for him, it's made for you. Yes, sir, it's written to fit like a glove. You'd be a sensation!"

Unable to withstand such flattery and weak from joy Mr. Lovelace is taken in. The fact that he couldn't play the smallest role in a church theatrical without causing titters doesn't enter his mind. He sees his name in lights, revels already in the envy of his friends, and in his imagination is hailed as a Great Lover by the film reviewers. He even agrees to invest his £15,000 on a profit-sharing basis!

More bogus telephone calls ensue, as the now enthusiastic producer pretends to arrange with Central Casting Bureau for extras and with a well-known film distributing firm for releasing the film. Orders of all kinds are issued to respectful subordinates. The picture is scheduled to go into production the next day. Mr. Lovelace signs a contract to star in the picture and put his money into the Quackie Studios treasury. From this time on the producer and his fellow racketeers lose no opportunity, you may be sure, of getting Mr. Lovelace's money out of his and into their own pockets. This they



Above: An officer at the board of the teletype machine in the police broadcasting room. Beverly Hills Police Department is linked with other police agencies throughout California in the teletype network.



The upper picture shows Police Chief Charles C. Blair seated in his home pressing a concealed button which sends an alarm over a leased wire to headquarters, where Chief Clerk Edward Thomas (lower picture) receives the alarm and relays it over the short-wave radio system.

Concluding—I GUARD THE STARS By CHARLES C. BLAIR

FLEECING THE KINEMA ASPIRANT

manage to do by entering bogus expenditures on the books, by overcharging themselves for actual materials purchased, and by drawing actual salaries.

To keep Mr. Lovelace from penetrating the deception, one or another of the racketeers always stays by his side, advising him as the star of the picture to hold aloof from the extras and bit players who are to form his supporting cast. Frequently the supporting cast is drawn from the enrolment of a bogus acting school operated in conjunction with the studio or operated by other racketeers with whom an agreement has been made. Mr. Lovelace, of course, believes these extras are on the pay-roll. Often, however, real players are engaged at low salaries, perhaps even an unsuspecting bit player of some prominence, or a former star who is willing to work for very little.

Already well inflated, Mr. Lovelace's ego balloons almost to the breaking point when he beholds flashed upon the screen of the projection room the first "rushes" of himself. More than likely he is impossible as an actor, but the fact never dawns upon him. The picture is rushed towards completion. If there is any chance of getting him to make a further cash contribution, the treasury, never far, soon requires filling. Otherwise the producer contents himself with the original sum. When the picture is finished, nine times out of ten it is a failure. If not shelved it is released through the very cheapest kinemas.

Occasionally it happens, though, that the would-be star is not without talent, and in that event the picture when released may bring in considerable money for the producer, but not nearly enough to pay Mr. Lovelace's investment out of the profits, particularly as the accounting system is all in favour of the producer.

I mentioned earlier the gyp drama schools which pay attention to the talented and untalented alike. These, like Quackie Studios and like fake scenario schools operate within

the law for the most part. Victims may sometimes have grounds for civil suits, but usually they have no funds, once the operators have fleeced them and dismissed them with diplomas. This is the tragedy of acting schools—that clients most times are left both penniless and disillusioned.

More than one young girl has been lured from a distant city by acting school advertisements promising jobs after completion of a course. And more than one has taken poison in despair, or flung herself with grim irony off the "Hollywoodland" sign erected in 60-foot letters on a craggy mountainside overlooking the film city. For the jobs prove to be in cheap productions and of short duration.

Students of acting schools first pay a stiff fee for a screen test. Some racketeers specialise in giving tests only. The test, is, of course, promisingly brilliant, if it is given by a school. Then there are fees for voice culture, fees for exercises to develop poise, fees for acting instructions, fees for this and that. During the course of instructions, students are often persuaded to gain practical experience by acting free of charge in such pictures as *Hearts and Darts*, starring Mr. Lovelace. At best, students learn little in comparison to the money expended. At worst, what natural talent they may have had is perverted.

Similar racketeering tactics are practised by disreputable literary agents. Studios to avoid plagiarism suits return unsolicited manuscripts unopened. They prefer to buy only published material and then have it adapted by staff writers. They do, however, read original manuscripts submitted by reputable literary agents, and while the scenario departments can tell the honest agents from the dishonest, the struggling author cannot.

Hence the author with a scenario which he believes has screen possibilities and which has been returned from studios unopened, consults advertisements of literary agents in trade journals. If, by chance or intuition, he selects a reputable agent, he is fortunate, his manuscript may sell if it has merit, but will be returned if worthless as screen material.

He pays a reading fee—sometimes charged also by honest agents—and he pays to have the manuscript revised and to have it copyrighted. Failing in the end to make a sale, he is urged to take a course of lessons in scenario

technique at an exorbitant rate. As in the case of the acting school client, he may profit soon by the advice received, or he may have wasted his money. In any event, he does not accomplish his purpose by selling the manuscript.

Before passing on to touch upon a few of the mail order schemes conducted from filmland, I should like to mention how Beverly Hills as a city has adopted legislation affecting agents and prohibiting studios. While literary agents do not come under the law, employment and theatrical agencies very definitely do. It has been brought to light that in certain other cities there are wretches posing as employment agents who procure girls for white slave operators and supply companies for rich clients. To prevent this happening in Beverly Hills, all agencies must keep records open to police inspection and any irregularity is sufficient for revocation of license to operate.

Unfortunately, however, concerns which would not be allowed to operate in Beverly Hills can have Beverly Hills mailing addresses. In addition to drama schools giving personal instruction there are others offering to teach aspirants "How to Become a Motion Picture Actress" by mail. In return for sums ranging from £5 to £50 they send out a series of pamphlets on such subjects as "make-up" "registering emotion," "posing for close-ups" and the like. These schools may be located miles away, even in another state, but, can if they desire, operate from Beverly Hills or Hollywood through a mail post-office box for six shillings a quarter.

Not only brazen drama schools operate in this way, but many legitimate and shyer outfits of all types take advantage of the "pulling power" of a Beverly Hills or Hollywood address.

A Hollywood newspaperman recently discovered that a North Carolina man who teaches Hawaiian music by mail operates, even in dealing with residents of his own state, through a Hollywood box. A Seattle firm, the reporter found, receives its letters in Hollywood and pays a telegraph company to forward them.

Dealers in cosmetics, perfumes, hair dyes, bust developers, love potions, and other things which may have romantic possibilities employ an alluring film city address. Astrologers, autograph dealers, jewellers, clothiers, and others who conduct a business by mail find such an address effective advertising.

NEXT WEEK

ANOTHER MAGNIFICENT SUPPLEMENT!

NEXT week's issue of PICTUREGOER will contain a free sixteen-page full photogravure supplement of Ronald Colman's greatest triumph, "A Tale of Two Cities."

This moving and colourful screen adaptation of Charles Dickens's historical novel is a worthy subject for our Famous Films series.

Every aspect of this great M.-G.-M. production will be fully covered. To avoid disappointment we advise all our readers to place their orders early for the demand is sure to be tremendous.

Left: The alarm sent out by the Chief Clerk is received by armed officers in a cruiser car.

Below: Mary Pickford hands to Police Chief Blair a cheque for charity in recognition of the protection afforded her.





*Irene
Dunne*

THIS consistently good actress has repeated on the screen the success she scored in the stage version of "Show Boat." Her first important role was in "Cimarron," which established her amongst the foremost artistes on the screen. Her latest picture is "Theodora Goes Wild."

FROM SMART SET TO STUDIO SET

by

Jane Wyatt

I'M constantly receiving fan letters asking me how it feels for a daughter of an old New York Blue Book family to be ruled out of the sacrosanct volume of the socially elect. Well, I can truthfully say I've never regretted becoming a professional stage and screen player for one single minute.

I would rather have my name in electric lights than in all the aristocratic rosters of *Those Who Matter* ever published. A name in the flickering incandescents is a symbol of worth and achievement resulting from hard work—a sort of badge of merit for superiority of brains or artistry.

A name in the *Social Register* typifies a certain prestige, too, but it is the kind that comes from the accident of birth and generations of good breeding, rather than from self-attainment.

Furthermore, one can't eat prestige, and I happen to have a healthy appetite! Since it was necessary to earn my living, I naturally chose the field that interested me most. And if I had been rolling in millions, I would still have preferred the thrill of self-expression to society life.

Just now, I am doing something very interesting... that is, it is interesting to me at least.

Universal has loaned me to Columbia to act in the screen version of *Lost Horizons*, the drama told in flashback episodes, in which I appeared on Broadway a few seasons ago.

The picture is being directed by Frank Capra, and I have the same leading role which I played in the theatre. Yet, so different is the technique of the movies from that of the stage, that interpreting this once familiar part of a girl who commits suicide and when she gets to heaven learns what would have happened had she not destroyed herself, is an entirely new experience for me. I have to study my role right from the beginning again, just as though I had never seen the part before.

In the theatre, one has to build up for plot and characterisation, with sustained effort, scene by scene, in consecutive sequence of events. Before a play opens, the cast must rehearse the entire three or four acts, over and over, for at least three weeks. But in the pictures, the middle or even the end of the story may be shot in advance of the beginning.

Various episodes occurring within a given locale or interior or exterior, are completed and then the players and camera move on to the next setting. This means we rehearse as we go along. Before each scene, the director calls his players together and tells us briefly what he wants. Then we run through the action a few times.

Of course, we have learned our lines beforehand, and the whole rehearsal may not last more than ten minutes to half an hour. This procedure seemed to me very confusing, at first, after the more leisurely stage methods, but it keys one up tremendously and is very exciting.

As soon as *Lost Horizons* is completed,

The author of this article was once a social leader but her connection with stage and screen led to her name being dropped from the *Social Register*—America's Debrett. She tells you below what she thinks about it all.



Jane Wyatt in a charming period ballroom dress designed for her to wear in "Great Expectations."

Universal has two pictures awaiting me. The first is *The Luckiest Girl in the World*, by Ann Jordan. It is being adapted by Henry Myers and originally ran in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, under the title of "Kitchen Privileges". This will be the first production to be made by Morrie Ryskind, who was recently signed by Charles R. Rogers under the unique contract of writer, director and producer.

The story revolves around an attractive, wealthy and self-willed twentieth century girl who thinks she is madly in love with a society hanger-on who has about \$150.00 per month. Her distracted parent says he will consent to the marriage only if his daughter can first learn to live alone on that sum. She accepts the dare and meets many surprises including real romance.

The second Universal property for which I am being favourably considered as the lead, is a screen version of Rachel Field's highly popular book, *Time Out of Mind*. This fine and unusual literary achievement with its inspiring theme of strength and perseverance in the face of tremendous odds, is one of the most tender and beautiful love stories ever written, and with James Whale scheduled to direct it, the picture should prove quite as enthralling and outstanding as the novel.

The role of Rose Fernald in *Time Out of Mind* was originally intended for Margaret Sullavan, but as she is returning to the theatre next autumn to star in the new George Kaufman and Edna Ferber drama, *Stage Door*, I am next in line.

It is curious how Margaret and I have followed the same trail from Broadway to Hollywood. You will remember, it was while Peggy was playing in New York in *Dinner At Eight*, in 1933, that Universal signed her for pictures and I succeeded her in that play when she left for California. Then, some months later, the same movie company also gave me my first film contract.

Although there have never been any footlight favourites among my conservative forbears, somehow I always wanted to be an actress from

my earliest childhood. I was born in Campgaw, New Jersey, but was only four years old when my parents took me to New York to be educated in private schools. Throughout my classes, I counted my calendar, not as most children do, from the Christmas holidays to the summer vacation, but from last year's school play to next year's. For me, the outstanding event of my girlhood was not my coming-out party, but the time I donned a false beard and played Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*.

At the end of my second year at Barnard College, I definitely made up my mind to choose the stage as a profession. The following winter, instead of returning to Barnard, I entered the Apprentice School at the Berkshire Playhouse at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, to learn acting in a really serious way. That was in June, 1930, and by September of the same year, I obtained my first Broadway engagement as understudy for Rose Hobart in *Tradewinds*.

I'll never forget that play. The first time I ever went on in place of Miss Hobart, I was so nervous and fell over the side of a ship's set, plunging through the canvas ocean and colliding with a Chinaman carrying a basket of eggs, who was just about to make his entrance at the gangplank.

After *Tradewinds*, I had a long run of short run plays such as *The Tadpole*, *Fatal Alibi*, *Olivia Bows to Mrs. Grundy*, *The Mad Hopes*, *Evensong*, and *Conquest*. It was just like being a member of a stock company—I found myself learning a new role almost every week. But tides have a way of turning, and *Dinner At Eight* brought me a six months' steady engagement in New York and Chicago.

As I never want to give up the theatre altogether, I have a clause in my screen contract which permits me to return to the stage, every year, between January and May.

DO WOMEN MAKE OR BREAK ACTORS?



Herbert Marshall considers that woman's effect on the future of actors is enormous.



We put the question: "Is your professional life in the hands of feminine film-goers?" to several of the screen's most popular leading men. Here are their replies which provide some startling surprises.

But the situation takes on peculiar interest for the reason it includes men stars. Naturally, perhaps, the chief effect is upon the popularity of so-called romantic actors. Inevitably, then, it brings up the question: *Do women make or break actors?*

"There isn't any question about it," declared John Barrymore. "Feminine interest is of excessive importance to the actor, provided"—this with the flicker of a smile—"it doesn't meet him off the screen without his make-up on. Inasmuch as possibly three-fourths of every audience is composed of women it's a cinch they can make or break an actor. But I don't think the actor's work itself is affected by any influence. No actor worth his salt plays deliberately to an audience any more than Paderewski plays to a Steinway—he plays on it. I don't know whether women's approval of an actor is for good or bad; but it's very pleasant, a most agreeable sensation.

"Incidentally, I don't believe there is anything sexual about it. So far as that goes, some feminine stars have a great following of their own sex. This was proved years ago by the thousands of girls and women who adored Maude Adams on the stage and waited for her at the stage door to show their affection.

"When my own sister Ethel gave a matinee in her earlier days she was fairly mobbed by them. Much the same loyalty to men stars of the screen, particularly Clark Gable, is evident to-day. It may at times embarrass them personally, but it's all to the good of their professional success. It makes them, whereas the lack of it would break them."

Herbert Marshall put all his sincerity into: "Whatever women do in the bulk, and of course they do constitute the bulk of movie audiences, means that their effect on the fortunes of the actor is enormous.

"Meanwhile he is left to the bewilderment of wondering how to keep in their good graces or out of their bad ones. An accidental word dropped here or there in a women's club may be disastrous to him. This is perfectly disgraceful if it happens to be unjust, in such case the actor may well ask if the women are discerning enough to hold that tremendous majority which they do in the picture theatre. But of one thing we may be certain. Women are emotional, and for this reason are sure to respond to emotional acting. It is through their emotions they have become the greatest influence upon the welfare of the screen actor."

William Powell was frank to say: "Certainly women have a lot to do with the success of an actor. There are outstanding cases where an

actor has definitely been made by women. There's no better example than Rudolph Valentino. I think handsome men have a definite appeal for women, young ones in particular. When playing a part, however the thought of an audience as men or women never occurs to me. It is only later that I realise what a tremendous force women are in determining the popularity of an actor."

Nelson Eddy took this view: "One cannot under-estimate the influence women have on the box-office, which is the barometer of success. Women set the trend in screen heroes. There was Valentino.

"Then came the era of the rugged actors—Gable, Cagney, and so on. From a romantic angle, women are in a position to know what type they prefer, and their preferences often determine whether an actor will 'go over' or 'flop'. As to his being handsome, that's a matter of individual taste. Some of our best actors are not handsome, so you can't measure ability by physical appearance. I believe women have a fine understanding of characterisation, and that they judge by the quality of an actor's performance."

That idol of the feminine world, Clark Gable, spoke from experience: "There's no doubt that women determine an actor's success in a box-office way. This is particularly true of the 'romantic' type of actor. This fellow's chances are practically at the mercy of women. But this doesn't signify that he has to be handsome. Some of the men on the screen who aren't handsome are most successful—Charles Laughton, Paul Muni and many more.

"This doesn't minimise the fact that the great majority of moving-picture audiences are women, and so an actor's chances of success are largely in their hands. They are sensible enough to know that handsomeness is not the true secret of attractiveness. I'll admit, however, that good looks might help an actor along. But, above everything else, women like sincerity. All an actor can do is to play a part, good or bad, with as much sincerity and understanding as he can put into it. Then he can only hope to have the women on his side."

With British conservatism, Leslie Howard reflected: "This is a sweeping question. But if women as a body are against an actor I don't think he has much chance of success. Charles Frohman, who was the greatest maker of stage stars, believed that men were of limited appeal and put his ultimate faith in women stars. To me audiences are neutral, no cult, just human beings. But women have more leisure than men, so they are likely to have more opinions about actors.

"In this respect men are apathetic, with no violent preferences as to screen favourites.

MOVIE actors are the most highly praised and highly paid class of men in the world.

The first condition is essential to the second. For to gain great financial reward there must be equally great personal acclaim. While this may begin with printed approval, it does not end there. Lasting applause, in which may be heard the clink of gold, comes from audiences. But it swells in volume with lip-service.

What counts most of all is the spoken word. It is heard everywhere—in the street, in the shop, in the office, and in the home. Social gatherings are its special forum. There talk is fast and sometimes furious. Screen reputations are fashioned into rich splendour or torn to shreds.

Since women flock to pictures in far greater numbers than men, they may logically be considered to wield the balance of power, together with having the advantage in speech. What they say would seem to be equivalent to thumbs up or thumbs down.

If their decision were restricted to women stars the matter would be quite simple.

Robert Montgomery, seen here with his wife, suggests that "Women express themselves more freely than men."



Fredric March and his wife. He thinks men are more romantic than women.

Women are louder in their praise or commendation, and it is this difference which makes them a power. All movie audiences in the New York theatre—that is, preponderantly feminine. Naturally, then, their opinion is of vital importance to the actor."

Robert Montgomery was of similar belief in one sense. "Women are more audible than men. They express themselves freely. This makes them powerful in settling the fate of an actor. Collectively they are charming, and I must say they couldn't have been nicer to me. But there was one individual exception.

"I had a funny experience at the pre-view of a picture in which I ingloriously figured. With me was a woman star who was also in the picture, and both of us were suffering agonies. My groans at the things I saw myself doing finally caused a woman sitting just in front of us to object, 'I'm terribly sorry, but you're making me uncomfortable.' But, I protested, just to get a rise out of the innocent companion beside me, 'did you ever see anything worse than that damn woman?' Without turning her head and blissfully unaware of my shameful identity, the lady in front snapped, 'Wait till that uncouth rat appears on the screen again.' That was me! But, I repeat, women have been very nice to me. And that's why I'm now bowing low."

Clark Gable declares that women determine an actor's success at the box-office.

Smiling, Ronald Colman was gallantly poetic with:

"What can I say, Since Sylvia be ever faire to me?"
"No one knows better than producers how essential the good opinion of women is, for it is the lady of the household who decides what picture the family will go to to-night."

"Then it remains to be seen whether the actor is worthy to share in her good graces. If he has the romantic appeal this is unquestionably an asset. But almost every romantic actor, in my opinion, must have reached the age of thirty or forty before this appeal can satisfactorily be made to women. He must have experience behind it, and women know he couldn't have it at twenty-five."

"If he can please men as well, so much the better for him. But first of all he must please women to be a successful actor. Not that he should obviously and definitely seek to win his way into their hearts."

"I don't think of an audience at all when I'm working. But afterwards I do realise that the greater part of it is made up of women and that success or failure rests with them."

That rugged actor, Spencer Tracy, hit out straight from the shoulder: "Sure women have a lot to do with the success of an actor. As a rule they have more time for, and are more interested in, pictures than men. It's just like anything else."

"Women can make or break a man in business."



Nelson Eddy and his mother. He says "One cannot underestimate the influence women have on the box-office."

They can determine whether a book will be a 'best seller,' whether a motor car will go over, whether a certain type of home will be popular—so why shouldn't they be able to make or break an actor? Women single out a certain actor they like particularly in a certain kind of part. It's my guess they don't go out of their way looking for handsome fellows."

"Of course, if their preference is for handsome men in real life, then the chances are they'll want that kind of screen hero. But it takes all kinds of men to make a world—and that's where we actors get a break!"

Fredric March took this surprising angle: "I think men are more romantic than women. It's part of their make-up. They idealise women, whereas women take them pretty much for granted—lucky thing, too!"

"Women are more intuitive, men more sentimental, and they appeal sentimentally to women because of their chivalry. The actor can bank on this, and if he's wise he does. It's what might be called his sex appeal."

Ernst Lubitsch believes that even comedians have sex appeal, and I agree with him. But if you try to play to one sex you're lost. You've got to satisfy yourself. If you do this you may satisfy women, though you never can tell."

"The main thing to bear in mind is that women choose the film the family will go to see. The husband may hate Fredric March, but if his wife says March that's what he gets! This domination by women extends to actors. It's just a case, all round, of feminine rule of the screen. If a picture doesn't have romantic appeal for women, the actor has a hard nut to crack. That's the whole thing in a nutshell."

Place aux dames! And while you make way, let them make or break actors.



Shots with Our Candid Camera



Cecil B. De Mille has a cheery word with his latest screen discovery, Helen Burgess, who makes her film debut in "The Plainsman." She takes the part of the wife of Buffalo Bill.

Right: Robert Woolsey, complete with cigar, manfully hides his emotion while bidding au revoir to his partner, Bert Wheeler, complete with fiancée, Sally Haines, on their return to America. The two comedians will soon be at work again on a new Radio picture.



Poor Little Fish Girl: Shirley Temple, who has been on holiday at the Empress Hotel, Victoria, B.C., with an 11-lb. spring salmon which she played for twenty minutes before landing. Her arms must have ached pretty considerably after the tussle!



The Children's Hour: Joan Gardner, who is under contract to London Films, gives a helping hand to Miriam Hopkins's adopted son at the Children's Garden Party given by Alexander Korda at the Denham Studios.

SEVENTY-THREE YEARS YOUNG

OUR special correspondent interviews C. Aubrey Smith, who after forty-four years on stage and screen is still winning new laurels. He has made a hit in *The Garden of Allah* recently.

ACTORS come and go, but bushy-browed C. Aubrey Smith seems to go on for ever. At seventy-three years of age this stern-visaged Englishman is one of Hollywood's busiest and most popular actors. In the past three years he has played important roles in twenty-six pictures for ten different companies.

Like a vintage wine, Smith improves with age. During forty-four years on the stage and screen he has always been in the top flight, yet he probably achieved his greatest success in his most recent picture, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. His part of the Earl of Dorincourt was made to measure for him. If you look at the original Reginald Birch illustration in the book you will see that Aubrey Smith might have been the model for that unforgettable example of the best and worst in British aristocracy.

As a result of his vivid portrayal of that character Smith has taken on a new lease of his career. The Actors' Screen Guild in America voted his Dorincourt a tie with William Powell's Ziegfeld as the best performance of the month. David O. Selznick, the producer of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, immediately signed him on a five years' contract, and cast him in a featured role supporting Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer in the next Selznick picture, *The Garden of Allah*. On top of this nearly every producer in Hollywood has angled for Smith's services on loan.

So at an age when most men are enjoying a well-earned retirement, Smith is kept hard at work. In private life Smith is not unlike his screen self, with a stern, almost forbidding exterior hiding a heart which must be made of gold, for he is the kindest and most generous of men. He keeps remarkably fit and active and seems quite unaffected by the arduousness and excitement of filming.

In *The Garden of Allah*, which, by the way, is causing more interest in Hollywood than any other production for years, Smith plays the part of Father Roubier, a desert priest. With the rest of the company Smith spent three weeks on location in the Arizona desert. Every day the sun beat down relentlessly. At noon the temperature registered anything from 120-150 degrees. The heat was so intense that Marlene Dietrich fainted three times and had hysterics on one occasion. Her co-star, Charles Boyer, found it necessary to take as many as seven or eight shower-baths daily, while the rest of the company just stood around, cursing the sun, and limply hanging on to something for support.

And the coolest man in the whole outfit was—you've guessed it—C. Aubrey Smith. During the three days I spent there, the temperature in the sun remained fairly constant at about 125 degrees. Fortunately, I was able to keep in the shade, but even so I felt exactly like the proverbial wet rag. But the actors, following the example of Noel Coward's mad dogs and Englishmen, were forced to spend several minutes at a stretch emoting in the full glare of the midday sun.

A temporary halt was called and I seized the opportunity to beard "Father Smith" in his den,

in the one-roomed wooden hut which comprised his quarters. He was lounging in a comfortable armchair, his legs crossed, and peering up at me with those penetrating grey eyes. Traces of perspiration there were none. Except for the incongruity of his robe, he looked the perfect cool, calm and collected Englishman one reads about in books.

His imperturbability under such trying conditions was something to wonder at, but the Grand Old Man indignantly denied that he had any elaborate formulas for keeping fit and active.

"Formula, huh!" he snorted. "I keep in condition by the simple process of not worrying about keeping in condition. I walk, and play cricket, but I assure you I don't indulge in any stunts like a mile run before breakfast." He shuddered. "The mere idea of it horrifies me."

"Smoking?" he reached for one of his large collection of pipes. "A doctor once told me that if I didn't give it up I couldn't live much longer. So I stopped it for four months."

"When was that?"

"About forty years ago," he replied complacently.

Nor does he have any strict rules about drinking, but he confesses a life-long fondness for an occasional whisky-and-soda.

"I think it wise never to drink before sundown," he remarked, and then added with a dry smile, "but I am only wise some of the time."

Smith's first ambition was to become a doctor. He was educated at Charterhouse and Cambridge University. While at Cambridge he became a member of the Cambridge Amateur Dramatic Club, but it was as a cricketer that Smith achieved his first fame. He was known as "Round the Corner" Smith, because of his unique style of bowling, and his new estate is called "Round the Corner," in remembrance of that nickname. He was captain of the Cambridge University team and of two English teams which toured Australia and South Africa.

At the end of his South African tour he stayed on to become a member of the Johannesburg Stock Exchange, returning to Europe in 1890 to settle down to a similar career in London. Two years of business was enough for him, so he became an actor and made his professional debut on tour with the Tapping and Cartwright company.

The complete account of his stage appearances sounds like a list of the most famous plays and players of modern times. Among the great actors and actresses with whom he has appeared are included Ellen Terry, Sir John Hare, Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Cyril Maude, Sir Charles Hawtrey and Ethel Barrymore.

It was in 1915 that Smith made his first screen appearance, and during the last twenty years he has divided his time between pictures and the stage. His early pictures were made in New York for the Froham Amusement Corporation. Unlike most stars of the early silent days he does not feel that from the actor's point of view there has been a vast change in technique.

"Acting never changes very much, my boy," he said, puffing vigorously at his pipe. "Even the introduction of sound has not radically



C. Aubrey Smith as Father Roubier in "The Garden of Allah."

affected a player's work. A good stage actor made a good silent picture actor, and a good silent picture actor made a good talking picture actor, except in some cases where a defect in the voice made a difference.

"When I went to work in 1915 for the Froham Amusement Corporation, under the very excellent direction of George Irving, who is now in Hollywood, our studios consisted of two abandoned churches, one on Tenth Avenue, New York, and the other in Flushing, Long Island. I must say they served the purpose very well.

"To a certain extent it was much harder work then. We had no such luxuries as stand-ins and doubles, and the lights were much hotter than they are now. It was sometimes difficult to concentrate one one's role under those terrific lights, and far more exhausting than under present conditions."

During an acting career which has included some 76 plays and 65 films he has never abandoned cricket except for a few years following his sixtieth birthday. Cricket has always been his favourite diversion. He usually plays each Sunday with other members of the British colony. Smith is president of the Hollywood Cricket Club, and, despite his age, is captain and mainstay of the team. They frequently play matches with other clubs throughout California.

"I decided that perhaps I was getting too old for the game," he said. "But since I came to Hollywood six years ago I have taken it up again, and I must say it makes me feel back in my fifties once more."

Just then a third or fourth assistant director put his head in the door. Would Mr. Smith return to the set for one more take before lunch, please?

And so Hollywood's 40-year-old-73-year-old First Gentleman took his place in the blazing sun while I stood back in the shade and marvelled.



Allan Jones & Irene Hervey

MEET Mr. and Mrs.! They became one and indivisible after a chance meeting in a Hollywood studio where they were both playing. An attractive pair? We think so too!

The Hollywood NEWSREEL

There was no need for the cameraman to ask these three popular players to "smile please." Marsha Hunt, Ray Milland and Gail Patrick were infectiously gay.

LLAINE BARRIE, who played "Ariel" to John Barrymore's "Caliban" in a real life romance, declares that her engagement to the famous actor is at an end. The attractive little brunette from New York announces that her sole interest in life is her film career. She has a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, her mother is with her, so she is very happy.

Meanwhile, John is convalescing in a Hollywood hospital from a severe illness.

But do not take it for granted that this love affair is ended. "Ariel" may decide to be reconciled to her "Caliban." The romance has "see-sawed" so much that anything is likely to happen!

Champions

Merle Oberon and David Niven are the official doubles table-tennis champs of the Santa Monica movie colony.

The contests take place on a table in the patio of Merle's home. Norma Shearer, Irving Thalberg, Douglas Fairbanks, Ronnie Colman, Bert Marshall and others who have played this team, proclaim them champions.

Stars' Doubles

In such a place as the Brown Derby, where everyone is waiting on tenterhooks to recognise someone else, ludicrous situations often arise.

Mrs. Jan Garber, who is a striking replica of Mary Astor, was surrounded by fans and sensation-hunters outside the Derby.

Harpo Marx, quiet and little noticeable in private life when he wants to be, amusedly watched a crowd of tourists mob another tourist who happened to look more like the screen Harpo than Harpo really does himself.

Another unidentified tourist, who resembled Joan Crawford, was followed for blocks when she emerged from the Brown Derby and no limousine rolled up to receive her.

These are just a few instances of doubles of screen stars who can be seen on Hollywood Boulevard. We also have the hopeful extras who try to change their appearance so they look like film celebrities!

A Cautious Mother

Norma Shearer does not intend to lose the affection of her two children, Irving jun. and Katharine, so she hires a new nurse every six months.

She noted that many children appear to love their nurses more than their mothers, particularly when the parent, if a film star, is frequently absent from the home. Much of Norma's time is spent at the studio, so she is taking no chances of losing her children's affection.



SHOT BY PHIL LONERGAN

Therefore, when half a year is over, "nursey" makes a quick exit.

Lucky Man!

"Slim Jim" Elliott will not need to spend another night on a park bench for a little while. He earned £1 in his sleep!

Down-and-out Slim awakened from his night's repose on a bench in the Los Angeles Plaza when he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"Here, take this," a voice said. "You've earned it."

A five-dollar bill was pressed into his hand. The donor was a picture director, who had occasion to photograph a tramp sleeping on a park bench, so "Slim" got his chance in the movies!

A Motor Fan

Stars often have their clothes torn by over-excited fans, but Wallace Beery is the first to have his car smashed up because of fan admiration.

Wally was driving along a Hollywood street when a car crashed into his fender. The other

motorist jumped out, apologized and then explained how much he liked the actor's screen work. Better still, he gave Wally a card, told him to mail the bill for the damage to him, and was off with a word of thanks for the chat.

Tibbett the Hermit

Lawrence Tibbett, who is equally famous in grand opera and the films, is searching for a secluded home near Hollywood.

The reason for his desire for privacy is that he exercises his magnificent voice many hours every day, and he realises that it would be trying to his neighbours.

Frantic Admirers

Police reserves had to be called out in South Pasadena recently to handle the crowd which stormed the location where Katharine Hepburn was appearing in a wedding scene. Hundreds of fans converged on the little church where the scenes were being shot and threatened to break through the camera lines which had been established.

Katharine and Elizabeth Allan, the bride in the scene, had to be spirited later out of a back door of the church, to escape the admiring fans who wanted their autographs.

Film From the Sky

Jean Harlow's mother could not come to Los Angeles to see a preview of *Suzy*, her daughter's latest film, so Jean flew *Suzy* to her parent.

Vacationing at Santa Catalina Island, Mrs. Jean Bello, the mother, had not seen her daughter's newest screen hit.

Taking a morning off, Jean flew to Avalon, on Santa Catalina Island, with a print of *Suzy*, and had it screened for her mother in a theatre there with the two as the entire audience. She flew back to Los Angeles in time to resume work in the afternoon.

Odd Footage

Greta Garbo has moved into the Colonial residence in Brentwood formerly occupied by Jeannette MacDonald.

Freddie Bartholomew plans to be a barrister when he grows up.

William Powell is receiving instructions in fishing from his son, William jun., who attends a boys' mountain camp.

Robert Taylor has a specially-built radio for his portable dressing-room.

King Baggot, still in the movies, started his picture career in 1909.

BOWER MASON COVERS

The BRITISH STUDIOS

JUST as famous theatres such as Drury Lane, the St. James's, the Haymarket and the Gaiety seem to acquire distinct personalities of their own which have little or no bearing on the plays that may be running there, so do our film studios appear to develop their own distinctive individualities. There is no more possibility of confusing the general atmosphere that permeates, say, Denham with that of Elstree which, in its own turn, differs vastly from the Gaumont-British studios at Shepherd's Bush.

Confound the critics each has developed a personality and an atmosphere of its own that provide a full and complete rebuttal to those uninformed but assertive critics of films in general who are never tired of declaring that the making of pictures is, at best, a mechanical and soulless business. If those who still profess to believe that British pictures are made by turning a handle and thus producing them like a string of sausages were only privileged to make a round of the studios they would soon be singing to a vastly different tune.

And now another important arrival has appeared on the scene to swell the ranks of British studios.

A "Moving" Scene

This baby of the studios, in length of days but not in size, is Pinewood, the new home of the Herbert Wilcox Productions which is situated at Iver in Buckinghamshire. The new infant has not been allowed a life of ease for work and plenty of it is already the order of the day—and night.

Having cleared up a number of small scenes in his new production, *London Melody*, at Elstree, the energetic Mr. Wilcox, metaphorically speaking, folded his tents like the Arab and moved across to Pinewood. And so efficiently were the preparations for the change-over arranged that *London Melody* was anything but a broken one, work being resumed in its new home without any delay at all.

Quick Work

A fleet of lorries was pressed into the service of moving and everyone from the Director to the newest clapper-boy rallied round to such good effect that work on the picture was soon under way on one of the huge stages. For the benefit of those readers with a taste for statistics, I may mention that the measurements of the aforesaid stage are 165 ft. by 110 ft., which is pretty considerable!

Rough Stuff

Anna Neagle who co-stars with Tullio Carminati—and their work in *The Three Maxims* showed how well they team—has been having a strenuous time on the *London Melody* set of late. She has had to start a riot in a "thieves kitchen" in Soho, and the amount of energy she put into the task would most certainly have aroused the grudging admiration of any International Rugger forward!

She plays the part of a Soho castaway who is caught up in the whirl of cabaret life while Carminati has the role of a cultured member of

the Diplomatic Corps who adopts her.

And, believe me, he needs all the diplomacy he possesses to handle the fair young castaway of the slums effectively!

Ambitious Programme

Herbert Wilcox had the very proper distinction of shooting the first scene at Pinewood where a million pound production programme is being undertaken. Apart from *London Melody* this includes a new Sidney Howard comedy to be called *Splinters in the Air* and also *The Navy Eternal*.

This last picture is a saga of the British Navy and it is good to know that both the Admiralty and the Navy League are rallying round with their wholehearted support.

A Tongue-Twister

Another branch of the Fighting Forces, to wit, the Army, has been very much in evidence in the Gaumont-British studios where work has been pushing steadily forward on *O.H.M.S.* Wallace Ford looking quite unusually dignified and every-inch-a-soldier in a smart blue uniform was busy on a scene with Grace Bradley, when I visited the studios recently.

Grace, whose first British picture this is, was having a spot of bother with one of her lines. She had to allude to one of the characters as "an old Rip van Winkle" but somehow the words just would not come right, try as she might. However, the elocutionary difficulty was finally overcome by Wally taking over the line and all was well.

"Tagging" Along

Although Wallace Ford has certainly acquired the correct military bearing, all the King's horses and all the King's men could not break him of his penchant for wise-cracking at every possible moment. He just can't resist introducing a "gag" line that is as funny as it is unexpected, but when it comes to exchanging wisecracks, he finds his equal not only in Grace Bradley but in Raoul Walsh who is directing the picture.

The Call of the Turf

Walsh, who has such robust pictures as *What Price Glory?* *Klondyke Annie* and *The Cockeyed World* to his credit, has infected everyone at the Gaumont-British studios with his own enthusiasm for horses. Back home in California he has a racing stud of between fifteen and twenty horses and he has brought his keen interest in the sport with him.

When he is not busy studying his scenario he is busy studying form in the racing editions, and to hear him explaining just why the favourite cannot hope to be first past the post in the 3.30 is a revelation in itself.

The Director Relaxes

His week-ends are devoted to visiting Newmarket to watch the horses at exercise and so great is his devotion to the sport that he has bought two racehorses in this country which he intends to race in America. One is a two-year old named *Caymanas* with which he hopes to win the Santa Anita Handicap, the richest race in the world and worth £20,000, and the other



Miriam Hopkins as Ann Williams has no objection to her secretarial duties being interrupted by Tommy Stapleton (Rex Harrison) in a scene from "Triangle."



Race special! Michael Beary, the famous jockey, visited the "O.H.M.S." unit at the Gaumont-British studios recently and, judging by the smiles, he must have had something interesting to say. With him are Wallace Ford, Anna Lee, Grace Bradley, Director Raoul Walsh and John Mills.

horse is *Sunset Trail* which is destined for the Kentucky Derby.

Meanwhile Raoul Walsh has been forging ahead with *O.H.M.S.* which does not stand for, "Our Horses Must Succeed"!

With The Errin' in Erin

Donovan Pedelty, back from location in Ireland, has been busy at the Wembley Studios on interiors for his latest film for Paramount. Titled *Never Go Home*, it deals with the exciting adventures of an over-ebullient emigrée whose perpetual praises of the "Ould Counthry" so get on the nerves of his friends that they ship him off home in an autogyro. He runs into a gang of men who are operating illicit "stills—the potheen, not the photographic sort, I hasten to add—and later runs into all sorts of troubles before reaching London once more.

Richard Hayward is in the leading role and the heroine is Dinah Sheridan. The latter is a newcomer from the Dublin stage where she has already made a name for herself. And unless your acting is good indeed, fame does not come your way in that most knowledgeable and critical of theatrical centres.

A Super Set

Down Denham way, London Films recently built what must be one of the largest sets ever erected for use in *Triangle* in

which Miriam Hopkins is starring and which is being directed by that brilliant continental director, Walter Reisch. It comprises not only the entire front exterior and wide foyer of the Savoy Hotel, but also the greater part of the ground floor of the hotel itself together with the approach from the Strand and the Savoy Theatre.

For another sequence in *Triangle* a room at Burlington House, the home of the Royal Academy, has been built. On the walls hang many genuine paintings which have actually been on the line there. This is a pretty gesture to a sister art, but I have grave doubts whether the selection Committee for next year's Summer Exhibition will return the compliment by hanging stills from the film in question in one of their rooms.

A Famous Name

Among the cast of *Triangle* is Lawrence Grossmith who plays the part of a theatrical producer. A member of the famous theatrical family, he is the brother of the late George Grossmith who was Chairman of London Films.

Although Lawrence is better known for his work on the New York stage, this is not his first appearance in the London Films Studios, for he has already filled roles in three earlier productions to wit, *Cash*, *Council's Opinion*, and *Don Juan*.

Hollywood Bound?

Sebastian Shaw is Miriam Hopkins's leading man, and those responsible for *Triangle* are loud in their praises of the work he has been doing. He recently scored heavily in the West End stage productions of *Hervey House* and *Green Waters*, but his family associations are more musical than theatrical, his father being Dr. Geoffrey Shaw and his uncle, Martin Shaw, is the noted composer.

Whether he will be lured to Hollywood is still to be seen, but he will be taking the leading role of a new play due on Broadway in the not far distant future, and Hollywood's scouts are to be

found there, not as single spies but in battalions nowadays. And there discerning people have given ample proof that they know a good thing when they see it!

A Border Affair

Reene Ray who was married recently to George Posford, the composer of *Goodnight Vienna*, has received a delightful wedding present in the shape of a contract to play one of the biggest and most important parts ever written for a female star in this country. She will act opposite Douglas Fairbanks, junr. in the £200,000 Scottish Border picture which Tay Garnett is making for Criterion Films.

She was chosen for the part after exhaustive tests had been made at Criterion Studios, Wharton Hall, and work has already started on the picture somewhere on the Northumberland-Scottish border. Others who will be seen in the picture which has yet to be titled, include Alan Hale, Richard Ainley and Googie Withers.

A Life on the Ocean Wave

Will Hay has become all nautical of late. Gainsborough Films recently chartered a cargo vessel of 1,100 tons which was brought from Leith to Falmouth for use in *Windbag the Sailor*, and every morning she has been steaming out of the harbour with members of the unit. Under the watchful eye of her master, Captain James Cruickshank, Will has been taking lessons in navigation, and on several occasions he has taken the good ship *Rob Roy*, as she has been renamed, from the quayside into the open sea.

When Thrills are Absent

Speaking as an experienced motorist and Airman, Will Hay doesn't think such an awful lot of this navigating business, although his skill has won the admiration of Director William Beaudine and the members of the cast who accompany him on *Rob Roy*.

"There is no thrill about steering a big ship," he confesses, "except the mental pleasure in knowing that I have control of a big vessel and all the power she possesses. There isn't the emotional exhilaration that one gets out of feeling a 'plane or even a car respond to the controls. Still, it's a new experience for me and I am enjoying it."

A WORD TO THE WISE

ONLY a few days remain in which to make certain of the grand Triple Presentation which PICTUREGOER is making to its readers—THREE beautiful Gifts in ONE—a gold-nib Fountain Pen, a propelling Pencil, and a Penknife—all to match.

The final Reservation Form and your Presentation Voucher appeared last week, and all applications must be received by WEDNESDAY next, September 30. After that it will be too late.

Both the fountain pen and pencil are made of black unbreakable material. The pen has a 14-carat gold nib and is guaranteed for two years. The propelling pencil carries its own supply of spare leads. Then, of course, there is the companion pocket knife. It has two blades of Sheffield steel and the case is in black.

A limited supply of a superb De Luxe Set is also available—in this set both the fountain pen and pencil have inlaid bands of real 18-carat rolled gold.

Every day of your life you need this lovely triple gift. Don't miss this last opportunity to make it yours. In a few days it will be gone, so find the reservation form which appeared last week and complete and post it NOW.





ROBERT HIC...
 novel, adapted by
 Lipscomb, is Marlene
 Dietrich's latest vehicle
 promises to give the
 artiste full opportunity
 to display her talents.
 Selznick production
 directed by Richard
 Thorpe and made through
 in Technicolour. The
 cast includes Charles Boyer,
 Robert Hickey, Joseph
 Schildkraut.

Gaiety

Domini (Marlene Dietrich) arouses the curiosity of native boys engaged in the national pastime of begging for "baksheesh."



Joseph Schildkraut plays the role of Domini's guide, Bartouche.



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A dancing girl (Tilly Losch) becomes interested in Boris' crucifix. She suspected, no more than did Domini, that he was a renegade monk.



Centre, above: Father Roubier (C. Aubrey Smith) warns Domini in front of Count Anteoni, against marrying Boris. Above, Fate plays strange tricks with the lives of the three characters seen in a luxurious desert encampment.

Boris, who had come to the desert for contemplation, is dazed by the beauty of Domini, whose fate is so strangely linked with his.

Left: The Sand Diviner (John Carradine) tells Domini and Boris (Charles Boyer), who love one another, that Destiny will be cruel.



Basil Rathbone in picturesque garb for his role as the strange Italian Count Anteoni.



Freely based on the film "Petticoat Fever," by permission of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Ltd. See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 28, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film

The Story of the Film **Petticoat Fever**

by
Marjory Williams

WHEN, consequent on a forced landing, one is stranded in a 'plane, ninety miles from the nearest settlement in ice-bound Labrador, one may be grateful for the aptitude for sleep.

Irene Campion found it so. Muffled under a fur rug in the cabin corner of the grounded 'plane, she wasted no time in speculation about the not very alluring situation of being a fixture on an apparently unending snow-field, with only a minimum of water and provisions on board.

After all, Sir James Felton had left her to reconnoitre, and anyone so dominating as Sir James was sure to find help sooner or later. Truth to tell, on the journey from New York to Montreal, Irene had found her fiancé a little overpowering.

Glad to be alone, she drifted into a doze, from which she was awakened by Sir James' vigorous query: "Irene! Irene! So you are alive?"

Slightly unwilling, she emerged from the fur rug. "I'm all right. I was just hibernating. . . . Oh, I see, you've found an Eskimo, and a sled! We spend the night in an igloo? I've always wanted to."

"No. This fellow belongs to the wireless station we passed a while back. "He tucked the sled blankets about her in a highly important and mysterious manner. "Listen, Irene!

You've got to be frightfully careful not to irritate him."

"What? The Eskimo? He looks harmless."

"No; the chap in charge of the wireless station. He's an Englishman, and crazy. His hair hasn't been brushed for months. He looks like a wild being from the woods. I want you to keep as far away from him as you possibly can. Don't do anything to excite him."

Prepared for anything, Irene, closely followed by Sir James, in due course approached a well-built shack which, in conjunction with a hut and an aerial tower, gave the snow-bound landscape a less forlorn appearance. Their host must have been immediately behind the door ready to open it, for Irene, on entering, cannoned into a young man, both tall and good-looking. His hair, moreover, was perfectly brushed and smelt of expensive brillantines; his face was newly shaved and his well-cut tweed coat correctly fastened. Could this be the lunatic?"

"Welcome, most welcome!" he greeted with an unquestionable English accent. "My name is Dinsmore—Dascomb Dinsmore."

Next moment, in the most polished manner, he was relieving Irene of

her furs and was kneeling to undo her storm-resisting boots, when Sir James intervened. "Your first crash?" Mr. Dinsmore inquired, in spite of having to stand aside, so obviously addressing Irene that she was obliged to answer: "Oh, yes!"

"Pleasant, I hope it was?"

"Delightful, thanks!"

"No—no. I feel I should thank you. The delight is all mine. Shall we move closer to the fire?" If there was anything eccentric at all about Mr. Dinsmore which appeared doubtful, it was his openly expressed admiration of Sir James' fiancée.

Irene was used to being looked at. None the less, the ardour in Mr. Dinsmore's blue eyes and his determination to keep as close to her as possible could not be attributable to her well-chosen tweeds and practical dark blouse, meeting at the base of the throat beneath a diamond star brooch. Sir James sensibly asked if they could go to their rooms.

"I could stay by this fire for ever," Irene sighed.

"Not now," Sir James negatived firmly. Calling Kimo, the Eskimo, to show the gentleman into the store closet, grandiosely termed the East Room, Dinsmore startled Irene by personally conducting her to the West Room, so called.

"Are you staying here all night?" Sir James demanded, furious at finding Irene in Dinsmore's arms. "I've been looking high and low for my boots."

He seemed so concerned for her welfare, yet she felt safer, as it were, to be back by the living-room fire and accepting the offer of soup.

While Sir James, in the East Room, could be heard calling Kimo for hot water, however, Irene discovered that she had merely jumped from the frying pan into the fire. Sitting close to her on the room's one sofa, Dinsmore's eyes became so eloquent that she said hurriedly: "I'm sure you and Sir James will hit it off. He's such a man's man."

"But I'm not, though I don't get much of a chance to be a woman's man out here. D'you know that you're the first beautiful woman I've seen in two years?"

"It's very kind of you to say that, but I'm sure it's because you've seen so few women lately."

"No. I've kept my standards very high. I'd stake my life—I'd bet you five pounds, if you'd rather—that you're beautiful. Are you on?"

"I think this is an excellent time for me to make an announcement," Irene said with an access of dignity, raising her left hand. "Sir James and I are engaged." Sir James' appearance, in Harris tweeds, very neat as to hair and moustache, caused Dinsmore to merge intimacy into politeness. "Congratulations, Sir James!" Then, turning to Irene, he added: "You must have been awfully unhappy at home. Engagement is such a frail institution."

I meant to ask if there were a clergyman in the neighbourhood," Irene said hastily.

"Not within a hundred miles, Miss Campion; and I'm happy to say I'm not a Justice of the Peace. People do get married up here, certainly; but not in the winter."

(continued on page 24)

NEW MIRACLE SHAMPOO

*brings radiant beauty to dull,
ordinary-looking hair*



OLD WAY
Hair dull, covered
with cloudy soap-film

DRENE WAY
No dull film; hair
lustrous, radiantly alive

The amazing liquid soapless shampoo discovery gets rid of film—makes dull hair gleam with life

Your hair has life and loveliness that you have never seen. It has softness and beauty you have never suspected, highlights and colour tones you have never experienced. This new liquid soapless shampoo, Drene, cleanses so effectively that after your very first Drene shampoo your hair will be revealed to you for the first time—a glistening crown of loveliness.

CLEANS HAIR WITH A THOROUGHNESS YOU CAN FEEL Drene works this apparent miracle for the simple, understandable reason that it washes *every hair of the head* CLEAN. Drene isn't an oil—it isn't a soap—it is a completely new discovery—beauty experts say "the greatest shampoo discovery of all time."

For years, quite unknown to you, microscopic bits of soap-scum have been dulling your hair after every shampoo. This happens because soap combines with the minerals in water and turns into a sticky, unrinsable scum like the ring left on the bath. This scum coats each hair! Drene, being neither soap nor oil, cannot form this grey soap veil. In fact, Drene removes it. It washes out every trace of scalp oil, dirt and loose dandruff. Every single shaft of your hair is washed gleaming CLEAN.

GIVES 5 TIMES MORE LATHER THAN SOAP A few drops of Drene sprinkled from the bottle on to your wet hair rub instantly into a glorious billowy lather—even in the hardest water. No before mixing, no mess. One quick lathering washes the hair cleaner than you've ever washed it before.

TRY DRENE THIS WEEK-END AND FOR THE FIRST TIME SEE HOW LOVELY YOUR HAIR REALLY IS

6d. BOTTLE GIVES 2 SHAMPOOS, 1 6 FAMILY SIZE GIVES 8 SHAMPOOS OR MORE

CLEAR WATER RINSING—NO SPECIAL AFTER-RINSES Drene lather is so highly soluble that only plain water rinsing is necessary—and out comes every bit of that abundant lather. It's goodbye to messy lemon and vinegar rinses and goodbye to that sticky film which mats your hair and makes it so hard to set. With Drene your hair is left clean to feel, lovely to look at and easy to set. It will gleam with new life, sparkle with fascinating highlights and be revealed in all its glorious beauty.

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There's a rare tingling, invigorating freshness about Drene that men like. That generous, penetrating lather cleanses so deeply, so thoroughly. Drene too, is the quickest, easiest shampoo for children's hair. Just one lathering—then quick rinsing—and the job's done. Drene is so pure and gentle that even if you splash a little of the lather into the child's eyes, it smarts no more than an eyeful of plain water. But the great point about Drene for children—apart from its quickness—is that it washes CLEAN. It is the healthiest and finest tonic-shampoo you can give them.

BUY DRENE AT ALL CHEMISTS
INCLUDING BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES, TAYLORS
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6d. size gives 2 shampoos for full head of hair. 1 6 'Economy' Family size gives 8 shampoos or more.

Send 3d. in stamps for a trial bottle of Drene containing ample for two full shampoos. One bottle only to each family. Fill in coupon and post to address below in 1½d. stamped envelope.



SAMPLE OFFER

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I am enclosing 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing. Please send me a full-size trial bottle of Drene containing two full shampoos.

NAME
BLOCK LETTERS

ADDRESS
BLOCK LETTERS

PETTICOAT FEVER — Continued

"Operator!" Sir James called Dinsmore briskly from the door. "Be so good as to transmit this message to St. John's immediately. I've asked to have a ship sent up."

"Of course. I'll get the soup first. England expects every man to do his social duty. I'm sorry to have been lax."

"You've not. You've been most hospitable," Irene conceded. She stressed the fact when alone with Sir James. "You may think him delightful, my dear Irene," that gentleman declared, "but you don't know all. I've just discovered something. Come with me." She followed him to the smaller of the huts and, tiptoeing, peered through a window.

"Jim, native women! Horrible! Do you suppose they're young?"

"Hard to tell with an Eskimo. Anyway, there's a story of degeneration for you."

At dinner, Sir James touched on a subject much nearer his heart: "Might I inquire, Dinsmore, if you sent my message?" he observed.

"Sorry; I've been too rushed. As a matter of fact, it's not the slightest good asking for a ship. Harbour freezes over in a single night here. As a matter of fact, it *has* frozen over. Thermometer stands at sixteen degrees below zero. Whoopee!"

Dinsmore accompanied the manifestation of triumph by rending Sir James' written message in fragments.

"Mad—absolutely mad! He may go violent," Sir James prognosticated when Dinsmore had left the living-room over the matter of an uncooked steak. "The only thing is to bribe Kimo to sneak us to the mission, even if it is ninety miles away. Money's no use. Give me your jewellery, old girl."

"I'm afraid it's in the 'plane.'"

"We must go for it, first thing to-morrow."

Secretly, Irene's acknowledged pleasure outran duty when, the following morning, Dinsmore, having offered to drive her, handed her into the sled.

"Where is Sir James? I thought he was following with Kimo," she said at their first pause. She began to feel uncomfortable. About her stretched a snow-slope with never a tree. The air was still, but incredibly cold. Dinsmore helped her alight, but the landscape refused to yield sign of a human being.

"Don't worry. Sir James is probably waiting for you at the 'plane by now," Dinsmore said.

"Why didn't you tell me there was another way round? You really are trying this morning," she challenged, finding it impossible to

stand still, and embarking on a cross between a Highland fling and hopscotch. Dinsmore, keeping pace with her antics, was not to be outdone in cavilling. Growing a little warmer, Irene, nevertheless, found herself accused of wanting to marry money and a title.

"Nothing of the sort," she assured, with the conviction of one whose inward conviction is crumbling. "Sir James and I had a beautiful romance. He saved me from drowning at the risk of his own life."

"I shall always have a soft spot for Sir James," her companion returned, with all the gravity possible to a man literally on the hop. Waiting for that gentleman in the cabin of the 'plane, whither he had definitely not arrived, Irene hoped the penitent mood of her companion might prevail. Aware that his manner, if not exactly familiar, was becoming rather affectionate, she tried to leave, but the advent of a polar bear drove her into Dinsmore's arms. Thus Sir James found them.

"Are you staying here all night?" he demanded. "I've been looking high and low for my boots. Kimo had them on the sled and didn't understand a word when I shouted at him."

Though ruffled, Sir James made no comment on the return journey. His bad temper, as it turned out, could keep very well till dinner. From overhearing Dinsmore say something to Kimo about "coat with long tails, fetch," Irene, having resource to her one suitcase, appeared in a white sleeveless dinner-gown with a suggestion of Greek drapery about the shoulders. She had not overdressed for the part. Not only was Dinsmore in immaculate tails with impeccable white waistcoat and tie, but the living-room was decorated with floral streamers.

To say that Dinsmore's attitude was that of a polished entertainer was to put it mildly as far as Irene was concerned. Sir James' increasing anger, on the other hand, at a virtual playing of "gooseberry" culminated when a radio announcement gave tongue: "Picked up by wireless from Halifax. News of our intrepid explorer, Sir James Felton. His eagerly awaited message reads: 'Landed Northern Labrador. Well. Happy. Cordially received. No boat until spring. Will stay on for winter sports.'"

"That settles it," Sir James exploded, Dinsmore having retired from the living-room. "I was convinced he was trying to trap us. We'll leave to-night for the mission, and the Rector there can marry us.

Give me those trinkets of yours, old girl, and I'll butter up Kimo."

"But, Jim, it isn't safe. It's awfully cold outside."

"Any place is safer than this. Buck up! We'll pull through."

Not at all sure that she wished to be extracted from the situation, Irene nevertheless took Sir James' hint of being left to tackle Dinsmore alone. From the lumpy mattress in the so-called West Room, she imagined, by the sounds issuing from next door, that Sir James was threatening his host with a revolver. Suddenly the door opened inwards and Sir James, clutching his automatic, almost fell into the room.

"I say, Irene! I'm in a bit of a hole. He absolutely refuses to let us go. Hold him off while I'm changing. Be careful with this. The safety catch is off. Keep him at a distance of ten paces and pop him if he moves. N—no need to make it fatal. Shoot him in the leg."

"You're not going to marry that pompous old bull frog," Dinsmore announced. "There," that's better. Catching Irene off guard, he secured the revolver and sat beside her. "Irene, I loved you the moment I first saw you. You could marry me. I'm quite respectable. I am, really. Only there wasn't room in England for my uncle, Lord Braxley, and myself; so, being the younger of the two, I just left . . . Irene!"

His kiss, like nothing she had ever known, stirred Irene into denying herself happiness. When Sir James appeared muffled for the journey, she accepted Dinsmore's swift return of the gun and assumed a threatening attitude. "Hurry! Get your furs on," Sir James ordered.

"They're in the wireless room," Dinsmore said quickly. "I thought they were a bit damp, so—"

Barely had she entered the wireless room when Irene saw a laughing face, framed with straight hair, felt a fur wrap flung over head and shoulders, and heard a woman's voice in broken English telling her to sit down. Her mind flew to Big Seal and Little Seal, the two Eskimos who had shocked Sir James—result, as Irene had learned, of Kimo's attempt to enliven his master's loneliness. Obviously she was in the grip of one, while, from muffled sounds without, Irene gathered that Sir James was being wished God-speed in the company of the other.

"Awfully sorry to deceive you both," Dinsmore apologised two minutes later, having ordered Big Seal to unshackle the prisoner. "Don't be angry. You didn't want to go; now, did you? Say you'll marry me, and I'll get Sir James back and tell him."

"You mean he's not gone to the mission?"

"He couldn't have made it in this weather. If Kimo's obeyed instructions, he and Little Seal are describing circles at a short distance from here; that is, if he hasn't murdered Little Seal for not being you. Darling! Confess that you love me a little."

"Well, it wasn't true what I said about Sir James saving my life. Our engagement was rather prosaic. I didn't love anyone else at the time, and I guess I was tired of being poor."

The embrace she received being highly satisfactory, Irene was glad to have her conscience salved by Dinsmore's departure to find Sir James.

Irene's joy at seeing him was radiant enough to thaw every icicle.

Having, with the help of Big Seal, arrived at the stage known as "Looking one's best," she was crossing the living-room on hearing footsteps, when the door opened. "Dascomb!" said a voice belonging to a woman clearly of Irene's class level. "Oh, where is Mr. Dinsmore?"

"Out for the moment. Was he expecting you?" Irene said, faintly registering the fact that two men, one with a nautical air, were in the offing. "Certainly. I'm his fiancée, Clara Wilson," the lady explained. "Come in, Captain Landry. You, too, Scottie. I'm sure Mr. Dinsmore wouldn't object if you mixed yourselves a hot toddy."

"Our boat only got in to-day," Miss Wilson pursued, removing her coat with the air of one who is thoroughly at home. "I'm always having to rescue Dascomb from his scrapes. I suppose you're his latest. He never can resist a pretty face. I hope you don't take him too seriously, Miss—er—"

"Campan."

"You see, we've been engaged two years. Nice boy, don't you think?"

If shock revealed to Irene the extent of her love, its hopelessness was made worse by Sir James' over-weening joy as he entered the room, evidently in possession of the news of Miss Wilson's arrival.

"My dear old boy!" he exclaimed, shaking Dinsmore's hand. "Millions of congratulations! Why didn't you tell me? Kimo is right. He says lady very fond of you to come so far."

Yes, the lady was fond of him. But worse was to follow. Irene's pride, hitherto a somewhat sleeping partner, was thoroughly roused. To trounce Dinsmore when he chose the West Room for an explanatory *à-à-à-à*, for forgetting his engagement, was only natural. Having done so, she did not expect Dinsmore, while disclaiming love for Clara, to pity her as the injured and neglected party if her engagement did not end in marriage.

"Marry her if you want to," Irene flung out. "I release you—willingly, joyfully; and I'm going as soon as Captain Landry will take me."

"Sorry to disturb you," Clara said, coming in. "You seem agitated about something."

"The lady was rescued from drowning once by a man who risked his life for hers, and it seems to have gone to her head," Dinsmore said caustically.

"Better than having Petticoat Fever," Irene countered. "No, I don't want any help packing, thank you. One piece of parting advice, Miss Wilson. The trouble with your man is—women."

On the deck of the ice-breaker, Irene, standing somewhat unsteadily, tried to take in the fact that Captain Landry, also slightly unsteady from the ship's action, was marrying her to Sir James Felton. Mechanically, she put out a hand to receive Sir James' signet, the only ring in his possession. It refused to slip past the knuckle. She retired to her cabin to find her own when a shout brought her to the porthole. Poised on an ice float separated from her by only a few yards was Dinsmore, bareheaded, laughing, triumphant.

Joy at seeing him was radiant enough to thaw every icicle.

"It's all over with Clara!" he shouted. "I just had a letter from my uncle telling me that he hadn't left me a fortune, and she jilted me on the spot. You're coming back with me. I'll be right along. Hey, Captain! Help me on board. . . ."



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Accused

DUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JUN., gives a very good performance in this, his second Criterion production; but as a whole the picture is rather too thin and obvious in plot to hold the attention very strongly.

It is another back-stage murder plot which allows for some lavish stage spectacles which are quite well done of their kind.

Douglas Fairbanks is cast as a dancer—Tony, whose wife, Gaby, is jealous of his association with the leading lady in the show in which they are appearing.

One night the star, Yvette, is found murdered and Gaby is suspected. Tony knows that a man had visited her that night but cannot find him. Actually the man was her husband, just released from prison, who had come for money.

At the trial all looks hopeless for Gaby—the knife she used in her dance had been found in the body—until Tony manages to unearth the man he had seen on the fatal night.

At the last minute he produces him in the witness box and Gaby is cleared. Her husband, however, is not the murderer but another character who is very gratuitously brought in to give the plot a twist which proves very artificial in its effect.

The action takes place in France but the atmosphere is not a convincing one although the court scene itself is well presented and has a fair share of dramatic force.

The trouble is one does not seem to become intensely interested in the characters, they are rather sketchily drawn and the development is too pedestrian and obvious.

Technical work is very good indeed, and Thornton Freeland, the director, has occasionally brought in some good human touches.

Dolores Del Rio acts well but somehow fails to put over that attractive vivacity and fieryness which has always been her main characteristic.

As Yvette, Florence Desmond is somewhat colourless, and Googie Withers slaughters far too negligently through her part as a show girl, a friend of Gaby.

Esme Percy gives a clever character-study as a producer, and Basil Sydney is definitely good as the defending counsel.

John Roberts, too, is good as the President of the Court of Justice.

Edward Rigby scores in the part of a garrulous old actor who cannot forget that he once played with Sarah Bernhardt.

Altogether, while the picture is entertaining in parts, it does not give the artistes interpreting it a chance to shine to any great extent.

Poor Little Rich Girl

In spite of a very indifferent story material, Shirley Temple will doubtless please her numerous admirers in her latest picture. She has several songs to sing and puts them over with that artistry which has singled her out from numerous

juvenile artistes and made her a ranking star.

But the hit of the production is a dance number which she performs with Alice Faye and Jack Haley.

The plot simply deals with the daughter of a wealthy soap manufacturer who walks out into the streets of New York and is found by two radio artistes.

They believe she is an orphan and put her into their turn which proves a tremendous success and is booked by a rival soap manufacturer.

Later her father, who had believed she was at school, recognises her voice over the air and gets her back.

The child's escapade results in the amalgamation of the rival soap concerns and she sings on the air for both of them.

A slight love interest is introduced between the star's father and his rival's secretary.

Shirley Temple carries the whole weight of the production on her own shoulders. It is a pity that better material could not have been found for her talent.

Alice Faye and Jack Haley are quite good as the radio stars; the former sings pleasingly.

Michael Whalen has little to do as the father, nor has Gloria Stuart as the woman he loves.

A very good performance comes from Claude Gillingwater as the irascible rival soap manufacturer whose heart is softened by Shirley Temple's charm.

The production is well set and introduces radio concerts.

Sylvia und ihr Chauffeur

There is a very slight plot to this semi-musical confection, which has an air of gaiety, good acting and some clever directional touches. It is pleasant enough entertainment, but not remarkably strong in any department.

The story deals with Sylvia von Polonska, wealthy widow, who flirts with an ex-barrister taxi-driver, Dr. Hartenegg. Her trustee, Von Polewitz, to divert her mind from love

—he wants to marry her himself—induces her to adopt a daughter.

She agrees to take one of her husband's relations, but, unable to find her, Polewitz substitutes her cousin, Angelika, a charming girl. Dr. Hartenegg, who, with his friend Melchior, is caretaker of a big house, accidentally meets Angelika and falls in love with her.

Melchior wants his friend to marry Sylvia, and Sylvia herself is not adverse. She engages him as her secretary, and then Angelika, believing Hartenegg is in love with her, discloses the deception. However, Sylvia makes everything right for the lovers and agrees to marry Polewitz.

The acting honours go to a robustly humorous performance by Leo Slezak as Melchior. He also sings excellently. Olga Tschechowa is charmingly graceful as Sylvia, and Gusti Huber is a piquante Angelika. Wolf Albach-Retty is sound as the lover, and Paul Heidemann amusing as Polewitz.

The story is treated in a whimsical manner, which helps to conceal the thinness of its plot. Songs are cleverly introduced, and, while characters are not particularly well delineated, situations are handled with a good eye to detail. Continuity is at times rather ragged, and one is entertained by individual sequences rather than by the design of the production as a whole.

HIS BROTHER'S WIFE

In spite of some excellent acting this picture fails to be convincing. The reason is that the characters are intrinsically theatrical and the melodramatic situations—in spite of the polished treatment they are accorded—remain definitely stagey.

I have the utmost admiration for Barbara Stanwyck and it is enhanced by the way she plays the part she is given in this production, but she is still deserving of that big "break" that never seems to come her way.

She is cast as a model designer, Rita, who gambles in her spare time. She meets and falls in love with a young irresponsible doctor, Chris, who is going to South America to try to isolate the germ of spotted fever.

They fall in love after a week of hilarious gaiety and she persuades him not to go on his assignment.

However, his staid elder brother, Tom, forces him to change his mind by offering to meet a cheque held by a gambling hell proprietor, "Fish Eye."

Rita, furious at his change of attitude, takes over payment of the cheque by offering to bring "mugs" to be fleeced by "Fish-Eye" on percentage.

Chris sails and Rita makes a dead set at Tom, marries him and promptly leaves him.

Chris comes home on leave and discovers that Tom is degenerating and to save his brother takes Rita back with him when he goes.

She, believing he is only waiting for a divorce to marry her, works with the men of the expedition, but when Chris gets news that his brother Tom is restored to normality and had filed his petition, orders her to go home—feeling that he had paid her back in her own coin.

Rita is heartbroken but is able later to prove her love by infecting herself with spotted fever so that Chris can test his curative serum.

Good and bad by turns, Rita's character is a wholly incredible one, but Barbara Stanwyck at least makes it vital and compelling.

Robert Taylor is very good as the young doctor and John Eldredge gives a good study of the strait-laced brother.

Jean Hersholt has little to do as the professor in charge of the scientific expedition, but makes that little convincing, while Joseph Cal-lae is well in character as the proprietor of the gambling hell.

The opening treatment is light and sophisticated and has many amusing situations; it is when one gets down to the underlying melodrama that the general artificiality becomes too noticeable to hold the interest to any great extent.

EDUCATED EVANS

I have rarely seen anyone work so hard on the screen as Max Miller does in this typically English farce based on a series of short stories by the late Edgar Wallace.

That the picture is a complete and riotously humorous success is mainly due to his amazing vitality and untiring, quick-fire patter. The picture is the British equivalent to an American wise-cracking farce and William Beaudine has directed it with a speed and a perfect timing of gags which makes it equal to the best of its transatlantic prototypes.

Dealing with a racing tipster whose bounce and cheek are irrepressible, it gives an amusing sidelight on the racing fraternity at large and scope for real English humour which will keep any audience in fits of laughter. I have not always appreciated Max Miller's appearances in his previous films, but I feel that he fully deserves the stardom he has been given here.

As a girl he befriends—there is no love interest in the accepted sense of the word—Nancy O'Neal is fair.

Hal Waters gives an amusing portrayal of his partner, Nobby, and Anthony Shaw is excellent as Lord Appleby, a gentleman who illustrates the old saying "drunk as a lord," but who is instrumental in saving Educated Evans from the effects of his own boastfulness.

Clarice Mayne shows to advantage as the wife of an ice-cream millionaire who falls for Evans' fairy tales and gives him a racehorse to train, while Julien Mitchell is sound as her husband.

Direction is extremely good and the absurd situations are developed with a rapidity that makes everything seem possible.

The race-course scenes are realistic and the settings generally worthy of one of the most amusing farces that has ever come from a British studio.



Florence Desmond, Tony Wild, Moore Marriott and Edward Rigby in "Accused"

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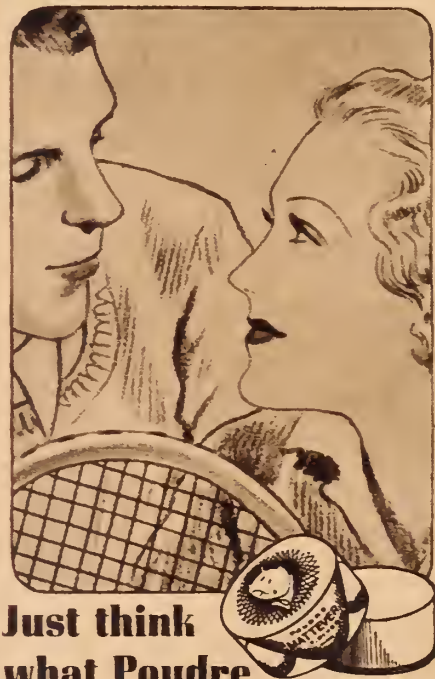
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REVIEWS

The PICTUREGOER'S
quick reference index to
films just released

***THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE
***PETTICOAT FEVER
**THE SECRET AGENT
**WHERE'S SALLY?
c**STRIKE ME PINK
**FARMER IN THE DELL
c*THE COUNTRY BEYOND
*SOMEONE AT THE DOOR
*FRAMED
*CODE OF THE MOUNTED
*COLLEEN
*MELODY OF MY HEART
MURDER AT GLEN ATHOL
FIND THE LADY
THE AVENGING HAND

What the asterisks mean—

**** An outstanding feature.
*** Very good. ** Good.
* Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

***THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

Paramount. American. "U" certificate.
Family feud drama. Runs 97 minutes.

SYLVIA SIDNEY.....June Tolliver
HENRY FONDA.....Dave Tolliver
FRED MACMURRAY.....Jack Hale
NIGEL BRUCE.....Thurber
FRED STONE.....Judd Tolliver
BEULAH BONDI.....Melissa Tolliver
SPANKY MCFARLAND.....Buddy Tolliver
ROBERT BARRAT.....Buck Falin
FUZZY KNIGHT.....Tater
OTTO FRIES.....Corsey
SAMUEL S. HINDS.....The Sheriff
HENRY KLEINBACH.....Wade Falin
Directed by Henry Hathaway. Previewed May 23, 1936. Adapted from the novel by John Fox.

A very fine example of an outdoor picture in colour, which does not rely on any "stunt" values for its entertainment, but is definitely strong, if conventional, in story and acting. I dealt with it very fully in our issue of May 23, to which I refer readers who may require more details than I have space for here.

The plot is of the family feud variety, and is somewhat stark in its tragic moments and a little over-sentimentalised at times, but it is finely acted.

Sylvia Sidney—who, by the way, does not benefit by being photographed in colour—is most convincing and natural as a young country girl who falls in love with a railway engineer.

Henry Fonda is excellent as her cousin, who wants to marry her, and Fred MacMurray is equally virile and convincing as the engineer who eventually wins her.

Fred Stone and Beulah Bondi give strong characterisations as the heroine's parents and Nigel Bruce is thoroughly convincing as a stolid unimaginative Englishman who helps the engineer in his work.

Other clever little studies come from Fuzzy Knight, as a rural character, and Spanky McFarland, as the heroine's kid brother.

Colour work is exceptionally good and brings out the beauty of the scenery. There are one or two

by Lionel COLLIER

crudities, but the general effect is most pleasing.

***PETTICOAT FEVER

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. American. "A" certificate. Romantic farce. Runs 70 minutes.
ROBERT MONTGOMERY.....Dascom Dinsmore
MYRNA LOY.....Irene Campion
REGINALD OWEN.....Sir James Fenton
WINIFRED SHOTTER.....Clara Wilson
OTTA YAMAOKA.....Kimo
GEORGE HASSELL.....Captain Landry
FORRESTER HARVEY.....Scotty
IRVING BACON.....Carl
IRIS YAMAOKA....."Little Seal"
BO CHING....."Bit Seal"
Directed by George Fitzmaurice from a play by Mark Reed. Pre-viewed May 9, 1936.
For story freely based on the film by Marjory Williams see page 22

Quick-fire farce, with Robert Montgomery and Myrna Loy providing an excellent team and giving us two outstanding comedy characterisations.

The story is dealt with on another page; so I will only deal very briefly with it here.

Dascom Dinsmore (Robert Montgomery) is in charge of a wireless station in frozen Labrador. An Eskimo servant is his only companion.

Into this monotony comes Sir James Fenton (Reginald Owen) and his fiancée Irene Campion (Myrna Loy) via an aeroplane accident. It is two years since Dascom has seen a pretty woman, and from the moment he sets eyes on Irene the fun is fast and sparkling.

Dialogue is exceedingly good and the picture, whilst still remaining in the photographed stage-play category, is so cleverly acted that one is not too conscious of its action limitations.

Robert Montgomery is in fine fettle as the sex-starved Dascom and Reginald Owen is an excellent foil as Sir James.

Myrna Loy, as usual, gives a beautifully balanced piece of acting with a due regard to polished characterisation.

Winifred Shotter makes her American debut a significant one as Clara. It is a small part, but she makes the most of it.

**THE SECRET AGENT

G.B. British. "A" certificate. Spy melodrama. Runs 86 minutes.

MADELEINE CARROLL.....Elsa
PETER LORRE.....The General
JOHN GIELGUD.....Ashenden
ROBERT YOUNG.....Marvin
PERCY MARMONT.....Caypor
FLORENCE KAHN.....Mrs. Caypor
CHARLES CARSON.....R.
LILLI PALMER.....Lilli
Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Pre-viewed May 25, 1936.

In spite of its production and technical values, this spy story, of which we have had rather a surfeit lately, fails to be more than moderately entertaining.

The reason being that the plot is never very convincing and the character lacking in sustained interest.

The picture has several characteristic Hitchcock touches, and these, needless to say, are the best part of it. If the story had been as good as the direction, *Secret Agent* would have come in a higher category.

John Gielgud is too apt to "walk" through his part as a young author who is utilised by the British Government to track down and bump off a German spy.

As his assistant, a cut-throat Mexican known as "The General," Peter Lorre is broadly comic with



Fred MacMurray in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"

an underlying sense of the sinister. The role is very incongruous, and reminded me more of Harpo Marx than anything else.

Madeleine Carroll, who is also in Government service and poses as the author's wife in order to lend an innocent atmosphere to his presence in Switzerland, is good in her lighter moments, but fails to do full justice to the dramatic high-lights.

These three succeed in "bumping off" the wrong man, which considerably upsets the author's wife; but later they run their quarry to earth in a train bound for Constantinople, which is bombed and wrecked by allied aeroplanes.

There is quite a thrill in this bit of action.

The acting honours go to Robert Young as an American, who is really the spy they are after, but who poses as a social butterfly. He contrasts the two moods admirably.

As the gentleman who is killed in error, Percy Marmont is sound.

Settings are very good and the atmosphere fairly realistic.

c**STRIKE ME PINK

United Artists. American. "U" certificate. Farce. Runs 100 minutes.

EDDIE CANTOR.....Eddie Pink
ETHEL MERMAN.....Joyce
SALLY EILERS.....Claribel
HARRY PARKE.....Parkyakarkus
WILLIAM FRAWLEY.....Coppie
HELEN LOWELL.....Ma Carson
GORDON JONES.....Butch
BRIAN DONLEVY.....Vance
JACK LA RUE.....Thrust
SUNNY O'DEA.....Sunnie
RITA RIO.....Rita
EDWARD BROPHY.....Killer
SIDNEY H. FIELDS.....Chorley
DON BRODIE.....Marsh
CHARLES MCAVOY.....Selby
STANLEY BLYSTONE.....Miller
DUKE YORK.....Smiley
CHARLES WILSON.....Hardin
CLYDE HAGAR.....Pitchman
AND THE GOLDWYN GIRLS

Directed by Norman Taurog from the novel Dreamland by Clarence Budington Kelland. Pre-viewed March 23 1936.

In spite of the fact that he had a story which definitely lent itself to comedy characterisation, Eddie Cantor has not risen to its opportunities. He has, however, succeeded in making quite an entertaining knockabout and spectacular farce, with the thrills much on the pattern of Harold Lloyd's comedy, *Safety First*.

What is left of the plot—it is adapted from an exceedingly clever novel, "Dreamland", by Clarence Budington Kelland—shows how Eddie Cantor, a college tailor, takes on the managership of an amusement park and succeeds in frustrat-

ing the various "rackets" that gangsters seek to impose on him.

He wins through, rounds up the crooks, and wins the love of his secretary.

The opening, which deals more with character than the rest, is the most amusing part, and later things get more hectic and, at the same time, more obvious and commonplace, although the slapstick is very competently put over.

The Goldwyn Girls are very much in the background and Ethel Merman, who sings two songs, too much in the foreground.

Eddie Cantor puts over his song numbers well, and is excellently supported by Sally Eilers and Harry Parke as a comic bodyguard.

**WHERE'S SALLY?

First National. British. "A" certificate. Farce. Runs 71 minutes.

GENE GERRARD.....Jimmy Findlay
REGINALD PURDELL.....Dick Burgess
CLAUDE HULBERT.....Tony Chivers
VIOLET FAREBROTHER.....Mrs. Hickory
RALPH ROBERTS.....Mr. Hickory
CHILI BOUCHIER.....Sonia
ATHOLE STEWART.....Lord Mullion
MORLAND GRAHAM.....Polkinghorne
RENEE GADD.....Sally
Directed by Arthur Woods.

Stage, screen, and radio favourites help to put over the somewhat obvious humour of this rapid action farce quite satisfactorily.

The plot, dealing with trouble between newly-weds, is quite bright and runs on conventional farcical lines.

Gene Gerrard, as Jimmy, one of three friends whose ranks are depleted by matrimony, is in good form, while Reginald Purdell and Claude Hulbert are good as the other members of the trio.

Renee Gadd lacks vitality as Sally, but sound support is afforded by Violet Farebrother, Ralph Roberts, Chili Bouchier, and Athole Stewart.

The opening is rather slow, but the pace quickens as the plot develops.

**FARMER IN THE DELL

Radio. American. "A" certificate. Rural comedy. Runs 67 minutes.

FRED STONE.....Ernie Boyer
ESTHER DALE.....Ma Boyer
JEAN PARKER.....Adie Boyer
FRANK ALBERTSON.....Davy Davenport
MORONI OLSEN.....Chester Hart
MAXINE JENNINGS.....Maud Durant
LUCILLE BALL.....Gloria
RAY MAYER.....Spike
TONY MARTIN.....Information Boy
SPENCER CHARTERS.....A Milkman
FRANK HAMMOND.....Auctioneer
MARGARET ARMSTRONG.....Judith
EDWARD BURNS.....Actor
Directed by Ben Holmes from a novel by Bill Strong. Pre-viewed May 30, 1936.

Fred Stone is definitely a disappointment as a successor to the late Will Rogers, which this rural comedy evidently tries to suggest.

If he played in his own vein he would probably be much happier.

The story is a curious mixture of the clever and the commonplace, and starts most amusingly with the arrival in Hollywood of the farmer, Ernie Boyer, his wife, who is ambitious for her daughter, Adie, to get on the screen, and the girl herself.

Her country fiancé, Davy, not to be left out, treks out to Hollywood, too.

But, instead of Adie getting on the screen, a director picks on Ernie as a great type and engages him.

His introduction into films causes trouble in the family, and he decides to quit, but the executive will not let him go, and finally offer him six hundred dollars a week and a contract. By this time his resistance has been worn down and he accepts.

When he is away on location, his

(Continued on page 30)

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REVIEWS—Continued

wife proceeds to "go Hollywood", rents a big house, gives extravagant parties, and encourages the courtship of a lounge-lizard, an extra, with her daughter.

It is here that the delightful humour and humanity of the opening scenes begin to make way for the conventional and commonplace.

To cut the story short, Ernie returns and puts his wife and daughter—who has also gone high-hat—in their place.

Esther Dale is stagey as the wife and Jean Parker has little to do but look pretty—which she does.

As the country lover, Frank Albertson is fair and Moroni Olsen is good as the film director.

It is the early Hollywood sequences which provide best part of the entertainment in this picture.

*FRAMED

Pathe. American. "A" certificate. G-men melodrama. Runs 68 minutes.

EDDIE NUGENT.....Bob Andrews
MAXINE DOYLE.....Joan Williams
FUZZY KNIGHT.....Elmer
LUCILLE LUND.....Rose Carter
DON ALVARADO.....Jack Carter
NICK STUART.....George Bates
GEORGE WALSH.....Joe Bradley
JOYCE KAY.....Patricia Carter
GEORGE CLEVELAND.....Sheriff Williams
FORREST TAYLOR.....Richard Shelby
ERNE ADAMS.....Oscar Lampson
ED CASSIDY.....Jailer Lewis
IVO HENDERSON.....Gordon
JOHN COWELL.....Police Officers
RICHARD KRAMER.....Police Officers

Directed by Bob Hill.

Straightforward gangster story, with thrills, romance, and humour put over with artless unpretentiousness.

While Bob Andrews, a "G" Man, is spending a vacation with his sister (Rose), her husband (Jack Carter) is arrested on a charge of murdering and robbing his employer. Bob is convinced that Jack has been framed, and, in order to prove the unfortunate man's innocence, he goes to jail by arrangement with the sheriff, intending to gain the confidence of Joe Bradley, a prisoner whom he suspects of being implicated in the killing. His subterfuge comes off and, after being led to the hide-out of the real killer, he makes a spectacular apprehension of the whole gang. His good work gains its reward in romance with Joan, the sheriff's daughter.

Eddie Nugent makes a dashing hero and Maxine Doyle is pleasing as the heroine. Support is sound.



Robert Young and Madeleine Carroll in "The Secret Agent"

*THE COUNTRY BEYOND

Fox. American. "U" certificate. Western melodrama. Runs 68 minutes.

ROCHELLE HUDSON.....Jean Alison
PAUL KELLY.....Sergeant Cassidy
ROBERT KENT.....Corporal Robert King
ALAN HALE.....Jim Alison
ALAN DINEHART.....Ray Pennings
ADRE TOMBES.....Senator Rawlings
CLAUDIA COLEMAN.....Mrs. Rawlings
MATT MCHUGH.....Constable Weller
PAUL MCVEY.....Fred Donaldson
HOLMES HERBERT.....Inspector Reed
PRINCE.....Prince
AND BUCK HIMSELF.

Directed by Eugene Ford from a story by James Oliver Curwood.

Somewhat old-fashioned in sentiment and thrills, this artless melodrama of the North-West Mounted Police is put over with vigour and played against extremely picturesque backgrounds.

It has a canine interest in the shape of Buck which will appeal to animal lovers.

The story concerns the chase of a wanted man by two policemen, friendly rivals, and their ultimate success, followed by romance for one of them.

Rochelle Hudson makes a very attractive heroine, while Paul Kelly and Robert Kent give virile renderings of the rival officers.

Good support comes from Alan Hale and Alan Dinehart.

*SOMEONE AT THE DOOR

Wardour. British. "A" certificate. Murder mystery comedy drama. Runs 74 minutes.

AILEEN MARSON.....Sally Martin
BILLY MILTON.....Ronald Martin
NOAH BEERY.....Harry Kapel
JOHN IRVIN.....Bill Reid
CHARLES MORTIMER.....Sergeant Spedding
EDWARD CHAPMAN.....Price
EDWARD DIGNON.....Soames
LAWRENCE HANRAY.....Mr. Poole
JIMMY GODDEN.....P.C. O'Brien
ELIOT MAKEHAM.....Grocer
HERMIONE GINGOLD.....Mrs. Appleby

Directed by Herbert Brenon.

Built on stage lines, this mystery drama has a certain amount of ingenuity, but is leisurely in development and is occasionally apt to provoke laughter where it is not intended.

It deals with a young journalist who decides to hit the front page by planning a bogus murder.

A real murder is committed, and the journalist, his sister, and her fiancé, who had staged the scene, have to solve the mystery to clear themselves.

Acting is fair.

*COLLEEN

Warner. American. "A" certificate. Musical extravaganza. Runs 88 minutes.

DICK POWELL.....Donald Ames 3rd
RUBY KEELER.....Colleen Reilly
JACK OAKIE.....Joe Cork
JOAN BLONDELL.....Minnie Hawkins
HUGH HERBERT.....Cedric Ames
LOUISE FAZENDA.....Alicia Ames
PAUL DRAPER.....Paul Gordon
MARIE WILSON.....Mabel
LUI ALBERNI.....Carlo
HOBART CAVANAUGH.....Noggin
BERTON CHURCHILL.....Logan
J. M. KERRIGAN.....Pop Reilly
SPENCER CHARTERS.....Dr. Frothingham
ADDISON RICHARDS.....Schuyler
MARY TREEN.....Miss Hively
CHARLES COLMAN.....Butler

Directed by Alfred E. Green from a story by Robert Lord. Pre-viewed July 18, 1936.

Hugh Herbert is an excellent comedian, but in this musical he is very badly served, and the plot is so childish that all the lavish settings and technical qualities fail to make it more than mediocre entertainment.

As the apparently imbecile head of a big business, Hugh Herbert strikes one as more pathetic than humorous; he presents a pathological case.

Dick Powell, as his nephew, who falls in love with a business girl, Colleen of the title, sings a song or two well, while Ruby Keeler dances excellently as the heroine.

Paul Draper dances cleverly and models his work on Astaire, but he has neither the personality nor the skill of his model.

Joan Blondell scores as a gold-digger, as does Louise Fazenda, but Jack Oakie is completely starved as the heroine's fiancé, who eventually falls for the gold-digger.

Fashion parades and a spectacular brand of ship sequences pad out the production.

*MELODY OF MY HEART

Butcher. British. "A" certificate. Musical melodrama. Runs 82 minutes.

DEREK OLDHAM.....Joe Montfort
LORRAINE LA FOSSE.....Carmel
BRUCE SETON.....Jim Brent
HUGHES MACLIN.....Mr. Smith
DOROTHY VERNON.....Mrs. Dearwell
ROBERT GILBERT.....The Vicar
WENSLEY RUSSELL.....The Butcher
AND MABEL TWEMLOW, BOBBIE SLATER, CLARISSA SELWYNNE, PEARL BERESFORD, DORIS MORTLOCK, MIGNON MARCHLAND, IAN WILSON, STANLEY RADCLIFFE, JAMES CARROLL, PHIL STURGESS, JACK MORRIS, JACK JARMAN, JOHNNIE SCHOFIELD, BOMBARDIER BILLY WELLS, HORACE SHELTON'S ORCHESTRA.

Directed by Wilfred Noy.

A thin thread of story, dealing with the quarrels of two men about a woman in a manner vaguely reminiscent of *Carmen*, supports musical entertainment which includes excerpts from that opera and lighter music.

The picture attempts to include comedy, boxing, sex drama, romance, and opera in its scope, and is, needless to say, unable to do so satisfactorily.

It is on its music that it makes its main appeal.

Lorraine La Fosse, Derek Oldham, and Bruce Seton all have pleasant voices and adequately interpret the leading roles.

*CODE OF THE MOUNTED

Butchers. American. "A" certificate. Western drama. Runs 55 minutes.

KERMIT MAYNARD.....Wilson
LILIAN MILES.....Jean
ROBERT WARWICK.....Inspector Malloy
SYD SAYLOR.....Rogers
JIM THORPE.....Eagle Feather
WHEELER OAKMAN.....Duval
ROGER WILLIAMS.....Raoul
EDDIE PHILLIPS.....Louie
DICK CURTIS.....Snakey
STANLEY BLYSTONE.....Constable
ARTIE ORTEGA.....Trapper

"Rockey" by HIMSELF.

Directed by Sam Newfield.

Typical Western, dealing with the North West Mounted Police, which has plenty of stirring fights and good horsemanship.

Action concerns the rounding up of a gang by a corporal who masquerades as a bandit for that purpose.

He is helped by a girl member of the gang, who falls in love with him.

Kermit Maynard is a fine horse-man and puts plenty of punch into his fights as the corporal.

Syd Saylor provides comedy relief, while Wheeler Oakman and Roger Williams make sound gang leaders. Lilian Miles is sound as the heroine.

FIND THE LADY

Fox. British. "A" certificate. Comedy drama. Runs 70 minutes.

JACK Melford.....Schemer Doyle
ALTHEA HENLEY.....Venus Doyle
GEORGE SANDERS.....Curley Randal
VIOLA COMPTON.....Lady Waldron
VIOLET LOXLEY.....Vilma Waldron

Directed by Ronald Gillett.

Dealing with the faith-healing racket somewhat on the lines of *The Miracle Man*, this picture fails to provide much in the way of entertainment value. It is too ambitious in design and too niggardly in treatment.

The direction is tame and pedestrian, and is not remarkable in any department.

Jack Melford is too apt to overdo his tricks and mannerisms as one of the racketeers, but Althea Henley shows very distinct promise as his sister.

George Sanders is poor as the third member of the gang.



Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler in "Colleen"

THE AVENGING HAND

Radio. British. "A" certificate. Comedy crime drama. Runs 64 minutes.

NOAH BEERY.....Lee Barwell
KATHLEEN KELLY.....Gwen Taylor
LOUIS BORELL.....Pierre Charrell
CHARLES OLIVER.....Toni Visetti
REGINALD LONG.....Charles Mason
TARVER PENNA.....Conrad Colter
FENELope PARKES.....Elizabeth
BILLIE DE LA VOLTA.....Muriel
JAMES HARCOURT.....Sam Hupp
BELA MILA.....Mrs. Penworthy
HENRY LONGHURST.....Streeter
FREDERICK BUSH.....Hotel Manager
JOAN KEMP WELCH.....Mdm Ambrosia
BEN WELDON....."Slug" Clark
BRUNO BARNABE.....Walter
PETER KING.....Page
ALAN KEITH.....Receptionist
BEN WRIGHT.....Lift Boy
SIDNEY BENSON.....Cockney
B. HUMPHRIES.....Mervale
E. STUART.....Gilling
C. WADE.....Paper Boy

Directed by W. Victor Hanbury.

A serio-comic plot with a feeble gangster element which does not succeed in getting you anywhere in particular.

It deals with an American gangster who determines to muscle in on a big racket, but in an altruistic moment turns the swindlers over to a young couple so that they can get the reward for their capture.

Noah Beery is ponderous in his interpretation of the gangster, while, except for Kathleen Kelly as the manicurist, the cast is weak.

MURDER AT GLEN ATHOL

Twickenham-F.D. American. "A" certificate. Murder mystery. Runs 69 minutes.

JOHN MILJAN.....Bill Holt
IRENE WARE.....Jane Maxwell
NOEL MADISON.....Gus Colletti
BARRY NORTON.....Tom Randal
IRIS ADRIAN.....Muriel Randal
OSCAR APPEL.....Reuben Marshall
BETTY BLYTHE.....Ann Randal
JAMES P. BURTON.....Mike Jefferies
HARRY HOLMAN.....Campbell Snowden
JAMES EAGLES.....Harry Randal
WILSON BENGE.....Simpson
PAUL ELLIS.....Cosmon
LEW KELLY.....Sergeant Oleson
CAPT. E. H. CALVERT

District Attorney McDougal

HENRY HULL.....Dr. Burgher
FRANK O'CONNOR.....McGurn
ROBERT FRAZER.....Dr. Agnew
SIDNEY BRACEY.....Sidney
MILDRED GOVER.....Violet
STANLEY BLYSTONE.....Gangsters
DON BRODIE
KIT GUARD

Directed by Frank R. Strayer.

Incredible plot, machine-made thrills, and a general air of artificiality render this mystery drama of little entertainment value.

It lacks ingenuity of construction and is merely made puzzling by the introduction of several characters to spread "red herring" trails.

John Miljan is fair as a detective and Irene Ware makes quite an appealing heroine.

The remainder of the characters are much too overdrawn to convince to any extent.

Moderate production values.



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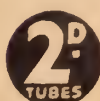
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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

WOMEN in COSTUME

Are Men More Adaptable?

ARE men more adaptable than women for playing costumed roles? Practically every heroine in an historical or costumed film that I have seen, has given me an impression of artificiality. The men have been much more natural.

I do think that Elizabeth Bergner, Flora Robson, Athene Seyler, Gwen Frangcon-Davies, and Sybil Thorne-dike are the only actresses worth seeing in an historical film.

Loretta Young was thoroughly artificial in *Clive of India* and in *The Crusades*.

Binnie Barnes and Wendy Barry were equally so in *The Private Life of Henry VIII*.

Nova Pilbeam disappointed me immensely in *Tudor Rose*. Although she could not be termed artificial, I thought her acting rather poor.

Historical films seem to require heroines with great ability and experience, and as this type of film is popular at present, I hope to see more capable heroines in the future than I have in the past.—*M. Wilmot, Iveragh Lodge, Louth, Lincs.*



Athene Seyler.

Producers' Complex

What manner of men are these film-producers?

One is reminded, by them, of one of the late G. K. Chesterton's characters. This character was a newspaper editor who, whenever he encountered the word "God" in a manuscript would hastily alter the offending word to "Providence" or "circumstances."

Producers have this complex. A film must neither mention nor deal with God. Events must always be brought about by "circumstances."

They know that this age is not notably a church-going age. This may explain their attitude; if it does then they can know nothing of to-day's genuine interest in religion. With the exception of a handful of films such as *The Scoundrel* and *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* no attempt has been made to satisfy this interest.

It was a "smart Alick" who discovered this age to be "sex-conscious." It will be a smart producer who discovers this age to be God-conscious!—*Tom Menzies, 30 Simonside Terrace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.*

Make-up That Mars

Surely this "grooming" process is reaching the height of absurdity.

One sees a new star and is charmed by her vitality and freshness; later, when she has undergone various treatments to "improve" her, what do we see? Just a copy of dozens of faces.

Eyebrows trained to give the face a perpetual expression of vacant surprise, sweeping eyelashes obviously false, and a mouth grotesque in its heaviness.

What a joy it was to see Rene Ray in *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*.

She was content to look the part she played.

When she wept, she did so convincingly; we were not inflicted with the usual glycerine globule, drifting, over 1/2-inch-long eyelashes, of a face in perfect repose.

Make-up which improves is welcome, that which disfigures is ridiculous.—*Mrs. Lavers, Ninefields, Jennings Road, St. Albans, Herts, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.*

Unconvincing Characters

There are two characters no film actor has yet been able to portray convincingly—"The Drunk," and the "Film Father."

The "Drunks" are not a bit like the real thing; every word and gesture is exaggerated, with lapses into the normal; they seem to think a few stumbles and mis-placed "hics" are all they need do in the way of acting drunk.

Screen fathers, in connection with their screen daughters, are even worse, usually acting more like elderly lovers. What real father is constantly kissing, and looking yearningly at his daughter?

Both are utterly unconvincing.—*H. Berne, c/o Heath, "Draper," St. Mary's, Bedford.*

Who Said It First?

There must be a considerable number of phrases and quotations which the kinema has made alive and impressed upon our memory for the first time, although we have many times read them before without finding them notable.

Let me illustrate by referring to an expression which very many picturegoers must have read without being impressed, namely, "I'm no angel."

Those words were first used by Rebecca Sharp in Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," but I doubt whether anyone to-day would know them in that connection.—*F. John, 155 Gladesmore Road, London, N.15.*

What Is Love?

"Is dying for love a thing of the past?" asks Gladys Hall in PICTUREGOER WEEKLY, August 29. If not, it should be. What the stage, the screen, the novelist, and all other sorts of folk, including that arch offender, the poet, has depicted as Love is, for the most part, the innate desire for possession.

In other words, selfishness.

The sooner that kind of love is debunked, the better. For true love, gives, and does not set to receive in return; pays without expecting discount or receipt; lives rather than dies to help the loved one.

In the glamour created by desire it is comparatively easy to die for love, but the fellow who loves his wife or child well enough to put in all his laborious days to secure their welfare—or the woman likewise—is doing a "far, far greater thing" to prove that Love is the greatest thing in the world.—*H. J. Reynolds, 1 Central Buildings, Westminster, S.W.1.*

Why the "A"?

It is generally agreed that many films are of great educational value. Photographs of the Colonies or foreign countries shown in a film will impress a child far more than a rough description from a master at school. The same thing applies to historical films.

Once a boy has seen *Sanders of the River* or *Rhodes of Africa* on the screen, his history will become far more attractive to him.

It is, in short, pleasure combined with education in an interesting manner.

Considering all this, why is it that such outstanding films as *Clive of India* and *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*—to give a typical example of an

(Continued on page 34)

What's FRENCH for

Make up?



By thinking that "any old lipstick" will do these days, you are merely letting yourself *down* instead of letting yourself in for something exciting. And, if there ever was a fashion for "hard," exaggerated or exotic effects in make-up, there's none now. Paris, as usual, spoke the last word—and killed all such unpleasant notions stone dead—when her great colour genius, Louis Philippe, discovered the secret of a lipstick that matches the living colour of the blood itself: true to the principle that the *only* purpose of make-up is to make *you* look *your* best!

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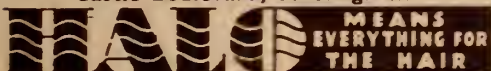
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WHO'S WHO

Marguerite Churchill

SHE was born in Kansas City on Christmas Day, 1910, and stands 5 ft. 6 in. in height. Auburn-haired and brown-eyed, she is married to George O'Brien and was educated in the Professional Children's School in New York City. At the age of fourteen she entered the Theatre Guild Dramatic School in New York and was later signed by Winfield Sheehan while playing in *The Wild Man of Borneo*, in New York.

Her first screen assignment was in *The Diplomats*, and her subsequent films include the lead opposite Paul Muni in *The Valiant*. Other pictures of hers are *Pleasure Crazy*, *They Had to See Paris*, *Seven Faces*, *Born Reckless*, *Good Intentions*, *Harmony at Home*, *The Big Trail*, *Girls Demand Excitement*, *Charlie Chan Carries On*, *Quick Millions*, *Riders of the Purple Sage*, *Ambassador Bill*, *Skyline*, *Forgotten Commandments*, *The Inside Story*, *Dinner at Eight*, *Girl Without a Room*, *Without Children*, *Man Hunt*, *The Walking Dead*, *Murder by an Aristocrat*, and *Dracula's Daughter*.

June Clyde

STANDING 5 ft. 2 in., she was born in St. Joseph, Missouri, on December 2, 1909, has brown eyes and blonde hair. She was married to Thornton V. Freeland in 1930 and she is a keen horsewoman, lawn tennis player, dancer, and swimmer. Educated at Gallileo High School in San Francisco, she was for some time the star of Fanchon and Marko Revues and played for one season with the Duncan Sisters in *Topsy* and *Eva*.

Her screen experience includes *Tanned Legs*, *The Cuckoos*, *Midnight Mystery*, *Steady Company*, *Radio Patrol*, *Strange Adventure*, *Thrill of Youth*, *A Study in Scarlet*, *Forgotten*, *Only Yesterday*, *Hollywood Party*, *I Hate Women*, *Hold Me Tight*, *Lucky Break*, *What Price Fame?*, *Dance Band*, *Charing Cross Road*, *No Monkey Business*, *King of the Castle*, *She Shall Have Music*, *Farewell Party*, and *Land Without Music*.

Claudette Colbert

THE famous French star, whose surname is pronounced Kol-bare, was born in Paris on September 13, 1905. Standing 5 ft. 5 in. in height, she has black hair and brown eyes and is married to Dr. Joel Pressman. She was

educated in Paris and later at the Washington Irving High School in New York, where she was a member of the Art Students' League.

She made her stage debut in *The Wild West-cotts* and later became leading lady in *The Marionette Man*, and from then on always played leading roles, apart from the occasion on which she appeared in the all-star revival of *Leah Kleschna*. The plays in which she has appeared include *We've Got to Have Money*, *The Cat Came Back*, *High Stakes*, *A Kiss in a Taxi*, *The Ghost Train*, *The Pearl of Great Price*, *The Barker*, in which she scored her greatest hit, and *Dynamo*.

Claudette Colbert made her screen debut in the silent film, *Love O' Mike*, which was followed by *The Lady Lies*. Her subsequent films include *The Big Pond*, *Young Man of Manhattan*, *Man-slaughter*, *Secrets of a Secretary*, *Honour Among Lovers*, *The Smiling Lieutenant*, *His Woman*, *The Wiser Sex*, *Misleading Lady*, *The Man From Yesterday*, *The Sign of the Cross*, *The Phantom President*, *To-night's Ours*, *Three-cornered Moon*, *Broadway Singer*, *Four Frightened People*, *It Happened One Night*, *I Cover the Waterfront*, *Cleopatra*, *Imitation of Life*, *The Gilded Lady*, *Private Worlds*, *She Married Her Boss*, *The Bride Comes Home*, and *Under Two Flags*.

Constance Collier

SHE has a long and distinguished stage career to her credit, and was born in Windsor on January 22, 1878. As a child she appeared in *The Silver King*, and later became one of the famous Gaiety Girls. Later she played in *Tommy Atkins*, and other plays in which she has appeared include *The Sign of the Cross*, *One Summer's Day*, *The Cuckoo*, *The School for Scandal*, *The Conquerors*, *Sweet Nell of Old Drury*, *Ulysses*, *Ben Hur*, *The Eternal City*, *Trilby*, *Julius Caesar*, *Oliver Twist*, *Nero*, *Anthony and Cleopatra*, and, in America, *Samson*, *Israel*, *Thais*, and *Oliver Twist*. Later plays include *Our Betters*, *The Firebrand*, and *Hamlet*, with John Barrymore.

In 1914 she retired for a time, returning to produce *Peter Ibbetson*. Her films include a silent version of *Macbeth*, made during the war, and *The Bohemian Girl*. She went to Hollywood as special director for *The Taming of the Shrew*, and has appeared in *Shadow of the Doubt*, *Peter Ibbetson*, *Professional Soldier*, *Anna Karenina*, and *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.

What Do You Think? Cont.

historical and a scenic film—generally include something, probably very slight, but nevertheless unsuitable for children, which necessitates its falling under category "A"?—A. F. Roberts, *Dunchurch Vicarage*, Rugby, Warwickshire.

Let Yourself Go!

WE Britishers are poor filmgoers. There is a definite "something" in our human make-up which just prohibits us from letting ourselves have one heck of a time at the movies.

When I saw my hard-boiled boss close to snivelling over the antics of Shirley Temple, he just glared at me, blew his nose and tried to make out that tobacco-smoke affected his eyes.

I saw a very self-opinionated high-brow acquaintance of mine once in the cinema. He was howling with mirth over a Mickey Mouse cartoon. Yet, when I saw him later he just smiled in superior fashion and avowed that such cartoons were a lot of nonsense, nothing more.

It always seems dangerous to accept the opinions of any film from personal acquaintances. So many of us just won't admit that a film made us cry, or that another actually succeeded in making us laugh.

Why this should be so I do not know, but it isn't really fair to the stars, is it?—Leila Turney, 112 Tennyson Road, Portswood, Southampton.

Keep Them Fresh

I heartily disagree with the reader who states that Clark Gable's popularity will decrease if he does not limit his appearances in films.

One eagerly looks forward to the films of one's favourites and when one is assured of a good performance whether as a "tough guy" or "white shirt front" breaker of hearts, Gable will always be "tops."

The fault of British films is their slowness in exploiting their "finds" in a series of films while their success is fresh in the memory. Examples of this were Griffith Jones, Barry Mackay, Esmond Knight and Giles Isham. These were embryo British matinee idols who would have been equal to the Hollywood quick-fire successes, Robert Taylor, Fred MacMurray or James Stewart.

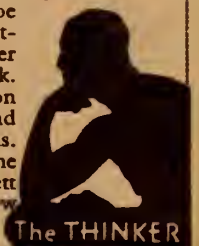
Let British producers catch their youth, hold it and cherish and not let it fade into oblivion as we did years ago with our John Stuart who might have been the Gable of British films if properly "nursed."—"Glen."

(Many other readers have written in the same strain about Clark Gable.—"THINKER.")

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 rs. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.



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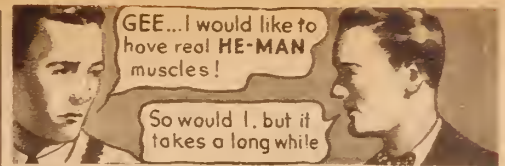
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Let GEORGE DO IT!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

M. M. (Stourbridge).—The music in the opera sequence in *Give Us This Night* was composed by Paramount staff and not published except for one song sung in the balcony scene called "My Love and I," which is published by Chappells.

A.K.W. (Surrey).—Write to Robert Taylor, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where he has just finished making *His Brother's Wife* and is shortly to start on *Camille*.

B. T. (Oxon).—(1) Centre spreads as follows: *Flying Down to Rio*—May 19, 1934; *Roberta*—June 8, 1935; *Top Hat*—Oct. 5, 1935; and *Captain Blood*—Feb. 22, 1936. Back numbers, obtainable from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catharine St., London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, post free. (2) Articles on Fred Astaire: "I'm Glad to be in England"—Sept. 5, 1936; "Choose an Individual Style"—April 4, 1936; "Learn to Dance by Doing It"—March 28, 1936; "Advice to Screen Dancers"—March 21, 1936; "Dancing Lover"—Sept. 21, 1935; "Secrets of Screen Dancing"—Feb. 2, 1935. Art plates with Ginger Rogers—March 9, 1935 and Xmas No. 1935. (3) Articles on Ginger Rogers: "Be Yourself, Ginger Rogers"—Dec. 14, 1935; "A Frame for Your Personality"—Nov. 30, 1935; and "Her Life Story"—April 27, 1935 and May 4, 1935. Art plate: Nov. 30, 1935.

HEATHER (Highgate) and NILS (Derby).—I suggest you obtain a copy of "How to Enter the Screen World," by E. G. Cousins, published by Allen and Unwin, for the particulars you require.

L. B. (Jersey).—Ronald Colman married Thelma Raye, but is now separated.

G.S.S. (Belfast).—(1) Latest films: *The Three Stooges* (shorts): *Pain in the Pullman*, *Disorder in Court* and *Half Shot Shooters*; *Ted Healy*—*San Francisco*, *Speed* and *Sing Baby Sing*; *Fred MacMurray*—*The Princess Comes Across*, *Champagne Waltz* and *The Maid of Salem*.

J. M. R. (Birmingham).—Jan Kiepura, b. May 16, 1902, Sosnowiec, Poland; grey eyes, brown hair married Marthe Eggerth. (2) Music in *Give Us This Night*: "Give Us This Night," "Sorrento," "Fisherman's Song," "Il Travatore," "Softly Through the Heart of Night," "The Processional," "Sweet Melody of Life," "My Love and I," "Morning Song," "I Mean to Say I Love You," "Music in the Night," all published by Chappells.

G.S. (Kent).—It was Frank Lloyd and not R. Griffith who directed *Under Two Flags*.

BRIGHT EYES (Birmingham).—(1) John Wood, b. Sydney, Australia, 5 ft. 9 in., dark brown hair and blue eyes, 145 lb., Ed. Church of England Grammar School, Sydney. Tried commercial art, then banana farming in Queensland. Entered theatre and for five years played roles in companies managed by J. C. Williamson. In Nov., 1933, entered English stage in *Charlie's Aunt*. Films include: *Girl in the Crowd*, *Full Circle*, *Case of Gabriel Perry*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*. (2) *The Lays Days of Pompeii* given two asterisks. We did not publish

a centre spread of this film. (3) Mala has not made any films since *The Last of the Pagans*.

L. S. (Stirling).—You are quite correct, Henry Mollison is married to Jane Welsh.

E. W. (Birkenhead).—Addresses: Gene Autry—Republic; Frankie Darro—Paramount; Betsy King—Ross.

ONSLow STEVENS FAN.—(1) Walter Abel not married. (2) ONSlow Stevens latest films: *Under Two Flags*.

P. F. (Surrey).—Addresses as follows: Robert Taylor, Greta Garbo, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Kay Francis, Leslie Howard, c/o Warner Bros.; Richard Cromwell, Gary Cooper, c/o Paramount; Katharine Hepburn, c/o Radio.

D. F. (Chiswick).—The film *Stars Over Broadway* was considerably cut before being shown over here. In consequence, about half of the cast announced by the film company were not seen in the version released in this country. This accounts for your not seeing Phil Regan in the film. (2) Ralph Bellamy, Tala Birell and the late Wiley Post took the chief roles in *Air Hawks*.

C. V. (Surrey).—(1) Ralph Bellamy, b. June 17, 1904. Address c/o Columbia. (2) Otto Kruger, b. Sept. 6, 1885. Address c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

CLAIRE (Ewell).—Georgie Harris took the part of George in *Captain Bill*.

RALPH BELLAMY FAN (Kentish Town).—Photograph of Ralph Bellamy obtainable from the Postcard Salon, address: 57 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.

SPUD (Coventry).—It was Anna Lee who took the part you mention in *First a Girl*, not Constance Goddridge.

A. D. V. S. (Ilfracombe).—Addresses: Jean Harlow, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Joan Bennett, Ida Lupino, c/o Paramount Studio; Anne Lee, c/o Gaumont British Studios; Grace Bradley, c/o Gaumont British Studios.

REGULAR READER (Dalston).—Release dates as follows: *Boulder Dam*—Oct. 19, 1936; *A Tale of Two Cities*—Oct. 5, 1936; *Secret Agent*—Sept. 28, 1936; *The Marines Have Landed*—Nov. 16, 1936; *House of Fate*—Aug. 24, 1936; *Preview Murder Mystery*—Aug. 10, 1936; *Professional Soldier*—Aug. 17, 1936; *Panic on the Air*—Aug. 3, 1936; *The Ex Mrs. Bradford*—Nov. 2, 1936; *Fury*—Nov. 16, 1936; *San Francisco*—Jan. 11, 1937; *Small Town Girl*—Oct. 12, 1936; *Prisoner of Shark Island*—Aug. 31, 1936.

MICHAELLEN (Shropshire).—(1) Bob Custer, so far as we know, has not made any films since *Law of the Wild* in 1934. (2) Ramon Novarro, b. Feb. 6, 1899.

IRISH.—(1) Richard Dix played opposite Irene Dunne in *Singaree*. (2) So far as we know Carol Stone and Mona Barrie are not related.

CARLFRED FAN.—(1) Address Fredric March, c/o Warner Bros. and Carl Brisson, c/o Paramount (London).

FAN CLUB NOTICES

THE JUNE CLYDE FAN CLUB welcomes new members. Write to P. J. Somers-Weber, Newick, Bridge Road, Epsom, Surrey, for full particulars of this club which is personally recognised by the star.

There is a Welsh Branch of the INTERNATIONAL FAN CLUB run for Anna Neagle by Leonard Williams, Lynwood, Wyndham Crescent, Bridgend, Glam., to whom you should write for full particulars.

Admirers of Miss Irene Dunne should write to Miss Neta Waltman, 269 Meade Avenue, Hanover, P.A., U.S.A., for full particulars of her fan club.

THE PHOENIX FILM SOCIETY is a unique form of Correspondence Club with members all over the World who are nearly all ardent and well-informed filmgoers. They correspond amongst each other according to their various other hobbies—a list of which is printed alongside each members' name in the Official Membership lists. All members receive the bi-monthly Club Magazine—*Fanfare*, which keeps them informed of all Club news, and contains the club's complete guide to the best releases compiled by the President, Up-to-date Film News, Previews of the Big Films and articles on Photography, Literature, Radio, Gramophone

Records, Travel, Dance, Music, etc., etc., all contributed by the members themselves to whom the columns are always open, subject to the usual agreement. Write to Donald J. Thornton, at Gledhow, Wellington Walk, Southmead, Bristol, for full particulars, etc.

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope when writing to fan clubs over here and an International Money Order, obtainable from your local Post Office, for American clubs, to ensure a reply.

No. 279 (New Series) Vol. 6
September 26, 1936.
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See how quickly, easily your brownish hair is washed 2-4 shades lighter. It's marvellous for keeping natural light blond hair from darkening. Safe, too, for STA-BLOND is a harmless shampoo, without henna, camomile, or injurious bleaches. It helps your "perm" to stay in longer. Used by a million blondes. Get a STA-BLOND today and bring back that glorious, golden beauty to your hair. Your money back if you are not delighted with STA-BLOND'S results.

STÄ-BLOND THE BLONDE'S OWN SHAMPOO

*Generations
of Women
have put
their trust in*



SOUTHALLS

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"CELTEX"—soluble,
easily disposed of.



So easy to have LOVELY NAILS

THE Easy Cutex Manicure Method is a boon to busy women. With it, lovely hands now can be yours, by these simple steps.

Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser is the basis of the perfect manicure. Use it to shape the cuticle and cleanse under the nailtips.

Use Oily Polish Remover to remove old polish. It contains an ingredient that helps to keep the cuticle soft and correct brittle nails.

Next apply Cutex Liquid Polish. It is preferred by fashion leaders the world over. It has a superior lustre and wears longer. Also it is so easy to apply.

Use the Nail White pencil under the nailtips and smooth a little cuticle cream or oil on the cuticle. Follow this manicure regularly and watch the beauty of your nails improve.

CUTEX

MANICURE PREPARATION

Made in England.

SEND FOR THIS. I enclose 6d. for the Cutex Trial Kit, which includes Liquid Polish in the tint I have underlined; also Oily Polish Remover.

Natural—Rose—Coral—Cardinal.

Dept. X212, Northam Warren Ltd.,
211 Blackfriars Rd., London, S.E.1

Name

Address



When you wake with "MORNING MOUTH" there's something wrong!

A foul-tasting mouth when you wake in the morning means that your system contains poisonous decayed food waste matter which has no right to be there! "Morning mouth"—along with bad breath and coated tongue—is a sure sign of stomach disorder or constipation. Your whole body is being *poisoned*, causing not only bad skin, headaches, loss of vitality and depression—but eventually serious illness and disease. Let Feen-a-mint cleanse your system and banish stomach troubles and constipation. Let Feen-a-mint give you a clear complexion, bright eyes and "sweet" breath. Feen-a-mint works naturally and easily; and its fresh mint flavour makes it a family favourite. 15 million people all over the world depend on Feen-a-mint. Sold in 1/3 packets by chemists and stores everywhere.

Natural WAVES FOR YOU

No matter how straight your hair is now, Vosemar, a hair specialist's wonderful discovery, will give you lustrous natural waves. No curling irons or heat to ruin the hair! Guaranteed pure and harmless. 1/6 tube lasts 2 weeks. (For Baby's hair Curly Top is equally effective at 1/3 per tube.) Sold by most good chemists including Boots, or post free from:—
THE VOSEMAR CO. (Dept. T)
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1/- PER
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EACH NEEDLE PLAYS 10 RECORDS.

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An Exquisite Gift to all from WOMAN'S FAIR



Reduced illustration of this Gift. Four shapes to choose from. Take your choice!

This
2½ Box of
Morny
(PINK LILAC)
COMPLEXION
POWDER

FREE
to every Reader of
WOMAN'S FAIR



"Woman's Fair" the great Journal of Beauty, this month to celebrate its amazing progress, announces a wonderful GIFT TO EVERY READER OF A 2½ BOX OF THE FAMOUS "MORNY" PINK LILAC COMPLEXION POWDER FREE! Your Golden Voucher, entitling you to secure this Gift despatched to you at once—Free—is actually inside the October issue of "Woman's Fair" JUST OUT—SIX-PENCE! You simply must not miss it. And look at some of the fine features of this issue—N-I-N-E-T-Y big, enthralling pages . . . scores of magnificent illustrations—and the most fascinating contents you've ever seen between the covers of any magazine—dealing in a dazzling new way with every vital subject that contributes to your charm . . . your health, your appearance, your clothes, your personality!

LOOK: Deadly Sins in Dress—Fashions from Paris—Arresting Ankles—Why Doesn't He Propose?—Six Types of "Figure"—Great new Serial by Reita Lambert—these are just a few of the fascinating array of articles and stories in this issue. You'll never forgive yourself if you miss this superb issue of "Woman's Fair" containing your Golden Voucher for your Free Box of "Morny" Powder. Get your copy at once!

JUST OUT!

Woman's Fair

THE JOURNAL OF BEAUTY

Leave IT to ANNE

IF you have a beauty query, I am here to help you solve it. All letters are treated in confidence, and if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed a postal reply is sent. Readers in the I.F.S. and the Dominions should enclose a postage coupon instead.

WHAT a bugbear pimples and blackheads are to young people! I am always very sorry for the young girl in her teens, suffering from these skin blemishes. Just when she wants to look her best, the chances are she gets a new crop of pimples and her outing is completely ruined because she cannot forget the blemishes.

In adolescence the body is undergoing certain great changes, and as a result there is a great greasiness of skin and scalp to be suffered. All the pores seem to work overtime in pouring out oil. Hair becomes lank three days after a shampoo, and make-up simply will not stay matt.

A certain amount must be endured for a time, but wise dieting and careful external treatment can mitigate the symptoms until Nature herself completes the cure.

The diet side of the treatment is every bit as important as the external treatment. Indeed, I will go so far as to say that if you decide to carry on as usual with your diet, no amount of outward treatment will have beneficial effect.

Sugar and starch in large quantities are both bad for this skin trouble, and they must be restricted. First of all, take wholemeal bread instead of white. Pastries, cakes and all floury puddings should be omitted. Do not eat a lot of cooked cereals. Cut down your sugar consumption as far as you can and also avoid fried and greasy foods.

This cuts into your everyday diet quite a lot, doesn't it? But you substitute something that is both satisfying and healthful if you take egg, fish and cheese dishes, plenty of green vegetables, fresh fruit and salad. Meat should not be eaten more than four times a week. The meat may be beef or mutton, but not pork or veal. Chicken is good.

Don't drink cocktails, avoid strong tea and coffee, drinking China tea if you like it or very weak Indian tea if you do not. Drink as much barley water as you can, freshly made every day and with a squeeze of lemon juice in it to give it a flavour and improve its health-giving qualities. Drink lots of cold tap-water too, but take it between meals, and not with them.

A little raw grated carrot taken daily is a wonderful skin beautifier. Take orange juice and lemonade and grapefruit. But a word about oranges. There are some people who cannot tolerate orange juice well. Oranges contain an oil that upsets some digestions. If you have proved this to be so in your own case, then dispense with oranges; tomatoes are as valuable and they generally agree with the somewhat liverish kind of folks who cannot take orange juice in quantities.

Skin cleanliness should be equally important. Take a warm, soapy bath every day. If you live in lodgings and there are any difficulties about this, substitute a sponge down. It doesn't matter how you take it, provided the skin has this stimulant every day.

Use a friction brush till the skin glows, and tone up the circulation by drying with a Turkish towel. Both towels and face cloths need to be kept scrupulously clean. For the face I would suggest that a cloth be dispensed with and the hands used instead.

Use paper tissues that are afterwards burnt for taking off all toilet preparations, and instead of a powder puff lay in a stock of cotton wool and burn each piece after you have used it.

While this condition lasts avoid the

greasy, rich creams and skin foods. They will have their place in your toilet regime when your complexion is clear. The pimples will tend to clear up more quickly if they are kept dry, or given a liquid dressing that soon dries on the skin.

An oily skin affected with pimples and blackheads can take a liquid foundation for powder. A dry and flaky skin with these blemishes does better with a vanishing cream.

In any case use make-up lightly and, generally speaking, foundation and powder in a cream or rachel tint so that it tones down the angry redness of the spots.

It may be laid down as a rule that pimples should not be squeezed, picked or irritated in any way, but that blackheads must be pressed out. Do only two or three each day, so not to make the skin sore. Wash first with a good hot soapy lather, press with the fingers through a silk handkerchief, and afterwards touch the places with a little pure alcohol to close the pores.

Blackheads that are allowed to persist generally become surrounded with inflammation. If they have already reached this stage, the inflammation should be allowed to subside before the blackhead is pressed out. Following on the extraction of the blemishes, it is necessary to tone up the skin and cleanse the pores to prevent more plugs from forming. This can be done by twice or three times a week applying to the skin a mixture of tincture of green soap and fine oatmeal. Equal quantities are worked up with warm water and then rubbed well into the skin with the hands. This is rinsed off and a mild astringent applied and allowed to dry.

I have a good lotion that has helped many sufferers from acne. I shall be glad to forward the recipe to any readers who send a stamped addressed envelope.

Answer to Correspondent

T. O. (Aberdeen).—Yes, the powder puff is a problem. I would suggest your trying the new Powderfirt Wonder Puff which is not only washable just whenever you wish, but is almost everlasting. Obtainable from 1s. to 3s. 6d.

Talkie Title Tales

THIS week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to J. P. Brandon, 1 Railway Cottages, Grangetown, Sunderland, for:—

Follow the Fleet
Below the Sea
Resurrection
Bottoms Up

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to: Miss L. Skelding, Dunroamin, Lower Woodsfield, Newland, Malvern, for:—
The Imperfect Lady
Forbidden Heaven
Condemned to Live
At the Bottom of the World

Miss G. Tyler, Glenrowan, Plough Lane, Wallington, Surrey, for:—
Wine, Women, and Song
Afterwards
Absolute Quiet
Doctor's Orders

Thomas H. Haines, 56 Horsedown Street, Oldham, Lancs, for:—
Travelling Saleslady
Way Down East
What's Your Racket?
Oil for the Lamps of China

Miss B. Fletcher, 30 Berkeley Road, Fishponds, Bristol 5, for:—
The Case of the Curious Bride
Be Careful, Young Lady
Stranded
Men Are Like That

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no other rules, except that I must insist that your "titles" are submitted on a postcard—and only one attempt on each postcard.

GUY BEACON.

**"MY HAIR IS GOLDEN,
BUT MY EYELASHES ARE
dark . . ."**



Lovely the girl with golden hair and dark curling eye-lashes. Yet you need not envy her. Whatever the colour of your hair, you, too, can develop long dark eyelashes quickly—pleasantly—for good—by using Lashtone.

Lashtone is not a mascara, but a scientific eye-lash tonic. Buy a tube to-day. Use it regularly. In a week or two the difference will be apparent to all—you will have truly lovely eye-lashes—your eyes and face will take on a new vividness—a new beauty. Your name will be added to the thousands of delighted Lashtone users.

Lashtone

THE SCIENTIFIC
LASH TONIC

From Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors, Harrods, Selfridges, Whiteleys and all High-class Chemists, Stores, Beauty Parlours, etc. Price 2/6 per tube; in case of difficulty send P.O. direct to LASHTONE PRODUCTS (Dept. 1), 76 MAYHAM STREET, N.W.1, and a tube will be sent to you Post Free.

NO MORE BRITTLE NAILS



**Split, broken nails
grow strong, long
and lovely in 5 days!!!**



No more hands with finger nails like a scrub-woman's! You can change those ugly, cracked nails and make them the admiration and envy of your friends. Simply apply KERIFORT Cream which hardens nails amazingly and prevents splitting; then makes nails grow tough and strong. KERIFORT is absorbed by the nail itself and replaces the natural oils which are deficient when nails split and crack. Do not confuse with polishes and creams which cannot counteract brittleness—KERIFORT is specially made for and guaranteed to cure brittle nails. Money refunded if not satisfied. From Boots, Taylors and Timothy Whites branches within 24 hours (from fresh supplies at depot), or send P.O. 2/9 to-day to Tower Products Corp., Suite A.7, Balfour House, Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C.2.

KERIFORT ends BRITTLE NAILS

**Pale, Thin,
and Anæmic**

WOMAN WHO WAS "FIT FOR NOTHING."

"Last September I had twelve teeth extracted, and as a result I became very run-down," states Mrs. E. Marsh, of 4, Lowman Road, London, N.7. "I grew pale and anæmic and lost weight rapidly. I had no appetite, couldn't sleep, and suffered acutely from depression. I was very irritable and nervous, and had such terrible head pains that I thought I should go out of my mind. I was fit for nothing."

"After trying various remedies without avail, my mother advised me to take Dr. Williams' pink pills. I felt the benefit almost at once; my appetite picked up, and the head pains eased off. My nerves grew steady, and I was able to sleep well. As I continued with the pills, I began to pick up my lost weight, and now I am as well as ever I have been."

There is a scientific reason behind the wonderful results obtained from Dr. Williams' brand pink pills. In simple language it is this: these pills actually create red, rich blood, which gives new life and energy to the whole body. You too can gain new health by taking a course of these pills: 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

FREE.—Every woman and girl should read the helpful booklet "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to M.F. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.



BUTY-TONE
*complexion
is hard to
resist*

3 STEPS TO LOVELINESS

Buty-Tone Cleansing Cream. Pots 2/- Tubes 1/-

Buty-Tone Foundation Cream. Pots 2/- Tubes 1/-

Buty-Tone Face Powder. Price 2/-

At the better Chemists, Stores & Hairdressers. Send 3d. in stamps to Beauty Proprietaries Ltd., Eagle House, Jermyn Street, S.W.1 for a generous sample of either Foundation or Cleansing Cream.



Why did she seem different from other girls? Always so fresh, so adorable, her skin of such a pearly texture. He did not know her secret was BUTY-TONE, but that was how she won his admiration.

The marvellous Buty-Tone Foundation Cream is made in two types—No. 1 for normal skins, No. 2 for dry skins. Both are perfect bases for powder and rouge. Buty-Tone Face Powder is the result of scientific blending of the purest ingredients. In seven fashionable shades.

Buty-Tone

TAKES YOUR MIND OFF YOUR COMPLEXION

MADELEINE HAS HER EYE ON YOU

*One of the many entirely
new POSTCARDS*

THE "PICTUREGOER'S" new postcards have been hailed with delight by collectors who appreciate artistry, quality and superb finish. Madeleine Carroll (here she is) is a particular favourite. She has been snapped in two new positions and you will have great difficulty in deciding which one you like best! Leslie Howard ruminating over his pipe is another strong candidate for highest honours. Look down the list below and then hurry to make your selection of the new cards. Remember that "PICTUREGOER" gives you nearly 2,000 cards from which to choose—the best in the world.



**5/-
ALBUM
FREE!**

● Don't forget that you can obtain liberal discounts on your postcards by joining THE "PICTUREGOER" Postcard Club. You will also receive a 5s. Album free to hold 300 cards. The book is a beauty, made to resemble snakeskin and lettered in gold. An album *de luxe* bound in Blue Rexine is also obtainable. To join, send an order for not less than one dozen of the new or other postcards at the regular price of 2s. 6d. doz. Discounts on all subsequent orders.

Choose your cards from list given here. All new cards. Real photos, 3d. each, 2/6 doz. On sale to members and non-members alike. Full list of nearly 2,000 postcards sent free on request.

Janet Gaynor (3 positions)
Clark Gable
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Madeleine Carroll (2 positions)
Mary Carlisle
Bruce Cabot

Anne Shirley
Edward Everett Horton
Leslie Howard
Jeanette MacDonald
Jean Harlow

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

To "PICTUREGOER" SALON,
85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Please enrol me as a member of the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose order for not less than one dozen "Picturegoer" postcards, price 2/6 dozen. Please include with my order your 5/- Postcard Album free. I enclose 1/- extra (or 2/- extra if the album *de luxe* is chosen) to cover cost of postage and packing on my gift.

Name.....

Address.....

P.O. No..... Amount.....

*Overseas readers should enclose 2/- extra to cover packing and postage, or 3/- extra if album *de luxe* is required.

Cross P.O. and Co./ and make payable to "PICTUREGOER WEEKLY."

Irish Free State customers will be required to pay any charges that may be levied. Pic. 26/8/36.



I'D LOVE TO GO

...but how can I, with legs like mine

**IF YOUR
LEGS ARE SPOIL-
SPORTS, LET
ELASTO PUT
THEM RIGHT**

Her Friend Said—

Take Elasto !

LEG TROUBLES soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon disappear, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, swellings go down, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

Not a Drug, but a Vital Cell Food !

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue, and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries, and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation—the real basis of sound health!

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort, and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality, and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve *instantly* on the tongue, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest, and the most effective remedy ever devised. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy—which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

You Can Test Elasto FREE !

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it!—and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Makes!

This offer is too good to be missed ★

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.,
(Dept. 191), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

FILL IN THIS COUPON—NOW !

COUPON For Free Trial Sample of Elasto ★

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd.,
(Dept. 191), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME.....
(Please Print in Capital Letters.)

ADDRESS.....

Picturgoer, 26/9/36.

*Not Magic,
But Acts
Like It!*

Elasto will save you pounds !

What Users of Elasto Say :—

- "No sign of varicose veins now."
- "Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."
- "All signs of phlebitis gone."
- "I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
- "Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
- "Now free from piles."
- "Your free sample gave wonderful relief."
- "I feel 10 years younger."
- "As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort; no pain whatever."
- "Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
- "My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto."
- "The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (Arterio-Sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
- "Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
- "I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto my heart is quite sound again," etc.

Elasto, the Pleasant, Handy Remedy

Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets which dissolve *instantly* on the tongue, whence it is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.



PICTUREGOER'S *Famous Films Supplement*

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

with
Ronald Colman
and
Elizabeth Allan



THE CAST

RONALD COLMAN.....	Sydney Carton
ELIZABETH ALLAN.....	Lucie Manette
EDNA MAY OLIVER.....	Miss Pross
REGINALD OWEN.....	Stryver
BASIL RATHBONE.....	Marquis St. Evremonde
BLANCHE YURKA.....	Madame Defarge
HENRY B. WALTHALL.....	Dr. Manette
DONALD WOODS.....	Charles Darnay
WALTER CATLETT.....	Barsad
FRITZ LEIBER.....	Gaspard
H. B. WARNER.....	Gabelle
MITCHELL LEWIS.....	Ernest Defarge
CLAUDE GILLINGWATER.....	Jarvis Lorry
BILLY BEVAN.....	Jerry Cruncher
ISABEL JEWELL.....	Seamstress
LUCILLE LAVERNE.....	La Vengeance
TULLY MARSHALL.....	Woodcutter
RALF HAROLDE.....	Prosecutor
FAY CHALDECOTT.....	Lucie's Child
JOHN DAVIDSON.....	Morveau
EILY MLYON.....	Mrs. Cruncher
TOM TICKETTS.....	Tellson, junr.
E. E. CLIVE.....	Judge in "Old Bailey"
DONALD HAINES.....	Jerry Cruncher, junr.
LAWRENCE GRANT.....	Prosecutor
BARLOWE BORLAND.....	Jacques 116
ROBERT WARWICK.....	Judge at Tribunal



THE STORY OF THE



AS the lumbering coach drew up in front of Ernest Defarge's wine shop in the Rue Saint Antoine, in the early stages of the French Revolution, the occupants saw ragged, half-starved Parisians swarming about a burst wine cask that had fallen from a dray. They collected the still running beverage in cups or in their hands and gulped it greedily.

An elderly man climbed out of the coach, and helped a handsome, olive-skinned girl of about eighteen to alight. She was followed by a middle-aged serving woman, all of a red colour, from her hair and face to the extraordinary tight-fitting costume she wore. M. Defarge, seeing them approaching, went hastily inside

the shop where several of the "Jacquerie," as that early revolutionary organisation of the oppressed common people was called, were talking with his wife.

"Strangers coming—the rose!" he cried to Mme. Defarge. She stuck a red rose in her hair, and the various "Jacques" in the shop scattered and appeared to be immersed in different occupations.

The three strangers entered the shop and the young girl went directly to Mme. Defarge. "You are Mme. Defarge?" she asked. Receiving an affirmative reply, she said: "Recalled to life." The three words evidently held a meaning for Mme. Defarge, for she replied:

"Yes, yes, we have some fine old wine upstairs. Defarge will show you."

When they had followed the winekeeper up rickety stairs, Defarge dropped to his knees and kissed the girl's hand. "You were too young to remember me. I was his servant."

"Where is he? Is he greatly changed?" she asked.

"Changed!" exclaimed Defarge. "He was imprisoned for eighteen years in the Bastille!" He inserted a key in the rusty lock of a door. At their astonishment he explained: "He lived so long locked in a cell that an open door would terrify him."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the elderly Englishman who accompanied the young girl.

"All things are possible in France!" cried Defarge furiously. "Just as all things will be possible later." He warned the girl to wait at the door, and approached a haggard, white-haired, stoop-shouldered man who sat by a window making a pair of shoes. He spoke quietly to him. "You have a visitor, Dr. Manette. Show him your work."

Obediently, the old man displayed his handiwork.

"What is the maker's name?" asked Mr. Lorry.

"You ask my name? One hundred and five North Tower."

He looked up, his eyes bright, a puzzled frown on his brow. And then the young girl went swiftly to him, knelt by his chair.

"Who are you?"

"Your daughter, Father. You are coming back to London with me and Mr. Lorry."

Dr. Manette broke from her grasp, went to the wall and began feeling the bricks. "But where is the place?—the brick was here. I can't find the place. It's gone!"

"Something he wrote while in the Bastille," explained Defarge in a low voice. "He is always talking about it."

Upon Lucie's promising her father that they would find what he was seeking, Dr. Manette allowed himself to be led from the room. As the coach carried them away from the wine shop, a splendid carriage with the crest of the Marquis of Evremonde on the door came galloping through the street. At a cry of horror from the bystanders the coach came to a halt. Men picked up a small boy from beneath the wheels. A trembling footman cried to his master, the periwigged, fashionably clad rider in the coach: "The child is dead!"

The Marquis of Evremonde addressed the crowd: "It is extraordinary to me that you people cannot take care of yourselves and your children. How do you know what injury you might do to my horses? Drive on—faster, Jean."

"The Marquis of Evremonde drives fast," said Defarge ominously.

"We'll drive him faster—to his tomb," responded his wife.

On the boat from Calais to Dover, Lucie Manette and her father received the respectful attentions of a young French aristocrat, Charles Darnay.

His courtesy, good looks and desire to be helpful awakened an answering interest in Lucie's heart, and she was greatly agitated when Darnay, upon disembarking at Dover, was arrested, charged with treason against the English government. She besought Mr. Lorry's intervention in the young Frenchman's behalf, with the result that the following day a prominent English advocate of London, Mr. Stryver by name, was engaged by the bank of Tellson and Co., to defend Darnay in court.

In Mr. Stryver's office was a man in his late twenties, upon whom Stryver placed much reliance despite his associate's habits of slothfulness and intemperance. Stryver was aware that Sydney Carton possessed a brilliant mind and had an abundant knowledge of the law; in fact, much of Stryver's own success in his profession was due

"Where is he? Is he greatly changed," she asked. "Changed!" exclaimed Defarge. "He was imprisoned for eighteen years in the Bastille!"

to Carton's ability. He asked Carton to look into Darnay's case. Returning to his office the following day, Stryver was pained to find Carton sitting at a desk covered with bottles of wines and spirits, a towel wrapped about his head, and maudlin with drink.

"Not working yet! Really, Carton, you must put your mind on this case; Darnay is up for treason and Mr. Lorry asked our special consideration."

"It's your consideration he wants. Give it to him. You're becoming a great man in the law courts."

"If I am it's due to my perseverance and the use of my brains."

"You mean my brains, Stryver."

"Well, I pay you for it. Really, Carton, with a man's life at stake, how can—"

"I don't know Mr. Charles Darnay—and I hate all Frenchmen."

"But I tell you Darnay is lost unless we find some way to counteract the evidence of these witnesses, Barsad and Cly."

"Barsad, Barsad. Seems to me I've heard the name. Involved in a treason case once before."

"I believe we've discovered something here, Carton!"

Carton, ignoring him, took up the brief. "Well, Mr. Darnay, it seems Fate and Mr. Barsad have it that I should handle your case. Your life is in my hands."

"Then you'd better stop your drinking or I—"

"I wouldn't wonder but that Jerry Cruncher knows the man."

"But you can't go hobnobbing with Cruncher—he's a grave-robbing!"

"You're in luck, Stryver. Cruncher probably knows the tavern Barsad drinks in. I shall pursue this case in congenial atmosphere. I'd lay you a wager I drink you to victory!"

From Cruncher, who was a messenger in Tellson's Bank, Sydney Carton learned that Barsad frequented Puffey's Tavern, and over their liquor he exchanged drunken confidences with the fellow. Carton boasted of having been the brains in a stage hold-up and of later getting all the booty from the robbery by lodging a treason charge against his confederates who were imprisoned at Newgate and later drawn

and quartered. Craftily egging on Barsad to confide the details of a case of his own, in which treason had figured, by pretending to be bored and a disbelief in Barsad's ability to make such a charge stick, Carton learned all that he needed to know in the Darnay case.

When the French aristocrat appeared at the Old Bailey for trial, Carton, disguised by a wig and keeping his face concealed from Barsad, prompted Stryver. They put off cross-questioning Barsad, and had no questions to ask Lucie Manette, who was obviously troubled and uttered the hope that she had said nothing to injure the young Frenchman who had been so helpful while crossing the Channel.

When the prosecution's evidence was all in, and the jury as well as the spectators appeared convinced of Darnay's guilt, Stryver asked that Barsad be called again for cross-questioning. He made Barsad admit, after he had said that he lived off his property, that at present he had no estate. Prompted by Carton, Stryver then asked:

"Do you know a French Marquis?"

Barsad, a wretched little man, paled as he denied such an acquaintance. Stryver continued:

"Now, Mr. Barsad, the Attorney-General has told us that this case rests on your identification of a certain man whom you saw enter a cabin on the Dover boat. You say that man is the prisoner here—Charles Darnay. Now I want you to be very, very careful. All we want is the truth. Are you quite certain the man you saw was the prisoner? Might it have been someone else?—me, for instance, or his Lordship?"

"Oh, no, sir," interjected Barsad amid a burst of laughter in the court.

"Well, then," continued Stryver, "could you have mistaken him for my learned friend here?" He nodded at Sydney Carton, and moved aside so that Carton's face was revealed to the witness. Barsad started to say "No," then stopped dead, his eyes popping in amazement. "Ah, now you seem to think otherwise!" cried Stryver and turned to the judge. "Would m'lud bid my learned friend to lay his wig aside for a minute?"

Carton removed his wig, and Stryver continued his questioning: "Now, Mr. Barsad, couldn't you possibly have mistaken the prisoner for Mr. Carton here?"

"I don't think so, sir."

"But you're not sure."

"It might have been him, sir."

"Then it might have been this man or that—any one of a hundred others. In fact, now that you refresh your memory and look upon my learned friend, you wouldn't want to swear that the

prisoner was the man you saw on the boat—now would you?"

Barsad continued to stare at Carton. The latter, with an exaggerated innocence of face, winked slyly at the witness, who swallowed, hesitated.

"No, as a matter of fact," he replied slowly, "come to think of it, it wasn't the prisoner at all."

"That's all, m'lud," said Stryver.

After the verdict of Not Guilty had been returned, Carton followed Barsad to the court room door. "Barsad," he said, "I think you have favoured England long enough. I suggest you shed your light on another country—perhaps France, or China."

"Yes, Mr. Carton, I love to travel, sir." And Barsad beat a hasty exit, while Carton joined Lucie and her father and the group congratulating Darnay on his acquittal. At Darnay's invitation, Carton joined him at dinner, consumed great quantities of wine all but insulted his host—all because he had seen a light stronger than sympathy in Lucie's eyes as she told Darnay how glad she was that the jury had freed him. . . .

Charles Darnay became a frequent and welcome guest at Dr. Manette's establishment in Soho; Lucie's eyes told him that she returned his love. And then, on the afternoon of Christmas Eve, Jarvis Lorry told Darnay something that sent him hastily to Soho.

"Dr. Manette," he said when alone with the Doctor, "I have just learned from Mr. Lorry something that distresses me deeply. He has told me of your sufferings at the hands of the Marquis of Evremonde."

"It's true, Charles. I've been trying to forget that awful time."

"It's bitter irony that this man who did you such dreadful injustice should be my blood relative."

"Charles! What are you saying?" cried Dr. Manette.

"It's true. He is my uncle. My mother was an Evremonde. I have no choice but to confess it, Dr. Manette. If for no other reason than because you are Lucie's father, I had to tell you."

Dr. Manette whispered: "Evremonde. . . . The North Tower. . . . would you mind very much . . . closing the door. . . . No, no, I am here! Evremonde!"

"Dr. Manette! Are you ill?" asked Darnay, frightened. "What's wrong?"

"I feel . . . safer . . . with the door shut." Dr. Manette's eyes still held that look of terror.

"I'm very sorry, but you understand, I had to tell you. I am an Evremonde, but I love you, and yours. Can you forgive me?"

"I have no blame for you, Charles. You showed character in coming to me. I've learned in my sufferings not to punish the innocent. But you must promise me one thing—you must not tell Lucie."

"But, I must! That would be—"

"You must let me tell her, in my own time, in my own way, or you will destroy not only your happiness, but hers, too. You must trust me."

Darnay perforce, had to agree. . . .

On the way to church for the Christmas Eve service, Lucie and Miss Pross passed a tavern just as Sydney Carton came out of it. He was not too drunk to be in a good humour, and rather quizzically accepted Lucie's invitation to accompany them to the church. When Lucie lighted a candle to the Infant Jesus in the manger where the Little Star of Bethlehem was recreated in a corner of the church, Carton found himself profoundly touched and was very quiet as he walked back with them to Dr. Manette's residence in Soho. Miss Pross left them on the doorstep.

"We're having a little Christmas celebration. Won't you come in? You'll be very welcome," said Lucie.

"I'm afraid not, thank you. When you met me I was not on my way to church; I was going from tavern to tavern—my Christmas custom."

"I know," she said softly. "We can't always be at our best. Please join us if you have nothing better to do."

"I certainly have nothing better to do—but not like this. . . . If I may come some other time. . . ."

He was firm in his refusal, but after she had left him he remained looking thoughtfully at the door through which she had disappeared for a long time. From that evening a change came over Sydney Carton; he was more particular about his dress and his personal appearance; he was not drunk so often or so completely.

If he was not in love with Lucie that night, he was soon to become deeply enamoured of her. She welcomed him to her home.

"I really believe you have completely captivated Pross," said Lucie, one afternoon to Carton.

"She's part of the flavour of this house to me, Lucie."

"Your visits have meant so much to father and me. You bring us a breath of the world."

"And what do you think it has meant to me?—to be able to come

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On the way to church for the Christmas Eve service, Lucie and Miss Pross passed a Tavern just as Sydney Carton came out of it.

(Continued from previous page)

here and see you? . . . It has meant a renewal of ambition—of hope."

"If we have helped you, Sydney, it makes me very glad."

"It's you," he said. "It's you who have done it."

"I have always felt in you, Sydney, such hidden possibilities that it seems such a pity to . . . to . . ."

"To waste them? I have wasted them, Lucie, and myself. It is only since I have known you that I have told myself it need not always be so—that perhaps it's not too late—"

"I'm sure not, Sydney. Oh, I am sure it isn't! You can do anything you choose to accomplish. This makes me so happy!"

There was a new light of hope in his eyes. "To make you happy is all that I—"

"Sydney, you are my friend—my very dearest friend, and I want you to be the first to know. . . ."

"What?" he asked him.

"I'm going to be married!"

"I didn't know," said Carton tonelessly.

"To Charles Darnay. Oh, wish me happiness, Sydney!"

"Happiness, Lucie? I do, I do—all that you deserve." He quickly made excuse to leave her. . . .

When Lucie and Charles Darnay were married, Sydney Carton did not go to church; he remained in Stryver's office and got completely drunk. But he remained Lucie's friend—and the friend of her husband. And then when little Lucie was born his heart went out to her. He became an intimate of the family. As the child grew older she returned Carton's devotion. Jarvis Lorry and others asked Darnay why he tolerated Carton about the house. It was at the dinner table at the Darnays, just after Carton had been called by Pross to bid little Lucie good-night.

"He's a very decent fellow," Darnay said, "and Lucie likes him—which proves it."

Carton found the child had already fallen asleep, Lucie at her side. "The perfect friend," said Carton, looking down at the child. "She doesn't object to my drinking. Reforming me is hopeless, Lucie. At one time I dreamed . . . that dream ended in nothing, but you inspired it."

"I still feel in you such possibilities," said Lucie.

"They will never be realised. Think of me as one dead, Lucie."

She touched his arm. "I shall never give up hope for you."

"I know better, but this I know too: I would embrace any sacrifice for you and for those dear to you. Hold me in your mind as ardent and sincere in this one thing. I would give my life to keep a life you love beside you."

"Thank you, Sydney, but God grant it shall never be necessary."

In the meantime events were stirring in France. The Marquis of Evremonde had been murdered in bed by Gaspard, whose child had been killed in the Rue St. Antoine under the wheels of the Marquis's carriage. And Barsad, who had been given employment by Evremonde, had been sent to Paris to spy on the *Jacquerie*. On that errand he had visited the wine shop of the Defarges. To gain their confidence, he gave them information regarding Dr. Manette—told them that Lucie had married Charles Darnay, whom they knew was the nephew of Evremonde, and that a daughter had been born to them. Barsad had beat a hasty retreat when he found out that Mme. Defarge knew his name.

Aroused at last to fury by their sufferings and their long oppression by the aristocrats, the people of Paris took matters into their own hands. The rebellion, long fomented by the "*Jacquerie*," broke out into revolution. Armed with any weapons they could

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lay their hands upon, the populace stormed the Bastille, that fortress-like prison which was the symbol of their long oppression.

That night, M. Gabelle, who had been employed by the Marquis of Evremonde, and who had been Charles Darnay's tutor, was captured by the *Jacquerie* and taken into the basement of the Defarges' wine shop, where he was reviled and tormented as a friend of the aristocrats, a lackey of Evremonde's.

"I have always fought for the people!" cried Gabelle in indignant denial of that charge. "I taught Charles Darnay to love the people! Ask him if that is not true."

Mme. Defarge advanced upon the tutor. "We know Citizen Darnay's views—that he has repudiated his estates and is a friend of the people. His word could save you."

"But he is in England!" cried the wretched Gabelle.

"If you taught him the views he holds, he should be willing to return to testify for you. Write him. His answer will be the test."

Not until Gabelle had written the letter and put down Darnay's London address, and the letter had been snatched from his hands by La Vengeance, did the tutor realise how he had been tricked into giving Darnay away. He pleaded with them not to send the letter, but his pleas were cut short by a knife thrust through his heart.

Charles Darnay received that letter from his old tutor at the bank of Tellson & Co., where he had been given employment by Jarvis Lorry. Lorry was himself in Paris looking into the value of the assets the French *emigres* wanted to put up with Tellson's Bank for loans. Dr. Manette, Lucie and her daughter were in the country. Darnay, learning that a coach was leaving for Dover within an hour, wrote a letter to Dr. Manette explaining the reason for his departure.

But Dr. Manette, upon reading Darnay's letter, following his return to Soho with Lucie, Pross and little Lucie, realised that Darnay was running so great a danger—for the Revolutionaries had passed a new law proclaiming the life of any aristocrat who returned to France forfeit to the Republic—that he revealed to Lucie that her husband was the nephew of the Evremonde who had had Dr. Manette imprisoned in the Bastille. Lucie's revulsion of horror at the fact now disclosed to her was turned into anxiety and fear for Darnay's safety by her father's revelation of the danger that he ran.

Dr. Manette announced that they must follow her husband at once to Paris—that he who had been so terribly treated by an Evremonde must return to France to save an Evremonde.

Lucie, her father, Pross and little Lucie arrived in Paris to find that Darnay had been arrested and locked in a cell of La Force prison. They went at once to Jarvis Lorry, who was living in residential quarters over Tellson's Paris bank. Leaving Lucie, her daughter and Pross in Mr. Lorry's rooms, Dr. Manette joined the tumultuous crowd which received him as a hero, when he could make himself heard, and carried him off upon their shoulders. Anxious hours passed before he returned in the stream of *sans-culottes* and Liberty-becapped women, with their reddened weapons.

Dr. Manette, in his attempt to save Darnay's life, had recourse to his old servant, Defarge, the wineseller of the Rue St. Antoine, who, with his wife, had been chiefly instrumental in rescuing him from the Bastille. They were leaders of the *Jacquerie*.

"As you befriended me once before, I come to you, good friends, for help again. My son-in-law, Charles Darnay—"

"The new Marquis de St. Evremonde," interrupted Mme. Defarge.

"He prefers to be Charles Darnay. It was only by a miracle that I saved him at the massacre at La Force—I appeal to you to help me get a speedy trial."

"I shall do all I can to see that the new Marquis of Evremonde gets a trial at once, and that it serves the ends of justice."

Encouraged by this promise, Dr. Manette and Lucie attended the trial of Darnay. They entered the Tribunal—the mob's trial court—just as a little seamstress was being tried for having associated with a countryman who had spoken disrespectfully of the Revolution. She was quickly pronounced guilty, and Darnay called. He explained that he had returned to France to help his old tutor, Gabelle, who had taught him love of the common people of France. But when Gabelle was called upon to testify, there was no answer. Darnay could not explain why Gabelle was not in the court, but stated that Dr. Manette would testify in his behalf.

Dr. Manette advanced to address the Tribunal.

"Citizens, you all know of my long imprisonment and of my release through the aid of my good friends, the Defarges. I know the prisoner well. I know where his sympathies are—with the people. They always were. He is a true citizen of the Republic."

"Words are easy!" cried a derisive voice.

"What better proof could I have than that, when Charles Darnay asked for my daughter's hand in marriage, I consented gladly? Citizens, for eighteen years I suffered unspeakable tortures in the Bastille. Could I have given my daughter to a man whose sympathies are with those who tortured me? There is very little left for me in this life—only my daughter's happiness which is now in the hands of the prisoner. I have suffered enough from my enemies. From you, who are my friends, to whom I owe my freedom, may I not ask a final blessing?—the liberty to enjoy what is left, in peace?"

His plea made a profound impression upon the jurors and the spectators. There was an outburst of approval from the people, and the jurors began to vote individually: "Not guilty," "Not guilty."

As the President arose to pronounce Darnay free, Mme. Defarge cried sharply: "Stop!"

The President rang a bell. "Citizeness, you are out of order." "I defy the bell! I accuse Evremonde, as one of the family of tyrants who used their privilege for the oppression of the people!"

With a roar of approval, many of the spectators sided with her. The President of the Tribunal asked: "Who are your witnesses?"

"Three—Ernest Defarge, Therese Defarge, and—Dr. Manette!" "I protest! It is a lie!" cried Dr. Manette. "Who dares say I denounce this man?"

"I do," said Mme. Defarge. "You denounce him in words that can never be taken back. Look, Citizens, I have the record of Dr. Manette's sufferings in the Bastille—written by himself, in his own blood. Dr. Manette has told us he spent eighteen years in the Bastille, but he did not tell the cause of his sufferings. This letter tells us why—I found it in his cell in the Bastille. As a young doctor he was summoned to the bedside of a young girl who was dying after being outraged by the Evremondes. Her brother was cut down like a dog for trying to defend her. The letter describes the agony of those two young people." An outcry of rage drowned her voice. When it was quiet again she continued: "That boy is dead—that girl is dead. All that peasant family but one died from the cruelty and oppression of the Evremondes. That one, a sister, was hidden from them. She lives. I am that sister, and I demand the life of the last of the Evremondes! I demand it!"

"But that boy here had nothing to do with all that!" protested Dr. Manette.

Mme. Defarge read from his letter his denunciation of the Evremondes, and cried to the assembled revolutionaries: "Citizens, vote."

A simultaneous roar of "Guilty" pronounced the doom of Charles Darnay. His execution was set within forty-eight hours.

Sydney Carton followed Dr. Manette and Lucie to Paris as soon as he learned the reason for their sudden journey. It was the day after the trial that he presented himself before Jarvis Lorry and learned the result of the trial.

Mr. Lorry had taken Jerry Cruncher to Paris with him and from Cruncher, Carton learned that Barsad was in France—appeared to stand high with the revolutionary leaders.

"Thanks, Jerry. That information may come in handy."

Sydney Carton called on Lucie just after she and little Lucie had returned from an unavailing call on Mme. Defarge to plead with her as a woman and a mother to help save Darnay.

"There are still Evremondes," the half-crazed La Vengeance had said, leaning at the child clinging to the hand of the departing Lucie. Lucie had been too despondent to notice the evil glances directed towards her daughter, but when Carton learned from Miss Pross that Mme. Defarge had seen the child he was greatly disturbed. Dr. Manette had been to plead with Danton himself, but his interview had no better result than had Lucie's with Mme. Defarge. Dr. Manette was back in that borderland of sanity in which he had been when rescued from the Bastille. Mr. Lorry put him to bed.

"There's no hope now," cried Lucie wildly to Carton. "Why don't you say it?" Carton tried to comfort her, but there was little he could say, and Lucie continued: "It's going to seem a long time, Sydney, afterwards. . . . If only I could see him once! But I can't even do that!" Miss Pross appeared and told Lucie that her father was calling for her. When Carton was alone with Mr. Lorry he asked him if he had a permit to leave Paris whenever he pleased. Upon Lorry's affirmative nod, Carton continued: "Lucie, Dr.

Manette, Miss Pross and Jerry Cruncher have theirs. You'll have to move fast."

"But why? These passes are valid any time."

"Until cancelled—and from what I've gathered Mme. Defarge will see that they are cancelled. The Doctor is suspected from his behaviour at the trial. It is death to sympathise with the condemned. And to that tigress, Mme. Defarge, even the child—is an Evremonde."

"But that's unthinkable!" cried Mr. Lorry.

"I can get to see Charles—I know a man—the way we drinking fellows do. . . . Mr. Lorry, lend me your coat and hat. Take the Doctor's permit—Lucie and Miss Pross's, too—and here, take mine and keep it until tomorrow. No, no, don't protest! Take the word of a drinking man for once. At eight o'clock tomorrow morning have your horses ready. If Lucie hesitates, you must force her. Tell her it is Darnay's last wish that she leaves before the execution."

"Do I wait for you?" asked Mr. Lorry.

"You wait for nothing but to *have my place occupied*. Keep the bargain, Mr. Lorry. I shall keep mine."

He left hastily and sought out Barsad at La Force prison. By a threat to reveal to the Committee of Public Safety that Barsad had been a spy in the employ of the Marquis of Evremonde, Carton forced him to aid in his scheme to save Darnay. Barsad had authority enough to get Carton introduced into Darnay's cell for ten minutes. The latter was writing farewell letters when Carton entered and was left alone with him. Darnay sprang to his feet, astonished.

"I bring a request from Lucie," said Carton, with an air of authority. "She begs that you do exactly as I say."

"I don't understand, Carton, what you have in mind? . . . It is utterly useless to attempt to escape."

"My plan won't fail. Write what I dictate. At once! Write, 'It is my last message to you. I ask you to recall the words that passed between us on a certain occasion. I am grateful that the time has come when I can prove them. That I do so is no object for regret or grieving. . . . I said if ever I could do anything for those dear to you—'"

"I'm faint. What's that queer smell?" Darnay, looked up, saw Carton waving a handkerchief. Carton threw the handkerchief over his face, held it there until Darnay became unconscious. Then he began quickly to change clothes with the prisoner. The exchange was complete when Barsad returned at the end of ten minutes, and Carton had pocketed Darnay's farewell letters.

"Remember, Barsad. Get him to Mr. Lorry's by eight o'clock. We'll tell the guard he was overcome—I staggered in entering, so that the guard would think I was half drunk."

The plan worked; the guard suspected nothing . . .

At seven o'clock in the morning, Carton heard the door of the cell being unlocked. Despite the gloom, he recognised the form of Lucie. To prevent her crying out in amazement he said loudly for the guard to hear:

"Lucie, my darling, it was brave of you to come, but there is nothing you can do—*nothing* but say good-bye. Remember, all that I have given you I give freely. Say good-bye quickly, my dear. To make a protest would endanger the lives of the others." He whispered: "*all the others—even little Lucie!*" Then in a louder voice: "Say good-bye to the others for me. . . . Say good-bye to me now."

Clinging to him for support, she looked up long into his eyes. There was no shadow of fear in them. She drew his head down and kissed him as the keeper rattled the door and said her time was up. Carton pushed her through the door, which was again locked . . .

The permits of the fugitives being in order, they were held up at the Paris gates only long enough for a careful inspection . . .

As the busy guillotine began its daily, grisly task that afternoon, Mme. Defarge was not in her accustomed seat of vantage.

Sydney Carton, awaiting his turn, held tight to the hand of the little seamstress who had been found guilty because she had listened to a criticism of the Republic. She knew that Carton was not Evremonde and had pleaded with him to give her courage by holding her hand. As her number was called she stood up. "Am I to kiss you now?" She kissed him. "You are not afraid. It's almost as though you welcomed death."

"Perhaps I do. Perhaps in death I receive something I never had before: I hold a sanctuary in the hearts of those I care for. It is a far, far better thing I do now, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest I go to than I have ever known."

When the little seamstress had been despatched, he walked firmly up the steps of the guillotine.

Carton threw the handkerchief over Dagny's face and held it there until he became unconscious.



Sydney Carton meets Ronald Colman in the star's dressing-room, thanks to the assistance of the photographer.



RONALD COLMAN SPEAKS ABOUT SYDNEY CARTON

IN the part of Dickens' romantic hero Ronald Colman has realised a seven-year-old ambition. In the following article he gives his impressions of the character and the reasons why it so impressed him with its possibilities.

RONALD COLMAN waited seven years to play Sydney Carton in *A Tale of Two Cities*. Finally his waiting was rewarded when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer selected him to play the role.

A modest, retiring English gentleman, Colman seldom speaks of himself or his work, yet, he admitted recently that one of his secret dreams had been realised when he made *A Tale of Two Cities*.

In the summer of 1928, in an interview with a magazine writer, Colman declared that the one role above all others he would like to play was that of Sydney Carton in Dickens' immortal *A Tale of Two Cities*. Colman goes on to say:

"In Sydney Carton he conceived a character that only a genius would know, a whimsical, sardonic, bitterly disillusioned fellow who successfully—or almost so—masks his emotions beneath an unmoved exterior. Dickens wrote of this man with a glorious power. He has lived for me since the first instant I discovered him in the pages of the novel. I can only dare to hope that my portrayal of the character will be received kindly by the millions of others who know and love him in the book."

Ronald Colman's enthusiasm for his part increased from day to day

and it is no exaggeration to say that he lived the role of Sydney Carton in his waking hours and dreamed of it while he was asleep. There is some intangible quality about the works of Charles Dickens that grips the reader more and more the deeper he delves into the storehouse of literary treasures.

With this genuine enthusiasm to inspire his natural genius, it is small wonder that Ronald Colman gives a performance which, for sympathy, understanding and real inspiration he has never equalled. He himself realises that his acting in *A Tale of Two Cities* surpasses any of his previous performances.

"At the risk of being considered unduly immodest," he declares, "I firmly believe that the role of Sydney Carton is the most human and interesting character I have ever created."

Colman once remarked that he is afraid he was born two hundred years too late!

"I wish I might have lived in those days," he said.

"It seems to me, the swashbuckling days were at their most romantic in the last years of the eighteenth century. It was a time of adventure, and I suppose there is a yearning for adventure in all of us.

"But I wonder what I would have done in those days! There were so many courses open to a man. I might have cast my lot with the nobility of France, doomed—although they didn't know it—to early extermination at the hands of the rabble. Or I might have been an earnest worker for the Revolution, confident that only a blood purge could cure the ills of the nation.

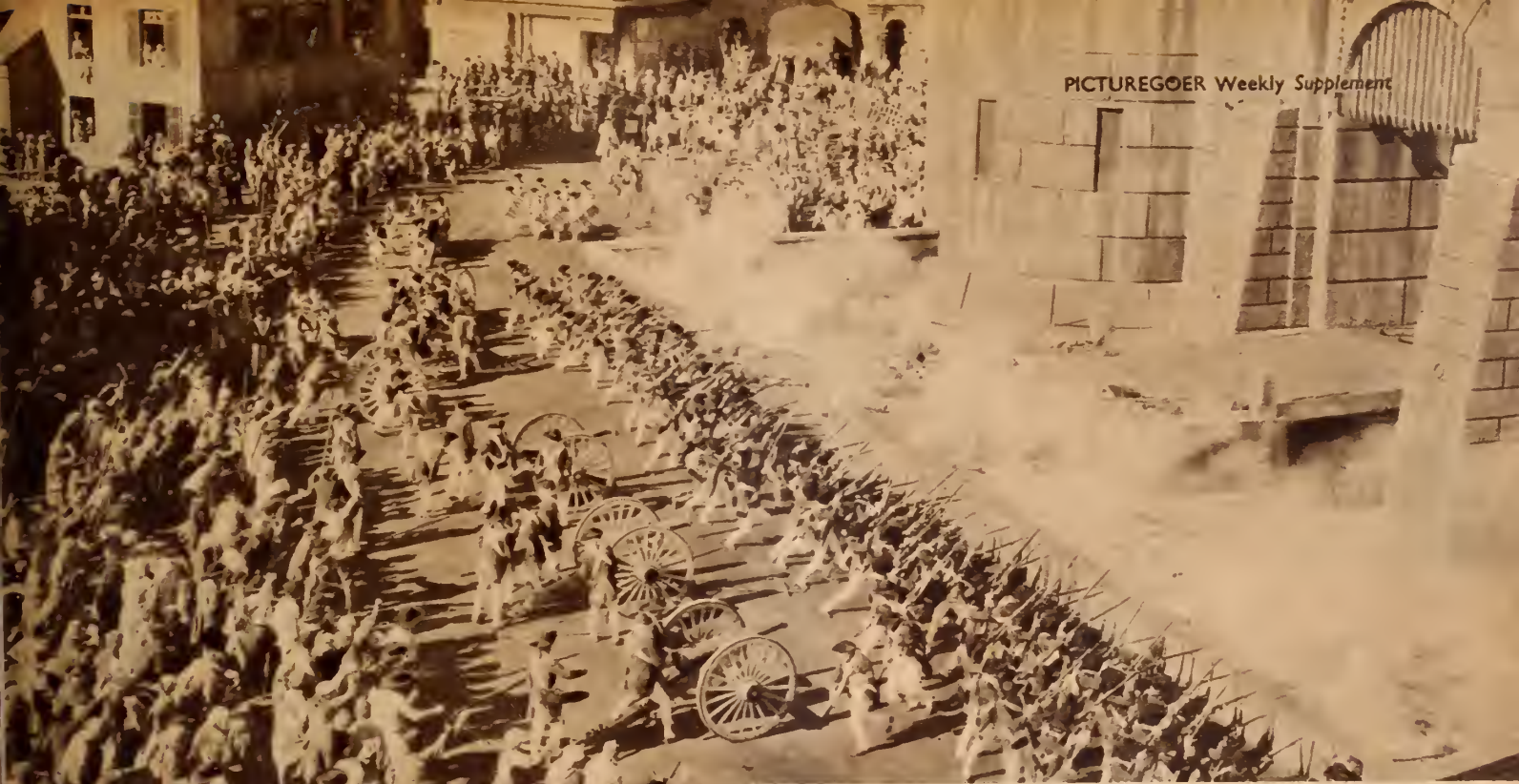
"But I am more inclined to believe I would have been a chap like Sydney Carton, the slightly cynical onlooker, not especially interested in the outcome of events of such world-wide importance, only slightly moved by the happenings all around him."

Ronald Colman says that he remembers reading the story of *A Tale of Two Cities* when he was a small lad in school in England. It impressed him so deeply then that he never forgot it. Since that time he has read and re-read it several times.

"It has a charm that is greater than magnificence," he declares, "the charm of intimacy in the midst of spectacle."

The period, those fourteen years between 1765 and 1789, marked the turning point in the history of France. Revolution, long brewing, burst into flame. And Dickens was able to write of those memorable events with a power that made them live in the memories of his readers. And yet he was able, at the same time, to hold the focal interest on the handful of men and women whose lives were being fatefully shaped by the momentous events going on around them.

Very few changes were made in bringing the Dickens' story to the screen. Certain deviations had to be made for screen purposes. First, there was the rearrangement of the sequence of events necessary to keep the character of Sydney Carton as the constant focal point of interest. In the book he was ignored for long periods. Then the facial resemblance between Carton and Darnay, which could be obtained effectively only by trick photography, had to be eliminated. But those were the only liberties taken with the story. Otherwise, it reaches the screen as a faithful transcription.



BEHIND the scenes is an army of workers on whose efficiency depends the success of a picture. This article describes the tasks they undertook to give you *A Tale of Two Cities*. The scene above is the storming of the Bastille.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE WHO MAKE A BIG PICTURE

ALMOST 5,000 persons in three countries were required to solve the problems of bringing to the screen Charles Dickens' *A Tale of Two Cities*. This vast army of workers laboured day and night for weeks before a camera turned.

In England, France and America, regular employees and special retainers of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer launched their work on September 11, 1934, when Producer David O. Selznick first contemplated the production, which stars Ronald Colman. The first scene was filmed almost a year later.

Studio departments involved in the preliminary work included legal, accounting, research, property, wardrobe, architectural, executive, production, casting, scenario, publicity, music, camera, drapery, drafting, engineering, hair-dressing, location, make-up, paint, personnel, planning, sound, story, telephone, telegraph and art.

Back of these matter-of-fact statements, in a production report recently completed in Hollywood, is a dramatic story of the unifying of thousands of individuals' efforts into the final picture.

Dickens needed no more material tools than a pen, ink, and paper, but the picture-makers had to bring scenes and people to life upon the screen.

First, what did the Bastille look like? It is gone now, torn stone from stone; only a modest plaque marks the spot where it stood. And then, in bewildering confusion, thousands upon thousands of other questions. What did Paris look like in that day? What did the people wear, eat, drink? Of what materials were their clothes? Did the rooms have wall-paper? There are authentic answers to most of these in as far as they concerned the royalty and nobility, but to find the answers as they concerned the peasants was a task that involved the work of thousands of earnest researchers.

It is due directly to their earnest efforts that Ronald Colman was able to step correctly and interestingly garbed into a setting which breathed the authentic spirit of the days of which Dickens wrote.

Was the guillotine of 1789 different in construction from the guillotine of to-day? How were the tumbrels built, that carried

the unfortunates to the place of execution; did they have two wheels or four, and were the wheels solid or spoked? What sort of shoes did the people wear?

Thus question upon question piled up, questions that could be answered only by earnest delving into books which most people do not know are in existence.

Cameramen were dispatched to France and England to find ancient relics, old rooms which have not been changed in two centuries, old wall-paper, door-knobs, inns, houses. Hundreds of things were purchased and shipped to the studio to be used or duplicated. Thousands of other things were photographed so that those who had to duplicate the items could be guided accurately.

Dickens' passion for intimate description was a tremendous assistance to the film producers. Often he paused in his narrative to delineate the styles in furnishings, tableware, clothing. Every sentence of the novel was examined carefully by the readers of the various departments, and hundreds of thousands of words were written in reports of information gleaned from this careful perusal.

The 5,000 who contributed to the picture will never be known to history. They are the "little people" without whom the studios could not exist.

With Colman in *A Tale of Two Cities* are Elizabeth Allan, Donald Woods, Henry B. Walthall, Claude Gillingwater, Reginald Owen, Basil Rathbone, Mitchell Lewis, Blanche Yurka, Billy Bevan, Edna May Oliver, Walter Catlett, H. B. Warner, Fritz Leiber, and Lucille La Verne.



1. Some time before he went to Hollywood and found fame Ronald Colman appeared in "A Son of David" with Poppy Wyndham for the old "Broadwest" company.

2. In 1925 he appeared in "Stella Dallas," having already made a reputation in "The White Sister," "Beau Geste" and other silent features.



3. Left: A more mature and polished Colman. With Joan Bennett in "Bulldog Drummond."



7. He played his first dual role in "The Masquerader" in 1933. His fine distinction between the two characters was acclaimed by public and critics alike.



ARROWSMITH, M.D.

6. "Arrowsmith," also in 1931, gave him another chance to prove his talent and popularity.



4. In 1930 he appeared in "Condemned" and added further to his already great reputation.

5. Right: 1931 saw his triumph with Tully Marshall and Fay Wray in "The Unholy Garden."





9. As the hero of "Clive of India," with Loretta Young, in 1935.

10. Fantastic comedy claimed him in 1935 when he appeared in "The Man Who Broke the Bank of Monte Carlo."

8. In 1934 he repeated his "Drummond" success with the sequel, "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." He is seen with Charles Butterworth.



12. You will be seeing him soon in "Lost Horizons," an unusual story told in flash-backs. He is seen with Jane Wyatt.

11. In 1936 he scored in the romantic role of Ouida's hero in "Under Two Flags," with Claudette Colbert.

The EVOLUTION of COLMAN

A VAST UNDERTAKING

THE Universal Appeal of Charles Dickens—The Stage and the Author—Months of Research—A Change that Is Unavoidable—Tackling Some Major Problems—Getting Detail Right—Colman Sums up Carton—An Unusual Event—Some Pertinent Facts.



Jack Conway, the director, discusses the script with Ronald Colman. Right, below, Claude Gillingwater, Henry C. B. Walthall, Elizabeth Allan, Jack Conway, Edna May Oliver and Ronald Colman take a little exercise between shots.



THE appeal of Charles Dickens is a universal one. His books have been translated into almost every language under the sun and the characters he drew so vividly are known and loved the world over. Of all the books the great Victorian dramatist wrote none possesses greater power, charm and excitement than the story which centres round the brilliant, wayward Sydney Carton, and it has been left to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to make a talking version of the romance which will live in screen history as surely as the original book will live in literature.

A Screen Favourite

The film world has long realised what a wonderful fund of material lies waiting in the pages of Dickens's books, for his immense humanity, his deft and sure character-drawing and his ability to tell a tale that is in itself full of incident, all help to render his works very valuable from the kinematic angle. Many countries have filmed his works, and years ago in the days of the silent films a Danish film company, the Nordisk, made pictures in which Karina Bell starred and which captured the atmosphere and types to a wonderful degree of fidelity.

Other Successes

Both in England and America, producers have from time to time given us versions of one or other of the works of Dickens. Not so long ago, Sir Seymour Hicks appeared in a delightful version of *Scrooge*, and America has already given us the brilliant interpretation of *David Copperfield*, which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made. It is no exaggeration to say that the last named company has risen to even greater heights in their new Dickens offering, and the wonderful story which many critics consider to be one of the best-constructed and most movingly told of all Dickens's tales takes on added significance.

Getting it Right

The amount of research called for in the preparation of such a picture is colossal, and the unexpected problems connected with details of furnishing and dress are greater than the average member of the public ever realises. Such research is both tedious and costly, but M.-G.-M. spared no pains in doing their utmost to ensure a perfect version of the book being presented. The vastness of the undertaking can be gauged to some slight extent from the facts concerning the production dealt with in this supplement.

Dickens and the Stage

It would be most interesting if we could only get the immortal author's reactions to the film version of his book. In his lifetime, Dickens was a keen lover of the stage and was himself an amateur actor of no small merit. In many of his books, the stage and the actors of his day figure prominently and there can be little doubt that the sense of the theatre that was so integral

a part of his nature is one of the reasons why his books are in the main such great material for dramatisation.

Were he able to return to the world as it is to-day, one cannot but feel sure that the fidelity with which his characters have been portrayed would excite his admiration no less than would the wonderful care that has been taken to produce the authentic atmosphere in the scenes, costumes and properties generally. As a practical craftsman as well as an inspired genius, he could not fail to appreciate the enormous technical difficulties that have been so successfully overcome in the making of this version of *A Tale of Two Cities*.

Months of Work

More than eighteen months in preparation, fifteen weeks in actual filming, a cast of 112 speaking parts including some of the most popular stars and featured players of the screen—these are a few of the extraordinary values David O. Selznick and M.-G.-M. built into *A Tale of Two Cities*. David O. Selznick is the producer who gave the screen *David Copperfield* and previously, *Viva Villa!* and other great hits and in *A Tale of Two Cities* he again retained Jack Conway, who directed *Viva Villa!* In point of spectacular values, it is conceded that nothing has been attempted so pretentious as the mob scenes of the French Revolution.

A Great Story

M.-G.-M.'s international success with *David Copperfield* prompted the filming of this Dickens story, conceded by many authorities to mark the height of the novelist's powers. It is perhaps the only major work which Dickens created without an ulterior motive; it was written entirely for entertainment purposes and did not contain any veiled preachment. It has come to the screen in this same spirit, and W. P. Lipscomb, the noted British playwright, is responsible for the screen play.

Difficulties Overcome

While *A Tale of Two Cities* comes to the screen "just as Charles Dickens wrote it" three-quarters of a century ago, adapting the novel to the films was not an easy task, as was made clear by David O. Selznick, the producer, who devoted months of careful study and research to the task before him.

"In adapting *Copperfield*," he said, "the problem principally was one of eliminating a sufficient number of characters and story tangents to bring this magnificent work within the time limits of a single photoplay, and still give an impression of preserving intact the original. In adapting *A Tale of Two Cities* there was no such problem, because the story itself was not too long for picturization. Different problems, however, confronted us. For instance, there are long stretches in the book in which the character of Sydney Carton, played in the picture by Ronald Colman, does not appear. As we worked on the script it became obvious that, granting an interesting portrayal, the audience would become intrigued by the character of Carton and would expect to follow him—the more so because of the casting of Colman in the role. The cure for this lay in a rearrangement of the sequences."

An Essential Change

"Intensifying the romantic interest between Carton and Lucie, played by Elizabeth Allan, was another major problem," he continued. "Dickens left this attachment almost entirely to the imagination of his readers. On the screen, it is given more stress. Transferring the vivid scenes of the French Revolution from Dickens's descriptions to powerful visual scenes, working in the important characters—the Defarges, La Vengeance, The Woodcutter, Gaspard—without lessening the focal interest in the major characters, was still another problem of no small consequence.

"There is one change we made which I hope will not meet with criticism. In the book, Dickens stresses a strong resemblance between Carton and Darnay—in fact he makes them almost facial doubles. In a picture, the only way this effect could be obtained would be to have both roles played by the same man."

Working It Out

"This matter was discussed at length by W. P. Lipscomb and S. N. Behrman, writers, Director Jack Conway and myself," Selznick explained. "We finally decided there was nothing inherent to the basic story elements that made it necessary for Carton and Darnay to look exactly alike. We also decided that an audience would be conscious always of the camera trick of double exposure with the subsequent loss of realism; and that it would be very difficult to get an audience excited about Ronald Colman, playing Sydney Carton, going to the guillotine to save Ronald Colman, playing Charles Darnay.

(continued on next page)





Basil Rathbone as the Marquis St. Evremonde in the hands of his barber. Jack Conway, looking rather agitated, is seen reflected in the mirror directing the scene.

An example of the scenes which lend an atmosphere of realism to the spectacular, revolutionary sequences in the picture.



(continued from previous page)

"Following this decision we found that our problem was not so great. There are only two places in the picture in which the resemblance really matters; one in the Old Bailey Trial; the other in the substitution at the prison in the final sequence.

"I am hopeful that Dickensians will find our handling of these two scenes satisfactory, and will forgive us the change which we made for the sake of realism. We feel somewhat sustained in this decision by the history of *A Tale of Two Cities* in the 'legitimate' theatre. Without exception, Carton and Darnay have been played on the stage by two different actors."

Fidelity In Detail

The Old Bailey sequence referred to by Mr. Selznick, was reproduced just as it looked in 1765. To the cobwebs in the corner and the cracks in the plaster, the setting was said to be an absolute copy of the Old Bailey that existed in the days when even the most minor offences against the law were punishable by death.

Ancient books, some with sketches by contemporary artists and others with minute descriptions of the court as it existed almost two centuries ago, were used by M.-G.-M. art directors to create the setting. One of the dramatic scenes of the spectacular picture is enacted in this setting. It is the trial of Charles Darnay, played by Donald Woods, for high treason and his brilliantly successful defence by the nonchalant Sydney Carton, created by Ronald Colman.

Colman Sums Up

Reams have been written in description, analysis and eulogy of the character of the immortal Sydney Carton, but it took Ronald Colman to reduce these reams to one pungent sentence. Carton, he maintains, is literature's outstanding example of the popular phrase, "Be yourself!"

"He never was anything else than entirely natural," the star says. "It was impossible for Carton to make compromises with others, with himself or with the problems of life. He was the most unheroic of heroes, but he had the fundamental fortitude to walk to the guillotine with a grin on his face because he was strong enough to be himself.

"He lacked utterly any desire to court popularity although he was a man of brilliant talents. Indeed, he lived his life without a thought for the impression he was making on those around him. And it was this trait of character that, in my opinion, has made him live vividly for almost a century."

An Unusual Event

It was just this keen interest in the story of Sydney Carton that prompted Colman to break a habit of a professional lifetime. Recognised as the screen's shyest star, he had never been known to visit a film set when he was not actually working on a scene until

he started on *A Tale of Two Cities*. Then, however, he became an interested observer of every scene of the picture as it was being filmed.

His friends were astonished, for this was not at all like the Ronald Colman they knew, who usually when he is not actually working on the set is out on the tennis courts or reading in the seclusion of his own home. However, he admitted that no picture he had ever made had so intrigued him.

"Some years ago," he said, "I told a fan magazine interviewer that I would like to play Sydney Carton in *A Tale of Two Cities* above all other characters I knew. I have repeated that statement often since then and I still feel the same way about it."

And that is surely as excellent a reason as any for Ronald to break a long-established custom!

To Go Into Details

A Tale of Two Cities was actually before the cameras and microphones for five consecutive months.

Apart from stars and featured players, forty-nine thousand, two hundred and eight men, women and children were employed as actors and actresses.

Six thousand, two hundred and seventy-three persons appeared in a single scene—the storming of the Bastille. They were photographed simultaneously by fifteen cameras, their voices recorded by twenty-seven microphones, and their actions guided by fifty-four assistants under the guidance of Director Jack Conway.

Nine different settings each utilised the services of more than one thousand extra players, and twelve others more than five hundred extras each.

Sixty-seven tailors and seamstresses worked for eight weeks and three days preparing eight thousand, two hundred and sixteen costumes especially designed and created for the principals and minor players.

Lumber used in the construction of the sets totalled 7,645,300 board feet, or enough to build the entire residential section of an average town of ten thousand inhabitants.

The nails used would make a pile eighty feet square and twenty-two feet high.

Enough electrical energy passed through the studio meters to illuminate the sets to light every lamp in a fair-sized city between dusk and dawn every night for seven months.

By contrast, one scene, a close-up of Colman, was filmed by the light of a single candle.

WHO'S WHO IN THE FILM

Elizabeth Allan

THE English actress who has done so well in America plays the part of Lucie Manette, the heroine of the play. She was born at Skegness on April 9 and was trained for the stage at the Old Vic. She appeared on the London stage in 1927 and toured in Shakespeare with Ben Greet and stock Companies. Screen career began in 1930 in *Alibi*. In 1933 she went to America and played in *Looking Forward* and *The Solitaire Man*, followed by a number of pictures, amongst the most recent being *David Copperfield*, *Mark of the Vampire*, *The Phantom Fiend* and *Java Head*.

Edna May Oliver

IN the role of Miss Pross this delightful character actress scores another well-merited success. Her real name is Edna May Nutter and she was born in Boston, Mass. She has had twenty years stage experience and started her screen career in 1923.

Her early films included *Ice Bound* and *Saturday Night Kid*. Some of her notable successes have been in *Only Yesterday*, *Little Women* and *Alice in Wonderland*. She has created a definite character as a female detective in such pictures as *The Penguin Pool Mystery*, *Murder on the Blackboard*, *Murder on a Honeymoon*, etc. In fact these crime comedies in which she appears with James Gleason tend to make us overlook the fact that Miss Oliver is as versatile as she is clever.

Donald Woods

PLAYS the role of Charles Darnay. His real name is Ralph Zink, and he is twenty-eight years old. He has appeared on the New York stage and made his screen debut in *Charlie Chan's Courage*. Other pictures include *The Story of Louis Pasteur* and *Road Gang*.

Donald Woods is married and has a small son.

Reginald Owen

THIS outstanding character actor of stage and screen, plays the important part of Mr. Stryver, the lawyer, who owes his legal successes to the keen brain of Sydney Carton.

Born in England, Owen studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, in London, and for the next twenty-five years was one of our leading actors.

Going to America, he repeated his success in numerous stage
(Continued Overleaf)



Below: The two lovers, Lucie Manette and Charles Darnay, played by Elizabeth Allan and Donald Woods.



Henry B. Walthall as the kindly Dr. Manette.



Above: Isabel Jewell gives a clever character study as the little seamstress who dies with Carton.



Above : E. E. Clive, who is brilliant as the judge at the Old Bailey trial scene.



Above : Reginald Owen is "Mr. Stryver," the lawyer, who employs Sydney Carton.



Right : Barsad the villain, played by Walter Catlett.

(Continued from previous page)
plays, and later in films. One of the most sought-after of character actors, he has run the gamut of "types" in his career. The pictures in which he has appeared include Greta Garbo's *Queen Christina*, *Call of the Wild*, *Voltaire*, *House of Rothschild*, *Of Human Bondage*, and *The Good Fairy*.

More recently he has appeared with Garbo and Fredric March in *Anna Karenina*, and William Powell and Luise Rainer, in *Escapade*.

Blanche Yurka

A NOTABLE newcomer to the screen from the New York stage. Blanche Yurka has starred in many plays and was especially chosen by M.-G.-M. to make her screen debut in the important role of Madame De Farge, the fiery, vindictive revolutionary. She plays it magnificently and will be heard of again in film circles.

She was born in Bohemia and married Ian Keith. The marriage was dissolved. She was originally intended for an operatic career but took to the stage instead.

Mitchell Lewis

IN the part of Ernest De Farge. Mitchell Lewis was born in Syracuse, New York, and has been on the stage since he was a child. He has made stage appearances over here and has had sixteen years screen experience. He is married to Nanette Rejan, an actress.

Basil Rathbone

THIS distinguished actor is admirably suited to the part of the Marquis D'Erremonde which he plays with the dignity and poise it demands. Although educated in England he was born in South Africa on June 13, 1892. He is married to Ouida Bergere, scenarist and playwright.

Rathbone began his theatrical career with Shakespearean roles in 1912.

He went to America to appear in *The Czarina* and *The Masked Bride* with Mae Murray at the M.-G.-M. studios. He then made *The Duchess and the Waiter* after which he returned to New York to fulfil a stage contract.

Went back to Hollywood to play opposite Norma Shearer in *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney* and was given a long term contract.

His latest pictures include: *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *Captain Blood* and *The Garden of Allah*.

Walter Catlett

A N entirely unexpected and unusual bit of casting, Walter Catlett, the comedian, becomes a villain.

He plays the role of John Barsad.

In many respects the selection of Catlett for this role parallels Selznick's daring choice of Roland Young, also a comedian, to create the role of Uriah Heep in *David Copperfield*.

Catlett's type of comedy, however, is even "broader" than that of Roland Young. He is known as one of the wits of New York's Broadway and of smart Hollywood. He has appeared on the stage in scores of comedic characterisations, and has established himself on the screen as a funny man.

Henry B. Walthall

THE late Henry B. Walthall—he died in June, 1936—has a worthy memorial to his art in his performance here as the kindly Dr. Manette. Born in Stelby City, Alabama, he was one of the screen's most famous veterans, having started his film career in 1910 and played the lead in D. W. Griffith's masterpiece, *The Birth of a Nation*.

He made one film after *A Tale of Two Cities*—*The Garden Murder Case*.

Fritz Leiber

FOR the first time in his long and distinguished career on the stage, Fritz Leiber has turned to motion pictures. He creates the role of Gaspard, the mysterious figure of tragic vengeance.

While this is far from Leiber's first Dickensian role, he is generally associated with stage presentations of the works of Shakespeare. As the star of his own theatrical company, he has been one of the bulwarks of the American stage for many years. He has presented Shakespearean repertoire throughout the United States since 1920.

Claude Gillingwater

M ANY outstanding roles have been played by Gillingwater in his long and distinguished career on stage and screen, but none has offered greater histrionic opportunities than that of Jarvis



D'Erremonde (Basil Rathbone) with his nephew (Donald Woods) and his servant (H. B. Warner).



Above: Jerry Cruncher as portrayed by Billy Bevan. Left: Miss Pross (Edna May Oliver) and Mr. Lorry (Claude Gillingwater) tend the fainting Lucie.



Blanche Yurka plays the difficult role of Madame De Farge.

reputation. His later films include *Rose of the Rancho* and *The Garden Murder Case*.

Billy Bevan

A COMEDIAN who understands character. Billy Bevan is cast as Jerry Cruncher, the inevitable cockney. His real name is William Bevan Harris and he was born at Orange, Australia. He was educated at Sydney University. He began his stage experience with the Pollard Opera Company and appeared on the screen for ten years in Mack Sennett comedies. His feature films include *Journey's End* and among his latest is *Song and Dance Man*.

Isabel Jewell

THIS clever little artiste who is chiefly noted for her comedy roles plays the role of the "Little Seamstress" whom fate sends to the guillotine. She was born in Shoshoni, Wyoming, and made her first screen appearance in 1933 in *Bondage*. Her latest pictures include *Ceiling Zero* and *The Marines Have Landed*. The part she plays in *A Tale of Two Cities* is regarded as a star-making one so we are likely to hear a good deal more about Miss Jewell.

Tully Marshall

BORN at Nevada City, California, on April 13, 1864, Tully Marshall has a stage record of forty-five years. He started his screen career in 1916 when he played in *Intolerance*, followed by *The Covered Wagon* and *The Merry Widow*.

He plays the role of Woodcutter.

Robert Warwick

A VERY convincing judge at the Tribunal in Paris is the role assigned to this actor who was born at Sacramento, California, in 1878. He appeared in *Unmasked* in 1930, and has since played in *Whipsaw*, *Tough Guy* and *The Return of Jimmy Valentine*.

Lorry. The part of Lorry is one of the "key" roles of Dickens' story—a figure who moves serenely through the French Revolution, never forgetting that he is the trusted representative of a conservative London banking house, yet somehow managing to perform heroic feats that surprise him as much as they do his associates.

Gillingwater was for many years identified with David Belasco theatrical productions. He entered pictures several years ago and has appeared with distinction in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, *My Boy*, *Women They Talk About*, *Stolen Kisses*, *Three Wise Fools* and scores of others.

E. E. Clive

ALWAYS to be relied upon to give an excellent account of himself, this Welsh actor who was born in Monmouthshire and educated at Aberystwyth University, is cast as the judge in the Old Bailey trial scene. He studied medicine, but at the age of twenty-two appeared at Drury Lane in *White Heather*.

Appeared for four years in London in *Are You A Mason?* Went to America in 1912 and made his screen debut in 1933 in *The Invisible Man*. His latest pictures include *Captain Blood*, *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and *Love Before Breakfast*.

H. B. Warner

MOST people remember this actor who was born in London and educated at Bedford and University College, London, for his work in *Sorrell & Son*—two versions—and *The King of Kings*. He gives a fine performance here which adds to his

NELSON EDDY & JEANETTE MACDONALD

One of the delightful love scenes from M.-G.-M.'s screen adaptation of the famous musical comedy "Rose Marie". This colourful and tuneful romance forms the subject of our next Famous Films Supplement which will appear shortly.



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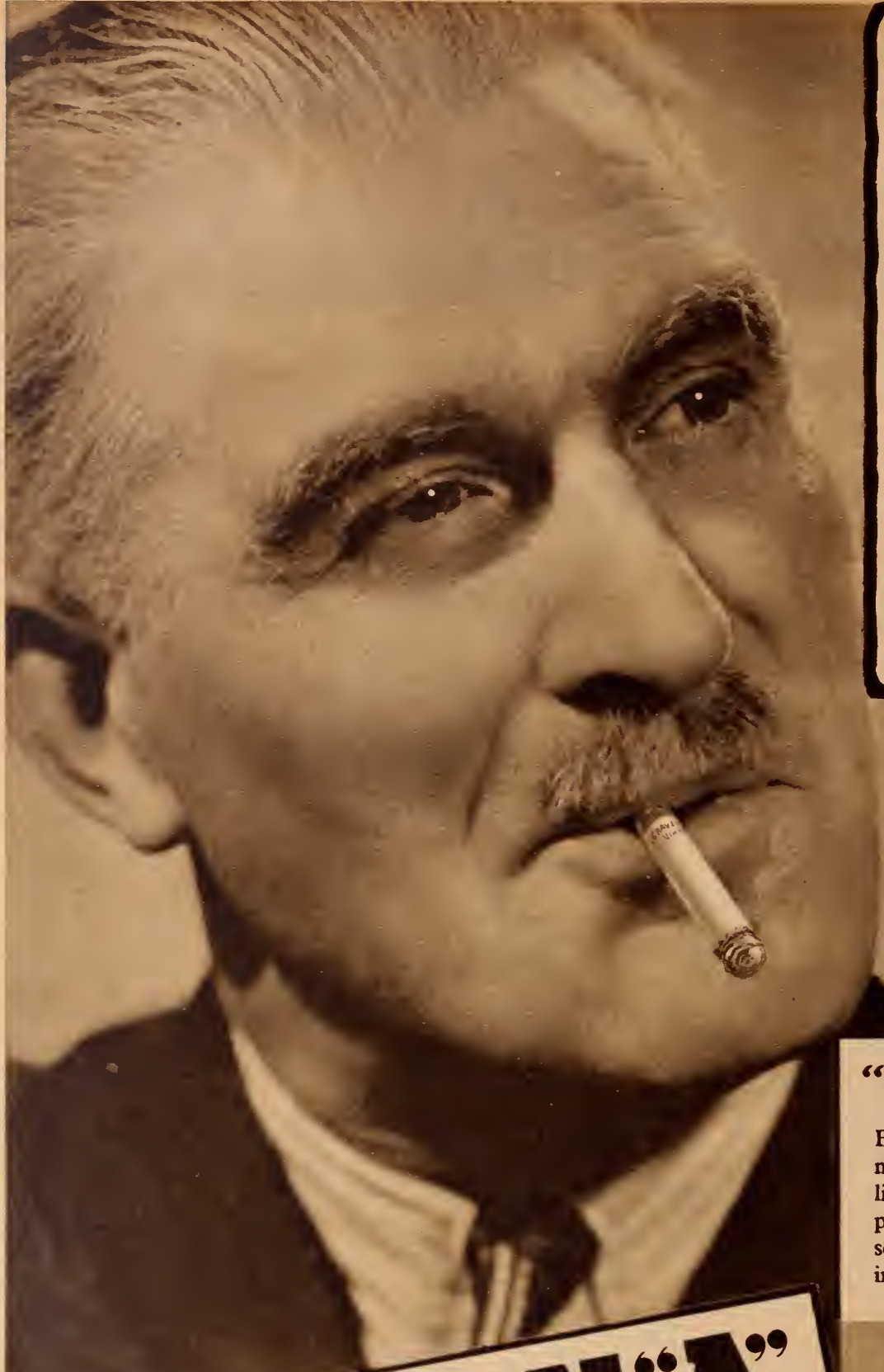
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WEEKLY



INSIDE **16** page
A TALE SUPPLEMENT
of TWO CITIES
with Ronald COLMAN

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MINORS

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PLAIN, CORK OR 'IVORY'-TIPPED.

Picturegoer-The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

All the Gossip

ASK the average film star the hackneyed question, "What's in a name?" and the answer you will get is certain to be, "A very great deal." The popular screen favourite of to-day is as much a public institution as a private individual, which means that his or her name should be familiar to the vast army of picturegoers. But if that name is one that comes anything but trippingly to the tongue, or is of the type that presents unusual difficulties in pronunciation, it is obviously a handicap.

Therefore, the powers-that-be give long and serious thought to the selection of players' names, for on their suitability depends a very great deal.

A Problem

When Hollywood catches its players before they have soared to stellar heights, it is a simple matter to arrange a screen name for them. But when foreign stars who have already made a big reputation in Europe gravitate to Hollywood, the position becomes vastly more difficult.

Naturally a player who has built up a big reputation is unwilling to sacrifice a name already well-known in other parts of the world just because it does not sound good to the pundits. The executive may try a little mild persuasion, but it is very seldom that it is effective, and they have to submit with as good a grace as possible to the old order remaining unchanged.

But much wailing and gnashing of teeth may result from the doubt in the minds of audiences as to the correct pronunciation of some unusual name.

Lessons in French

When Twentieth Century-Fox made *Girls' Dormitory*, in which the Continental star, Simone Simon, acts so brilliantly, they foresaw a veritable avalanche of letters from a public anxious to solve the vexed question of exactly how her name should be spoken. In a desperate effort to forestall the shoals of queries which they realised all too well would soon descend upon them, the studio tried to settle the matter once and for all.

Taking time by the forelock, they sent the following wire to the newspapers:—

NOTE FOLLOWING CORRECT PHONETIC SPELLING
SIMONE SIMON STOP QUOTE SEE DASH MOAN
SEE DASH MOAN UNQUOTE ACCENT ON LAST
SYLLABLE INSTEAD OF QUOTE SEE DASH MONE
SEE DASH MONE UNQUOTE STOP IF THIS
SOUNDS LIKE GIBBERISH IT CAN'T BE HELPED.

Solving the Puzzle

Well, what do you make of all that? At first glance it certainly looks like the sort of cryptogram which Sherlock Holmes himself might have failed to decode. Actually, it is merely to inform all those who may be concerned that the way to pronounce the actress's name is "See-moan, See-moan," and not "See-moan See-moan."



Ginger Rogers in buttercup yellow pyjamas especially designed by Desmond Newman for her to wear in "Swing Time."

Mary Pickford. There are, however, other names that are less well-known, and at the risk of being accused of trying to teach my grandmother to suck eggs I will mention just a few.

Richard Dix is really Ernest Brenner, that ripe comedian, W. C. Fields, was once W. C. Dukinfield, Muni Weisenfreund became transformed into Paul Muni, and Ralph Zink found Donald Woods to be a more useful, albeit a less original, name.

Among our British actors, Leslie Howard was born with the surname of Stainer, and Boris Karloff rejoices in the unsensational names of William Henry Pratt.

Feminine Amendments

The distaff side also has its transformations. It is hard to believe that Ginger Rogers could ever have been Virginia Katherine McMath, or that Lillian Bohny should be the real name of Billie Dove. Jane Vlascek was another who effected a change, becoming June Lang, and although they are one and the same person, it is by no means easy to associate Lila

(Continued on page 6)

The publicity people have certainly done their best to tackle a difficult job, but at the risk of appearing ungracious I must beg to differ with them on one point. I was always under the impression that "Simon" was pronounced more like "See-mong," with that final "g" kept well throttled down.

All Change

The number of stars who act under names other than their own is much greater than many people realise. Most picturegoers know that Greta Garbo began life as Greta Gustafson, and that Gladys Smith was transformed into



Treasure trove in "Way for a Pirate." Guy Kibbee, Jane Bryan, Sybil Jason and Fred Lawrence seem to have found prosperity round the corner.

(Continued from page 5)

Lee with the equally alliterative name of Augusta Appel.

It is a strange business, this name-changing, but a very necessary one, often enough. The big shots of the film business realize that a star must not only be easy to look at, she must also be easy to talk about, and in eliminating uninteresting and difficult names they render the public a real service.

The "Write" Idea

Talking of names, autograph-hunting in Hollywood is a sport that knows no close season, and many stars are liable to get writer's cramp so often are they requested to "Sign, please." Sir Guy Standing recently set up what must be a record, for, when cornered by a clamorous mob of fans outside the Brown Derby restaurant, he signed his name over fifty times before crying, "Hold. Enough!"

When Madeleine Carroll returned to Hollywood to play opposite Gary Cooper in *The General Died at Dawn*, she suggested that the stars there should make a small charge, the proceeds to go to the Motion Picture Relief Fund. It was a good idea as ideas go, but it didn't go very far. Her colleagues thought it swell, but short of going about with a ledger or a cash register, they did not see how the accounts were to be balanced.

Oil on Troubled—Skins

King Vidor was in something of a quandary, but a solution to the difficulty was soon reached when urgent demands for sunburn lotion were promptly answered. Five gallons a day were needed to soothe the all too red Redskins, and even then they kept halting the battle every ten minutes or so in order to receive first-aid treatment.

Incidentally, Vidor found that no authentic Indian clothes were to be obtained in New Mexico. It was not until a special shipment of unfinished reindeer skin had been rushed from Alaska, and authentic head-dresses had been obtained from Hollywood that the Red Indians could be garbed in their traditional finery.

A Divergence of Opinion

While many stars do not sleep sound o' nights until some new contract has been duly signed, sealed and delivered, others there are who infinitely prefer to free-lance. That is

to say, they are not under contract to any one studio, but work on a picture-to-picture basis. This method enables them to select the type of roles they wish to portray, and incidentally provides for a reasonable amount of leisure and freedom.

One of the most famous of "free-lances" is Adolphe Menjou, who has been working of late for Paramount on the new Mary Boland-Charles Ruggles picture, *Wives Never Know*. He declares that he would not sacrifice the leisure he is able to enjoy as a "free-lance" for any contract, and he likes to feel that once in a while he can take a busman's holiday by appearing in a stage play or a foreign picture.

Another determined "free-lance" is John Miljan, who infinitely prefers this method of business, but although "free-lance" actors are by no means rare, it is most unusual to find women in their ranks. "A contract for me every time," seems to be *their* motto.

Not so Tough!

Judging by the experience of King Vidor when he was making *The Texas Rangers*, the Red Indian of to-day is not the hardy brave his ancestor was. Vidor and his troupe went on location in New Mexico where he engaged five hundred members of the Navajo Zuni tribes to take part in a tremendous battle. These latter-day "braves" were dressed—or rather undressed—to represent their grandfathers, and it was then that the trouble started.

The Indian of to-day has been brought up in the effete sartorial traditions of the "paleface." Shirt, jacket, trousers, to say nothing of fancy waistcoats and elaborate footwear, have rendered his skin all too sensitive to the burning rays of the sun, and it was not long before the poor men began to suffer agonies. The spirit was willing enough, but the flesh was weak.

The Dignified Note

Arthur Treacher is yet another British actor to battle his way to fame on the screen, and it looks as though our compatriots will soon have made a corner in "gentleman's gentleman" roles. He has been busy on the Twentieth Century-Fox production, *Thank You, Jeeves*, in which P. G. Wodehouse's famous gentleman of the trouser-press is the central character.

Whether it has been due to the fact that the clothes he wears as Bertie Wooster's valet are

decorous in the extreme, or to the discreet sidewhiskers that are part of his make-up, I do not profess to know, but Arthur's appearance has struck awe and respect into the hearts of visitors to the studio. I refuse, however, to credit the story of the stranger to the set who, on suddenly coming upon Arthur in full war paint, raised his hat in silent respect to the funeral that seemed to be passing!

"Bogey! Bogey!"

Most film folk are superstitious, but none more than the coloured folk, and their theories on what constitutes good luck and bad luck are so strong that it is almost impossible to break them down. Thus, when George Marshall, the director of *Can This Be Dixie?* asked Troy Brown, the coloured heavyweight dancing champion, to open an umbrella in the Colonel's house, it was almost a matter of change the script or change the cast.

"Couldn't we do this scene in the gahden, Mistah Mawshall?" Troy pleaded piteously. "It sure is mighty unlucky to raise an umbrellah in a house."

Marshall being a man of infinite resource and sagacity, promptly pointed out that the set on which the company was working had no roof, and that anyway you could not call a studio stage a house, and that, therefore, there could not be any bad luck. Happily his logic, plus an antidote for evil spirits in the form of a five-dollar bill, proved successful, and the scene was duly shot. But it was a close call!

There's Safety in Numbers

Rochelle Hudson had a shock recently when she mentioned to a friend that she had just been called upon to go into a new picture.

"It's called *Reunion*, but I don't yet know what it is all about," she confessed. "Anyway, I'm playing lead in it."

"You may play lead," retorted the friend, "but there are going to be five other leading ladies, too!"

"What on earth are you talking about?" exclaimed Rochelle. And then her friend set her mind at rest by explaining that the picture in question is the Dionne Quintuplets' second starring production, and peace reigned once again.

"Safety First" Stars

Poor Herbert Marshall came a nasty purler when the mechanical horse on which he was exercising suddenly started emulating a bucking broncho. Such mishaps are sufficiently rare to save this form of exercise from being placed on the banned list, but film companies are often worried by the athletic pursuits of their stars. And who can blame them? When a star whose physical well-being is vital to the success of a new picture risks life and limb at his favourite sport, it is time for someone to sit up and do something about it.

Spencer Tracy was reluctantly compelled to give up his polo for the duration of the filming of *Libelled Lady* at M.-G.-M., and James Stewart has been told firmly that there must be no more flying. But perhaps the "most unkindest cut" of all was that inflicted recently on Robert Taylor. He was sternly forbidden to get a sun-tan until he had finished his role with Garbo in *Camille*!

The Old Order Changeth

The screen is ever on the watch for talent which is displayed in stage productions. Now comes a reversal of the method, for just before she started work on her newest Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, *The Gorgeous Hussy*, Joan Crawford announced her intention of playing for a season with a stock company, preparatory to a Broadway stage appearance.

Although new film commitments have caused her to postpone the plan indefinitely, she has been swamped under with shoals of letters and telegrams offering her parts in stock companies. However, patrons of America's small theatres will have to wait some time longer for that "personal appearance," and managers plead in vain for her services. She and Franchot Tone are still hoping to appear together in a new Broadway play, but exactly *when* is still a matter for conjecture.

Garbo Experiments

Greta, by the way, is serving as an experimental model for the first time in her life. She is doing so in order to test a new and revolutionary screen make-up for women which her cameraman, William Daniels, has suggested. The new highly sensitive film which is being used to photograph her in *Camille* made the make-up change necessary, and Jack Dawn, the director of make-up at the M.-G.-M. studios, is greatly impressed with the new method.

It eliminates the old grease-paint idea and, being applied with a sponge, it is the lightest make-up yet devised.

The Price of a Thrill

Stunt men in Hollywood have a regular tariff for the hair-raising deeds they perform before the camera. It costs about £7 a day to hire one of these intrepid lads but this is largely in the nature of a retaining fee and nearly everything in the line of risking his neck adds to the overhead costs.

For example, falling downstairs works out at £15 a tumble. The same price, according to Harvey Parry who has been a leading Hollywood stunt man for fifteen years, is charged for fights in which there is a danger from broken glass, while £20 a day is charged for motor races and ordinary skids.

Parry, with nine other recognised stunters, has been working on the fight scenes of *Thank You, Jeeves*, at Twentieth Century-Fox. He does not mention, however, what is the recognised charge for knocking the audience cold!

On the Cover

Jean Harlow is one of the most glamorous of all Hollywood's stars and one who is seldom out of the limelight for more than a few days at a time. She is known to thousands of people who rarely, if ever, visit a cinema as the girl who created platinum blonde coloured hair, but, as her vast army of film fans know, she is very much more than a creator of a new shade of coiffure.

Twenty-five years of age, she was born in Kansas City, her real name being Harlean Carpenter, and first went to Hollywood in search of fame and fortune in 1929. Being given the lead in Howard Hugh's revised production of *Hell's Angels*, she was quick to make the most of the lucky break and she has worked hard and steadily at her job.

That she has plenty of dramatic ability of a high standard is proved by her sympathetic performance in her new picture, *Suzy*. Her acting in this picture contains some of the best work she has so far given to us.

A Bobby's Nephew

It is not generally known that James Gleason's uncle, Captain Henry Gleason, gave his life whilst a member of the San Francisco Police Department.

The actor is proud of his valiant relative, and so has donated a silver token, known as the "Captain Henry Gleason" trophy, which is competed for yearly by the best revolver shots in California.

A Great Loss

Poor Irving Thalberg's sudden death at an age at which the average man still has the best years of his life before him has robbed the film industry of one of the ablest men ever to enter its ranks. The story of his meteoric rise to fame and high office has been told too often to need repeating here, for his triumphs are common knowledge.

Never one to spare himself in the slightest when duty called—and the vast amount of work he so gladly took upon himself left him very little freedom—his latter days were spent in a perpetual battle against increasing physical ill health.

The specialists whom he consulted warned him to ease up, but to one who had worked so hard at the task he loved, a life of invalid ease was unthinkable. He had to carry on and so he died



Eric Blore and Robert Montgomery put plenty of comedy into their new feature, "Piccadilly Jim."

as he would surely have wished to die—in harness.

Ideal Comradeship

The married life of Thalberg and Norma Shearer was as an ideal a one as we can ever hope to know in this imperfect world. It was at once the inspiration and the envy of all who knew them and not only Hollywood but the world at large recognised that theirs was a comradeship of a very wonderful quality indeed.

PICTUREGOER takes this opportunity of conveying to Miss Shearer the profoundest sympathies not only of ourselves but of the vast number of readers who have written to us from all parts of the country asking that we will pass on their own condolences.

What of the Future?

Whether Norma Shearer decides to retire from professional life or whether she will continue

her work on the films is naturally a matter which rests entirely with her. To suggest or advise one course or the other would be merely an impertinence in so personal an affair.

Of one thing, however, she may be sure. If she decides to give up work, it will certainly not be a case of "out of sight, out of mind," as far as her wide public is concerned, and if, on the other hand, she carries on with her work, people will not be slow to appreciate and admire the motives that prompt her to do so.

Film Folk

James Whale is to direct the screen version of *Good-bye, Mr. Chips* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. R. C. Sherriff is writing the screen play of James Hilton's novel, and Charles Laughton will appear in the name-part.

Fredric March will be back in modern days in his forthcoming Radio picture, *The Saint of New York*. It is a mystery story by Leslie Charteris.

Eric Remarque, whose stark war book, "All Quiet On the Western Front" was a best-seller, has had his story, "Three Comrades," bought by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Among the many British players to be given parts in Twentieth Century-Fox's *Lloyds of London* are Elsa Buchanan and Una O'Connor.

Sonja Henie, the skating champion, is one of the latest recruits from the realms of sport. She is to make her debut in *One in a Million* for Twentieth Century-Fox.

Claudette Colbert will play the Lily Langtry role in Paramount's picture, *Jersey Lily*, which centres round the life of the famous actress. Fred MacMurray is her leading man.

Universal's *Three Smart Girls* will include Binnie Barnes in a featured role.

The cast of *No Hard Feelings*, the Warners' production, is headed by Glenda Farrell and Barton MacLane.

Al Jolson's next will be *Bowery to Broadway*.

GUY BEACON.

Next Week

IN addition to the second instalment of the exclusive story of Fred Astaire's life, which has been passed for press by the star himself, there will be a revealing article on Jean Arthur who has been chosen by Cecil B. de Mille as his leading lady in "The Plainsman"—an indication of probable stardom.

Douglas Fairbanks, jun. discusses the new spirit that is animating production in England and his plans for the future.

"Small Town Girl" is one of those charming romantic comedies which Hollywood usually does extremely well. The story of the film is included in our next number, together with the usual features which bring you the latest and most informative news about the stars and film topics generally.



AYS Irving Berlin—

"When a song leaves a writer's hands and goes to the feet of Fred Astaire, it's a break for the writer."

Says Ginger Rogers—

"I think Fred is a swell guy."

Says Lady Charles Cavendish, née Adele Astaire—

"I wonder if you remember when Fred and I danced together? They always watched him."

Says Fred's mother, Mrs. Ann Astaire—

"He's a grand boy."

Says the studio electrician—

"Nothin' high hat about that guy. He talks to ya man-to-man."

This, concisely, is Fred Astaire—his character, his personality, his ability, his indisputable genius.

This is the man who has startled the world with his exceptional footwork on the stage, screen and radio. This is the man for whom a universe of theatre-goers hold boundless admiration. This is the man on whom critics "round the globe" have showered encomiums for his magnificent work in the cult of Terpsichore.

Of what stuff is this man Astaire made? Why is he so universally loved? Is it only his dancing? Or do his nimble feet support a man of beloved traits, of winning mien, of vibrant charm, of democratic bearing?

It is all these marks of character—and much, much more.

Motion pictures have a way of projecting personalities into unbelievable heights of popularity through the public's instantaneous recognition of outstanding talent. One conspicuous example of this magical exaltation is embodied in the lithe Fred Astaire. He has evolved into an engaging favourite, than whom there are few greater to-day. The very outstanding impetus of motion picture success is further exemplified in the fact that, although Astaire enjoyed international fame as a stage star before Hollywood claimed him, his vogue was intensified to a multiple degree over his already established renown as the result of the very first screen production, which afforded him unlimited opportunity to extend himself to the full measure of his acting and dancing ability. And this, be it borne in mind, was overnight, measured by the same yardstick which scaled the years consumed in his rise to eminence on the stage. Such is the reward of genius in the films, a reward no one has more consistently merited than Fred Astaire, gifted entertainer *par excellence*.

The key to his success was first moulded in his background, the environs in which he was educated, scholastically as well as musically. Born in Omaha, Nebraska, on May 10th, 1899, his earliest recollection is that of being dubbed the talented Adele Astaire's "little brother." Adele was, paradoxically to the present scheme of things, pointed out as the one in the family who would make a mark some day in the world of dancing. To this end, Papa Astaire, who descended from a historical lineage of Austrian beer-brewers, started daughter's training for dancing and the stage at a tender age. She was sent to dancing schools, and Freddie accompanied sister Dollie, probably to keep her from growing lonesome.

"I suppose it was more to keep her company than to educate me," Fred concedes. "I can never remember anyone pointing me out as a prodigy."

Dancing lessons continued for Adele, and when she was seven the family moved to Highwood Park, New Jersey, leaving Mr. Astaire at his business in Omaha. Now Fred decided to enter this business of dancing with a vengeance. He attended dancing school with Adele, and studied French and dramatic acting although he considered them effeminate studies and had to desert his chums who were playing his beloved game of baseball.

A couple of summers ago, Fred was visiting in New York City, and he took a day off to visit his erstwhile Highwood Park friends—Edward Spengeman, veteran postman, for example, who remembers the Astaires, particularly Fred and Adele, who were always on the doorstep awaiting the postman who might have a letter or two from their father. "They were the

liveliest kids I ever saw. They were always jiggling or practising some new step. A couple of times after they left Highwood Park they sent me tickets for their shows."

Mrs. Fiske, retired principal of Highwood Park Hamilton School, now living in Lebanon, remembers the dancing kids as "pleasing pupils in every way. As the years went by and they became famous, I felt proud that they had been pupils of mine."

Nor has Fred forgotten the kindly teacher who taught him something besides dancing. Writing to the R.K.O. Capitol Theatre in Union City, New Jersey, he said, "I remember very well the principal, Miss Cora Fiske, and my teacher, Miss Brundage. I was pleased to hear of them again as they were very kind to me. Please convey my kindest regards to both of them."

Fred also recalls his first "public appearance," which took place at the Highwood Park School. His vehicle was Rostand's immortal "Cyrano de Bergerac." The place: school assembly.

"Adele was the taller and the teacher selected her to play the hero, Cyrano; while I, the shorter, played Roxanne in a blonde wig. The performance must have been a very strange one. I cannot remember much about it, except that it went off well."

"However, I continued working with my dancing, and soon Adele and I had several routines we could do creditably together."

In those days Fred developed an obsession—an inner hate which riled his spirit: he despised being requested to sing or dance for company, be it friends or relatives. His small face would blanch and grow red alternately; he'd shrug the small, bony shoulders; he'd grimace with an "Oh, no, please" expression on his face; he'd run little, beautifully shaped fingers through a mop of curly, black hair. If these expressions, failed to offset the request, he'd sing "Asleep in the Deep," a plaintive melody his mother taught him. And as soon as his sweet, trembling voice completed the melody's lullaby strains, he'd dash through the living-room into the kitchen, snatch a cake and an apple and rush to the street to join his baseball-playing pals.

Meanwhile, the Astaires were paying a great deal of attention to Adele's dancing. Convinced that in Adele was the structure of a ballerina, Mrs. Astaire took her daughter to New York for more intensive instruction. Fred went, too.

And here's where Fred Astaire, the world's famous dancer, obtained his first morsels of professional recognition. He was not giving a performance for a casting director; he was not competing for a prize at an amateur show. This recognition, which has earned him unsurmountable extolment in the entertainment world, just happened... because dancing excellence was innate, dormant, waiting for the moment to burst. Now it did.

"Adele looked promising," Mrs. Astaire will tell you. "She was selected to dance with the Metropolitan benefit at a charity benefit. There were rehearsals, of course, and I accompanied her, taking along the little fellow. He was, oh, so little, and we just couldn't leave him alone at home."

In this setting Fred, "the little fellow," was truly a pygmy. The vast Metropolitan stage glittered with brilliant footlights. Powerful spotlights emitted rays which bounced off the white costumes of the corps of ballerinas in a blaze of sparkle. The huge concert grand piano stood at one side, its large, triangular mahogany top propped on a slim support. An

Irving Berlin with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, who have interpreted many of his tunes in rhythmic dancing.



A PORTRAIT OF FRED ASTAIRE

DRAWN by H. M. Green and coloured in their own words by his mother, his sister, Lady Charles Cavendish, and Ginger Rogers. Fred Astaire himself has corrected and amended this series of articles for publication.

imposing director stood before the girls importantly, tapping the floor with a timing-stick shaped like a shepherd's crook. Mother Astaire sat nervously in the wings.

Then the director gave the signal. Music emanated from the gently-struck piano. The dancers began. Then, with the suddenness which accompanies a shot in the stillness of night, Freddie was espied behind the piano. There he was dancing by himself, garbed in his Sunday best and a pair of his sister's ballet slippers. He was tapping away rhythmically and gracefully all the intricate steps the ballet-master taught the seasoned danseuses. The director was dumbfounded. His subsequent action is obvious.

"Come here, son," he called coaxingly to Freddie. "Want to be in the show?"

A shy reply in the affirmative—and Fred's dancing career was officially launched.

Fred and Adele subsequently filled in minor engagements until they went down with scarlet fever. They temporarily left the footlights and lived with their mother in New Jersey to be nursed back to health.

Fred and Adele Astaire undertook their early earning career in rigid training in the work in which they were to earn their salt. Fred worked out new steps, practised hour after hour until he achieved what he wanted. Then more hours of indefatigable, limitless practice with Adele.

Fred's perseverance is history to his co-workers, past and present. Best acquainted



with his frame of mind at this time is, naturally, his sister, Adele.

"Fred was never satisfied with anything he did on the stage. Couldn't believe he was good. That's the way he is. Fred works hard, very hard. After everything else there is always his own endless rehearsing. He never likes anything he does. He puts so much into it. He's so close to it that he thinks it comes so hard to him. He just won't believe he's finally reached it when it's finished. He can't believe it's any good. So when people tell him they like it, he thinks they're just being nice. Trying to let him down easy. Yet one little criticism and he gets cross. He blows up quickly, but it's soon over. Afterwards he will say, 'Yes, you were right. It's lousy.'

"I remember in the old days when we used to rehearse. Fred was the one who wanted to go on and on. He was the one who wanted to practise. He wouldn't stop until he got it right. I was the one who always wanted to go and eat something. I hated to practise. I'd snatch at any excuse to shirk. I haven't the artiste in me that Fred has. Funny, for I was the one who was brought up on the stage. But Fred, he wouldn't sit down until the step was right, not if it took all night, not if it took all season. . . .

"So we'd rehearse and practise and practise and rehearse, and then, somehow, some way, on opening night I'd manage to make it. Opening night I'd reach it. I'd do it the way Fred wanted, and then after the show'd been running awhile, I'd start missing. I'd start to tangle. Maybe I'd miss a step, so in getting into the wings I'd stroll off frightfully blithe, acting very cute (I thought) foxing him, telling myself, 'Now, never mind. He won't notice that—it was such a little thing.' But he'd be waiting for me. 'Babe, you missed a step to-night,' he'd say very patiently; 'think we'd better stay after the show and rehearse.' And somehow, no matter what I wanted to do instead, no matter where I thought I had to go, there he'd have me rehearsing for hours, teaching me the routine all over again."

Mrs. Ann Astaire,
Fred, and Lord and
Lady Charles
Cavendish.



Hence Fred Astaire's premier maxim: "Practice makes perfect."

But to return to the début of Fred and Adele Astaire. Their act was perfected—at least, they thought so. Now they pondered over a stage name.

"I want something different," Freddie confided to his mother. And eventually he conjured up a name which was a distinct innovation in vaudeville act appellations in those days—"Fred and Adele Astaire in a Smart Dancing Novelty."

The act was shown to booking-agents, and soon Fred and Adele Astaire were en route to limitless footlight fame. They were signed for the Orpheum circuit at a salary which was stupendously munificent in those days for such youngsters—£40 a week. Of course, to-day we have Shirley Temples whose weekly recompense runs into four figures.

An unforeseen circumstance arose which threatened to play havoc with this engagement. The Gerry Society in New York, and other groups which look out for the interests of minors, decided that Fred and Adele were much, much too young to mingle with hardened actors and be employed for profit on the stage. In other States, the youngsters found that child-labour laws precluded their stage appearances. Fred, after all, was seventeen at the time, with Adele a year older.

So their initial bookings carried them away from such restrictions to Chicago, where they played the Kedzie Avenue Theatre, the Huntingdon Avenue Theatre and the Great Northern Theatre.

To the dancing-singing-merrymaking Astaire pair, vaudeville meant two shows a day. They could only think of vaudeville in terms of the Palace Theatre, New York, where two-a-day vaudeville held forth for many years thereafter. The two-a-day reverie was harshly shattered for Fred and Dellie at the Great Northern, where no less than eight shows were given to the customers each and every day in the week. And the kids had to play four of them daily at forty pounds per! It was hard work, but to-day Fred feels the experience well worth it. It provided training and a substantial background which heightened their future theatrical development.

Here is what Fred recalls of those early days in Chicago:

"Adele and I were booked for the Palace Theatre to open the show. We were thrilled when we were moved up from first to third number because we had made a hit. You know, first isn't a good spot on a vaudeville bill. Eddie Cantor was on the same bill; 'Cantor and Lee' it was at that time.

"After we had scored a hit in the bill and were moved up next to Cantor, I remember him one day running back and forth behind the curtain watching us perform, and explaining, in mock display, after hearing the tremendous applause, 'What is this? The Gans-Nelson fight? How do you expect me to follow this?'

"To be openers for shows in those days seemed to be our fate. No matter how well we went over, our next engagement found us booked to appear first on the bill. At last a break came when we were playing the Columbia Theatre in St. Louis. We were placed in the Number Five spot, and we felt that we had 'arrived'. You can't imagine our feelings when we went back to the Majestic Theatre in

Chicago and found we were again opening the show."

Astaire came very near giving up the stage then and there, so incensed was he at the subjugated position in which the theatre management placed their act.

In those days Fred Astaire never thought of himself for pictures. As it was, the first time he ever saw himself on the screen, it made him feel, as he admits, quite ill. He was very camera-shy at first, and frankly admits: "Afterwards, I was amazed when people told me everything was all right."

But before films, in which he has enjoyed unequalled fame, before his radio work, in which he was the first major star to appear before the microphone in dancing shows tapping away over the air waves, before his sensational Broadway musical comedy vehicles, Fred Astaire with his sister barnstormed the entire country, appearing in every important citadel of vaudeville entertainment in their brilliant, versatile act. Superlatives were elicited from every critic who saw them. "Magnificent teamwork!" "Splendid terpsichore!" "The freshest thing ever to hit our city." "Enliven the show with their superbly entertaining antics." These were colourful feathers for their praise-bedecked cap, which never swelled either of their heads.

Like two fateful stars in the welkin, not like brother and sister bound in consanguinity until marriage and other products of Fate parted them, Fred and Adele Astaire were destined to a joint career in the amusement sphere. They danced their first steps together when just out of rompers. They achieved international renown together later on. Their nimble feet and twinkling toes must act only in the presence of one another.

So when the dancing Astaires swapped the variety stage for the musical comedy stage, they went together. It was *Over the Top* with Ed. Wynn, in which Fred and Adele Astaire made their sensational Broadway musical comedy début. Fred was a young chit then, but the praise which their act evoked from the reviewers befitted a seasoned veteran. *Over the Top* marked the exit of Fred and Adele from vaudeville into musical comedy permanently.

Perhaps the title of their first show presaged the fame to come for this youthful brother and sister, now two enviable personages definitely en route to stardom on dancing feet which later became the talk of two continents.

Apple Blossoms put the name of Astaire into the marquee lights after *Over the Top*, and this was followed by *The Love Letter*. The Astaires now came under the Arons and Freedley management, which first discerned Adele's comedy talent and gave her a rôle of this type in *For Goodness' Sake*.

The managerial guess was correct. Adele animated the Astaire antics no end, which prompted the producers to send the show to London under the title, *Stop Flirting*. Their visit to London in this show reached into many months, and they returned to America to take part in *Lady, Be Good* for which George and Ira Gershwin composed and wrote the score. Now it appeared that Astaire tradition demanded that their vehicles after their Broadway run be shipped to London intact—which was just what happened to *Lady, Be Good*.

NEXT WEEK

The break-up of the Adele and Fred partnership and the star's personal triumph as a solo artiste—his successes on the stage in England and his introduction to the screen.



Joan Blondell

ONE of the cleverest wise-cracking comediennes on the screen who can also play drama when she is called upon to do so. Her roles in pictures like "Miss Pacific Fleet" gave her humour full scope. Her more recent films include "Bullets or Ballots", "Sons of Guns" and "Colleen."

From FOOTLIGHTS to FILMS

BOBBY BREEN, the nine-year-old Canadian, is the latest "infant prodigy" to make his mark in Hollywood. Wilson D'Arne introduces you to this youngster, whose singing has already made him so popular with theatre and wireless fans across the Atlantic and who makes his screen debut in *Let's Sing Again*.

ONCE in a blue moon a new personality with a distinctive and unique talent flashes across the motion-picture horizon and gains immediate attention and popularity.

Such a personality is Bobby Breen, the eight-year-old possessor of a truly remarkable voice which has thrilled millions of American radio fans who have heard him on Eddie Cantor's weekly radio broadcasts. Bobby makes his first screen appearance in *Let's Sing Again*, which is released by Radio Pictures on December 7. In this picture he not only sings extracts from the opera *Rigoletto*, but other more popular melodies.

Bobby was born in Montreal, Canada, on November 4, 1927. When he was two years old his family moved to Toronto. He first evidenced unusual singing ability at the age of four, when his sister Sally took him to Mme. De Monterey, a well-known tutor in Toronto, with whom she was studying voice at the time. She immediately became interested in Bobby and has greatly contributed toward developing his voice.

In 1931, Bobby made his professional debut at the Silver Slipper Night Club in Toronto. He was an immediate sensation, and the boy appeared at least one night each week, gaining radio experience broadcasting with the club's orchestra for the next two years. He next was engaged at the exclusive Savarin Restaurant in Toronto, where he sang for one year. Later he played in the vaudeville and motion-picture theatres in and around Toronto.

In 1934 Sally who incidentally is Bobby's accompanist and used her own earnings to defray expenses of his musical education, decided to take the boy to Chicago, where she secured an interview with the stage producer for the Balaban and Katz Theatres, a well-known circuit in and around Chicago, and obtained Bobby a two-week engagement at the Oriental Theatre. Bobby became so popular that he was booked for the other theatres.

Playing at the Chicago Theatre, Bobby met Gloria Swanson, who was making a personal appearance. She declared that Bobby was the most unusual child singer she had ever heard.

The stage producer gave Sally a letter of

A tip from an old hand. Bobby Breen initiated into the mysteries of a film-script by Freddie Bartholomew.

introduction to Boris Morros, at that time producer of stage prologues for the Paramount Theatre in New York.

Sally and Bobby waited for almost numberless days at Morros' office, but were unable to secure an audience. Determined, the two youngsters continued their wait for an audition. One fateful morning, while passing through the ante-room, Morros noticed Bobby's delicate features and curly hair, and asked his secretary the identity of the "little girl." Bobby resented this slight to his masculinity. Instantly, he emphatically informed the producer that he was not a little girl, and impressed by the youngster's grit, Morros extended Bobby the long-sought audition.

Before the child was half-way through the chorus of *Boulevard of Broken Dreams*, Morros intervened and gave him a two-week contract to appear at the Paramount Theatre.

Harry Richman, who was rehearsing for the musical comedy *Say When*, needed a child actor for a comedy skit. He 'phoned the Professional Children's School, which Bobby attended, and Bobby and about fifty other youngsters appeared for an interview. Richman was impressed with Bobby's ability and selected him for the part. The reception accorded the youngster by the first-night audience at *Say When* caused Richman to declare that "Bobby Breen is a second Harry Richman—only better!"

When *Say When* finished its run, Sally took Bobby to Eddie Cantor for a radio audition. Cantor was greatly impressed by the child's exceptional voice and personality and, although unable to use him on his programme at that time, has since used him for some time, until he is to-day one of the best known names in Eddie Cantor's "hour" on the air. These subsequent

broadcast appearances and his phenomenal successes are now entertainment history. But in the interval, Bobby appeared as a featured soloist on one of Alexander Woolcott's *Town*

Crier radio programmes. Sigmund Romberg, a well-known American composer, happened to hear the broadcast and immediately 'phoned Woolcott to learn the identity of the "fifteen-year-old boy who sang so magnificently."

In April, 1935, Sally invested her lifetime savings in a trip to Hollywood and to the studio of Dr. Mario Marafioti, the voice coach of Grace Moore. Dr. Marafioti heaped additional laurels on the boy's crown, comparing his magnificent voice with that of Caruso at the same age. He stated that Bobby and young Caruso possessed the same type of voice, a lyric tenor. But a more significant incident occurred at the vocal studio. Here Sol Lesser, one of Hollywood's pioneer independent producers, heard Bobby sing a difficult aria from *Rigoletto* and immediately signed him to a long-term contract under which Bobby's first picture is *Let's Sing Again*.

Blood will tell, and it does in Bobby's ability.

His parents, non-professionals, are musically inclined. Two sisters, Sally, aged nineteen, and Gertrude, twenty-three, are talented singers. Sally having achieved success as a singer and dancer in musical comedies. Mickey, twenty, is a concert singer, a career he began at the age of nine years. More versatile than his family, Bobby uses his lyric tenor voice to sing French, Italian, Spanish and English operatic arias and classical songs, in addition to popular melodies. He also plays the violin and piano.

His immediate ambition is to attend military school. When he reaches maturity he hopes to sing operatic roles on the stage, and if the success with which he sings *La donna e mobile*, from *Rigoletto*, in *Let's Sing Again* is any criterion, then he may realise that aspiration sooner than even he anticipates.



IT was the great social event of the Hollywood year. At the party every star name was present. Jean Harlow, in the first new evening gown she had had in two years—an expensive original created by one of the world-famous couturieres—looked at herself in the mirror which flanked one side of the anteroom in which she was chatting with several friends. She was pleased with herself. It was a lovely gown and she was glad she had bought it.

And then, suddenly, she saw a face behind her—a face distorted with rage and jealousy and hate—the face of a woman she had never seen. For a moment she was paralysed with fright, and then she saw a glass lifted in a threatening hand. She turned too late. The contents of the glass were hurled at her. It streamed down her back, down her arms, down the front of that glamorous frock. She was too astonished and hurt to say a word. The woman turned and walked out of the room.

"Good Lord," said one of the small group surrounding Jean. "What do you think made her do that? She doesn't know you!"

White to the lips Jean stood there, mopping ineffectually at the ruined gown; and then she laughed, and there was bitterness in her voice. "Let's pretend it didn't happen."

If the others didn't know what caused the incident, Jean knew, knew as certainly as if she had looked into the woman's mind. For this was a gesture not towards the girl Jean Harlow, but towards "That Platinum Blonde"—towards that flamboyant personality portrayed on the screen.

For six years Jean Harlow had been in bondage to her hair and to her synthetically acquired reputation. She had been invested with a personality and that personality had been dissected, exploited, discussed, accepted. Yet the Jean Harlow the world knows and the real Jean are fantastically different. But from the beginning her spectacular silver hair has been a startling barrier to the revelation of her real self. She was pigeon-holed, catalogued, not only as the platinum blonde, but the girl with the platinum soul.

From the very beginning of her career Jean realised the price she would have to pay for her fame. When *Hell's Angels* was released Jean Harlow became a sensational controversy overnight. Much to her horror, she, as a woman, was invested with the qualities she portrayed on the screen. It was a ready-made reputation which she neither deserved nor understood.

It was on her personal appearance tour, before she went to M.-G.-M., that Jean began to pay a large price for her strange fame. The night she first faced audiences is etched in her memory as a dreadful nightmare. She came out on the stage to look at eyes, glaring and leering, with a covetous stare in them—dreadful eyes. She ran to her dressing-room and cried until it was time for her to go on again. She knew at that moment that her fame would carry a heavy penalty; and because she is a courageous person, she decided to pay it—knowing full well that

In one of her early films, "Beast of the City," with Jean Hersholt and Walter Huston.

The Real Reason WHY JEAN HARLOW HATED Her HAIR

by Mary ALTMAN

BRANDED by her spectacular appearance—feared and hated by other women—Jean risked her career to recapture happiness

A typical photograph of the Harlow of the blonde era. Compare it with the one on the opposite page.

she would be misunderstood, ungenerously treated and wrongly regarded.

And she found that misunderstanding in plenty. Jean recalls to-day the parties where women gathered in little groups and sometimes gathered their men near them the moment she came into a room. She was the menace, the embodiment of all women feared in another woman.

"Women didn't even bother to get to know me," she declares now. "They went into a shell—and no friendly overtures I made, were of the slightest use."

There were dozens of incidents at parties which hurt dreadfully—which sent her home with a lump in her throat. She recalls vividly one evening when she was a guest, with many others, at a producer's home. When she entered the drawing-room, there was a sudden chill, a sudden stillness; and then a woman near the door suddenly turned away and went directly to her husband chatting near a window. She linked her arm in his, made hasty good-night, and departed with her man in tow.

It was a pointed, a horrid little trick, and Jean at that moment promised herself complete seclusion. For months she didn't go anywhere. There was no use to pretend a gaiety she didn't feel, knowing that every woman present at social events considered her an enemy and acted accordingly.

There came a time when Jean Harlow's super-human forbearance was at an end. Then began a fight to discard her platinum hair—to abandon her trade-mark. She was called unwise—and other names not so flattering—when she first began her campaign to darken her hair, to permit it to be its present shade of brownette.

"I don't want to be a show-piece," she told them. "I'm tired of being a show-piece. If you only want my platinum hair, then get a wig and stick it on some other girl. I have a right to show what I can do with a personality which is my own. You don't know if I can act. I don't know if I can act. Isn't it about time to give me a chance to find out? I'm tired of being nothing more than a platinum blonde!"

Because she wanted dark hair so desperately, she was finally permitted to have it. Even to the first day of production her director pleaded with her. "You're giving up a valuable property. The world knows you by your platinum hair."

"That's just exactly what I'm fighting against," Jean replied.

"I have always hated my platinum hair," Jean says to-day. "Not only because it limited me as an actress, but primarily because it limited me as a human being. It made me look 'hard,' spectacular. If I were quiet and self-possessed, people said, 'Harlow is out of character.' And so I had my job cut out for me—I had to live up to my platinum personality."

"At last I have a chance to be myself. The change in me is reflected in the reaction of people towards me. Suddenly women have become friendly. If I go to a party I am no longer treated as a menace."

"In the past, few people took the trouble to find out what was behind my supposed platinum personality. The most extraordinary stories were built around me. I was consecutively in love with a prize fighter, with a doctor, with a dance director, with a scion of wealth."

"As a matter of fact, I met the prize fighter twice, quite casually. The doctor was an old-time friend, with whose sister I had gone to school; and I had danced to the band-leader's music once. That millionaire, by the way, was pure fiction."

"I have had to fight against the reputation of sex as no other girl in pictures. As a matter of fact," and Jean's mouth curled in a wry smile, "I understand that my name was synonymous with it."

"But I couldn't defend myself. There was nothing that I could say that people would believe."

"The past year has been happy because I haven't had to depend upon a platinum personality to sell myself. I have always known all my good qualities and all my bad ones. I am a human being and a woman. At last I have nothing to live up to except my own definite standards; and as long as I never let down a friend or myself, as long as I have the approval of those who love me—that is enough."

"I have learned in this past year, which has marked the great change in me, to depend upon myself for my own happiness, and to find it in my own way. Finally I have self-confidence, self-assurance. Now I feel that I have a future ahead of me—a career not based on a trade-mark."

As Jean has changed in her ideas and in her attitudes, so has she changed in outward details. Long ago if Jean were hurt, if Jean were frightened, she would instantly assume a role she might have played before the camera, and she was the hey-hey girl, voice high, manner care-free.

I remember once when she was scheduled for a general interview with several out-of-town writers. Jean was so frightened her knees shook. But she threw back her shoulders, strutted down the stairs to the drawing-room, where they waited, and magically assumed the Jean Harlow personality seen on the screen. *Jean was selling her platinum personality.* She was selling it in self-defence.

To-day no matter what the situation is, she is herself. Poised and quiet-spoken, with no undue emphasis given to what might be in the minds of people in regard to her.

Her friendship with Bill Powell has had a vital influence on her. It has insulated her against hurts. In his own man-of-the-world fashion he has taught her a woman-of-the-world attitude.

Jean to-day has moved from an enormous house high on a hill, with its all-white furnishings, its swimming pool, its tennis courts. These were the trappings of a "Platinum Blonde," not of the Jean Harlow of to-day.

She has taken a comparatively small house in Beverly Hills. The furnishings are modest, with not one note of flamboyance among them. They are a suitable background for the girl of the present.

Her social life is almost nun-like in its simplicity. As a matter of fact, in the past year she has attended less than half-a-dozen parties. She lives in slacks and sunsuits when she isn't working, and she wears gala attire only when she is before the camera. She entertains but seldom and then very simply. Usually when she has a guest or two in for dinner, they dine on a table before a fire most informally.

Jean Harlow did not begin life with a platinum personality—and neither was she born with "platinum hair." It was something wished on her when she was given a sensational sex role in *Hell's Angels*. To-day that almost white hair is a thing of the past; and with its discard, the Harlow platinum personality has departed too.

And for this Jean is prayerfully grateful!

Jean Harlow, newly coiffured as a brownette.
Is it a change for the better?



Shots with Our Candid Camera



Above: A happy family. Hugh Sinclair with his wife, Valerie Taylor, and their baby son, Duncan, at home.

Jack Warner and Marion Davies, who are now in England, caught by the camera with Hal Walls at the Hollywood premiere of "Anthony Adverse."



Down at Denham our cameraman "shot" Lawrence Hanray, Paderewski and Charles Farrell, who are appearing in Lothar Mendes' "Moonlight Sonata." Paderewski had never been on an aerodrome before.



Since "Cavalcade" Una O'Connor has been kept busy in Hollywood. She is seen here chatting to Preston Foster, with whom she is appearing in "The Plough and the Stars."



Left: Jean Harlow goes all domestic when William Powell and Spencer Tracy start an earnest argument over the script of "Libelled Lady," in which all three are featured.

THIS LAND OF OPPORTUNITY

by

Ann
PRESTON

THE mills of the gods may very frequently grind slowly, but the heads of the movie-mills in Hollywood, who are the gods of the film colony, are demons for speed.

Only a few months ago, just before my twenty-first birthday, I was brought to the screen capital by Universal talent scouts to make a test for pictures, and already I've seen my name in electric lights.

Like all young girls of to-day, I've been an inveterate reader of the fan magazines. From the time I attended the John Marshall High School in my native city, Chicago, I followed the heart affairs of the stars and devoured the photographs of popular kinema players lolling about the beaches in their bathing suits, picking flowers in sunny California gardens or galloping on horseback along picturesque bridle paths. Hollywood seemed a city of glamour where everyone led a life of luxury and ease.

But as I grew older, studied for the stage and played a number of roles in the Chicago Little Theatres, I began to realise—and to enjoy—the terrific amount of hard work required to make a success in any branch of the amusement field. Hollywood still beckoned to me, but as a land of opportunity for self-expression rather than a paradise for romance.

Meanwhile I threw my heart and soul into a stage career and my big break came when I was cast for the lead of the Chicago production of *Girls in Uniform*. This led to important roles in *Sixteen*, *Street Scene*, *Camel Through the Needle's Eye* and various other plays, and then came an offer to do radio work, which meant wonderful experience as I had to appear in a different dramatic playlet each week. In *The First Nighter* and *Grand Hotel* series of programmes, I played opposite Arthur Jacobson, a gifted young actor, also recruited from the legitimate theatre, but no one will remember me as Ann Preston, because during our three years as a team on the ether I acted under my own name, Shaindol Kalish.

One evening there was a Universal talent sleuth in the audience at the broadcast station. We didn't know anything about it. But when our act was over he introduced himself, said he liked our work very much and arranged an appointment for a preliminary screen test of Arthur and myself. The test was shipped to the Coast and a few days later a pen was thrust in our quivering fingers. We signed the contracts with a flourish. Before the week was out, with barely enough time to get a trunk and a couple of new dresses, I was on a train, bound for California.

Then things began happening with incredible speed. As soon as I got to the station in Los Angeles there were photographers waiting to take my picture alighting from the train, there were hearty handshakes with people whose names I am only beginning to recall, as I meet them again in my daily work, and there was a big studio car which whisked me away to the studio before I could catch my breath. Then a meeting with the executives followed by an interview with the publicity staff. Before I left the Universal lot my name had been changed from Shaindol Kalish to Ann Preston; I had my first seances with the make-up magicians and hairdressers, who discussed my features and coiffure, and I found myself carrying away a manuscript with instructions to learn several pages of lines for a screen test to be taken the following morning.



THE young actress who has been given the lead in *Parole* opposite another newcomer, Henry Hunter tells you how she came from the stage to screen and what she thinks of Hollywood and its ways.

That seemed to me a pretty full day for a starter, but I didn't know my Hollywood. When I arrived at the little furnished apartment the studio had rented for me till I could get a chance to select my own lodgings, I decided I wouldn't go out to dinner. I got into a comfortable house dress, unpacked one suitcase, then fixed myself a cold snack and prepared to curl up

in a comfortable chair with the test script. But just as I was putting the dishes away in came a newspaper reporter who wanted the story of my life!

Well-meaning friends had warned me that Hollywood was cold, hard and heartless to newcomers until they had "arrived." I did not find it so. Everywhere I was greeted with a spirit of helpfulness. Celebrated players, seeing me alone, often invited me to join their table in the studio restaurant and soon I was included in parties at the homes of the elite of filmdom. Contrary to what I had been led to expect, these gatherings were neither wild nor boresome. True, the conversation invariably turned to pictures, but it was intelligent and constructive talk. Everyone seemed too earnest in expressing sincere judgments about recent productions or an individual's performance to waste time in malice, wisecracks or petty jealousies. Frank criticism was asked for and welcomed.

While waiting for the results of my tests I was given the freedom of the lot to watch the different units at work and as a course in screen technique a different picture was run off for me every morning in the projection room.

In about two weeks I was notified I had been assigned my first picture. I expected to be cast in several secondary roles and then win promotion gradually, but to my amazement I was to have the feminine lead in *Parole*, an original story by Joel Sayre and Kubec Glasmon, dealing with the problems confronting an ex-prisoner when he is returned to society. I was to play his faithful sweetheart who continued to believe in him throughout his darkest moments and most bitter trials.

When I reported for duty to director Louis Friedlander, he told me my tests had turned out best from a field of twenty-three competitors. Then, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, Mr. Friedlander introduced me to my leading man, Henry Hunter, who was also making his film debut. Henry was none other than my former radio partner, Arthur Jacobson, who had also acquired a new name for the screen. There had been no intention of presenting us as a team when we signed our movie contracts, but Henry had won his job as I had mine—on the strength of showing the most promise of all who had been tested for the part.

Well, I feel like a dyed-in-the-wool screen veteran now, but I'll always remember the difficulties of those first few weeks. Strangely enough for a radio player, the thing that most terrified me in the beginning was the microphone. In the broadcasting studios the mike is right in front of you. You play to it. Even though there is an audience present, the mike is the gateway to your real audience—the thousands upon thousands of the unseen listeners in the "armchairs." But on the movie sets the mike is always out of sight. It was placed over my head and seemed to follow me about like the Sword of Damocles; I couldn't place myself in a scene. I caught myself continually lifting my head searching for the mike, fearing my voice would not register properly unless the mechanism could be lowered to a level with my mouth.

Launching a new romantic movie team is almost as gigantic a task as launching a great liner like the *Queen Mary*. But everyone on our production from property boy to director seemed to lend all possible energy and to take the greatest personal interest in helping Henry and me to overcome our initial self-consciousness and fear complexes.

"The boys are most eager to see you kids make good," said Mr. Friedlander. That's the sort of place I found hard-boiled Hollywood to be!

PICTUREGOERS have grown particular.

Not only do we demand better quality of lighting, photography and so forth, but we also demand greater attention to detail; and we complain, loudly and long, that we don't get it.

And there, I think, we unwittingly do the studios an injustice.

Hundreds of thousands of pounds are spent on research every year in the world's studios, just for the sake of Getting It Right; so that when the producers succeed so frequently and triumphantly in Getting It Wrong, it's obviously not due to want of care—and it seems worth while to inquire further for the reason.

Come on, let's be methodical, and divide film inaccuracies into their classes.

Here's my classification, and it's up to you to produce a better one if you think you can.

- (a) *Historical inaccuracies, intentional.*
- (b) *Historical inaccuracies, unintentional.*
- (c) *Incongruities and anachronisms, positive and negative (that's a good one; I wonder what it'll turn out to mean).*
- (d) *Just plain dumb bloomers in continuity.*

Right at the start there we are up against a puzzler. Why should historical errors ever be introduced *intentionally*?

When we answer this question we also shatter at a blow the hopes of the retired Indian judges, ex-railway-superintendents, costume experts, engineers, architects, Mersey pilots, museum curators, West African resident commissioners, and all the hordes of experts on every subject under the sun who can see a nice snug old-age-pension for themselves as "technical advisers" in the film studios.

"Ah," exclaims Rear-Admiral Seaworthy-Tubb, R.N. (ret.), nudging his wife in the dress-circle or thereabouts. "See that? They've hoisted the jolly old White Ensign upside-down, what? Gad, what these film-people want is an expert there to tell 'em!"

But the gallant admiral can keep his shirt on. They had a naval expert in the studio—Lieut. Commdr. Wardrume-Knowall, R.N. (ret.). And what happened when they came to hoist the jolly old White Ensign?

He said: "Hey, there, 'vast hauling! It's upside down, you lubbers!" and the script-girl, parking her gum firmly, observed: "That's the way we had it in the long-shot, Mr. Weisbaum."

And so up it goes; that comes in Class C, as a negative incongruity.

Same with these historical things. There's nearly always an expert on the spot to say what should and what shouldn't be, and a production-supervisor to override his decision.

Imagine, in such a case, the agony of the dry-as-dust historian to whom facts are a religion!

For instance, a friend of mine in Hollywood has been privileged to see the script of the current Warner-First National picture *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, in which Errol Flynn is starred. This film, I gather, is destined to make some very valuable contributions to history.

To begin with, the regiment making the famous charge was not, it appears, the 17th Lancers as we have always imagined, but the 27th Dragoons.

They are stationed in the Khyber Pass, and are sent to Arabia to round up some horses for use in the Balkans.

On their return they find that the local chieftain, Surat Khan, has massacred their wives and children, and slunk off to the Crimea to join the Russians.

So, all het up, the regiment dashes to the Battle of Balaclava and, against all orders, makes its historic charge. And, of course, Nolan (ne Flynn) meets Surat Khan in single combat, and they both expire suddenly.

So you see how misinformed Tennyson was.

By Hollywood standards this is good art, because (a) the audience will have much more sympathy with men who are burning to avenge the murder of their families than if they were merely victims of a stupid blunder, (b) Indian tribesmen make more hateful villains than Russians do, (c) no descendant of a survivor of

GETTING IT



Katherine Hepburn in "Mary of Scotland" walks to her execution in the courtyard. An incident which atones by its spectacle for its historical inaccuracy.

MANY films, especially those which deal with historical subjects, lay themselves open to the charge of inaccuracy. Sometimes an incident is at variance with fact; sometimes it is a point of dress or other detail that is at fault.

However, sometimes the errors are not accidental, but deliberate, as Max Breen explains in the accompanying article.

the 17th Lancers can sue for libel of his ancestors, since that regiment is not in question.

To Hollywood, tampering with history is justified if it leads to more dramatic results; *Mutiny on the Bounty*, for instance, was chockfull of the most glaring historical inaccuracies, yet it has been overwhelmingly successful; indeed, the controversy that raged concerning it did a great deal to make every self-respecting picturegoer decide to see the film, by hook or crook, to mark down such obvious "boners" in the film as the ship's doctor saying: "Have a drink of this—it'll kill the germs," at a time when germs had never been thought of.

Our own recent success, *Tudor Rose*, is by no means proof against the flaw-pickers; but the point is—is it better entertainment for the introduction of a little juggling with facts?

And the answer is probably "yes."

Even *The Private Life of Henry VIII* is not entirely immaculate—historically as well as morally.

The producers make no secret of these little departures from strict accuracy; for instance, Radio Pictures have declared that "authenticity has been reconciled to pictorial effect" in the case of the current Hepburn-March opus *Mary of Scotland*.

"In the building of Holyrood," says Pandro S.



WRONG



Below: A fight scene from "Captain Blood." The sabres the men are using belong to a period two hundred years later, for the weapons of the right period proved to be too heavy to be used easily.



Berman, the producer, "we have made no effort to duplicate the historical structure. Rather we created an imposing palace of the 16th Century in Scotland which is authentic in detail for that period and reflects the atmosphere of the story. An exact replica of Holyrood would have been out of time with the tempo of the action."

So we are to have a Hollywood Holyrood.

"The same liberty," Berman continues, "is taken with the final scene of the picture in which Mary goes to the block. In the film, the scene is played in the courtyard of Fotheringay Castle, while according to historians Mary was executed in the great council hall."

"As the entire scene is impressionistic, showing only long stairs, dramatic values demanded that an outdoor setting be used. *This was done in the New York play also.*"

The italics are mine; those final words are too rich to overlook.

So you see, to the producer accuracy is not necessarily the most important thing; in fact, it is sometimes repugnant to him—if it seems to interfere with the dramatic effect.

Take the case of those cutlasses in *Captain Blood*.

Dwight Franklin, technical adviser, was consulted about the size of the cutlasses that the seamen ought to use.

"Pretty short," said Mr. Franklin, "designed for close hand-to-hand fighting, and easy to carry in a sash."

"Oh, shucks!" said the producer. "We want *men's* cutlasses,"—and he proceeded to order whacking great things like cavalry sabres.

And these weapons, as it happened, completely wrecked the big pirate battle scene, for the extras who were temporary pirates for the moment found them too heavy to wield.

So the whole scene had to be scrapped and remade, with lighter weapons, hastily supplied from the property-room, some of which belonged to a period 200 years later.

And Mr. Franklin managed to conceal his smile.

The same expert was art-director for *Treasure Island*, and he had loads of trouble on that.

In the island sequence, for instance, there were monkeys of a species which is found only in India, a lizard which is peculiar to Galapagos Island, and a cassowary, which proved that the island was in Australasia.

Also when the coconuts were tossed from the trees by the monkeys they were husked ready for market!

This boner, of course, falls into the negative incongruities class—in all probability someone knew, and spoke up like a man, and the ganger or production-supervisor delivered himself of the time-honoured gag: "What the hell, boys? The audience won't know!"

So what is anyone to do?

And yet the curious thing is that the audience is given a great deal of credit for knowledge in little things, whereas havoc is played in big ones.

For example, although in *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, as we have seen, history is being handled none too reverently, the details of the period are being reproduced with touching fidelity. Actual postage-stamps of the period are used, and rope has been woven of grass.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are perhaps the strongest sticklers for accuracy—especially after the roasting they got about the pillar-box in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* and the banana in *David Copperfield*.

This attention is particularly apparent in *Ah, Wilderness!* I haven't heard a single criticism of the period details—which is most unusual.

With a comparatively recent period like that, it is more difficult to keep it free from anachronisms. In making *The Crusades*, naturally the crowd people wouldn't wear wrist-watches, modern sports belts or shoes, collegiate socks, or anklets, nor carry powder-compacts, cigarette-lighters, tobacco-pouches with zip-fastenings, or cameras.

But all these things were detected on the *Ah, Wilderness!* set, and promptly eliminated.

Errors in such details, when they reach the screen, are probably the most irritating, because they're more obviously due to carelessness; in such cases the continuity-girl is usually blamed, but the onus should really fall on the production-supervisor.

Films in which long periods elapse generally contain pitfalls. Many people have commented on Leslie Banks' loyalty to his clothes in *The Tunnel*—he apparently wore the same jacket and hat for fifteen years.

Then there are positive anachronisms, such as the ultra-modern clothes worn by Merle Oberon in the war-time scenes of *Dark Angel*; as here, in the case of Cecilia Parker's costume in *Three Live Ghosts*, it may very well be that the producer considered that the quaint clothes of yesteryear would distract the audience's attention from the action; here is another case in which yesteryear is a much more tricky period than five hundred years ago.

There is this to be said for Hollywood producers—some incongruities which may howl for attention here would not be noticed by American audiences, for whom the picture was primarily made.

Particularly is this true of films showing London street scenes; in *I Found Stella Parish*, for example, I found also a theatre-gallery-queue consisting entirely of bonneted old ladies, sitting on a stone stairway, each armed with a shopping-basket containing a week's groceries.

And the great American public doesn't realise that that antiquated open-topped London 'bus, which appeared in *Stella Parish*, *Whipsaw*, and a host of other films, would be as conspicuous in London to-day as a covered wagon would be in California.

On the other hand, perhaps by way of compensation, when Fredric March drove Merle Oberon to Folkestone in *The Dark Angel* in 1914, he used a 1936 car.

Such boners in recent films could be multiplied a hundredfold, and would fill pages of the PICTUREGOER.

Which rather suggests that quite enough unintentional mistakes occur in films without producers going out of their way to "get it wrong" on purpose!



Nova Pilbeam and Desmond Tester in a scene from "Tudor Rose." Charming though this British picture is, it is not free from historical errors.



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VOSEMAR

SHOT BY PHIL LONERGAN

The Hollywood

NEWSREEL

GRETA GARBO'S hairdresser asked Robert Taylor to divulge the name of the lady he is to marry. The actor discovered that one of his fan clubs is offering a prize of £2 10s. to anyone who provides this information. I would call it a waste of money, as it seems certain, as we have all heard, that Barbara Stanwyck is "No. 1 Girl" with Bob.

The couple deny any idea of romance, declaring that they are "just friends"!

In my opinion, they are the kind of "friends" who get married!

Grateful Gable

Clark Gable plans a fitting reward for an honest little boy who evidently lives in Beverly Hills not far from the hotel where the actor resides.

"The big moment" of millions of feminine fans entered a Beverly Hills drug store near the hotel, made a purchase and then departed. He was almost instantly overtaken by a small boy about ten or eleven years old, who thrust a wallet into Gable's hand. It was the actor's property. The boy explained that he had seen the actor drop it, and darted away as soon as he had returned the wallet, before Clark could learn his name.

The star is still endeavouring to locate the youngster.

A Singer in Love

Jeannette MacDonald is engaged, and it is not to Mr. Ritchie, her manager, with whom her name has been coupled.

The lucky man is Gene Raymond, one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, who, whilst the idol of many pretty film actresses, has appeared to be heart-whole and fancy free.

Mrs. MacDonald, Jeannette's mother, made the announcement, and her statement was enthusiastically confirmed by Gene's mother, Mrs. Mary Kipling.

Neither the future bride or groom has been married before, which is unusual in California film circles.

Hollywood likes and respects Jeannette and Gene, and wishes them a happy married life. They are the kind of people who have never figured in lurid headlines.

Her Genealogy

The recent announcement that Joan Bennett has been discovered to be the descendant of England's famed Duke of Argyll, had a salubrious effect on the local genealogy business of Hollywood.

Several stars have commissioned "family tree" experts to dig about and see what they might find of equal importance.

Three pseudo-experts have told Joan that they have found the correct Argyll coat-of-arms for her. Unfortunately, all three of them are different.

Athletic Sally

Sally Eilers, having won the women's doubles championship at the West Side Tennis Club with her partner, Josephine Cruikshank, is looking about for new worlds to conquer, other than tennis.

This curious trait of Sally's in abandoning what she achieves dates back quite a while. Several years ago she worked and studied months to obtain an airplane pilot's



Just one of the lovely girls who will help to make "The Big Broadcast of 1937" worth seeing

licence and, having secured it, did not venture near a 'plane again.

Sally was one of the most lethal bridge players in the film colony after only six months actual playing, when she became bored with the achievement, and began to cast about for a more competitive spirit.

Possibly the little lady will next try for a stratosphere record!

The Same Old Song

Joan Blondell and Dick Powell deny that they are the persons who booked passages on a steamer sailing from Los Angeles on September 19 under the names, "Dick Powell and wife."

Miss Blondell's divorce from George Barnes, cameraman, becomes effective September 4.

Engagements, as we know, are rarely announced in Hollywood, so we shall probably hear about the wedding after it has taken place.

Man and Dog

The favourite hideaway of Richard Dix was, until recently, in the Malibu Mountains. There he could elude friends and admirers as well. A few months ago he sold the place, but, a fortnight after, bought it back! And thereby hangs a tale.

On the former Dix property are three tombstones, erected above the graves of prized dogs. When his St. Bernard died, Dix placed the body of the animal in his car, and drove to his erstwhile hideaway to bury the dog beside the other pets.

The new owner refused to permit the interment, and also announced that he intended to destroy the cemetery. So the star bought back

the place for more than the selling price, and the St. Bernard was laid to rest beside the other dogs.

Whilst the other man reaped a financial profit, I know that Dix will win far more, in the respect of dog lovers all over the world, when this story is generally known.

Feathered Pets

Joan Crawford is planning a bird apartment house at her Brentwood Heights home, with her husband, Franchot Tone as architect.

The star has had bird houses all over her grounds, but was unable to cope with the increase in feathered population, so decided to construct one of the finest bird sanctuaries in the country. It will have rooms for one hundred tenants, running water and feeding troughs.

A Marriage Barrier

Betty Grable cannot marry until January, 1937, under the terms of her contract with RKO-Radio.

The pretty little actress, who is engaged to Jackie Coogan, and hoped to wed him in the near future, tried to induce the studio officials to waive the "may not marry" clause, but was unsuccessful.

However, if Betty should decide to marry and retire from the screen, I do not see what the studio could do about it.

Betty evidently desires to retain career as well as romance.

BOWER MASON COVERS

The BRITISH STUDIOS

WHEN John Baxter made that charming little picture *Song of the Plough* there were many who expressed the gravest doubts as to its chance of appealing to the public. They argued that audiences who had become satiated with a diet of desperadoes, detectives and racketeers would not appreciate so slow a tempo.

Well, they were wrong. We as a nation do not indulge in loud pæans of praise of our own country, but that does not mean we are not fond of it and all that it stands for. Indeed, our genuine affection for it is in exactly the reverse ratio to our public praise. Wherefore, Mr. Baxter confounded his critics and pleased the public who saw his picture.

The Old Order Changeth

Now he is busy on yet another picture which will give us a glimpse of rural England. Entitled *Song of the Road*, it deals with a drayman who is asked to give up his horse in favour of motor transport, but, unwilling to part with his old friend, buys it out of his savings and sets out from London through Surrey into Sussex in search of work for them both. The old drayman and his horse will be seen making their way through London and on into the country where work awaits them.

Rural Life

Already Baxter has completed his location shots and has brought back to Sound City at Shepperton wonderful pictures of harvesting, marketing and other rustic pursuits from the country round about Arundel, Lewes and Haslemere. The old drayman is played by Bransbury Williams, whose first starring part in a talkie this is.

It is forty years since this actor first went on the stage, but unlike many veterans he is most adaptable in his work, and his performance in this picture will certainly prove what a fine character actor he is—not that any additional proof is needed, for his Dickensian impersonations are famous the world over. Other members of the cast include Tod Slaughter, Davy Burnaby, Muriel George and her husband Ernest Butcher, Percy Parsons, Peggy Novak and H. F. Maltby. There is no love interest in this picture and it is officially stated that the horse is the hero of the film. Which seems horse-sense to me!

Way Down South

This back-to-the-land movement seems to be spreading. Sark in the Channel Islands is the latest place to attract the attention of the studios, and here Beaumont Film Productions are busy on their picture, *The Toilers of the Sea*.

Sark is the only entirely feudal state within the Empire, and has more quaint laws and customs than any other of the Channel Islands. However, there is no danger of mistakes creeping into the film, for Mr. L. C. Beaumont, the producer, is the son of La Dame de Sark, who is the hereditary ruler of the island, so if anyone should be sure of getting local traditions and customs right it ought to be he.

The Fun of the Fair

It was Robert Louis Stevenson, I think, who sang, "The world is so full of a number of things, that we all ought to be just as happy as kings." I doubt very much, however, if the average Property Master of a film studio would

agree with the second line of the couplet. He is only too painfully aware that the world is not only full of a number of things but that producers have a habit of demanding all the most unprocurable ones to be ready for use at the shortest notice!

When I heard that Alexander Esway was to use a complete fair-ground in one of the sequences in *Thunder in the City*, in which Edward G. Robinson is starring for Atlantic Films at Denham, I had visions of "Props" finding his hair had turned grey in a single night. However, Esway himself solved the problem by hiring a fair and transplanting the complete show at Denham.

Watching Robinson and Nigel Bruce manfully going about their work on the set despite the heat, I could not help suggesting that if another title should ever be required they might do worse than call it *Fair and Warmer*!

A Hardworker

Nancy Burne, who plays an important rôle in *Thunder in the City*, is one of those people who have a love of acting ingrained in them. When she was still a youngster she was always mimicking her elders, and this habit landed her in trouble with her grave and reverend seniors on more than a few occasions. But the rows only tended to make her the more determined to carry on as she had begun, and it was not long before she graduated from impromptu concerts where she showed her versatility by singing, dancing and giving what are known as "slight impressions", to the stage proper.

Plenty of Variety

After playing the Princess in *The Windmill Man* she had experience in shows as divergent in type as *St. Joan* and *Clowns in Clover*, and although she has experienced more ups and downs than have most young women of twenty-five, she has never given up hope or lost courage. And now she is working with an important American star with whom she has several big scenes.

Nancy is one of those people who realises the truth of Edison's remark that genius is ten per cent. inspiration and ninety per cent. perspiration, and realising it, she is bound to go very far on the road to fame.

Lucky Pinewoodians

Work at Pinewood is now in full swing and a very nice place it is to work in, I can assure you. Adjoining the studio is a country club complete with self-contained flats, private suites and eighty bedrooms, not to mention a restaurant that can seat 150 diners. A Turkish bath, squash and tennis courts, cocktail bar and billiard-room are only a few of the attractions of the place.

It is intended that the club shall be the centre of all social life at Pinewood, and I will bet my bottom dollar that it will be so. In fact, I expect that anyone who had to leave the place would pine for Pinewood!

This catering for the creature comforts of the film folk is definitely a good thing. Life in the studio is all too often one of stress and strain, not to mention physical discomfort, and anything that tends to enable people to relax completely is bound to make for better work.

First Impressions

Among the first American stars to work at Pinewood are Ricardo Cortez and Sally Eilers, who have come over to this country to play in the new B. and D. film, *A Man With*

Your Voice, which Jack Raymond is producing. They will have a chance to tell their friends way back in Hollywood how England can produce studios that in matters of equipment, comfort, and modernity compare favourably, to say the least of it, with any in the world.

The story does not deal with the adventures of some super mimic as the title might have led you to suppose, but it centres round a rugged shipyard contractor whose first care is for his men and their prosperity. This character is played by that fine actor Randle Ayrton, who has a part that suits him down to the ground. The villain of the piece is Basil Sydney, whose work in *Rhodes of Africa* showed you what a sound character actor he is. That he will give a good performance in this new picture is certain, but for those who remember him as he used to appear in *Romance*, with Doris Keene, it still seems strange to see the hero of that play as a villain of any sort!

A Backward Glance

Herbert Wilcox is busy on *London Melody* at Pinewood. As I told you last week, the entire production was shifted there from Elstree as soon as the studios were ready, and now Anna Neagle and Tullio Carminati are going merrily to work in their new surroundings.

I wonder if Wilcox ever looks round the Pinewood studios, complete with all the latest gadgets and fittings that make for smooth production, and remembers the days when he first started on this business of making pictures. Seventeen years ago it was, and down at Kew



he had built a studio which would seem odd indeed to-day. It was built almost entirely of glass because in those far-off times it was necessary to shoot by natural light, and the English weather being what it is, a very difficult time was experienced by one and all in his miniature Crystal Palace.

Weather Worries

However, even in those days, Wilcox was a man of initiative. Realising that every minute of sunshine wasted was so much good time lost for ever, he posted a scout on Kew Bridge to act as weather observer and signal when sunshine was on the way. The second the sun shone, Wilcox took his long shot and then the company stood by patiently till the clouds which had promptly arrived in pursuit had made a leisurely retreat and the producer could get busy on the close-up that had to follow the long shot.

If the weather was bad, and it usually seemed to change for the worse the very day work started on a new picture, the film might take as long as three weeks to complete and the budget would soar to the alarming height of some £2,000. Which in those days was a terrible amount of money to have to put down, I can assure you!

Enter a Newcomer

One day a young actor who had already made a name in revue and musical comedy in the West End journeyed out to Kew to make a film for Wilcox. All day long actor and director toiled under the glass roof of the studio, but at the end of that time neither was satisfied with the results.

Regretfully Wilcox came to the conclusion that the actor was not photographic and told the latter so as tactfully as possible. After a long and friendly discussion, Wilcox asked the actor if he would mind dropping out of the cast,

and the latter willingly agreed to do so.

Among the new pictures which Herbert Wilcox is to make at Pinewood will be one in which that same actor will have a starring rôle. His name is Jack Buchanan!

An Epoch-making Discovery

Wonders will never cease! The Grosvenor Film unit which has been on location near Salisbury during the making of the racing picture *Take a Chance*, recently discovered a citizen by whom they were all thrilled. And the reason for the aforesaid thrill was that the man in question cheerfully confessed that he had never seen a film in his life!

Like most of the world's most startling discoveries, it came about by accident. Director Sinclair Hill invited local inhabitants to take part in a crowd scene, which showed a racehorse being put into a railway box car at Wilton Station watched by a number of villagers, and among the volunteers was a certain Mr. J. E. Turnish.

In answer to a casual query, he stated that he never went to the pictures, preferring to spend his evenings in his tiny bachelor cottage.

(Below) Muddle in the Middle Ages. An amusing scene from the Pathé production, "Knights For a Day," made at Welwyn Studios. Included in the cast are Nelson Keys, seen in the centre of the group, Nancy Burne, John Garrick and Cathleen Nesbitt.

An Explanation

So much interest did he arouse that Claude Hulbert, who was with the unit, asked to be introduced to him. In a laudable endeavour to find out just exactly why the aforesaid Mr. J. E. Turnish never drops into the local picture theatre, Claude questioned him carefully, and then the truth came out.

"Well," said the former, tugging for a moment at his short, grey beard, "I don't believe in ghosts, and that's all pictures are—people's ghosts. When I was a lad I used to go to the theatres and see *real* people, but who wants to see a photograph?"

He did admit, however, that if the crops are good next season he may break his record by going to see himself in *Take a Chance*, and he accepted quite calmly the assurance Claude gave him that it will be many, many years before that "ghost" goes west!

A Date to Remember

You have an appointment to see "Mother" on Thursday next, October 8—first thing in the morning!

"Mother" is a great new home journal, dedi-



"London Melody," the first Herbert Wilcox production to take the floor at the new Pinewood Studios at Iwer is a romantic story of Soho and Mayfair. And here are the co-stars Anna Neagle and Tullio Carminati who supply most of the romantic part of the story.

cated to "the most important person in the world," and of fascinating interest to women of all ages.

No. 1 has 120 big pages, alive with colour and pictures, and printed throughout in glorious photogravure.

And to celebrate the launching of No. 1, "Mother" is making Three World Record Celebration Gifts.

First inside every copy—Free—there is a lovely Colour Plate of the Duchess of Kent and her son, the infant Prince Edward, from the portrait by a famous artist, and also a splendid 36-page Knitting Book containing 20 new and charming designs.

Next, you are given full details and Reservation Forms for superb Household Scales—British-made, with a semi-circular sunk-in dial, and registering up to 8 lb. It is a really marvellous kitchen and home companion.

There are grand stories by authors of such repute as Ethel Mannin and Monica Ewer, and an amazing variety of illustrated features on home health, beauty, cooking and married happiness.

The price of this great new journal is—sixpence. Remember the date—Thursday, October 8—and order your copy *now*.





Maria (Annabella) with her fiancé, Don Diego (Edward Underdown) and the trainer, Kerry (Henry Fonda), visit Maria's gypsy grandmother, who has entered a horse, *Wings of the Morning*, for the Derby, and has been taken ill.



Valentine (Stewart Rome), Kerry's uncle who has taken the late Earl of Clontarf's residence talks to Marie, Maria's grandmother (Irene Vanbrugh), who had married the Earl and so brought a curse on the family.

WINGS of the Morning

THIS is the first Technicolor production to be made in Europe, and it also introduces Henry Fonda and Annabella to the British screen. It has been directed by Robert T. Kane for New World Films and the script is adapted from two short stories by Donn Byrne, the well-known Irish author. It deals with a curse which falls on three generations of a family whose ancestor had married a gypsy, and how it came to be broken. One of the highlights is a sequence of the Derby in colour.





Maria, who had been in Spain and managed to escape in boy's clothes, is mistaken by Kerry for a boy. Wings of the Morning had bolted and while trying to find the horse they had to take shelter in a barn.



In the prologue, in the year 1889, the Earl of Clontarf (Leslie Banks) proposes to Marie (Annabella)

Valentine shows Maria, who is still dressed as a boy, a miniature of her grandmother, Marie, which he had found in Clontarf Castle.



The Earl of Clontarf meets Marie for the first time in a gypsy encampment with her father (D. J. Williams).



Robert TAYLOR & Barbara STANWYCK

That brilliant little artiste, Barbara Stanwyck, who sprang into prominence in "Forbidden" is at last being accorded fuller opportunities. She is seen here with Robert Taylor, a leading man who is also rapidly gaining prominence in "His Brother's Wife." Her latest picture is "The Bride Walks out."

£100 IN PRIZES

in simple, fascinating competition offered by the makers of **GLYROSA Jelly**—famous for making hands soft, smooth and silky

FIRST PRIZE SECOND PRIZE THIRD PRIZE FOURTH PRIZE
£50 £25 £15 £10
and 1,005 Consolation Prizes

Here is your opportunity to have lovely hands and win some money. The photographs below show the hands of six famous film actresses who use Glyrosa Jelly. The top row shows their *left* hands. The second row shows the same players' *right* hands—but *not in corresponding order*. All you have to do is to 'pair off' the hands correctly, then say in a few words why you think Glyrosa Jelly is good to use. Study the photographs, note distinguishing features such as length of fingers, shape of nails, etc., and decide on your pairs. Then read the competition instructions and carefully fill up the entry form. Simple—and fascinating, isn't it—yet your entry may easily win for you a substantial cheque.

HERE ARE THE LEFT HANDS

Jessie Matthews



Cicely Courtneidge



Joan Gardner



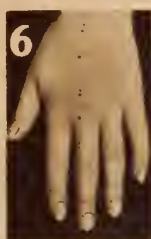
Nancy O'Neil



Patricia Hillard



Chill Bouchler



AND HERE ARE THE RIGHT HANDS



What lovely hands these actresses have. No matter how rough or red your hands are—no matter how much washing-up or house-work or office work they do—Glyrosa Jelly will make them lovely and keep them lovely. Glyrosa Jelly contains a secret ingredient—Salvacine—which gets right down below the pores, feeding the tissues and toning them up. You can have glamorous hands, too. Get a tube of Glyrosa Jelly from your chemist, store or hairdresser and see what a difference even one application makes overnight. Keep the carton, you will want it for this competition.

RULES AND CONDITIONS

1. The winner of the first prize will be the entrant whose solution, in any one entry, of the pairing is correct or most nearly so—according to the official solution deposited with the Editor of this publication. The other prizes will follow in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties for any of the prizes, the winning order in such cases will be decided by the reasons given why "GLYROSA JELLY is good to use," the entries containing the reasons adjudged the soundest and best stated to take priority. Only in such cases will the "reasons" be taken into account.

2. Each entry must be accompanied by the carton of a 6d. tube of Glyrosa Jelly. Two entries may be sent with the carton of a 1/- size. As many entries may be sent in as desired, but not more than two in one envelope.

3. No employee of H. A. Penney Ltd. is eligible for this competition.

4. All entries will be opened on Monday, October 26.

5. Entries must be made on the form in ink in block letters; insufficiently stamped entries will be refused.

6. The judge's decision will be final and accepted as such. No correspondence can be entered into. Entries are accepted only on these conditions.

7. Names and addresses of cash prize winners will be published in the Daily Sketch on October 31. Winners of cash and consolation prizes will be notified by post.

GLYROSA JELLY

makes hands soft, smooth and silky

In 6d. & 1/- tubes from Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers.

HERE IS THE ENTRY FORM

One 6d. tube entitles you to one entry; one 1/- tube entitles you to two entries. TO H. A. PENNEY LTD., 3-5, BURLINGTON GARDENS, LONDON, W.1.

I have studied the photographs and my pairing of the hands is as follows:—

I agree to accept the rules and conditions.

ENTRY No. ONE

ENTRY No. TWO

No. 1 pairs with No.

No. 1 pairs with No.

No. 2 pairs with No.

No. 2 pairs with No.

No. 3 pairs with No.

No. 3 pairs with No.

No. 4 pairs with No.

No. 4 pairs with No.

No. 5 pairs with No.

No. 5 pairs with No.

No. 6 pairs with No.

No. 6 pairs with No.

Name

Address

WRITE IN INK IN BLOCK LETTERS

Any number of additional entries may be submitted on plain paper, with necessary cartons.

Where purchased

Why I think Glyrosa Jelly is good to use. (Not more than 12 words).



The "evidence" in due course announced its safe arrival into the world with a feeble cry. The baby was tiny; so tiny that Doc suspected the appearance of twins.

every other house, a house of mourning. For Doc it was hard enough to see lumberjacks in pain. Hard to give Mike, for instance, who had been pinned under a falling fir trunk, an anæsthetic and tell him everything was going to be all right though both legs were going to be amputated. The lumberjacks were like children when they were hurt; trusting in you to save them. But when actual children were at death's door, toddlers whom one had brought into the world, mites whose parents looked at you in mute agony when the effects of the anti-serum failed to give relief; that was despair. Even Father Martinez, stoking up the fire in the one-time vestry, prepared at any minute to say prayers for the dying, gave rein to vehemence.

"If somebody could be made to understand, Doc, what an epidemic means in a place like this. Snowed in—helpless for months in the year. If we only had a proper hospital!"

Doc had come to the end of such vague repinings. The present difficulty merited all his concern. Only half a box of precious serum left, miles of telegraph wire broken by the intense frost and fresh diphtheric cases coming in hourly.

Leaving Katherine in charge of the patients, Doc went over to Mike's cabin. From his wheel chair, Mike at a self-made radio set was trying every permutation and combination of controls to get through to Montreal.

"I've made it, Doc," he shouted suddenly. "It's Montreal. Sounds like a boy's voice. Probably another home-made outfit."

With a warm feeling of relief, Doc within ten minutes was talking to his brother as though he were in the next room. "Mr. Paul Luke is a surgeon in one of the chief hospitals of Montreal," Doc said finally, turning to the beaming Mike. "He's promised to see Sir Basil Crawford of our Trading Company and send a special 'plane with serum to-day."

"Holy smoke! That's exciting."

"You're right. It's a funny thing, Mike. So long as you had good legs, you were just a dumb lumberjack. Along comes a spruce and next thing your brain's working. You build a radio which works."

Between the promise of the longed-for serum and its arrival, was a period of waiting made longer by minor irritations and anxieties. All these were swept away when Doc, rushing bareheaded into the open, like any schoolboy, was the first to greet the pilot of the overdue 'plane.

"Sorry I'm late, Uncle John," spoke up a half-familiar voice, as its owner pushed back his flying helmet. "Here's the serum. Dad had trouble with Sir Basil. The old buffer's just one mass of red tape; tried to argue that Moosetown didn't come within the limits of the company's responsibility; would offer nothing but form 48 for Dad to fill in. Ultimately Dad got fed up, took the law in his own hands and here I am."

Doc was not so occupied with gratitude and hurrying the spokesman to hospital as to fail in appreciation of a hitherto little-known nephew and medical student to boot. The 'plane in landing had buckled a wing and sustained other

(Continued on page 28)

IF only he had a properly equipped hospital! At the back of the mind of Dr. John Luke, the wish, regularly as the fall of leaves, came to the fore in late autumn. Coming frost meant isolation, an entire cutting off from the outer world, to Moosetown, community of the company-owned lumberjacks with their wives and families far north of Montreal.

Upon the broad shoulders of Dr. Luke, inevitably known as Doc, middle-aged, bespectacled, with heart perennially young, rested responsibility for the well-being of that community. Organised tree-felling has its dangers. More than one "logger" accidentally pinned beneath a mighty fallen spruce, owed his limbs, and sometimes his life, to Doc's skill. Thus it was up to him, also Katherine, capable and loyal a nurse as ever attained the so-called wrong side of forty, to see that the purser of the autumn-visiting steamer, had the right list of supplies to bring back in the spring.

"Anything else, Doc?" the purser inquired, having taken an order in his office, for a bushel of aspirin and a couple of gallons of iodine.

"I guess that's all—oh! except a pair of baby scales—Government regulations. As if I couldn't weigh a baby with my hand. Don't worry about them till next year."

"You may want them sooner than you think. Look who's coming," Katherine supplemented, drawing Doc's attention outside. On the quay and up the gangplank a crowd

The Story of the Film **The** **COUNTRY DOCTOR** by Marjory Williams

Freely based on the film, "The Country Doctor," by permission of Twentieth Century-Fox. See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 32, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

of lumberjacks appeared to be raising someone to shoulder height while shouting at and serenading him with accordions.

"It's Asa Wyatt!" Doc, to whom surprise was almost as alien as bad temper, watched the frustrated efforts of a mild-mannered Swede, to board the boat with astonishment.

"Not again. Far too soon," Doc ejaculated to Katherine; then as the panting, perspiring little man reached him: "What is it, Asa?"

"Can you come right away, Doc? I thought I'd never get here. The boys have got such a laugh on me. Hurry, please; Mamma's been taken very bad with this one."

"Don't let anyone think they can tease you about babies, Asa," Doc

counselled, clearing the gangplank as the steamer prepared to leave the quay. "It's good to have plenty. Babies are sweet, all of them. Maybe this time it'll be twins."

None the less, this prediction to a father of six was destined to be unfulfilled. In due course Doc was to read in the *North Bay Weekly Tribune* the fact, which cost Asa his customary ten cents to publish, that his wife had given birth to a son. Not all Moosetown shared Doc's enthusiasm for babies. As Jim, the lanky, long-nosed sheriff, put it: "Some day, Asa, you're going to go too far."

Winter brought its usual epidemic, this time a bad one of diphtheria. The church became a hospital and

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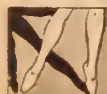
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injuries necessitating its remaining—and incidentally the pilot's remaining—in the neighbourhood of Moosetown until spring.

Doc had satisfaction in being an apparently silent witness of the romance which thus had time to develop between Tony and Mary, delightful daughter of the bug-bear of Moosetown, Robert Mackenzie.

Whereat Doc sighed for Mackenzie who thought he could run the town, showed his jealousy of Doc by vicious attempts to nip romance in the bud.

But even the interest of Tony's love-affair paled before Doc's determination to take the spring steamer to Montreal, and using his brother as a lever, personally appeal for a hospital. His mental make-up excluded personal jealousy, but when his eyes first encountered the city's provision for housing the sick, he knew a twinge of envy.

"Can you spare me one floor, Paul?" he commented. Inside the vast building nothing kept him staring so long as the Gregory incubator.

"Temperature—humidity—oxygen; all electrically controlled," a matron pointed out. Doc's voice, never ungentle in stressful moments, took on a deep inflexion as he said:

"Up north we use heated bricks in a shawl; sometimes the oven. Once I had triplets but the family only had a two-baby oven. If it had been bigger, three might have lived. These are lucky, lucky little rabbits."

He was still thinking of babies, when, after a long wait, he was shown into Sir Basil Crawford's private room. The manager of the North Bay Trading Company, oozing self-importance, let flow between himself and Doc's cherished plan, a stream of polite objections that could not be bridged.

"Nothing must be done rashly," he affirmed with upraised, manicured hand. "Every step of the way must be considered long and carefully."

"But in time of epidemics, a hospital. . . ."

"Unquestionably there are dangers which we must guard against. At the same time we can scarcely afford to set a precedent which we might regret. I can refer you to form 48. My secretary will hand you one. And now, Doctor, you must excuse me. I have a luncheon engagement with the Governor-General—mustn't keep the Governor-General waiting you know. Good-bye, Doctor."

Vainly Doc pursued the matter at the Medical Association dinner that evening, where, much against private inclination, he spoke, and spoke well. Though one or two doctors present, and (though he didn't know it at the time) the Governor-General, thanked Dr. Luke for a very moving speech, he went to bed dissatisfied.

All this effort and nothing could be done, he foresaw. Indeed, as far as Doc could discover, nothing was done before the spring steamer landed at the familiar quay. Katherine, waiting with the derelict tourer, retailed six months' news.

"And I'm almost happy to report," she added, savouring her final tit-bit, "Tony tried to take Mary with him in the plane to Montreal to get married. Mr. Mackenzie interfered and Tony broke his arm with one punch. Isn't that nice? The one even-tempered man in Moosetown—always in a rage."

"It's no joking matter, Katherine. Mr. Mackenzie sent word to the boat

THE COUNTRY—

that he wanted to see me directly I arrived. That means trouble. Tony shouldn't have spoiled my hopes for him."

Neither Tony, however, nor Mackenzie's injury proved to be the real bone of contention. Before Doc had reached the parlour, Mackenzie began: "Never mind me. Here's a letter for you from Sir Basil. He says you wanted quick action so he's giving it to you. As a result of your little trip, taken without my authority I may say, Sir Basil is putting in a company doctor here at two hundred dollars a month."

"Two hundred dollars! Look, Mac, I've never taken a regular fee, only what and when folks could afford to pay, and I certainly didn't go to Montreal to get myself a salary. I want a hospital."

"I didn't say you were to be the doctor, did I? Here, Wilson." Throwing open a door with the uninjured arm, Mackenzie called in a spruce-looking dark man with an alert manner. "This is Doctor Wilson, Doc, the company's new doctor. From now on he will attend our men and their families without charge."

"That's fine . . . fine." The ingrained habit of thinking first of the other fellow enabled Doc to be sincere. "It's a good thing for the men. Welcome to you, doctor, and if there's any help you want, I'll do all I can. Good-bye, gentlemen."

It was all very well to leave with dignity and walk down the single street waiting for the numbness of the blow to wear off, afraid to meet the pain to follow. Swiftly Doc realised that Mackenzie's hatred of him had more than one tentacle. Ordinarily Doc was incapable of arriving at the street's end without having said good-morning and exchanged pleasantries a dozen times. But to-day men he had known for years spoke curtly, eyed him with ashamed disfavour and made any excuse to break off the conversation. Passing Mackenzie's door again, he ran into Mary. Her eyes were full of tears as she took his arm. "Oh, Doc, I'm so sorry. It's all because of me. Father's threatened to sack any of the men who are nice to you. I feel so ashamed."

He would have comforted her, but a glimpse of Mackenzie peeking through the window caused Doc to raise his hat. It was one of the rare times when he (more than anyone) needed comfort. Even Katherine, to whom he talked as he failed miserably to relax in his arm chair with pipe, paper and the dog Toby to hand, could only offer an insupportable suggestion.

"Why won't you go, John, to Montreal? Your brother's asked you a dozen times to join him in the hospital, and the boat just leaving too."

"It isn't that, Katherine. I've been here thirty-five years. If I were young I could do as you say, but I'm not. Besides, we've worked together for so long. All I know about tenderness and loyalty I've learned from you. . . . I believe I'd die if I had to go away."

"Oh, John, you—"

Knowing that she couldn't say another word, he snatched inspira-

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DOCTOR—Continued

tion from the hearth. "There's nothing like a good fire after all, is there, Katherine? There's the bell. Maybe it's a patient."

Instead Jim, looking extremely sheriff-conscious and rather nervous, appeared.

"Anyone sick at your house?" Doc inquired almost hopefully.

"No . . . this is business. Listen Doc. That skunk of a new medico's been poking his nose into records—now he's claiming to Mackenzie that you haven't any licence to practise."

"Never heard of such nonsense."

"I knew it was a lie. I told them they were crazy."

"But wait a minute, Jim. They're right. After I got my degree it cost twenty dollars for a licence. I meant to get it, but, well, I was hard up and somehow it slipped my mind."

"This is dreadful . . . awful . . . d'you realise you can't practise any more?" Words failed Jim. Doc and Katherine also.

Nevertheless the dire fact urged Doc to make a decision. He must leave Moosetown. Saying good-bye to Katherine was cruel. She alone had stood by his side in the darkest hour. Unashamedly they clung to each other as they neared the gang-plank.

"Good-bye . . . you'll be coming back some day," she articulated chokingly.

"I'm afraid the age of miracles is past," he said.

A voice, strangled by its owner's haste, reached them. "Doc, Doc . . . just a minute."

"Asa Wyatt! Faithful to the last. Asa, surely your wife's not—"

"And if she is wanting a doctor, it's Doc Wilson you have to fetch," Katherine reminded.

The mild-mannered Swede looked anxious, pulling at Doc's arm. "But please; Mamma can't change doctors now. She's too used to you," he urged.

"I'd better go," Doc murmured, brightening. He felt alive again, rid of the nightmare of the past weeks. He was turning to leave the gangplank when he saw Jim's slouch hat and heard from under it Jim's voice.

"You ain't thinking of practising without a licence, are you, Doc?"

"Licence. Are you going to start that nonsense again?"

"Aw, Doc, it's the law, and the law says . . ."

"Then the law's an idiot and I'm sick of talking about it. Call the Royal Mounted Police, if you like, but I'm going to Mrs. Wyatt, and I'm going to look after Ler and stay with her as long as she needs a doctor—licence or no licence."

"But the boat . . ." Katherine entreated.

"The boat can go to—Montreal. Come on, Katherine," Doc triumphed.

The never very empty living room at the Wyatt cabin seemed positively teeming with children. Ordering Asa to dispatch them to a neighbour as soon as possible.

Doc disappeared into the bedroom. Presently he called to Asa to warm a blanket, and caught sight of Jim's lean figure by the hearth

"If it isn't Scotland Yard again." Katherine remarked. From then Doc was too busy to talk, though he gathered that Jim was only awaiting evidence of Doc's so-called crime, to arrest him. The "evidence" in due course announced its safe arrival into the world with a feeble cry.

The baby was tiny, so tiny that Doc suspected the appearance of twins. His suspicions only too correct, subsequently changed in favour of triplets.

When not only three, but four babies, all girls, had been wrapped and laid near the hearth with warmed bricks between them, Asa's supply of blankets and cotton wool had come entirely to an end.

Jim, over the "glass of something" he had solicited of Asa to celebrate the first arrival, was heard "to mutter that all Doc was doing was to aggravate the case against himself." "Take off your coat and warm it," came Doc's order via Katherine. Asa, who had been to the barn to look for sheep's wool, coming into the room, caught his first glimpse of the fourth child.

"I know. He slid that one in while you were out of the room," Jim said. Obviously the whole thing was too much for him.

While Asa was counting the mites to make certain, Jim's coat was reft from him. Wrapping a fifth baby in its folds, Doc once more emerged from the bedroom.

"You think we're kind of nearing the end of them?" Jim inquired.

"Five of them. All girls. All alive and the weight together not more than ten pounds. To think I said the age of miracles was past," Doc reflected aloud.

"If you're sure that's all," Jim announced. "I guess we'd better get going, Doc."

"Going? What are you talking about? Don't you know enough about babies" to know the job's just begun?

They're alive, but did you know that five babies born together have never lived in the history of medicine. Put more water on the stove and find all the clean rags in the house. Get busy."

"All right, Doc. It's a bootleg job, but we're in it together," Jim conceded, unaware that he was condoning a crime that was to bring world-wide fame to Moosetown and its unlicensed doctor.

In the charming new hospital, dedicated to the quintuplets on their first birthday, in an impressive speech by Sir Basil Crawford, Doc, notwithstanding personal fame, is most at home playing with his five "angels."

Indeed, it is rumoured that on dedication day, Katherine had to drag him from the nursery floor and the society of Y'vonne, Cecilie, Marie, Annette, and Emelie, to receive the O.B.E. from the Governor-General as emissary of His Majesty.

"All my life I've worked and prayed for a hospital," Doc said, speaking, only after pressure, to the assembly without. "Sometimes I believe that the coming of these children, which gave me my desire, is nothing but a fairy-tale. Then I have only to look into their eyes, see their sweet smiles, and hear their little voices, to know that miracles still happen."



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THE SONG OF FREEDOM

HERE is much that is good in this new Paul Robeson feature, but there is also an air of artificiality about the action as a whole which precludes one from being entirely convinced. The native scenes particularly have a theatricality which is apt to negative the idea of the theme which is the spreading of freedom and enlightenment to negro populations.

Paul Robeson is, however, exceedingly good and sings magnificently. He is depicted as a dock labourer, Zinga, who is discovered by a composer, Donizetti, and rises to fame as an opera singer.

Always at the back of his mind is a wish to return to his people, although he does not know which part of Africa they came from.

One day an explorer hears him sing a fragment of a song which he recognises as the national anthem, as it were, of an obscure tribe. He tells Zinga that they are under the control of witch doctors and that the medallion he, Zinga, wears round his neck is the insignia of kingship.

Zinga determines to go to them and throwing up his career, sets sail. He proclaims himself king, but is thwarted by the chief witch doctor. Finally, both his wife's and his own life are endangered and in the stress of a scene in which his wife is about to be sacrificed for having witnessed some religious rites, forbidden to women, he bursts into song—the king's song—and the people acclaim him as their ruler.

There is a prologue which shows how the symbol of royalty happened to be snatched from the neck of a man condemned to death by a vicious queen who ruled the island in the sixteenth century and its history, until Zinga received it. It is traced in a clever, kaleidoscopic manner through the dark days of slavery to the emancipation of the negro.

All this is quite impressive and the gradual rise of Zinga to the status of operatic star is also done with sincerity.

It is the final sequences when he returns to his people that does not ring quite true.

Robeson sings in public and in an opera house. In the former he sings a most catchy refrain and in the latter a moving passage which suggests the final scene of *The Emperor Jones*.

The "Song of Freedom" itself is impressive. The music is by Eric Ansell and the lyrics are by Henrik Ege.

Elisabeth Welch, who has sung frequently over the radio, is excellent as Zinga's wife and draws a vivid character study.

Esme Percy is on the top of his form as the excitable and temperamental Donizetti. He brings both comedy and character to the role.

Arthur Williams is good as a

witch doctor and George Mozart scores as Bert, a friend of Zinga's at the docks.

London dockside settings are effective and technical qualities and camera work are good. There is a good deal of artistry in the composition of several of the sequences.

TO MARY—WITH LOVE

HERE is an intensely human domestic drama which entertains you from the opening shot to the last. It is as ready to laughter as tears, and it is as sincere as it is simple in design.

It is directed by John Cromwell, who has given us a glimpse of the misunderstandings occurring between a pair who should have been overwhelmingly happy because of the depth of their love.

The picture gives Ian Hunter, the English actor who never really had the opportunities he deserved in this country, a big part which should establish his reputation very firmly.

He has taken full advantage of it, and plays it with a wealth of feeling and naturalness.

He is cast as Bill Hallam, a lawyer, whose greatest friend, Jock Wallace, marries Mary a woman he had known from boyhood and whom he himself has always loved silently.

He is best man at their wedding in 1925, and covers his hopeless love for the bride with a gaiety which could not deceive anyone but a happily and newly married couple.

After the honeymoon Jock wanted to settle down to his job as an architect, but Mary still had a feeling that she wanted to enjoy herself while she was young. It was too early, she insisted, to have a family.

Their first quarrel came when Jock refused to go to a house-party. Mary insisted on going, and took Bill with her.

On her return she confessed that she had missed him and had come back early, but the finding of a woman's powder compact in the bedroom caused her to cease her chatter and start to pack.

It took all Jock's frantic pleadings and professions of innocence to get her to stay.

The quarrel over, the couple settled down happily and the news that Mary was going to have a baby cemented that happiness.

But the child was stillborn, and Jock to assuage his grief busied himself in work, while Mary became the leader of a wild set with whom she had nothing in common.

Bill tried to remedy matters but the pair drifted steadily apart till the crash in 1929 ruined Jock.

The couple's mode of life changed. They had to take a small house and Jock, unable to get work, took to drink.

Unknown to Mary, Bill supported them, but when she found out she took a job in a shop. While Jock, pulling himself together, also became a shop assistant.

On Christmas Eve he received his dismissal, and instead of going home went to his old haunts and got drunk with the woman, Kitty, who had caused the first quarrel with his wife.

On his way home he was involved in a motor accident and taken to hospital. Meanwhile, whilst waiting for him, Bill had confessed his love to Mary.

On learning Jock was injured, however, she dashed off to the hospital and, in spite of the fact that she knew he had been with Kitty, stuck by him till he had recovered and found a lucrative job—then she decided to leave him.

Going to Bill, she asked him to act for her in filing her petition. Close on her heels came Jock. Bill took the two of them to task, reunited them and sent them on their way determined to make their marriage a success.

When they had gone he ordered a bunch of roses and sent them with a card, "To Mary—With Love."

As Jock, Warner Baxter is exceedingly good. It is not a very sympathetic part, but he succeeds in making you feel that he is not altogether in the wrong.

As Mary, Myrna Loy is delightfully natural and human, although there are moments when she becomes almost too dreamily aloof. It is a mannerism which threatens to type her almost as much as did the exotic portrayals of her "vamp" days, and it is to be hoped that she will be given a part in the near future which will give her a chance to break away from it.

Claire Trevor is suitably kittenish as Kitty, who does not believe that the best things in life are free and makes a dead set for Jock.

The direction has subtlety and the human emotions are brought out without exaggeration. There is an air of conviction about it all, and at the end of the picture you feel

you have really known and lived with these people.

ANTHONY ADVERSE

I must confess to having been rather bored with Mervyn Le Roy's non-stop adaptation of Hervey Allen's best-seller. It is, in spite of some clever acting, good direction, and technical excellence, singularly impersonal and never really very convincing. There appears to me to be no reason why it should have been made at such length since practically every sequence of its biographical drama would have been pictured with better effect more shortly.

As it stands it runs for two hours and thirteen minutes. Unless a picture is superlatively good—so good that it takes you completely out of yourself—it cannot afford to run for more than ninety minutes at the most.

I do not intend to do more than briefly sketch the outlines of the plot.

It starts with a prologue in which a child is born to a girl who had made a loveless match with a Spanish nobleman, Don Luis, and had had a child by a Scottish officer in France. She died in childbirth, and Don Luis, who had killed her lover and taken her off to a lonely chalet in Switzerland, deposits the child at a convent in Leghorn.

There it is brought up and apprenticed to John Bonnyfeather, a Scottish merchant who happens to be his grandfather—though neither knows of the relationship.

Bonnyfeather christens him Anthony Adverse, and the boy soon works himself up into a high position in the firm; he also falls in love with Angela, daughter of Bonnyfeather's Italian cook.

In spite of opposition Anthony marries her, but by force of circumstances he is forced to sail for Africa without seeing her.

He enters the slave trade, and becomes obsessed with greed for money. However, his conscience is pricked by a Roman Catholic priest who is killed by natives and Anthony returns home to find Bonnyfeather dead and himself the heir to his fortune.

There is no trace of Angela, but later after various passages of arms with his late grandfather's housekeeper, who is going to inherit the money if he could not be found, and Don Luis, he discovers her.

She turns out to be a great opera star and Napoleon's mistress. So he goes away, this time to America on a banking mission taking his little son which Angela had decided was better off with him.

The whole thing is very sketchy and at times banal.

On the other hand, there are some exceptionally well handled scenes and well drawn characters. One sequence in which Bonnyfeather's servant, father of Angela, wins a lottery and proceeds to insult his master is outstanding.

Amongst the more notable character studies are that given by Claude Rains as Don Luis, and Edmund Gwenn as Bonnyfeather.

Fredric March is rather stilted in the title role, but Olivia de Havilland is extremely attractive as Angela.

Donald Woods is sound as a banker, a friend of Anthony, and a long cast gives efficient support.

Anthony as a child is played by Billy Maruch. Except for a rather strong accent his portrayal is an excellent one.

Camera work is one of the features of the production, and the settings generally are extremely good.

LIONEL COLLIER.



Fredric March, and Donald Woods in a scene from "Anthony Adverse."

Jeune Fille turns into lovely lady in three days



MILDRED,
LADY ORANMORE
AND BROWNE

AT SIXTEEN she was a slim fair girl who escaped from house and town whenever she could—to ride her pony up hill and down dale.

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REVIEWS

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

****A TALE OF TWO
CITIES
****THE COUNTRY
DOCTOR
**QUEEN OF HEARTS
*THE MINE WITH THE
IRON DOOR
*FLORIDA SPECIAL
*TRAPPED BY
WIRELESS
*BRIDES ARE LIKE
THAT!
THE RECKLESS WAY
IF I WERE RICH

What the asterisks mean—

**** An outstanding feature.
*** Very good. ** Good.
* Average entertainment. c Also
suitable for children.

****A TALE OF TWO CITIES

M.-G.-M. American. "A" certificate. Roman-
tic drama. Runs 114 minutes.

RONALD COLMAN.....Sydney Carton
ELIZABETH ALLAN.....Lucie Manette
EDNA MAY OLIVER.....Miss Pross
REGINALD OWEN.....Stryver
BASIL RATHBONE.....Marquis St. Evremonde
BLANCHE YURKA.....Madame DeFarge
HENRY B. WALTHALL.....Dr. Manette
DONALD WOODS.....Charles Darnay
WALTER CATLETT.....Barsad
FRITZ LEIBER.....Gaspard
H. B. WARNER.....Gabelle
MITCHELL LEWIS.....Ernest DeFarge
CLAUDE GILLINGWATER.....Jarvis Lorry
BILLY BEVAN.....Jerry Cruncher
ISABEL JEWELL.....Seamstress
LUCILLE LAVERNE.....La Vengeance
TULLY MARSHALL.....Woodcutter
RALF HAROLD.....Prosecutor
FAY CHALDECOTT.....Lucie's Child
JOHN DAVISON.....Morceau
EILY MALYON.....Mrs. Cruncher
TOM TICKETTS.....Tellson jun.
E. E. CLIVE.....Judge in "Old Bailey"
DONALD HAINES.....Jerry Cruncher jun.
LAWRENCE GRANT.....Prosecutor
BARLOWE BORLAND.....Jacques 116
ROBERT WARWICK.....Judge at Tribunal

Directed by Jack Conway.
Previewed April 4, 1936.

No praise is too high for the way in which Charles Dickens' romantic melodrama, which has been a favourite on the stage under the title of *The Only Way*, has been adapted for the screen.

I will not go into the details of production, since PICTUREGOER is presenting a sixteen-page supplement dealing at length with the film.

I must, however, add my own meed of praise to the excellent work of Jack Conway, the director. Not only has he got the utmost out of the well-known dramatic situations, but he has also infused new life into the characters by clever and painstaking detail work.

When he has to deal with a broader canvas—such, for example, as that of the storming of the Bastille, in which 6,000 people were employed—he displays the same sureness of touch and pictorial imagination.

The Bastille has been "stormed"

by Lionel COLLIER

innumerable times since the actual event, but I doubt if any one has pictured it with more realism than Jack Conway in this picture.

Indeed, the whole of the revolutionary atmosphere is most colourful and, what is more important, convincing.

But it is not only the spectacular side of the production that calls for such high praise.

Ronald Colman gives what is undoubtedly the finest performance of his career as Sydney Carton. The character, with all its conflicting emotions, comes to life in his skilled rendering; it is a human, vivid portrayal, worthy of the author who first conceived it.

Elizabeth Allan is somewhat colourless as Lucie. Her portrayal seems to lack depth of feeling and she is definitely weak by contrast with Colman's Carton.

The remainder of a large and distinguished cast is excellently cast and gives admirable support. You will find some brief note about each member of it in the accompanying supplement.

****THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

Fox. American. "A" certificate.

JEAN HERSHOLT.....Dr. John Luke
JUNE LANG.....Mary MacKenzie
SLIM SUMMERVILLE.....Constable Jim Ogden
MICHAEL WHALEN.....Tony Luke
DOROTHY PETERSON

Nurse Katherine Kennedy

ROBERT BARRAT.....MacKenzie
JANE DARWELL.....Mrs. Graham
JOHN QUALEN.....Asa Wyatt
FRANK REICHER.....Dr. Paul Luke
MONTAGU LOVE.....Sir Basil Crawford
DAVID TORRENCE.....Governor General
GEORGE CHANDLER.....Greasy
HELEN JEROME EDDY.....Mrs. Ogden
AILEEN CARLYLE.....Mrs. Wyatt
GEORGE MEEKER.....Dr. Wilson
J. ANTHONY HUGHES.....Mike
WILLIAM BENEDICT.....The Gawker
THE DIONNE QUINS themselves, YVONNE, CECILE, MARIE, ANNETTE and EMELIE

Directed by Henry King, from an original story by Charles E. Blake. Previewed June 13, 1936.
For story freely based on the film by Marjory Williams, see page 26.

This is one of the most human and delightful comedy dramas that has been made this year, and contains some fine character drawing and polished acting.

Forget that it is centred round the "Quins"—as a matter of fact, they only appear at the end, and then in a delightfully informal manner—and concentrate on the humanity and sincerity of the story as a whole, with its well-balanced mixture of comedy and drama.

What I mean to suggest is that it is in no sense of the word a stunt picture, which is what, I'm afraid, many people will imagine when they see that it features the "Quins."

The story shows the uphill fight waged by a country doctor to bring service to the people amongst whom he works.

The doctor is portrayed by Jean Hersholt, and I know of no one who could have bettered his characterisation of a kindly medico fighting for his community in a lumber camp in North Canada, when for six months of the year they are cut off from all contact with civilisation.

His great wish is to get the authorities to build a hospital. He has had to fight a diphtheria outbreak with the minimum of resources, and he makes a visit to Montreal to try and convince the

head of the lumber company of the vital need of a hospital.

He is rebuffed and returns to find the company has replaced him, and he is shunned by the community, who are frightened for their jobs if they are seen talking to him.

One night just as he has decided to leave the township, a call comes from a man for him to attend his wife—she had already brought six children into the world for him.

He goes; and delivers the woman of quintuplets and manages to keep them all alive. His unique feat of doctoring brings him world-wide notoriety and the hospital he needed.

While Jean Hersholt dominates the picture, the rest of the cast are by no means left in the background.

Dorothy Peterson is admirable as the loyal nurse who fights for him and with him.

John Qualen is great as the father, whose astonishment at the birth of his five children is one of the most amusing things in the picture.

Equally good is Slim Summerville as the sheriff, who arrives in time to assist him.

**QUEEN OF HEARTS

A.B.F.D. British. "U" certificate. Backstage farce with music. Runs 79 minutes.

GRACIE FIELDS.....Grace Perkins
JOHN LODER.....Derek Cooper
ENID STAMP-TAYLOR.....Yvonne
FRED DUPREZ.....Zulenberg
EDWARD RIGBY.....Mr. Perkins
JEAN LESTER.....Mrs. Perkins
TOM GILL.....Albert Perkins
MADELINE SEYMOUR.....Mrs. Vandeleur
H. F. MALTBY.....Mrs. Vandeleur's Solicitor
JULIE SUEDE.....Rita Dow
MARGARET YARDE.....Mrs. Porter
EDITH FIELDS.....Violet
VERA HILLIARD.....Emma
HAL GORDON.....Stage Manager
TOM PAYNE.....Stage Doorkeeper
SYD CROSSLEY.....Policeman
VERA LENNOX.....Maid
MIKE JOHNSON.....Coffee Stall Keeper
PAT WILLIAMS.....Derek's Dresser
BALLIOLL AND MERTON.....Dancers

Directed by Monty Banks from a screen play by Clifford Grey and H. F. Maltby. Songs by Will E. Haines, Jimmy Harper and Harry Parr-Davis.

Gracie Fields is in her element in this brightly developed spectacular farce, which is played mostly in a vein of broad slapstick.

Monty Banks has handled his very simple plot in a manner which puts the star in the limelight and makes the most of her varied accomplishments.

It will please her numerous fans enormously.

She is cast as Grace Perkins, an employee in an invisible-mending company, who secretly worships Derek Cooper, a matinee idol. She saves him from a charge of driving while drunk, without revealing her identity, and when she returns his damaged coat, repaired by her own loving hands, she is mistaken by Zulenberg, the theatre manager, for a wealthy woman ready for the plucking.

The error gives Gracie a chance to prove her acting ability, and Cooper is impressed, but before he can put her on the road to stardom many hectic adventures, founded on her deception, come her way. Success and romance, however, give her ample compensation in the end.

The stage is held mainly by the star, who puts over a very amusing skit on an Apache dance and generally throws herself vocally and physically into the spirit of the broad comedy.

However, John Loder, Fred Duprez, and the rest give her good support. There is a riotous runaway car sequence in the opening and an hectic chase backstage as a conclusion. In addition the songs are tuneful and the staging definitely good. Monty Banks knows how

to time his gags, and they gain considerably in consequence.

*FLORIDA SPECIAL

Paramount. American. "U" certificate
JACK OAKIE.....Bangs Tucker
SALLY EILERS.....Jerry Quinn
KENT TAYLOR.....Wally Nelson
FRANCIS DRAKE.....Marina Stafford
CLAUDE GILLINGWATER.....Simeon Stafford
J. FARRELL MACDONALD.....Harrigan
SIDNEY BLACKMER.....Jack Macklyn
MATTHEW BETZ.....Herman Weil
SAM HEARN.....Schlepperman
DWIGHT FRYE.....Jenkins
GARRY OWEN.....Joe
CLYDE DILSON.....Dominic

Directed by Ralph Murphy.
Previewed August 8, 1936.

While this picture starts off very brightly indeed and promises to be thoroughly amusing, it sags so in the middle that a lot of the interest in the characters is lost and the humour becomes rather banal.

Simeon Stafford, a crabby millionaire, boards the train for Florida, taking with him a fortune in uncut stones. He is accompanied by Marina Stafford, his mercenary niece and his private secretary. Also on the train are Wally Nelson, a dissolute but likeable society youth who had been turned down by Marina; Bangs Tucker, a reporter friend of Wally; Harrigan, a police inspector in search of peace and quiet; Jack Macklyn, an international crook, formerly acquainted with Jerry Quinn, the train's charming hostess; and a bunch of crude gansters.

Before the train gets very far, Stafford is missing, and the journey then resolves itself into a crazy quest for his discovery. All the characters intertwine, but out of the rousing medley comes romance to Wally and Jerry, proof that Stafford is not such an old fool as he looks, doubtful honours for Bangs, death for Macklyn, and prison bars for his clumsy gangster rivals.

It is not a question of spotting the murderer, but of how and where the millionaire vanished. The fact that things become too wildly incredible does not add to the entertainment.

Kent Taylor is very good as the ex-fiance and would-be lover. He puts lots of virility into the role and plays it as if he believed in it.

Sally Eilers displays her usual charm and resource as the heroine, and Frances Drake gets plenty of character into the role of the millionaire's money-grabbing niece.

A pleasing piece of comedy characterisation comes from Claude Gillingwater as the millionaire and J. Farrell MacDonald is quite at home in the same sort of role he must have played dozens of times—the police officer.

Matthew Betz and Sam Hearn give two clever cameo characterisations.

Ralph Murphy's direction is slick and polished, and it is a pity that conventional development has spoiled what promised to be an original and amusing comedy.

*THE MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR

Columbia. American. "U" certificate. Adventure melodrama. Runs 64 minutes.

RICHARD ARLEN.....Bob Harvey
CECILIA PARKER.....Marta Hill
HENRY B. WALTHALL.....David Burton
STANLEY FIELDS.....Dempsey
SPENCER CHARTERS.....Thod Hill
CHARLES WILSON.....Pitkins
BARBARA BEDFORD.....Secretary
HORACE MURPHY.....Garage Man

Directed by David Howard from a story by Harold Bell Wright.

Obvious in conclusion and fantastic in development, this tale of a treasure hunt in the wastes of Arizona has a certain amount of
(Continued on page 34)

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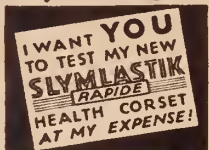


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REVIEWS—Continued

romantic interest and unsophisticated thrills.

It works out on serial-like lines and concerns Bob Harvey, a young motor salesman, who is tricked into purchasing land in Arizona by a phoney company promoter. When he learns that the "Mine with the Iron Door," the secret hiding-place of legendary treasure, is supposed to be located on his property, he takes in Dempsey, a detective, as partner, and the two decide to investigate.

In Arizona they meet Thod Hill, an old prospector, Marta, his granddaughter, and David Burton, an archaeologist.

Later, when Bob is hot on the track of the treasure, Burton, a victim of dementia, determines to kill Marta in the mine, the existence of which he had known all along. Bob, of course, saves her in the nick of time.

Richard Arlen plays with vigour as the hero, and Cecilia Parker is pretty and appealing as the heroine.

*TRAPPED BY WIRELESS

Columbia. American. "A" certificate. Murder Mystery drama. Runs 55 minutes.

LEW AYRES.....Jerry
FLORENCE RICE.....Mary
BENNY BAKER.....Andy
EDWIN MAXWELL.....Gordon
CHARLES WILSON.....Fitzgerald
MURRAY ALPER.....Danker
WYRELY BIRCH.....Major Bliss
ROBERT EMMETT KEANE.....Cillani
GENE MORGAN.....Dugan
EDDIE LEE.....McNulty

Directed by D. Ross Lederman from a story by Theodore A. Tinsley.

Lew Ayres puts plenty of vitality into his role of Jerry Tracy, a radio sports commentator, in this high-pressure drama which, though slight in plot, has some originality of idea and is certainly plausible.

The fact that the radio angle is fully exploited adds novelty to the theme, and it has been well staged and directed in a slick, actionful manner.

There is a good kick, too, in the culminating thrill.

As Jerry's assistant, Benny Baker proves quite amusing, and Florence Rice makes a satisfactory and attractive heroine.

Murray Alper succeeds in painting the villain as black as he should be.

*BRIDES ARE LIKE THAT!

First National. American. "A" certificate. Domestic comedy. Runs 71 minutes.

ROSS ALEXANDER.....Bill McAllister
ANITA LOUISE.....Hazel Robinson
JOE CAWTHORNE.....Fred Schultz
KATHLEEN LOCKHART.....Mrs. Ella Robinson
ALMA LLOYD.....Mary Coleridge
RICHARD PURCELL.....Dr. Randolph Jenkins
GENE LOCKHART.....John Robinson
MARY LOU TREEN.....Jennie
CRAIG REYNOLDS.....Carter

Directed by William McGann.

Although overloaded with dialogue, there is some pleasant entertainment in this domestic comedy, which combines both business and family life interests.

The fact that words speak louder than deeds gives the whole production a somewhat stagey effect, but the characters are well portrayed, and there is good humour and human touches in the development of the plot.

It deals with Bill McAllister, an improvident youth, who prefers to sponge on his uncle, Fred Schultz, a prosperous apple-grower, rather than work. By sheer bluff he marries Hazel, daughter of John Robinson, his uncle's business rival, and he plays one relative against the other to keep the wolf from the door.

In the process of time his hot air gets everybody down, but just as he looks like being cornered he turns up with a brilliant new method for marketing apples and forces them to give him a major interest in their businesses.

Ross Alexander gives a very good performance as the ever-optimistic Bill. He suggests the character of a man who believes in leaving the worrying to the other fellow in quite an amusing and convincing manner.

As Hazel, Anita Louise is quite appealing and strikes an unsophisticated note, while Joe Cawthorne and Gene Lockhart both score laughs.

THE RECKLESS WAY

Palthe. American. "A" certificate. Hollywood comedy-drama. Runs 64 minutes.

MARIAN NIXON.....Helen
KANE RICHMOND.....Jim
INEZ COURTNEY.....Laura
MALCOLM MACGREGOR.....Don
ART HOWARD.....Mr. Stoner
HARRY HARVEY.....Joe
GLORIA GORDON.....Mrs. Stoner
WILLIAM STRAUS.....Mr. Blatz
JOHN PETERS.....Von Berg
JOHN LOCKE.....Phillips
JAMES GUILFOYLE.....Process Server
JACK CHEATERN.....Detective
FRANK HALL CRANE.....Arthur Delacey Morgan
DAN HERRICK.....Fighter
JOHN W. COWELL.....Hotel Proprietor
JOHN WEBB DILLON.....Mr. Goldberg

Directed by Raymond K. Johnson.

Poorly produced story of life in Hollywood, weak in acting, and hardly up to standard in technical qualities.

Marian Nixon displays nothing like her true form as Helen Rogers, a typist in a Los Angeles hotel, who poses for a stocking advertisement and finds herself cited as co-respondent in divorce proceedings started by the proprietor's wife. The publicity brings her a film contract, thanks to the resources of Jim, her boy friend, the hotel clerk; but success turns her head, and she proceeds to treat Jim with indifference.

Not to be outdone, he secretly writes the script of her first picture, and when the Englishman engaged to undertake the task is shanghaied he gets his big chance. By the time he achieves fame, Helen realises that not everything in the Hollywood garden is lovely, and in the end she is only too willing to return to him.

Kane Richmond is weak as Jim, and the only player really to score is Inez Courtney in a character part. She has some wisecracks which she puts over well.

The humour, supposedly derived from exposing the follies and foibles of production in Hollywood, is definitely weak and the romantic element is equally uninspiring.

IF I WERE RICH

Radio. British. "U" certificate. Farce. Runs 58 minutes.

KAY WALSH.....Chrissie de la Mothe
HENRY CARLISLE.....Puttick
CLIFFORD HEATHERLEY.....General de la Mothe
MINNIE RAYNER.....Mrs. Mott
JACK Melford.....Albert Mott
FREDERICK BRADSHAW.....Jack de la Mothe
RUTH HAVEN.....Nancy
QUINTON McPHERSON.....Mr. Higginbotham
PAT NOONAN.....The Bailiff

Directed by Randall Fave from a play by Horace Annisley Vachell.

The plot of this farce is so thin and out-moded that the artistes find great difficulty in making even mediocre entertainment of it.

Jack Melford does his best with and gets some laughs out of the role of a barber who inherits a title.

The rest of the cast also do what they can with the conventional roles assigned them.

Staging is fair and direction adequate, but it would have taken a Lubitsch to put new life into such old bones.

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Styles that are new, original, exclusive, and give you that air of chic smartness. Send no money. Just a P.C. stating size, style, colour, height of heel desired, and we will send you a range of single samples to choose from in your leisure time. We specialise in 3- to 4-inch heels, with the American chubby round toes.

12/6



1755

1755 Ribbon bow tongue court, chubby toe, 4-inch heel, black suede and gunmetal, navy suede and gunmetal, brown suede, also with Cuban heel; in red kid, blue suede, green kid, brown kid, black suede.



1765 Three eyelet tie, chubby toe, 4-inch heel, in brown kid trimmed suede, navy kid trimmed suede, black kid trimmed gun-metal; all red kid.



1765

1765 Bow court, 4-inch heel, chubby toe, navy kid and suede, brown suede and calf, black suede and gunmetal, black patent and suede, gunmetal and black suede.

1775 Fancy collar court, chubby toe, 4-inch heel, in navy kid, black kid, brown kid, brown suede, black suede, red kid.

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REALLY ALLURING"

SAID
**WARREN
WILLIAM**



Read why this well-known movie star picked the girl with the Tangee Lips

Hollywood . . . the Coconut Grove . . . and Warren William, out for the evening—with you! Would your lips be soft, tender, and appealing?

We presented Mr. William to three lovely girls. One wore the ordinary lipstick . . . one, no lipstick . . . and the third used Tangee. "Like all men," he confessed, "I like lips that are not painted—lips that have natural beauty!"

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NAME

ADDRESS

BLACK LETTERS

P.R.

What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

TRY THEM AGAIN!

These Successful Experiments Are Worth Repeating

PERHAPS Hollywood producers can answer these questions:

(a) Since their smashing success in *It Happened One Night*, no attempt has been made to co-star Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert. Admittedly they work for different studios, but surely the harvest reaped from the above film more than cut out that snag.

(a) Since Gregory Ratoff's success in *Eighteen Minutes* he has been put into poor, and about 3-line parts. In some cases his name has been excluded from the kinema billings. I hope some producer will soon appreciate this great actor's worth.

(c) Why haven't George Raft and Paul Muni been co-starred since *Scarface*, and why hasn't the former had good stories to work on? Such films as *Bohemia*, *All Of Me*, and *Rumba*, abuse his acting talents.—William S. Wright, 26 Hillmarton Road, Camden Road, N.7, who is awarded the first prize of £1 ls.



Claudette Colbert

Oh, Dry Those Tears!

Inspired by the recent letters on this page advocating a good cry in the kinema to get your full enjoyment out of a sad picture, I decided to let myself go and have a real good bob's worth of misery.

My bellowing certainly caused a bit of a stir, but after I had explained to the manager that I was really enjoying myself, and he had smelled my breath, he let me in again.

My next cry was worse, and so many of the audience joined me, that eventually they had to empty and dry the kinema for the evening performance.

I have decided now it is better to cry your eyes out at home, then you can enter the kinema prepared for anything.—Bernard Heath, 49 Hertford Road, Brighton, 6.

A Missing Type

In the ever-changing sphere of films it is surprising to realise how little actually our tastes in film types vary. I used to shriek with excitement when the diminutive Eddie Polo floored his mighty opponents; to-day I still get the same thrill through James Cagney.

I loved the quaintness of Mary Pickford's juvenile screen-character. I dote on Shirley Temple in much the same way now. Through many modern "he-men" heroes I am reminded of the tough Wallace Reid of my boyhood days; and I don't know that the Wild West has changed much in films since the days of William S. Hart.

But, no! There is one type missing—a type well worth resurrecting, too. Remember the simple country-lad of films who always scored off the Witty smart-Alecks?

Charles Ray was a popular screen type in his day; maybe there's still room in filmdom for such a type now.

What about it, directors?—Leila Turvey, 112 Tennyson Road, Portwood, Southampton.

Star—tling!

On a road between CARLISLE and MONTGOMERY you can MARCH through some FIELDS to the FAIRBANKS of a BROOK.

With an EDDY it goes through a VALLEE to LOWE DAMPIER MARSH lands.

WEST of the BANKS LAYE some old MILLS but I DONAT think the WALLS are still STANDING. Heavy RAINS and HALE fall nearly every DAY, forming PONS.

Returning by the stream you can CROSBY the TWELVETREES and the HARDY LAUREL which never WITHERS.

If you HOLT in the village, under a GABLE of the STONE house which is a GREY-ish TONE, until KNIGHT, then gaze at the old TEMPLE you can see a YOUNG BROWN NEAGLE.

The villagers, the TAYLOR, GARDENER, sheep-SHEARER, CHAPLIN and COLEMAN watch the BIRD when they are ABLE. The MARSHALL is going to HUNTER as she is dangerous.

When he has SHOTTER they will PARKER body in a show case up ASTAIRE in the inn.

Now my tale is DUNN and may you find it OAKIE.—(Miss) B. Rogers, 58 Parkwood Road, Boscombe, Hants, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Are British Best?

I have come to the conclusion that even if a British audience saw a programme composed of *The Tale of Two Cities* supported by *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, with a Silly Symphony and a March of Time as shorts, they would still say British films were best.

I can find no other explanation for the incredible statements I see and hear. To prove that British films are better, people I have spoken to invariably go back and quote *Evergreen* and *Man of Arran*.

Besides the fact that PICTUREGOER didn't class these pictures highly, many finer American films have been seen since then. It serves these people's and many critics' purposes to forget that.

Don't such people ever read criticisms in the PICTUREGOER? Although *The Thirty-nine Steps* was very good, there have been many American films quite as good if not better. One picture doesn't make an industry.—E. W. Gibbins, "Woodlands," 83 Evington Drive, Leicester.

Show Us London

How much longer must we wait ere we see the real London from the screen?

Movies give us minor glimpses of the Metropolis, but no worthwhile attempt is made to screen the Capital, chief seaport and airport, of England—Capital of the British Empire and largest city in the world, which borders the Thames from Kew to Barking.

I do not refer to its principal buildings, Westminster Abbey, Hampton Court, the Tate Gallery and similar places, interesting though they are; but have in mind the true city, heart of cockneyism, its many foreign quarters such as Soho, Limehouse—London's Chinatown, Houndsditch and the Jewish quarter, Petticoat Lane.

Give us a picture that will probe the depths and show us the soul of this great centre—a talkie to tell the true tale of the converging-place of the world, which it will be impossible to witness without a thrill of pride!—Robert Lock, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.

Dispensing With Stars

I have read dozens of articles on the star systems, some saying pictures will not succeed unless with a star or stars, others saying it's the star that's the box-office and not the story or vice versa, but from now on I'm taking no notice.

I have just seen *Turn of the Tide*, a picture with only a slight story and with actors I hardly know; yet that picture in my opinion

(Continued on page 38)

Merry and bright and free from ills...

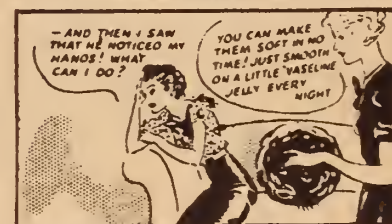


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Don't let housework give you 'HOUSEWORK HANDS'

There's no need to let your hands 'go'—because you've got a house to run. The hardest-working woman can keep her hands soft and lovely with "Vaseline" Jelly. Just smooth a little on your hands at night—before you go to bed. Very soon that 'housework' look will vanish entirely. Your hands will become soft and smooth. Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.



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Pic., 3/10/36.

"Picturegoer" Postcards are like a garden full of lovely flowers, in which your eye always finds something new to capture your fancy. Here are some of the latest "blossoms". Pick some to-day and make your Album still more delightful with memories of your favourite stars. Sixteen of the sweetest show Shirley Temple in "The Littlest Rebel" and "Captain January." She is adorable in a Sou'wester, old-time bonnet or just smiling under her curls. All new poses—all quite different.

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WHO'S WHO

William Collier, Sen.

BORN in New York on November 12, 1866, he started his theatrical career early, running away to join a touring company of Pinafore at the age of eleven. Later he turned his attention to comedy, and after considerable experience with Russel's Comedians he starred in his own farces, *Hoss and Hoss*, and *Mr. Smooth*. After working with Weber and Fields, he signed a long-term contract with Charles Frohman, appearing in both London and Australia before returning to New York to appear in a series of his own farces including, *Caught In The Rain*, *The Patriot*, *Take My Advice*, *Never Say Die*, and *Nothing But the Truth*.

He went to Hollywood with the old Triangle Film organisation, working under Mack Sennett and the late Thomas Ince. He afterwards joined George M. Cohan in *Hello, Broadway*, and wrote and played in *Cotton Time*. His later successes included George White's second *Scandals*, the first *Vanities*, *Tickle Me*, *Be Yourself*, and *Sweetheart Time*.

In 1932 he appeared in *Stepping Sisters* for Fox, and in the following year he was responsible for the dialogue direction of *Pilgrimage* for the same company. Since then, the films in which he has appeared include, *The Crosby Case*, *All of Me*, *Cheaters*, *Successful Failure*, *The Murder Man*, *Gentlemen of the Navy*, *The Bride Comes Home*, *Love on a Bet*, and *Give Us This Night*.

Ronald Colman

BORN at Richmond, Surrey, on February 9, 1891, he has black hair, brown eyes, and is 6 ft. in height. On the death of his father when Ronald was sixteen, he entered the office of the British Steamship Company and while employed there, devoted much of his spare time to amateur theatricals being for a time a member of the West Middlesex Amateur Dramatic Society. He succeeded in obtaining his first professional engagement in 1914, but his career was checked by the Great War and he was one of the first actors to see active service.

Invalided out in 1916, he secured an engagement in *The Misleading Lady* and after West End experience he went to America in 1920. While playing in New York with George Arliss, he was offered the role of leading man to Lilian Gish in the picture, *The White Sister* and gave up the stage for film work.

His films include, *Lady Windermere's Fan*, *Her Night of Romance*, *Romola*, *A Thief in*

Paradise, *Tarnish*, *His Supreme Moment*, *The Dark Angel*, *Kiki*, *Stella Dallas*, *Beau Geste*, *The Night of Love*, *The Magic Flame*, *Two Lovers*, *The Rescue*, *Bulldog Drummond*, *Condemned*, *Raffles*, *The Devil to Pay*, *The Unholy Garden*, *Arrowsmith*, *Cynara*, *The Masquerader*, *Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back*, *Clive of India*, *The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Under Two Flags*, and *The Lost Horizon*.

Walter Connolly

BORN in Cincinnati, Ohio, on April 8, 1888, he stands 5ft. 9 ins., has brown eyes and brown hair and weighs 13 stone. Educated at St. Xavier College in Cincinnati and at Dublin University, he is married and has one daughter. He began his theatrical career on Broadway in 1910, but it was not until 1932 that he was persuaded to go to Hollywood, and his contract with Columbia allows him to return to the stage for a certain period every year.

He has made many films in the comparatively short time he has been in pictures, and these include, *Invisible Power*, *Paddy the Next Best Thing*, *Lady for a Day*, *Two in a Million*, *Master of Men*, *Eight Girls in a Boat*, *It Happened One Night*, *Once to Every Woman*, *Twentieth Century*, *Whom the Gods Destroy*, *A Man's Castle*, *Servants' Entrance*, *The Captain Hates the Sea*, *Lady By Choice*, *Strictly Confidential*, *Father Brown, Detective*, *White Lies*, *One Way Ticket*, *So Red the Rose*, *Soak the Rich*, *The Music Goes Round*, *The Good Earth*, and *The King Steps Out*.

Donald Cook

BORN in Portland, Oregon, on September 26, 1902, he has brown eyes and brown hair, stands 5ft. 11 ins. and weighs 11 stone. Educated in Portland, he had stage experience in *Rebound*, *Gypsy*, and other plays before going into pictures.

His films include, *The Public Enemy*, *The Penguin Pool Murder*, *The Trial of Vivienne Ware*, *Safe in Hell*, *Private Jones*, *The Circus Queen Murder*, *The Kiss Before the Mirror*, *Jenny Gerhardt*, *The Woman I Stole*, *Baby Face*, *Brief Moment*, *Jury of the Jungle*, *The World Changes*, *Fog*, *The Ninth Guest*, *Viva Villa!*, *Whirlpool*, *Long Lost Father*, *The Most Precious Thing in Life*, *Fugitive Lady*, *Jealousy*, *Behind the Evidence*, *The Night is Young*, *The Casino Murder Case*, *Night Club*, *Here Comes the Band!*, *The Calling of Dan Matthews*, *Ladies Love Danger*, *Murder in the Fleet*, *Confidential*, *The Spanish Cape Mystery*, and *Show Boat*.

save my feet a lot of trouble?—A. Brown, 31 Poets Road, Canonbury, London, N.5.

What Do You Think? Cont.

is one of the best ever turned out of British studios and ranks with the best I've seen.

I didn't care much for *Man of Arran* as entertainment, because too much stress was put on photography. *Grand Hotel* had too many stars, it seemed lifeless somehow (owing to the stars trying to outdo each other, I expect), but *Turn of the Tide* was natural, as I've said, with no famous stars, and the photography blended in with the story.

The picture might not be "Gigantic," "Stupendous" or "Colossal," but it'll beat any of 'em billed so.—Gerald Beard, Park Road, Guilsfield, Montgomeryshire.

A Deplorable System

The time will soon be upon us when we have to stand in queues for an hour or more.

This system is most deplorable in wet and cold weather, especially at those cinemas which do not possess a waiting-room, although at most these are crowded and stuffy at best-ends.

I suggest that all cinemas which are open on Sunday should have booked seats just for the two shows, and a large poster outside all the week advertising the Sunday programme.

Patrons will then know exactly how they stand; and if the critics have given a fair account of the two films, I shall be one of the first to book my seat. If, on the other hand, some trash is being served up, I can book my seat elsewhere without having to stand, push, or jostle my way in.

Will some manager set the ball rolling and

A Good Example

In a recent issue of PICTUREGOER, a reader, Robert Johnston, suggested other readers saving their copies and sending them to hospitals, etc.

It may interest you to know that since I started to read the PICTUREGOER, six or seven years ago, I have saved every copy, till I have about six months' issues, and then sent them to a cripples hospital in the city, along with a parcel of tinfoil.

As I pride myself on having a good memory, I do not mar their pleasure of reading by cutting anything out; I send them intact as I get them.—(Miss) Claud Wagstaff, 17 Derwent Street, Kirkcubright Street, Nottingham.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 is. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.



GLAMOROUS Hollywood BEAUTY



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New Hair
Growth
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At your Cinema to-night



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MILK CHOCOLATE

You can taste the Cream!

Anne meets her schooldays sweetheart and marries him



MOTHER, ALAN'S ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM - ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?



Anne didn't realise until she met Alan again how much harm five years in town could do to the complexion. Stuffiness indoor atmospheres soon cause "tired skin" unless you take care to prevent it by using Knight's Castile. Knight's Castile is specially made for the face. That's why this mild, creamy soap acts upon the skin just as pure country air does, restoring lost vitality and keeping the complexion fresh and youthful. Buy a fourpenny tablet of Knight's Castile to-day.



Knight's Castile

TOILET SOAP

Let GEORGE DO IT!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

PICTURE FAN.—Ricardo Cortez, b. July 7, 1899, Vienna; real name Jack Kranz; dark hair and eyes; widower of Alma Rubens; hobby, polo. Photograph obtainable from the Postcard Salon, 57 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. for 3d. each. Art plate published Summer, 1934. Back numbers obtainable from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catharine Street, London, W.C.2.

LLOYD NOLAN FAN.—Lloyd Nolan, b. Los Angeles, Aug. 11, 1903; 5 ft. 10½ in., 176 lb., brown hair and eyes; married Mell Efrid. Latest film *Texas Rangers*. (2) A letter to America costs 1½d. For the return postage you must obtain an International Money Order from your local Post Office—they will tell you the required amount—and enclose it in your letter.

YORKSHIRE FAN.—Geraldine Fitzgerald, b. 1912, Dublin, brown hair and eyes, played in several Gate Theatre, Dublin, productions and also was at the Abbey Theatre where she received very good dramatic training. Films include: *Open All Night*, *Blind Justice*, *Ac of Spades*, *The Lad*, *Three Witnesses*, *Department Store*, *Lieut. Daring*, *R.N.*, *Turn of the Tide*.

H. R. (Wakefield).—(1) Cowboy crooner in *Hop-along Cassidy*—Jimmy Ellison. (2) No Patsy and Paul Kelly are not related. (3) Asterisks as follows: *The Tunnel*, two; *Shipmates Forever* and *Les Miserables*, two; *Escape Me Never*, four.

A. M. (Holborn).—*The Invisible Man* was an American film.

FAN (Bridgend).—Ann Rutherford was born Toronto, 1917, of Scottish parents, 5 ft. 3½ in., 105 lb., black hair and dark brown eyes; latest film *The Lonely Trail*.

J. H. (Essex).—I can only suggest you write to the film company London Film Productions about stills of the film *Things to Come*.

D. J.—(1) When writing to a star at a British studio for a photograph, you should enclose a postal order for 1s. (2) *The Unguarded Hour* was an American film, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer were the company who made it.

P. A. (Burnley).—Write to Madge Evans and Myrna Loy, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

A NEW READER.—Birthdates: Vivien Leigh, Nov. 5, 1913; Sally Gray, Feb. 14, 1916; Antoinette Cellier, Sept. 2, 1909; Eleanor Whitney, April 21, 1917.

BRENT AND ELLIS FAN.—(1) Bette Davis is an American film star and Betty Davies (now called Betty Ann Davies) is the British star of *Excuse My Glove*. (2) Meriel Forbes took the part of Sally, Chili Bouchier that of Julie, and Ralph Truman that of Sam Cohen in *Mr. Cohen Takes a Walk*. (3) Norma Taylor took the part of Janet in *Tumbling Tumbleweeds*. (4) Birthdates as follows: George Brent, Mar. 15, 1904; Hoot Gibson, Aug. 6, 1892; Bob Custer, Oct. 18, 1900; Tom Keene, Dec. 30, 1903; Patricia Ellis, 1915; Vivian Tobin, Nov. 29, 1902.

LONELY GARBO FAN.—(1) We published the life story of Greta Garbo in the July 14, 21, 28 and Aug. 4, 1934 issues of this magazine. (2) Write to Syd Briggs, c/o International Club, 27 Belgrave Road, Blackpool for particulars of a Greta Garbo fan club.

D. D. (Liverpool).—Addresses: Bing and Bob Crosby, c/o Paramount Studios.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

Irish readers interested in Maureen O'Sullivan or Bing Crosby should join the Irish branch of the International Film Club, the secretary of which will be pleased to send full details of membership. Write to J. B. Glover, 2 Clarendon Tce., Londonderry, N. Ireland.

The London representative of the Nelson Eddy Club is Miss Freda Wakeling, of 42 Dalmeny Road, Tufnell Park, London, N.7, to whom you should write for full particulars. This club is run under the personal supervision of Mr. Eddy, who autographs a photograph for each new member. The bi-monthly magazine "The Eddy Voice" is also sent free to all members.

All readers interested in the Brian Lawrence Fan Club should write to Miss Barbara Williams, 5 Fen Pond Road, Igham, Nr. Sevenoaks, Kent, for full particulars. This club is personally recognised by Mr. Lawrence, who sends a signed photograph to all new members. The club has a strong social side. It organises outings to the sea, theatre shows, picnics, etc., and

K. (Cornwall).—Lily Pons was born at Cannes, France, of Franco-Italian parents. She is engaged to marry Andre Kostelanetz.

J. J. (Middx.).—John Mills, b. Feb. 22, 1909, fair hair, blue eyes; married Aileen Raymond, March, 1932. Films include: *The Ghost Camera*, *A Political Party*, *River Wolves*, *Those Were the Days*, *The Lash*, *Blind Justice*, *Doctor's Orders*, *Charing Cross Road*, *Forever England*, *Royal Cavalcade*, *Car of Dreams*, *First Offence*, *Tudor Rose*.

RAFT FAN (Manchester).—(1) Write to George Raft, c/o Paramount Studios, and to Sir Cedric Hardwicke, c/o Warner Bros.

WENDY (Edmonton).—(1) Latest films—Fred MacMurray: *Champagne Waltz* and *Maid of Salem*; Leslie Howard, *The Petrified Forest*; Bing Crosby, *Femmes from Heaven*; William Gargan, *Man Hunt*; Phil Regan, *Laughing Irish Eyes*.

SLACKS (Staffs).—Robert Taylor's real name is Arlington Brough. (2) George Raft, b. Sept. 27, 1903.

TOBY AND JOEY (Kent).—Ages as follows: David Holt, seven years old; Edith Fellowes, nine years old; Dickie Moore, b. Sept. 12, 1926; Virginia Weidler, eight years old; Sybil Jason, b. Nov. 23, 1929; Freddie Bartholomew, eleven years old.

J. H.—We have not published centre spreads of *The Littlest Rebel* or of *Captain January*, but the story of *The Littlest Rebel* appeared in the Aug. 1, 1936 issue. Back numbers obtainable from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catharine Street, London, W.C.2.

SCHOOLGIRL FAN (Birmingham).—(1) Yes, Gene Raymond is engaged to marry Jeanette MacDonald. (2) Preston Foster, b. Oct. 24, 1902, married; latest film, *Love Before Breakfast*.

J. D. (Rochdale).—(1) C. Aubrey Smith took the part of the Hermit and Alan Hale the part of the Minstrel in *The Crusades*.

A. M. (Surrey).—Barton MacLane took the role of Chris Bennett, and John Eldredge that of Tanahill in *Man of Iron*. (2) Ages as follows: Robert Donat, b. Mar. 18, 1907; Jean Harlow, b. Mar. 3, 1911; Clark Gable, b. Feb. 1, 1901; Gracie Fields, b. Jan. 9, 1898; John Boles, b. Oct. 27, 1900. (3) Gracie Fields married Archie Pitt.

READER (Muswell Hill).—Write to Freddie Bartholomew, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

R. C. (S.W.5).—Ronald Colman's films and leading ladies: *The Dark Angel*—Vilma Banky; *The White Sister*—and *Romola*—Lillian Gish; *Her Night of Romance*—Constance Talmadge; *The Thief in Paradise*—Doris Kenyon and Aileen Pringle; *Tarnish and Lady Windermere's Fan*—May McAvoy; *His Supreme Moment*—Blanche Sweet; *Kiki*—Norma Talmadge; *Stella Dallas*—Belle Bennett and Alice Joyce; *The Winning of Barbara Worth*, *The Night of Love*, *Magic Flame*, and *Two Lovers*—Vilma Banky; *Beau Geste*—Alice Joyce and Mary Brian; *The Rescue*—Lili Damita; *Bulldog Drummond*—Joan Bennett; *Condemned*—Ann Harding; *Raffles and Cynara*—Kay Francis; *The Devil to Pay*, *Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back*, and *Clive of India*—Loretta Young; *The Unholy Garden*—Fay Wray; *Arrowsmith*—Helen Hayes; *The Masquerader*—Elissa Landi; *Tale of Two Cities*—Elizabeth Allan; *Man Who Broke the Bank of Monte Carlo*—Joan Bennett; *Under Two Flags*—Claudette Colbert; *Lost Horizon*—Jane Wyatt.

published a magazine, "The Brian Lawrence Fan Club Review," quarterly. There is a small subscription which, after a small amount has been deducted for any necessary expenses, is devoted to Dr. Barnardo's Homes and people in distressed areas.

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope when writing to a fan club over here, and an International Money Order for clubs in America, to ensure a reply.

No. 280 (New Series) Vol. 6
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Advt. Offices: 57 Long Acre, W.C.2.
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Telegrams: Picturegoer, Southern-
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LOOK at just a few of the enthralling articles and stories in No. 1 of “Mother.” First long instalment of a great new romantic novel, “I Take This Woman,” by Monica Ewer. A fascinating record of Baby Prince Edward’s First Year. A poignant real-life story, “Dreams Go By,” specially written by Ethel Mannin. “Mother” Babycraft Centre, conducted by Nurse Crawford. Mrs. Brittain’s Cookery pages. Special Medical and Home sections. A four-page fashion supplement, etc., etc.

You’ll be amazed—delighted, when you see No. 1 of “Mother”—it’s definitely a remarkable departure, more intimate, more helpful, more inspiring than you ever thought a journal could be. You simply must not miss it—and the magnificent Free Gifts it brings you. Order your copy at once. On sale everywhere on Thursday, October 8th—sixpence.

MOTHER’S KNITTING BOOK

MOTHER 6d

The Great New Home Journal

Leave IT to ANNE

LET me know the point that is bothering you. Whatever your query send it to me with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

THIS week we are going to consider many things. These are points my correspondents raise, so I feel that they must be of interest to others as well.

Busy housewives sometimes complain that they have little time to carry out complicated beauty treatments. “Yet I am 45 years of age,” writes one of them, “and I feel that I ought to do something for my skin.” She certainly should, for there is no age past the early twenties when one can neglect one’s skin with impunity.

Here is a routine treatment that takes but ten minutes. Each night wash the face with tepid water and a good soap. Then spread a cleansing cream. Use a liquefying cream. This melts into the pores by the very warmth of the skin and so obviates the necessity of massaging it in with movements likely to stretch the skin. Remove cream and dirt with a paper tissue.

Next spread your nourishing cream. Take a small knob of this in the palm of the hand and to it add a few drops of muscle oil. Massage in gently with the finger tips, using small upward and outward movements. Remember that middle-aged skins should never be subjected to rigorous treatment or violent movements of any kind. After five minutes, wipe off surplus cream with a tissue. Take a little of the muscle oil, and gently tap it in around the eyes and eyelids. Finger-print it in, as it were, with the lightest of movements. Done regularly, with a trace left on overnight, this will prevent that ageing crêpey appearance that appears around the eyes.

That is all to the night treatment. Next morning rinse the face thoroughly with cold water and a rubber sponge, before patting dry and applying make-up.

Now could there be anything simpler or quicker than that, however busy you have been, or however tired you may be?

Here is another housewifely query. This correspondent suffers badly from the heat of the gas cooker when she is busy preparing a meal. Her skin is sensitive and it gets tight and red.

Before starting work in the kitchen dab the skin with a mixture of milk and witch-hazel. One part of the latter goes to two parts of the milk. Mix it fresh each day, so make only a small quantity at a time. Dab on and allow to dry. Then use a weather cream or a special “sensitive” skin cream as a powder base.

Elbows provide a problem for the business girl. She will lean on the desk and so her elbows are often red and unattractive. Gentle massage with a softened and well soaped rubber nail brush every day will work wonders, but if you wish to do something quick and effective because you are going out, try this:

Wash the arms with soap and warm water, dry, and then rub in some liquefying cleansing cream. Place a little in the palm of the hand and rub the opposite elbow in it. Leave it to soak in while you prepare the following paste. Take a tablespoon of almond meal. Strain the juice of a lemon, and add half a teaspoon of peroxide and a few drops of witch-hazel. Make into a soft paste. Take two strips of soft clean white rag. Put a little pad of paste in the centre of each and tie to both elbows. Leave there for a quarter of an hour. Take off, rinse with cold

water, dry and apply some powder cream.

Tomato makes a good bleach for discoloured elbows. Skin a ripe tomato. The skin will come off easily if you plunge the tomato into boiling water for a few minutes. Mash the rest to a pulp, and fold it into an old white handkerchief. Bandage this round the elbow. A bit of oil skin will keep in the moisture. Leave for as long as convenient, but not less than half an hour. Remove, wash with warm water, dry, and massage the elbows with cold cream.

Which brings us to the subject of arm make-up. With autumn and indoor festivities in the offing, this becomes important.

You really need a good liquid powder as a foundation. Liquid powders in these days are available in a wide range of tints. So see to it that you get one that matches your skin, a tone or so darker than you use on the face. Avoid White, it just looks clownish. If you have a very dry skin, you may need to smear on a tiny trace of cold cream before applying the liquid.

Then take a swab of cotton-wool and wring it out of tepid water. With this, pat on the liquid powder. This way you will get smooth results. Get someone else to do shoulders and back for you.

Answers to Correspondents

Blondie.—9 stone 2 lbs. or thereabouts is considered an average weight for your height.

Alana.—Cream of Cucumber will suit your purposes.

Unhappy.—Join a class for physical culture: After a small entrance fee, the classes cost 6d. each.

Annabel (Greenwich).—Here is a way of correcting a double chin. Put a little cream on the backs of left hand fingers. Hold up the head. Slap vigorously upwards on the muscle under the point of the chin. Remove surplus cream. Renew the slapping with an astringent.

L. H. S. (Coventry).—Send a stamped envelope for details of a course of treatment that has helped many readers.

Talkie Title Tales

This week’s prize of half-a-guinea is awarded to K. Stewart, 33 Paignton Road, Rotton Park, Birmingham, 16, for:—

Now We’re in the Air
And So To Bed
Strike Me Pink
Flying Fleas

Prizes of half-a-crown each are awarded to: Mrs. Gladys C. Hardingham, 79 Robsart Street, Brixton, S.W.9, for:—

Grand Old Girl
A Hundred Years Old
Invitation to a Waltz
Don’t Rush Me

H. Keighley, 171 Moorside Road, Eccleshill, Bradford, for:—

Abyssinia
The Mau in Possession
Little Caesar

D. Fleet, 29 Beechers Road, Mile Oak, Portslade, Sussex, for:—

The Devil is a Woman
The Man Who Could Work Miracles
The Taming of the Shrew
Sweet Surrender

G. Pont, 52 Primrose Street, Leith, N.B., for:—

Schooldays
Over the Garden Wall
Forbidden Fruit
The Medicine Man

As you can see, the idea of “Talkie Title Tales” is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no other rules, except that I must insist that your “titles” are submitted on a postcard and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.

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NCC 353A



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FOR SKIN CARE: English Complexion Cream, 3/6 (triple size 7/6); Liquefying Cleansing Cream cleanses pores, removes make-up, 3/6 (triple size 7/6); Toning Lotion, 2/6 (triple size 5/6); Skin Food, 3/6 (triple size 7/6); Skin Lotion, 2/6 (triple size 5/6); Foundation Cream, 2/6; Trial Beauty Boxes, for each type of skin, 5/6. FOR MAKE-UP: Rouge Cream, 2/-; Lipstick, 3/-; Eyeshadow, 2/-; and Nail Enamel, 1/6.



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No. 281 (New Series), Vol. 6 October 10, 1936

Picturegoer

The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

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WEEKLY

LESLIE
HOWARD



NO. 1 JUST OUT

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MOTHER ^{6^D} Monthly

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*Kay Francis has
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WHILE she revels and romps, do you sit and suffer? One of the weary, worn-out mothers—too tired to join in the children's fun—wondering how on earth you're going to get through the endless drudgery of housework—"headachy" and tired—nerves on edge—can't sleep at night—meals made miserable by stomach trouble. How can your life be anything but a **BURDEN** to you? **YOU NEED YEAST-VITE!**

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If you are a weary mother, worn-out by the cares of your home . . . or if you have a suffering mother or father . . . or if someone near to you is being tortured by Pain, "Nerves," Rheumatism, Indigestion or Sleeplessness, then—it is within the power of Yeast-Vite to bring **SWIFT RELIEF.**

YEAST-VITE has brought the inestimable boon of **QUICK PAIN RELIEF** and **LASTING HEALTH BENEFIT** within the reach of all.

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NERVE PAINS	<i>Glorious Relief</i>	IN 5/15 MIN.
HEADACHES	<i>Deliverance</i>	IN 5/15 MIN.
LASSITUDE	<i>Vim and Vigour</i>	IN 10/20 MIN.
DEPRESSION	<i>Buoyant Energy</i>	IN 10/20 MIN.
"NERVES"	<i>Steadiness</i>	IN 10/20 MIN.
INDIGESTION	<i>Keen Appetite</i>	IN 15/30 MIN.
EXHAUSTION	<i>Animation</i>	IN 15/30 MIN.
SLEEPLESSNESS	<i>Calm Repose</i>	IN 30/60 MIN.
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Picturegoer-The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

ALL THE GOSSIP



These two look like making a popular pair—Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray in "Champagne Waltz."

WHAT a rich storehouse of memories a regular picturegoer has to draw upon!

Just think how much poorer you would be without the memory of certain film scenes which you can conjure up at will.

It would be interesting to compile a list of, say, ten scenes, in the order in which they impressed us. We should probably find that the best scenes were by no means always in the best film, or played by our favourite star.

To be impressive, to be really memorable, a scene must have more than just good acting; it must have an idea behind it; it must be cosmic and dynamic.

Work out your own list; if it has no other effect, it will refresh your memory of some great moments.

As a rough guide, here is a list which Lionel Barrymore has compiled for his own satisfaction out of his twenty-five years' experience of films.

Thrilling Moments

He places them in this order:

1. The arrival of the klansmen in *Birth of a Nation*.
2. The funeral in *Imitation of Life*.
3. Marie Dressler being taken to prison, the final scene in *Min and Bill*.
4. Renee Adoree following the army trucks, searching for John Gilbert in *The Big Parade*.
5. The scene when Wallace Beery slapped Jackie Cooper and then broke his fist on the wall, in *The Champ*.
6. Lilian Gish on the pillory in *The Scarlet Letter*.
7. The chariot race in *Ben Hur*.
8. Jean Hersholt handcuffed to Gibson Gowland in *Death Valley in Greed*.
9. Luise Rainer's "telephone scene" in *The Great Ziegfeld*.
10. Lon Chaney selling his sacks of hoarded candles to show his love for Patsy Ruth Miller in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*.

And not a single love scene in the lot of them!

Do You Agree?

Three of these films it has not been my good luck to see—*Imitation of Life*, *The Scarlet Letter*, and *The Great Ziegfeld*, though I hope to repair this last omission before long.

As to the other seven, I am not at all sure that I should agree absolutely with Barrymore's choice.

No. 1, yes. No. 4, perhaps. No. 7, certainly. No. 8 stands a good chance, though the colour in which this scene was taken was so crude as to detract considerably from the effect.

Similarly in No. 10, Chaney's make-up was so obviously artificial as to rob the scene of much of its conviction. Here, as in No. 3, Lionel Barrymore was obviously influenced by the spirit of self-sacrifice depicted.

I admit to being greatly swayed by spectacle, provided it is done with conviction. I think, for this reason, I might be inclined to include the sea-fight in *Ben Hur*, certainly the charge of wild elephants in *Chang*, possibly the storming of the Bastille in *A Tale of Two Cities*.

Too Many

The difficulty would be to determine what to leave out. Could we dispense with the scene in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* in which the hard-boiled girl reporter reads her lover's poem? The posthumous conferring of the V.C. in

Lives of a Bengal Lancer? The storming of the jail in *Fury*? The "psychological attack" of the Officers' Regiment in the Russian film, *Chapaev*?

And what of the scene in *Mutiny on the Bounty* in which the officers refuse to eat the cheese? The scene in *Ah! Wilderness* in which Lionel Barrymore (of course he had to leave this out of his own list) had a heart-to-heart talk with his son, Eric Linden? Hepburn's declaration in *Morning Glory* that she wanted to be an actress?

Did you see the resuscitation of the sick horse in *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*? Dare we omit the shattering five minutes in *The Country Doctor* in

(Continue! on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

which the Quins were born? The episode of the feeding-machine in *Modern Times*? The opening scenes of *Escape Me Never*? The scene in *Sins of Man*, in which Jean Hersholt's deaf son first hears?

Boiling Down

Then there is the scene in *Lady for a Day* in which the Governor and Mayor of New York and all the aristocracy turn up to save the apple-woman's credit; and the moment in *Thirty-nine Steps*, in which Robert Donat is arrested by Sheriff Frank Cellier; and the bit in . . . but one could go on for pages and pages.

Faced with such a choice, it would be a very difficult matter indeed to boil it down to a mere ten; and these, mind you, are all from comparatively recent pictures; Barrymore, for his list, ranges over a score or so of years.

Heaven knows how many "memorable moments" would come to light if we began groping back in our memory of the earlier talkies and into the silent era.

Try putting down the moments that have remained in your memory—and why; and get your friends to do the same. It will refresh your memory of some grand occasions . . . and it will also throw a valuable sidelight on the characters of your friends.

Swell Person

Talking about thrills, Barbara Stanwyck experienced one recently.

Barbara is one of the most popular people in Hollywood. Of course, not being dumb, she must be aware of this, but she certainly wasn't prepared for what happened on the last day of production of *His Brother's Wife* at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

Barbara had been playing opposite Robert Taylor in that; and when she appeared for the final scene, the company assembled, including everybody from prop-men to Taylor, and after a short speech from Director "Woody" Van Dyke, she was presented with an engraved scroll, stating:

"We, the undersigned members of the Van Dyke Troupe (*His Brother's Wife*) wish to go on record as endorsing you, Miss Barbara Stanwyck, as Number One Actress and Swell Person. Your thoughtfulness will long be remembered." The scroll was signed by every member of the company.

Seventy-four Sets

I wondered, when Dolores Del Rio's husband was over here some weeks ago, why he seemed so interested in the Houses of Parliament.

He is, of course, Cedric Gibbons, chief art-director to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in Hollywood, and I realise now that he was getting the "atmosphere" of the place, preparatory to reproducing it for M.-G.-M.'s forthcoming film *Parnell*, in which Clark Gable and Joan Crawford are to be starred.

To capture the Irish backgrounds, Joan Stahl (who also, you remember, directed *Magnificent Obsession*) has sent a camera-crew to Ireland; and Mr. Gibbons (who dislikes being called "Mr. Del Rio" just as much as you would) will design seventy-four sets, including the House of Commons as it was in the 'eighties.

This set will be the largest ever built at M.-G.-M., just beating Juliet's garden in *Romeo and Juliet*.

Keep Going!

Before they started on that one, however, Gable and Joan are to team in *Lore on the Run* in which they will have, for company, Robert Young, Reginald Owen, Melville Cooper, and Edmund Gwenn. (Three British, you will notice, in a cast of six principals).

Lore on the Run is about an American newspaper correspondent and a duchess who seeks escape from an uncongenial marriage.

The news hawk offers her assistance in fleeing

the country in return for an exclusive story for his paper; but complications set in, and before many hours have passed they are being hunted by the police of three countries.

London, Paris, and other European cities provide a setting for their hairbreadth escapes and hilarious and romantic adventures; which is just as well, since it helps us to distinguish the plot from that of *It Happened One Night*.

Plucky Arline

It's a pleasure to be able to record acts of pluck in the studios.

The legitimate theatre has a fine tradition of devotion to duty, summed up in the phrase "The show must go on."

In the film studio, with its more elastic conditions, this isn't often so necessary; but when it is, the players are equal to the occasion.

The other day Arline Judge was finishing a dancing scene in a film when she struck a table with her side and broke two ribs.

The next day she was due to play in some strenuous dramatic scenes in *Valiant is the Word for Carrie* at her "home studio," Paramount; so she just had her ribs strapped up and didn't say a word to anyone.

And for three days she went through those



A pastoral symphony—without pipes; Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland in "Wives Never Know."

scenes—and considerable pain as well—until her husband, Wesley Ruggles, who was directing the film, found out.

It seems that valiant is a pretty good word for Arline, too.

Slaughter

Speaking of accidents, it's some time since any company has had as many mishaps as the location-unit making Cecil B. De Mille's *The Plainsman*.

In an exciting stampede of six horses driven



by Jean Arthur, who plays the part of "Calamity Jane" opposite Gary Cooper's "Wild Bill Hickok," Buffalo Bill's right-hand man, poor Jean was thrown from the stage-coach in which she was riding and sustained a badly-sprained wrist.

The stage-coach scene was re-shot with a double for Jean, and this time Gary Cooper was thrown out. Result: bad bruises and several minor injuries.

Ten of the location troupe collapsed from the heat and were taken to the field hospital; six gave up work for the day, suffering anything from a crushed finger to a kick on the chin; and two were bitten by virulent insects.

Four doctors were in attendance during the location trip.

"A Strom-Zoom"

From my favourite Indian film-paper I cull some gems of narratives for your delectation. They are from "The story of the film," entitled *The Mark of Zero*.

Excitement:

"The treasure is on its way. Kashmira triumphantly driving a four-horse chariot. All of a sudden an arrow pierces Pahadsinh—there is a tumult.

"Madam's hirelings fall on the treasure. But lo! a strom in the shape of a beggar zoom in the jungle. This beggar 'The Mark of Zero' punishes the conspirators and saves Kashmira from indignity.

"The Princess gives him her ring as a token of friendship when they part."

Arch Dabbler

And romance: "When Kashmira takes a stroll in the garden, Madam goes there and starts serenading love. The young heart of the Princess pines for a companion.

"Amidst the wild fragrance of flowers and the twittering of birds, she succumbs to Madam's entreating voice, but they are checked by the constant noises of the gardener's shovel



Isabel Jewell and Gladys George have a little patience in "Valiant is the Word for Carrie."

"This upsets Madam, who pounces on the gardener. They fight and depart. It is again the Mark of Zero, the arch dabbler in the affairs of Madam."

Fisherman's Paradise

However, it is in the editorial columns, when the editor is flaying a rival for "sharp practice," that he is at his grandest.

"Paid for flattery and sycophantism in journalism is much worse even than coercion and blackmailing, for, whereas the latter aims at a morsel, the former lives to the patting."

"That much, we think, is enough, to provide our friend a tip that in forsaking honesty and straightforwardness doesn't lie the boldest that is not the pride of 'spineless.' If however, Mr.—— thinks otherwise he is living in a fool's and a fisherman's paradise."

Which may or may not mean something pretty crushing.

Interviewing Garbo

There are said to be more ways of killing a cat than choking it with cream; but there seems to be only one way of interviewing Garbo—and that is by appearing to be doing something else.

Barbara Barondess did just that—and got away with it.

Barbara was a Broadway columnist, responsible for a column headed "Little Bo-Peep on Broadway"; and her editor bet her she couldn't get an interview with Garbo.

She promptly took train for Hollywood, where she managed to wangle for herself a part in a film with Garbo.

Friendly advances broke down Garbo's reserve, and Barbara obtained her interview and won her bet.

However, Hollywood had its revenge. Barbara Barondess "got an acting bug," and didn't



A heart-to-heart talk between Lew Ayres and Joyce Compton in "Murder With Pictures."

go back to her keyhole column. You will see her as the pretty brunette dance-hall girl in *Lady Be Careful*.

Garbo in Gems

Adrian, the famous dress-designer for M.-G.-M., has commissioned a Hollywood jeweller to construct an entire gown of jewels to be worn by Greta Garbo in *Camille*.

This confection, creation, or what you will, consists of a mass of jewels fastened, in crown settings, on a background of fine gold mesh.

It features antique French rose-cut diamonds and square-cut emeralds.

To be worn with this simple Autumn outfit, the jeweller is also evolving an elaborate necklace, tiara, and bracelets.

Throughout this film every jewel, and every jewelled ornament to be worn by the star, has been specially designed for the corresponding costume.

"For example," says Adrian, "a collection of interesting rings promises to create a definite

trend in the realm of costume jewellery for the Autumn."

You'd better see this film, girls, before ordering your supply of Autumn rings.

Detective Temple

If Shirley Temple has her own way—which quite frequently happens, I may tell you—she will be a detective in her next picture.

It's all because she went one night lately to the movies to see the latest Warner Oland picture *Charlie Chan at the Race Track*.

Next day, fired with an ambition to become a "detectatiff," she spent the whole morning detecting like anything, all round the Temple homestead; and in the afternoon she had an inspiration, and rang up Darryl Zanuck, chief of production at Twentieth Century-Fox.

"I've got a swell idea for my next picture," she announced. "I'll be a 'detectatiff,' and I'll be called 'Curley Chan.' What do you think of that, Mr. Zanuck?"

What Mr. Zanuck thought of it has not yet been ascertained; but one thing seems positive—if anyone can sell the studio the idea of making a film called *Curley Chan*, Shirley can.

No Rest for Fred

Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray are teaming for the third time.

After *The Gilded Lady* and *The Bride Comes Home*, they are now together in *Maid of Salem*, the witchcraft story which Frank Lloyd is producing as well as directing for Paramount.

Lloyd, an Englishman by birth, was responsible for *Muliny on the Bounty*.

Very few players have ever made the sudden rise to fame that MacMurray has enjoyed. He has been with Paramount only eighteen months, and *Maid of Salem* is the tenth production in which he has had a leading role.

And now he has had his work cut out for him for some time to come—*Champagne Waltz* opposite Gladys Swarthout, *Panama Gal* with Carole Lombard, *That's What Girls Are Made Of* with Sylvia Sidney, and *High, Wide, and Handsome* with Irene Dunne.

He may also play the lead in *Diamond Rush*, a story of the Johannesburg mines.

Film Folk

Cary Grant has become so brown with sun and brine at his Santa Monica beach house that he will need no make-up for his new Paramount film, *Wedding Present*, in which he plays opposite Joan Bennett.

Pete Smith, the M.-G.-M. screen commentator, is conducting a national movie-making contest, open to all bona-fide amateur American picture makers.

Joan Crawford has been given a clock with the letters of her name instead of figures, and gold hands.

Stuart Erwin plays the leading comedy role in *Pigskin Parade*, a musical with a college football background.

Walter Wanger will co-star Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda in *Three Times Loser*, and intends to develop them into a screen team.

When *Wuthering Heights* is made in Hollywood, not only background scenes from the actual country described will appear, but also the sound of curlews and larks, of which a special record has been sent to America.

The cast of *Camille* includes Greta Garbo as Marguerite Gautier, Robert Taylor as Armand, Henry Daniell as Varville, Elizabeth Allan as Nichette, Lenore Ulric as Olympe, May Robson as Nannie, and Lionel Barrymore as Duval.

M.-G.-M.'s *Libelled Lady* has Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Spencer Tracy.

The title of the M.-G.-M. film *Chained Lighting* has been changed to *Where's Elmer?*

GUY BEACON

Continuing "A PORTRAIT OF

ASTAIRE Goes on ALONE



Fred scored a tremendous hit in the stage production of "The Gay Divorce," in which he played in New York and London. He is seen here in the film version, which was no less successful, dancing "The Continental" with Ginger Rogers.

the breath-taking partnership of Fred and Adele Astaire.

The Band Waggon opened to the usual critical applause which accompanies Astaire productions. Fred and Adele achieved the acme in serio-comic Terpsichore. Frank Morgan was a brilliant comedian. Helen Broderick held forth in unexcelled droll merry-making. Tilly Losch's ballet gyrations were splendid. And then, right smack in the middle of the run, Adele Astaire announced her betrothal to Lord Charles Cavendish. She was to share in the inheritance of some of the richest estates in England, and was to become a member of one of England's noblest families.

An inquisitive international audience of Astaire devotees awaited the outcome of Adele's engagement. Would Fred continue? Could he carry on without his partner? Or would he select a new partner?

The fate of Fred Astaire is now entertainment history, but the story of Adele's revelation of her marital plans to her brother Fred, is not.

It was as they met in Adele's dressing-room after the show that she revealed the state of her feelings to Fred.

"Freddie," she said, "I want to get married." If she expected him to show surprise she was disappointed, for—

"Okay, Dollie," he replied.

"But," faltered Adele, "I want to leave the stage."

Fred was quiet. He stood in the presence of his mother and sister. They waited anxiously for his answer. They realised that Adele's marriage might spell the end of his own career.

"It's all right," he said softly, "I'll get along. I want you to be happy."

After closing her career with Fred, Adele later admitted that always "Fred's had what he's got now, but it never got a chance to show until I left. He was always staying in the background himself, pushing me forward. He'd stand back while I got the laughs. Always playing straight for me. So when I finished, things came out he didn't know he could do himself."

"All the numbers we used to do, they were all Fred's ideas. I couldn't think up a thing, if it killed me. It was all his. It certainly wasn't mine. And one day Fred's going to knock 'em cold with his acting. I know. I knew it first when he did that ballet with Tilly Losch in *The Band Waggon*."

To Fred Astaire, the dissolution of the partnership was a signal for concentrated work to carry on as a solo star. Broadway and theatrical sages stroked their chins and wondered. "I don't know if he'll be able to do it," they mused.

An interviewer once asked Fred the age-old question: "Mr. Astaire, what is the secret of your success?"

Fred raised his head slowly, the inscrutable Astaire smile broadening on his countenance to its full limits. He was a bit dumbfounded, but remained in tranquil composure. Of course, he inwardly realised that he could not

expect anyone to see what he went through to perfect his dancing.

Then he replied:

"More than ninety-five per cent. hard work. Dancing, professional dancing, of course, is just that—ninety-five per cent. hard work. And the easier it looks, the more work has gone into it. The more effortless the dance appears, the more effort has made it so."

With this unwavering devotion to his art, although it was based on endless hours of gruelling practice, Fred continues to carve an unforgettable niche in the theatrical Hall of Fame.

Spurred by a carry-on inspiration, driven by a desire to show the wisecracks of Broadway that they didn't know it all, and, above all, moved by his personal intensive interest in his art, Fred Astaire appeared in *The Gay Divorce* as his next Broadway production after *The Band Waggon*. The blonde and beauteous Claire Luce was his dancing partner in this one.

Now Fred was really on his own. There was no Adele with whom to swap witticisms. There was no Adele with whom to do the show-stopping "com-pah" trot. There was no Adele with whom to step in precision movement, four fast-moving, dancing limbs tapping away as if one. And Freddie made good—very good.

He scored a tremendous personal success. Reviewers had already exhausted their superlatives. Now they simply threw their hats into the air, shouldered Freddie and toted him through New York, shouting "Bravo!"—in effect, of course. Who could forget the Astaire dance to the jungle strains of the verse of "Night and Day"? Who could forget the rhythmic grace in which Astaire gyrated, whirled and stepped before the footlights to the sweet-flowing, entrancing notes of the chorus? The melodically irrepressible Cole Porter had provided in "Night and Day" the tuneful aria by which Fred Astaire will ever be remembered.

The Gay Divorce remained in New York for a long engagement, but not long enough. Despite clamouring audiences who wanted to see *le grand Astaire*, the producer brought *The Gay Divorce* to London. The deafening applause which greeted Astaire in his solo debut in *The Gay Divorce* followed him across the seas. London's plaudits were equal to, if not greater than, those of its neighbours on the opposite shores of the Atlantic. And a small minority of these plaudits—small in the face of the inestimable amount—came from his elder sister, Adele Astaire, now a member of the British nobility as Lady Charles Cavendish.

Adele reports the performance and her reactions to her brother when she saw *The Gay Divorce* during its London engagement:

"After *The Gay Divorce* opened in London and I could come over to see it—I'd been ill and couldn't make the opening—I went to see him. I'd never seen him from out front before. It was also the first time I realised that Fred had sex appeal. Fred! Wherever did he get it? He's so unconceited-looking."

RETURNING home, they were starred in *Funny Face*, also a Gershwin melody show. Rockwell J. Graham, reviewing the show, said that the appearance of Fred and Adele Astaire in a show boasting music by George Gershwin was sufficient to keep anyone brilliantly entertained for the space of a couple of hours. To his critical mind, Fred Astaire "ran away with the whole affair, even leaving his delightful little sister somewhat panting for breath. A couple of years in London seem to have done him, in particular, a lot of good, for he sings more smoothly than ever before, and has better command of a naturally pleasing personality. The two of them manage to stop the show several times, but the real dancing hit of the show is Fred Astaire's 'Alone'."

There may have been other shows in which Fred and Adele appeared, but memory serves to recall only the ill-fated Ziegfeld extravaganza, *Smiles*, with the late Marilyn Miller, before the Astaires made their final stage co-appearance in *The Band Waggon*. *Smiles* was a costly affair, lavishly put up, and opening in the newly-completed emporium of forthcoming Ziegfeldiana, the Ziegfeld Theatre. Its construction was utterly radical, but very gratifying, and the location was many blocks away from New York's theatrical district. Maybe these characteristics of the theatre were portent, but none the less *Smiles* was accorded an ephemeral New York run. It was not the fault of the Astaires, nor that of Miss Miller; they were superb.

Adele Astaire's romantic interludes always proved the age-old matrimonial adage, "Always the bridesmaid—never the bride." Adele was in love four times. Her escapades in the sphere of Romance were levelled by the Adele Astaire gaiety. But there came the day when Cupid scored a direct hit, for one of his imaginative arrows punctured Adele Astaire's heart while she and Fred were engaged in *The Band Waggon*, their next show after *Smiles*, the vehicle which marked the termination of

FRED ASTAIRE

NOT until the famous partnership between Fred and Adele Astaire was broken up by the latter's marriage did Fred really "find himself." Read how he carried on alone, in the second instalment of this fascinating series.

"I've heard about that sex appeal since. All the women I know tell me about it. In England they say they want to mother him, to nestle that funny face of his. He's got sympathetic appeal."

Fred Astaire's return to his native America was marked by two decisive milestones in his life: (1) marriage; (2) he entered the movies.

Fred had been introduced to Mrs. Phyllis Potter at a Long Island golf tournament. The effervescent Astaire had frequently been seen in the charming company of the comely society divorcee. Their friendship blossomed into romance and, in July 1933, Fred and Mrs. Potter faced the parson.

Little did his devotees dream—in fact, little did Fred Astaire dream—that after *The Gay Divorce* he would perform his inimitable art in the kinema. To him the kinema was a medium of expression for talented Thespians, for exceptional vocalists, for brisk chatter by smart-cracking comedians. What could a dancer contribute to the realm of celluloid? True, dance teams had hitherto been cast in a plethora of dancing-musical entertainment ground out by Hollywood cameras; but none scored significant acclaim.

But those omnipresent emissaries from film-dom, the "talent scouts," cast their bread upon the waters and back went winged-footed Fred

Astaire, elegantly garbed in top hat, white tie and tails. Back he went for his premier rôle on the screen with Joan Crawford in *Dancing Lady*. As the title implies, the gorgeous Crawford was seen as a leading danseuse in a lavish musical comedy. To Fred fell the rôle of Joan's partner.

Needless to say, Fred's performance was outstanding. It was marked by several characteristics which distinguished Fred Astaire from his first appearance on the screen. He transplanted his grace, his poise, his inescapable, effortless manner of dancing with an ostensible amount of ease and polished perfection. His orientation to this new medium, the screen, was, to put it tersely, "all there."

Fred and Joan's dance only lasted five minutes on the screen. It pictured a magnificently-adorned night club—such as they can devise only in the movies!—glistening with a mirrored floor on which the pair performed their intricate routine. Suddenly, with the magical touch of Hollywood genius, Joan's devastating white gown changed into that of a barmaid, while Fred's evening dress was altered to that of a Tyrolean guide. And Fred and Joan were amidst a mob of beer-drinkers in Bavaria. The mirror floor opened its silver mouth wide, up came a revolving pedestal, and Fred and Joan swung into the rapid steps of a clowning, Bavarian dance.

Only five minutes these terpsichorean antics took, but Fred was instantaneously boomed as "a new and refreshing personality with a distinctive talent the screen sorely needs."

The enterprise of one motion-picture studio, RKO Radio, influenced it to secure Astaire immediately. This was December, 1933. Fred's first vehicle under this new aegis was to be the

first dancing musical staged in the clouds. It featured an aerial dance on the wings of 'planes soaring on high—a whim of the authors which materialised into a screen oddity and an audience sensation.

The feature which should be consecrated in a museum, for it introduced Astaire in his first big rôle, was *Flying Down to Rio*. Invested with tuneful rhythms by Vincent Youmans, *Flying Down to Rio* is memorable on three counts: (1) It served to give Fred Astaire extensive opportunity to display his dormant talents as a singer and comedian as well as a dancer on the screen; (2) it marked the formation of the supreme dancing team of the screen, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers; (3) it introduced the sensation-making Carioca, a tantalising, body-swaying rhythm musically fashioned by Youmans.

If you ever see couples dancing forehead to forehead, twisting their bodies in complete reverse, with outstretched arms without separating their heads, you have Fred and Ginger—to thank for this terpsichorean idiosyncrasy. Fred and Ginger introduced this dancing novelty in their rendition of the Carioca. The scene was a South American cabaret. Native musicians were pounding out the infectious melody from their primitive but effective instruments. Unabashed, in fact instigated by a desire to compete with the dark-skinned native dancers, Fred grabs Ginger by her hand. She responds. "Let's show them a thing or three," she declares enthusiastically—and they do.

By the vague word "them" Miss Rogers intended the native dancers in the picture. But observers have interpreted the word as a reference to the audiences of the world. Fred! Astaire and Ginger Rogers did show us a thing or three—four, five, six, and many more—in their interpretation of the Carioca. On the novel setting of seven spotless white grand pianos, their corners pivoted at the centre of a revolving stage, lithe and nimble Fred and twinkle-toed Ginger swayed, gyrated, moved to the Youmans melodic inflections and crescendoes.

But that was not all the Astaire terpsichorean magnificence offered in *Flying Down to Rio*. Vincent Youmans had written another beautiful aria for the production, a glorious tango entitled, "Orchids in the Moonlight." For this number Fred had the alluringly bewitching *senorita*, Dolores del Rio, as a partner. A background of priceless orchids on whose petals beamed the rays of warm and inviting moonlight, a tango orchestra softly emitting the strains, and Astaire and del Rio were off in a spectacular, truly breath-taking routine.

Breath-taking, too, was Astaire's début in his first featured picture, viz., *Flying Down to Rio*. Gauging his box-office success (*Rio* played a record-breaking engagement of three weeks at the world's largest theatre, the Radio City Music Hall in New York) and audience value, Astaire's studio found him a sensational "discovery." Enthusiastic plans were formulated. The studio began shopping for a subsequent vehicle after it signed him on the dotted line on a seven-year contract. That's what they thought of the man. They even thought more than that of him. They insured his dancing feet for the sum of 1,000,000 dollars. The scratch of a pen on a document thus made Fred's the highest-priced pair of feet in the world. According to this unique policy, the studio is now protected from loss "through any exigency which deprives the said Astaire of the full and complete use of the said Astaire's feet." Further, the studio gave him *carte blanche* on future productions in all respects.

NEXT WEEK

FRED'S Phenomenal Film Success—At Work on the Set—Fred and Ginger Rogers Teamed—The Star's Genius—Broadcasting Occasions—Clothes and the Man—A Problem for the Studio—The Secret of His Success.

An unaffected and natural cheerfulness is the Astaire hallmark, and his vivacious energy is by no means confined to his feet.

Shots with Our Candid Camera



One of the strongest star teams for some time is to be found in M.-G.-M.'s "Libelled Lady"; and here they all are—Myrna Loy, William Powell, Spencer Tracy, and Jean Harlow, all ready to go into action.

Right: Dance Director Leslie Roberts apparently enjoys teaching Grace Bradley some new steps as much as she likes learning them. Grace will show them to you in the cabaret scenes in the Gaumont-British military comedy-drama, "O.H.M.S."



Myrna Loy offers a little light entertainment to the swans which lend additional touch of the picturesque to her Hollywood home. The actress recently completed her role as the Cartwright in the film version of "Dodsworth."



Above: Henry Fonda, star of the New World picture in Technicolor, "Wings of the Morning," seen on the set at Denham with the wealthy New York social registrate, Frances Brokaw. The sequel to their meeting was their recent wedding in New York. Right: Murray Silverstone rallies to Elizabeth Bergner's assistance at the dinner given recently by his company, United Artists.

JEAN ARTHUR

Makes HISTORY

THE leading lady of Cecil B. de Mille's new picture, *The Plainsman*, talks to Guy K. Austin about her role. Although it is poles apart from the sophisticated parts she has recently taken, she thoroughly enjoys the change. She started her career in slapstick comedies and is now rapidly gaining stellar distinction.

WHEN Cecil B. de Mille selects a leading lady for one of his epic pictures it sets a stamp upon her as a star as surely as a hallmark sets its stamp upon silver. Cleopatra and Berengaria, wife of Richard Coeur de Lion, in the persons of Claudette Colbert and Loretta Young have won such approval in his pictures in recent years.

Now one more lady from the pages of history is to step across the screen, but from history that is more up-to-date than anything "C.B." has yet attempted. For the new epic is *The Plainsman*. It is the story of Buffalo Bill, of General Custer's Last Stand, of the riding of Wild Bill Hickok and the sweeping hordes of Indians who roamed the western plains but sixty years ago. "Calamity Jane" is the lady and Jean Arthur is the star.

Jean Arthur, the attractive sophisticate of *The Ex-Mrs. Bradford*, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* and other recent hits now "Calamity Jane" of the days of Buffalo Bill! From the boudoir to the bull whip in one reel! It seems hardly possible. But "C.B." has never miscast an actress yet.

My first glimpse of Jean in her new role was out on the Paramount back lot where several acres had been turned into a reproduction of Fort Leavenworth in the '70's. Jean stood in a circle of old-time western characters brandishing a 16 foot bull whip. In vicious circles she spun it within an inch or two of the faces of a lot of tough he-men who seemed to be very anxious to get out of her way. Under the eagle eye of de Mille she put in some excellent practice. Then a short scene was shot.

I cornered her later on the shady porch of the frame hotel.

"And how," I asked her, "is 'Calamity Jane' getting along?"

Jean smiled. "It's a perfect title. See the bruises?" She bared her arm and showed some nice patches of blue. "Calamity is just the word! We were on location yesterday at Calabasas. I had to drive a stage coach with six horses at a mad pace down the road. The horses took fright and around one hairpin bend I thought the whole outfit was going to turn over the ravine! I got thrown against the brake lever and almost off the coach!"

"Hence the bruises!" I put in.

"Fortunately," said Jean, "Gary Cooper was on the box seat with me. He brought the horses to a stop for me. Inside the coach, nearly passing out, were James Ellison, who plays Buffalo Bill, Porter Hall and Helen Burgess. It was a great ride while it lasted!"

"Calamity Jane", Jean told me, "must have been a grand girl. She ran a saloon in Leavenworth and also drove the stage between the river town and Hays City. She was supposed to be the loveliest woman in the west—a siren who handled men with a bull whip."

Jean started her career in custard pie comedies. In the old days she had the reputation of the

straightest aim of any comedienne. Then she graduated to Westerns. So this part is not altogether strange to her, though it is years since she played such a vigorous role.

"For the first two or three days of production I suffered from 'six gun slump,'" said Jean. "And what on earth is that?" I asked.

"Well, it's bad enough acting at all in this heat," she went on, "but after several scenes with Gary Cooper I felt terribly depressed. I told 'C.B.' I did not think I could go on. He looked me all over. Then he noticed that the revolver I carry which weighs several pounds, was resting right on my 'tummy'! He flipped my belt off. The gun resting on my stomach made me feel sick! Now I take it off directly after each scene. I reckon the original 'Calamity Jane' must have been tougher than I am!"

"How are the Indian scenes going?" I asked her.

"More realistically than ever 'C.B.' thought," Jean answered with that grand grin of hers. "The location troupe making the scenes of Custer's last stand up in Montana nearly met with fearful casualties. de Mille had rounded up more than a thousand Cheyenne braves from the reservations. In one of the battle scenes the Indians raced round and round a band of white men. Suddenly real bullets began to sing. One embedded itself in the camera platform. Action was stopped and every Indian searched. They found several hundred rounds of live ammunition in their possession! It was nearly a case of de Mille's last stand!"

As we chatted a massive, red-haired Westerner in a long black coat strode over to where we sat. I stared at him, and then recognised in him Charles Bickford.

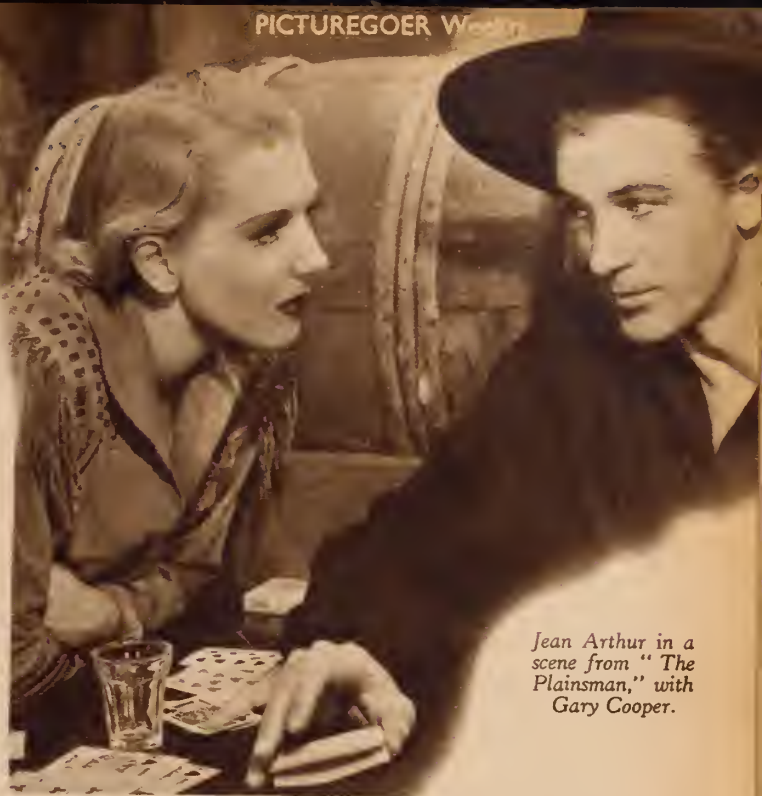
"Meet Latimer," smiled Jean Arthur, "the dirtiest backguard west of the Mississippi!"

"Thanks," laughed Bickford. Then he sat down and joined us. He looked over the enormous set, bustling with activity. "It's great to be working for de Mille again," he said. "This is the first part I've had for a long while in which I can really get my teeth!"

"You've no idea what a dirty dog he is," Jean put in. "When I wind that bull whip around his neck it's really a pleasure."

"Nice girl!" returned Bickford with a grin at Jean. "It was 'C.B.' who brought me out here from Broadway to play in pictures. In *This Day and Age* I was a downright villain. Fifty boys eventually captured me and hung me face downwards in a pit full of live rats! Since then I've only been cast as a really bad egg once."

"You wait until you see him in this," said Jean. "According to history it was Latimer who was responsible for the massacre of General Custer and his troops. Latimer smuggled guns and ammunition to them. He's a swaggering, 'ornery' brute! But only in the picture, of course. Outside his role I think Mr. Bickford quite a nice man."



Jean Arthur in a scene from "The Plainsman," with Gary Cooper.

"What happens to Latimer in the end?" I asked.

"He gets what's coming to him from Gary Cooper as Wild Bill Hickok," Jean explained with evident enjoyment. "He gets shot down in my saloon."

"I'm wondering what a de Mille picture without a bath in it will be like!" I put to them both. Ever since the famous producer showed Florence Vidor at her ablutions in *Old Wives for New* years ago there has been a bath sequence in every de Mille picture. He is said to have fashioned the plumbing for more swagger homes than anyone in the business!

"I know I don't take a bath in front of the camera," Jean replied, "but I believe, just to keep the old traditions alive, Gary Cooper does. When he returns from his campaigns against the Indians he is shown at a frontier barber shop behind which baths are sold at twenty-five cents a dip! Whether it will be the rain barrel variety, popular at the time, or a new de Mille creation I do not know!"

There was a whistle from the set. Then a shout. "Miss Arthur, please. Places everybody!"

"Here we go!" laughed Jean. She buckled the heavy holster on a three inch brass-studded belt about her elegant hips and picked up the bull whip. Charles Bickford also heaved himself out of his chair and vanished into the crowd.

"We'll try that scene of Jane coming down the steps once more," said de Mille. "Let's go!"

A group of pioneers were grouped at the steps of the saloon. Charles Bickford harangued them for a few moments. It was evidently trying to stir them up against the owner of the place, none other than "Calamity Jane". Suddenly a door burst open. Down the steps and into the ring of men swept Jean Arthur, locks flowing, eyes aflame, the husky voice shouting. I could not hear the dialogue, but the action was vigorous enough. The circle of men fell back. In the centre stood Jean and the bull whip swung in circles. The crowd scattered.

"That's good!" said the producer. "But just swing that whip a little closer to their heads. And some of you men duck. If she hits you you'll know it!"

Those who have recently seen Jean and Gary in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* will have a great thrill in *The Plainsman*. As usual Cecil B. de Mille has gathered a wonderful cast together. James Ellison, promoted from the *Hopalong Cassidy* series, plays Buffalo Bill; Helen Burgess, a newcomer, his wife. Porter Hall, Victor Varconi and John Miljan as General Custer are other principals in a cast of the thousands you will see.

RE-CREATION

of Joan

CRAWFORD

TEN years ago Joan Crawford made her first sensational appearance as one of the three principals in *Sally, Irene and Mary* with Constance Bennett and Sally O'Neill. I remember that picture well. I was then in charge of several cinemas in the Eastern Counties. I played *Sally, Irene and Mary* during the height of the general strike when transportation was at a standstill. In spite of this detriment to box office business the picture broke all attendance records to that date.

Ever since then Joan has been one of the greatest names in Hollywood. She has worked consistently for one studio. For years she exemplified the modern "dancing daughter" of this hectic post-war and depression era. Her romances, troubles, marriages have used up millions of words in the public press all over the world.

Two years ago I met Joan for the first time. I shall never forget that morning. It was while she was making *Forsaking All Others* with Robert Montgomery and Clark Gable at M-G-M. I walked on to the set just after lunch. Bob Montgomery and W. S. Van Dyke, the director, were chatting as they waited around for the camera crew to set up. I joined them. Suddenly, from behind us, there was a blare of dance music from a loudspeaker. I swung around. Joan Crawford had appeared as if by magic. She was dancing exotic steps all by herself on the floor. She snapped her fingers. Spun in circles. Sang. Then as suddenly as the music had started it stopped again as she switched the machine off. She saw Bob Montgomery, stared at us all a moment. Then she seized a property man's broom and made a playful swing at Bob's head with it. For the next few minutes they chased each other round and round the set. Then that stopped. Joan lit a cigarette and slumped herself in a chair. She stared ahead of her. After a few puffs the cigarette was stamped out. She got up, walked away.

Then the whistle blew and the picture got under way again.

Two years ago. . . . Joan Crawford was then a bundle of nerves. She could not sleep. The rumours flew that she was very unhappy. Her health was breaking down. During the next few months came news of her divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, junr. Then last year Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone appeared together in Tarrytown, New York, and were married.

Once again the gossips got busy. Could this marriage last? Franchot Tone, the Princeton College graduate, son of one of the oldest families in Buffalo, New York, and Joan Crawford. . . . It didn't make sense, they wrote. But they were all wrong. It made more than sense. It made an entirely new personality out of one of the most glamorous figures in Hollywood. Marriage to Franchot Tone brought everything she had hitherto sought without avail: love, happiness, peace of mind and the companionship of a man whose background made him entirely

FOR ten years Joan Crawford has been a prominent figure in the film world. Many changes have occurred during the decade but now, after a period of nerve strain and unhappiness a new, and more tranquil Joan has been born. This revealing article introduces the star of 1936 who is headed for happiness and greater achievements in the studio.

different from any one she had ever met.

Joan is no longer a glamorous Hollywood star. She is a radiant, vibrant person. She is happy and does not mind showing it. And all in all she is a better actress than she has ever been.

The other day I saw her again. Once again she was acting under the direction of W. S. Van Dyke. Once again Clark Gable was co-starred with her. But the third member of the triangle this time was her husband, Franchot Tone.

There is an entirely different atmosphere always on a Van Dyke set. He has the knack of producing brilliant pictures in shorter time than any other director in the business. The reason is not hard to find. Always he has the same crew. The actors, from stars to extras, get what he wants the first time. For "Woody" to have two takes of any shot is almost unknown.

The picture was *Love on the Run*. The scene

a village in the Austrian Tyrol. The camera was set up at the foot of a slope leading to an archway. Instead of an hour to light up it took but minutes, or so it seemed. Instead of the weary waiting, stars slumped in chairs idling away the interval, extras slouching around watching the clock, everything was precision with no time to go stale.

Joan Crawford, in a blue smock, black tammy and sabots much too large for her, stood under the archway. Van Dyke was giving final directions to her and to Clark Gable and Franchot Tone. Joan looked years younger than when I had last seen her. Her eyes no longer stared. They looked rested. Shone. Her laughter was not forced, but sincere. Her movements were spontaneous, not laboured. She and Clark and Franchot bandied quips up and down the hill.

"Don't grab me too hard!" she shouted through cupped hands. "My shoes will come off!"

"Let 'em come off!" shouted Van Dyke.

"All right, I will!" laughed Joan.

Almost standing on my toes were Gable and Franchot. Both of them were enjoying things as much as Joan and every other person on the set.

"When do we go?" called Clark.

"When I signal," returned Van Dyke.

"All ready. Quiet! Roll 'em! O.K., Joan!"

Joan stared down the hill. Then she waved and beckoned. "Michael! Come on! They're after me!"

Clark Gable, dressed in Tyrolean costume, and



Below: A photograph taken two years ago showing Joan (right) with three other members of the "Forsaking All Others" cast. They are Billie Burke, Robert Montgomery and Charles Butterworth.



Above: Joan and her husband, Franchot Tone, happy in their Hollywood home. Left: Clark Gable, who is one of their close friends.





Franchot Tone, in a smart town suit, rushed up the hill. Each grabbed one of Joan's arms, lifted her off her feet and carried her out of sight. One take. The whole company moved off to another set on the lot.

During the interlude I managed to capture Clark Gable for a few minutes. On the lot was his brand new super-charged roadster in yellow and black. A crowd of admirers was around it. Clark got in it and drove around the corner for some pictures to be taken.

"Quite a toy!" I remarked.

"A hundred and thirty miles an hour!" replied Clark proudly, "and ninety in second!"

He parked his new "bus" against the curb of the New York street scene on the lot. I walked with him to the new location, representing another part of the Austrian village.

"I want you to tell me something of your association in pictures with Joan," I put to him.

"Well," returned Clark, "it's almost exactly five years ago that Joan and I were first co-starred. That was in *Possessed*. I've never been happier acting with anyone than with her. Ever since that picture we've been pals. I'm proud to think that she used to discuss her problems with me. I know what she has been through. It made her the nervous and self-conscious person she was until she met Franchot. You can see for yourself the difference."

"I certainly can!" I agreed.

Reaching the new set Clark sank himself down in a chair but a moment before vacated by the Maharajah of Indore, an interested spectator of the shooting. "Now," he continued, "I don't believe Joan has any problems, except to catch up on some of that happiness she's sought for so long."

We looked across the street. Franchot and Joan sat side by side chatting and laughing without a trace of embarrassment. They are not the least ashamed of the fact that they are in love with each other. And they don't care who knows it.

"Five years ago, after making *Possessed*," Clark told me, "Joan gave me a gold cigarette case inscribed in a replica of her own handwriting, 'To Clark Gable, from his pal Joan Crawford.' I've used that gift ever since. The other day 'Woody' gave a surprise anniversary party for us on the set. It doesn't seem like five years ago. Time goes fast in Hollywood."

In a few minutes the scene was ready to be taken. Van Dyke called his trio of stars together. The shot was a continuation of the previous one. A florists' van was parked at the side of the narrow cobble-stoned street. Clark and Franchot were to be seen still carrying Joan along. They reach the van, push her into it, and the three drive off and make their escape from the pursuing police.

Waiting for the whistle Joan stood between Clark and her husband. I watched them carefully. All morning I had never once seen that happy, carefree smile leave Joan's face. Nor Franchot's either, for that matter. His hand stole into hers. Their fingers interlaced. They stood there waiting. Then a call from the director.

Joan was lifted up as before by her two rescuers, carried down the street and hustled into the van.

"O.K." yelled Van Dyke. "Cut."

But the three mad-caps in the van did not seem to hear. The engine started up and away it went, scattering extras on all sides. Roars of laughter went up from everyone on the set.

"Hi! Stop! Back up there!"

Clark and Joan tumbled out as Franchot backed the van up. Just one take again. The crew got busy to move to the next position. Everyone seemed to be imbued with the same happy spirit. Van Dyke is the genius of Hollywood for making everyone who works with him feel good. His camera captures more finished scenes in a day than most of them do in a week.

Joan Crawford deserves every bit of success and happiness that can come to her. She has worked harder and taken more knocks than most of Hollywood's great.

Best wishes and sincere admiration, Mrs. Tone!

G.K.A.

Binnie Barnes
and
Henry Wilcoxon

Here are two British players who have been doing plenty of good work in the studios of Hollywood where they are both very popular. They are pictured above in a scene from the Reliance production "The Last of the Mohicans" which brings Fennimore Cooper's famous adventure story to the screen in realistic manner.



HIS is the first time I have ever confessed it in print, but the thing I'd like to do most on the screen, right now, is to play the part of a man on a one-cent stamp. This man is not Benjamin Franklin, whose portrait graces the green penny stamp of the United States. I daresay only a few Americans have ever seen or heard of the individual I have in mind, because the stamp that carries his picture is not used in this part of the world. My one-cent hero is—or rather was—a Cuban, and his portrait ornaments the Cuban postage. His name is Jose Marti. Among other accomplishments he managed to be my mother's godfather.

Jose Marti was a poet whose poems were read all over the world, in his day. He was also a famous soldier who fought to liberate Cuba from Spanish rule in the revolution which finally brought on the Spanish-American War. Yet, with all this writing and fighting, Marti found time to be a great lover. I believe there is more romance and drama in his story than in *A Message to Garcia*, another story about the Cuban Revolution, which was recently made into a picture. Marti's career ought to make an especially good subject for a colour film because of the Latin-American locales and costumes.

I mention this cherished ambition because I get so many letters from fans and from personal friends as well, asking what sort of roles I like best and suggesting parts I should play.

But outside of the Marti part, which is just a dream that probably will never come true, I don't care at all what sort of parts are assigned to me—they can be juveniles, heroes or villains—every kind of character interpretation interests me. I deliberately started out to follow this line of action from my very first picture because I want to learn all there is to know about acting.

When I went to California for my movie debut, I knew from my stage experience and my preliminary tests that I would be a "natural" to casting directors for Latin-American parts, spiced with an attractive flavour of villainy, unless I put my foot down—and as heavily as an ex-ballroom dancer can. As a result, since my movie debut a little over two years ago, I have been an Indian prince in *Clive of India*, a French Consul in *British Agent*, an opera tenor in *Metropolitan*, a young hundred-per-cent American business man in *Love Before Breakfast*, a gangster in *Show Them No Mercy* and a real estate racketeer in *Nobody's Fool*.

My career as a dancer, a stage actor and a screen Thespian has been largely a case of seizing opportunities Lady Luck cast in my direction. I believe if one knows definitely what he wants out of life and concentrates on it, sooner or later he will get his break. In my own case I have wanted to be an actor from the time I first learned to lisp the Mother Goose rhymes. Very likely, heredity had something to do with this childhood ambition as my mother, before her marriage, was Maria Mantilla, one of Cuba's most gifted singers.

My dad, however, had no connection with show business. When I was a boy he held an important executive post with a big Cuban sugar office in New York, so you see I'm really a Latin from Manhattan. Father tried to talk me out of my stage aspirations. He wanted me to go into his firm, learn the business thoroughly and eventually succeed him. But by the time I was graduated from the Collegiate School in New York, the depression had hit the sugar business a hard blow and I had to look for some other kind of work. I finally landed a job as a messenger in the National City Bank. It paid £3 10s. a week. £1 10s. of that went for a hall bedroom in a rooming house just across the street from a sumptuous apartment-building we once owned before the crash. Meals



CUBAN ACTOR Who Began As DANCER

CESAR ROMERO, whose performance in *The Devil is a Woman* won him universal praise, is one of the most interesting personalities in Hollywood. Here he tells you of his climb to success and of his ambitions for the future.

and other essential items raised havoc with the remaining £2.

It began to look as though my fervent hope of rebuilding the Romero fortune, as an actor, was not going to be achieved very rapidly. Then, when least expected, the tide changed. I met Lisabeth Higgins, a young society girl, who was mad about dancing, and was looking for a professional partner. We found our styles and steps fitted so well, that with only three months' practice after my office hours, we were engaged to dance at the Park Central Roof and other swanky metropolitan night spots. That helped the financial side of life considerably; and for the next three years I tripped the light fantastic in restaurants and Broadway musical revues. But I was far from satisfied I wanted to act, not dance.

One afternoon, out of a clear sky, my agent telephoned me that Tullio Carminati was shortly leaving the leading role in *Strictly Dishonourable* to go to London. The producers were looking for someone to take his place. Could I do it?

Although I had never spoken ten lines of stage dialogue in my life, I was not passing up such a chance. I managed to wangle a ticket for three consecutive performances. I watched Carminati like a hawk. Then, before a mirror at home, I tried to imitate his every gesture and intonation. A few days later I read the part and got the job.

I continued in this production for a whole year on the road. Margaret Sullivan, who had been the understudy for the feminine lead, played opposite me when we toured the South. After appearing in *Social Register*, *Cobra* and other plays, I met Margaret again in *Dinner A Eight*, the show that was to send both of us to Hollywood, as well as Jane Wyatt, who succeeded Miss Sullivan in her role. Now we are all three making pictures for the same company—Universal. The only time Margaret and I have played in a film together was in *The Good Fairy* when she was already a star and I had a small supporting role.

My very first picture after I arrived in Hollywood, in 1934, was *The Thin Man*. Although I was the thinnest man in the cast, I did not play the title role. It was just my part that was thin—a supporting bit as Minna Gombell's boy friend. But I used it to the best advantage I could, studying the star, William Powell, and watching how he gets those smooth effects of his. I've been observing him again, recently, when he was on our lot a few weeks ago, making *My Man Godfrey* with Carole Lombard. I always learn something new from Powell. He is such an experienced trouper that he will do even the smallest piece of business, such as helping a girl on with her evening wrap, with superb finesse and a little differently each time.

After my thin role in *The Thin Man*, I began to receive fatter parts at the various studios. My real break came when I got a call to make a test as Marlene Dietrich's leading man in *The Devil Is a Woman*, under Joseph Von Sternberg's direction. I don't mind telling you I was terrified with fears of not making good. In the beginning I had bluffed my way easily enough, rushing in where angels fear to tread, but I was beginning to realise the seriousness of screen technique and here I was, just a novice, trying to hide my nervousness as I went through several scenes with a great star. To add to my confusion, Dietrich and the director babbled in German as they looked at the test. I couldn't understand a word, but I knew it was all about me. I got ready to make my exit gracefully when they explained laughingly in English that they had been saying I was just the man for the part. Since then I've been studying German.

Of late I've had numerous offers to return to the stage, but, on the whole, I prefer remaining in pictures. I like the speed, spontaneity and constant change of movie acting, and, besides, there is more money in it. I am frank to say this is an important consideration with me. I want above everything else to keep my parents financially independent as long as they live, and I'm planning to send my kid brother through college. All this means earning plenty of money. And then, too, there is the marriage question. . . .

Many of my fan correspondents who are avid readers of the Hollywood gossip columns want to know if I am thinking of matrimony. The answer is yes, but not in the immediate future, because I am interested in seeing my two sisters happily married before I step off. One, a blonde, is engaged to a West Point cadet. The other, a brunette, keeps house for me.

Meanwhile, my bachelor life is very crowded and pleasant. I love my work; I've made many friends and Hollywood is ideal for my two favourite outdoor sports—riding and swimming. Evenings, I alternate between going to jolly parties and staying home to play the piano, try to write popular songs and study my stamp collection, especially, a certain Cuban one-cent stamp.

With FAIRBANKS *Jnr.* at WORTON HALL

WORK is pushing on apace at Worton Hall these days, and Kathleen Portlock in an interview with the star of Criterion Films tells you of his activities and plans for the future.

"Here I've had a chance to do what I never could have done in Hollywood," says Doug. jun.

restaurant for the men, and when our first film, *The Amateur Gentleman*, got a good notice they cut it out themselves, and had it enlarged and hung it up in there. That's what I mean when I say we all feel a personal interest in the productions, we fight amongst ourselves, may be, but the feeling remains the same. It's great to work with a crew like that!" his eyes and his smile showed how much it meant to him. And that's what I mean when I write that he's kept the harmony of the English estate about him in his industry.

He spoke of the Scottish film, now in production.

"The working title at the moment is *Treason*, but it may be changed to *The Barbarian*. It's a tale of the Lowlands and the raids on the Scottish border. The story is by a very famous American writer, Adela Rogers St. John, in collaboration with Richard Fisher, and the screen version by John Balderston, the man who adapted the *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*. Then we have Tay Garnett directing—he's come over from Hollywood to us—he's one of the 'Best Ten' over there."

"And the cast?" I asked.

"Allan Hale—he's joining us from America—he played with my father in *Robin Hood*—he's a great big strapping fellow, and one of Hollywood's leading character players. There's Richard Ainley—he'll be in it; and we have Googie Withers. But the women's parts are not fully cast, yet."

He stretched himself lazily. "I've been having plenty of exercise to-day! I thought I'd relax for a bit in the sun! I haven't had much time for relaxation these last two years—and as for romance—well I just haven't had time for it! I won't say I haven't felt romantically inclined on occasions," he chuckled, "but there simply hasn't been time—this has had to be my romance," he looked round at the various hives of activity. "As for this Scottish picture—it's kept us pretty busy lately. We have our own research department and they've been hard at it, to keep the picture historically correct. We want it accurate and yet there'll be plenty of action. Oh yes! we don't want a museum piece!"

"The Army are lending us men and we are going to get plenty of Border skirmishes in and hard riding—you know, like the old cowboy

stuff, but in a different setting. And we want something more too—we're going to aim at getting that broad Imperialistic sweep, the idea being that from these happenings in history or rather one incident in particular, the Empire began. I think it's going to be exciting!"

On his face there was a boyish enthusiasm mixed with love for his work and all it means.

I asked him about Dorothy Oldfield, "Well, I really can't take all the credit for that—actually it was my father who noticed her first. I was much too ill to notice anyone! He mentioned her to me and I sort of grunted and forgot all about it! Then my mother came to see me and spoke of her. But I didn't actually take notice until someone rang up from the Nursing Home and said some of the nurses would like to see over the studio. I said 'Sure'. When I saw her I began to remember the remarks, so we had her down and her test came out beautifully—perfectly charming. Nothing will come of it for two years though. I put it to her that she could take a gamble or leave it—her nursing was steady—nothing might come of this, but she chose this right away!"

Afterwards, I saw the studio where *Crime Over London* was in progress under Director Alfred Zeisler. I arrived at the precise moment when a gang of crooks in top hats were making a deft clean-up. Then I was taken on to the immense floor space under the corrugated iron roof which has on its outside a large and imploring PLEASE! for the benefit of airmen whose 'planes are likely to make off-stage noises at inappropriate times. Housed in this 'hanger' was the theatre, used in the making of *Accused*, and built to full scale measurements. I stood where the stall seats had been and viewed the stage—it was comparatively lost in that gigantic shed, the dimensions of which looked as if they could house the Graf Zeppelin if need be!

And everywhere was that atmosphere which Doug had mentioned, the air of a happy family who know each other and love their job.

Perhaps his ability to keep about him this sense of unity dates from the time when he used to be on the set when his father was making a film. Even in those days he had a flair for production and would make suggestions for which, when they were accepted, he received a cheque.

He laughed when I told him I wanted to write over a thousand words about him.

"I know what *that* means!" he said cheerily, "I've done some of your work in my time and I don't envy you! I used to get along all right up to six hundred words and then I'd dry up. I would pad and pad and pad, and when the editor saw it he'd look at me and say, 'This looks padded to me, my boy' and I'd reply, 'You're darned right it is!'"

And that cheeriness is typical of Doug. jun. From the time when he retrieved his "flop" in *Stephen Steps Out*, his very first lead, he has been forging ahead gaily. He scored a big success when he played with Garbo as her neurotic brother in "A Woman of Affairs."

Since then he has steadily become one of the screen's most popular figures.

A YOUNG man with imagination and ideas has seen come to fruition a scheme upon which he has worked for over two years—the establishment of Worton Hall Studios as a first-class production-centre, and the completion there of his second successful film, *Accused*.

Worton Hall Studios have an air of life and cheerfulness about them, from the sunlit garden with its patch of grass to the huge building which has one of the largest stages in the world.

Douglas Fairbanks, jnr., was having a few minutes respite and sunbath on the lawn when I interviewed him.

"It's tremendously interesting this work—you may sometimes curse it and wish for the moment you weren't in it, but you always come back to it in the end and think the heart-breaks are worth it all! I've been in it since I was thirteen and I'm twenty-six now—thirteen years is a long time," he blinked in the sun, reflectively, "but here I've had a chance to do what I never could have done in Hollywood. Hollywood is too vast, too commercial. What with the boom in pictures coming to England, it is an ideal place for the sort of thing," he indicated the studios. "We have here, *now*, the same spirit as there was in Hollywood nearly twenty years ago, the spirit of pioneering and adventure, and here in these studios we have something else. People often talk about happy families but they rarely exist. Here we really have one. The people who were with us a year ago are with us to-day, and right down to the page-boys there is the team spirit. We're 'all in' on a picture, we feel its success or its failure as a personal thing."

He pointed out a shed to me, "That's a little

The Hollywood NEWSREEL

SHOT BY PHIL LONERGAN

PUTTING two feminine stars in the same picture often leads to hostilities, and it certainly did when Alice Brady was given a supporting rôle in *Personal Appearance*, starring Mae West.

Alice did not like it a bit when Mae suggested the elimination of certain lines in Miss Brady's part. The two actresses exchanged heated remarks, but eventually both calmed down.

Mae West evidently fears the clever Miss Brady, who showed her adeptness in stealing a picture when she played in Dorothy Wieck's starring picture, *Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen*.

Carole's Revenge

Carole Lombard has found a "topper" for the wreck of a car she sent Clark Gable as a Valentine gift. It is an antiquated fire-engine.

When the star learned that the fire-engine was for sale she hurried out and took an option on it. What Gable will do with the engine is a question.

Gable turned the tables on Carole when she gave him the car, for he transformed the broken-down roadster into a snappy racing car. Carole feels that her latest gift will have him "stumped"!

Angry Neighbours

Many people residing near Victor McLaglen's Sports Stadium on Riverside Drive have complained to the police about the alleged noise coming from the stadium on evenings when midget auto racing is held. As a result, several racing drivers and stadium officials have been arrested and held for trial on charges of disturbing the peace and maintaining a public nuisance.

The neighbours may be justified in their complaints, but I live only a short distance from the stadium and have never noticed any undue noise.

McLaglen has donated portions of the stadium receipts to worthy charities, and has admitted small boys free to football and baseball games.

Ken Maynard had a similar experience when he staged a rodeo at his ranch near Van Nuys. A lady who lived nearby claimed that the rodeo and its patrons were too noisy.

Absent-minded Powell!

William Powell forgot he sold his Beverly Hills mansion, and when he went home the first night after the sale he met a strange butler at the door who mistook him for a brush salesman!

So now the favourite query of the actor's friends is "Bill, where do you live?"

He has to grin, and bear the chaffing.

Will Garbo Pay?

Greta Garbo receives a handsome income from the films, so it is surprising to learn that a former German producer has sued her for £2,100, claiming that he loaned her that amount in 1924, when Garbo was not nearly so prosperous as she is now. The loans were made whilst Garbo was in Berlin, and before she was firmly established as a Hollywood film star.

The complainant, who is suing in a Los Angeles court, declares that he did not need the

money until January, 1935, when he asked Garbo to repay the loan, which she failed to do, nor did she comply with later requests.

Garbo's side of the case has not yet been given.

Trophy Hunters

The auction of the late John Gilbert's possessions brought, in many instances, surprisingly large sums. An overcoat sold for £10, vests brought 8s. or 6s. apiece, whilst ties, shoes and shirts were also in demand.

Marlene Dietrich purchased thirty cotton sheets which the late star used on his bed, paying a tidy figure for them. Virginia Bruce, Gilbert's third wife, acquired a set of Shakespeare's Sonnets after lively bidding. Leatrice Joy Gilbert, the late star's 11-years-old daughter, secured several mementoes of her father, including his make-up box.

Strange to say, the actor's eight-foot bed, which was expected to bring a high price, has not yet been sold.

Timid Dancers!

Eleanor Powell has discovered that being a celebrated dancer has its disadvantages.

At a recent affair she was forced to be a "wall flower," for not a single man would ask her to trip the light fantastic. Finally, she learned that the men all wanted to dance with her, but were afraid to ask her, feeling that they could not keep in step with Eleanor's twinkling feet.

The young actress finally secured a partner and demonstrated that she was as easy to dance with as any other girl!

Her Big Night!

Many girls come to Hollywood, hoping to meet their favourite stars, but few are successful.

However, a young society girl from the Middle West, armed with letters from influential people, arrived in Hollywood with her mother and gained an audience with William Le Baron, the head of the Paramount studio. Le Baron asked the young visitor what he could do for her, and she made a "modest" request—she would like George Raft to take her out



To the French "l'amour" means "love"—and it seems an appropriate name for Dorothy Lamour, here seen in "The Jungle Princess."

for an evening of dancing!

Le Baron gasped, but he called Raft, who was quite willing to oblige.

So the visitor had the time of her young life.

Submarine Perils

Virginia Bruce brought her pet Pekinese with her whilst she appeared in scenes aboard a submarine in Los Angeles Harbour.

Members of the cast tossed a ball along the deck for the edification of the dog. The ball finally rolled overboard, and the dog dived after it. Miss Bruce screamed, an extra jumped overboard and brought the dog safely back.

An indignant director decreed that the Pekinese thereafter must remain on dry land.

Odd Footage

Lionel Barrymore played a crying child at the age of eight.

Olivia De Havilland was born in Tokio, Japan.

Sybil Mason made her stage debut in London films at the age of three.

Pat O'Brien was a bond salesman.

Eleanor Powell studied dancing to cure herself of bashfulness.

Charlie Ruggles is one of the best handball players in the U.S.A.

Arthur Treacher studied to be a barrister.



B-r-r-r! You may be satisfied with this Summer, but for my part I hate snow in October.

Still, we shall be glad enough to see it on the screen, where it will be absolutely convincing. It's realistic enough on the set.

Certainly the snow fell three hundred years ago, and in Holland at that, but it had stood the test of time and the journey very well when I saw it at the new Amsterdam erected on the lot at Denham for *Rembrandt*.

The 17th-Century Dutch landscape was a very attractive one anyway, with its picturesque houses and windmills; but under snow it looked enchanting when the Prince of Orange and his bride drove over the drawbridge and through the city to the Town Hall.

This set covers more than an acre of ground, which may not sound much to such of you as are Yorkshire farmers, but I assure you it's an outsize in sets.

If you had been wandering through the country lanes about Denham in the last few weeks, you might have met six massive grey horses hauling a lumbering wagon; they weren't doing it for fun, but to get into training for dragging the equally lumbering though far more magnificent coach of the Prince of Orange (and bride).

Glad Days

This coach was surrounded by fifty mounted soldiers (even in those days they weren't taking any chances with anarchists), and five or six hundred loyal citizens of Amsterdam had turned out to welcome the happy pair at a guinea per head.

These are certainly glad days for the extras, who regard Denham as the Promised Land and Alex. Korda as their Moses who is leading them out of the hard times.

The glare of the sun on the snow was so

strong that Korda had to wear dark-glasses as he stood, in a short-sleeved shirt and under a large coloured umbrella, directing the scene through the loud-speaker system.

One camera had dug itself well into the ground to get a "worm's-eye" view of the coach as it passed, and Georges Perinal, London Films' crack cameraman, was cuddled down beside it. Other cameras were mounted on high rostrums (or rostra?) and one, taking a bird's-eye view of the whole city, was up on the 100-foot tower which is a familiar landmark of the Buckinghamshire countryside by now.

They had to get this set finished with and out of the way quick and busy, to make room for the miniature dockyard on the banks of the River Colne, in which a full-sized Spanish galleon had to be built for Erich Pommer's Pendennis production *Fire Over England*.

A Warm Queen

The whole of the lot, 165 acres in extent, is now being used for exteriors for the six or seven productions now in full swing at Denham.

They didn't do the great review scene for *Fire Over England* there, though. It was shot in a large private park not far from the studios.

Here Queen Elizabeth, in the person of Flora Robson, reviewed over a thousand men of her army, drawn up in full fighting order at Tilbury, to repel the Spanish Armada, which was expected hourly.

I was sorry for Flora, because, on a day which was really sultry, she was wearing over her white and gold costume a polished breast-plate of armour, which must have been hard to bear; but she certainly looked a regal figure, on her white charger under the royal standard, her proud head surmounted by nodding white ostrich plumes.

She was inspiring; her soldiers, on the other hand, were perspiring—in heavy steel breast-plates and helmets and thick woollen uniforms.

I heard one of them thinking aloud upon it all, whereat a section-leader snapped: "Stop grousing, me lad! You're in the Army now."

Lordy, how it took me back!

Robert Cochran, Hugh Wakefield, Judy Kelly and Leslie Perrins in a scene from the thriller, "The Limping Man," now being made at the Welwyn Studios.

Hundreds of tents, each with a coloured pennant, stretching into the distance behind a long line of cannon, and backed by rolling fields and woodland, made this a scene which will live a long time in the memory of those who were fortunate enough to see it.

On the screen it should be terrific.

Gloriana

This is the scene in which Laurence Olivier, as the hero, Michael Ingolby, arrives, ragged and travel-stained, to tell the Queen of the Armada's coming.

This is going to be an extraordinarily interesting film to see, for I believe Pommer, and Clemence Dane (who prepared the story), and William K. Howard (who is directing it) are giving us not only one of the most spectacular films a British studio has ever turned out, but also affording us some fascinating glimpses of the complex character of Queen Elizabeth, which was neatly summed up by the Farjeons in "Kings and Queens":

"She's crafty and jealous, suspicious and mean, Yet England is England, now Bess is the Queen."

I don't know, of course; nobody knows for certain until a film has come to the screen; but I have a feeling that this picture is going to set a new standard for British production, acting, and general entertainment value, just as *Private Life of Henry VIII* did.

A Nest of Spies

One lives and learns . . . fortunately.

Although I wore brass buttons for four interminable years, I never knew, until this week, that Stockholm, during the war, was seething with espionage.

This fact comes out in *Dark Journey*, the Victor Saville film in which Conrad Veidt is playing at Denham.

Captain Stackwell told me about it, and

E. G. COUSINS COVERS

The BRITISH STUDIOS

Captain Stackwell should know, for he is an ex-Commander in the Swedish Navy, and in war-time Stockholm he was in close contact with the activities of twenty-thousand foreigners.

Stockholm, he tells me, was the greatest espionage centre in any neutral country. Germans were spying on Britain's shipping, Britons on the purchase of metals and other commodities by Germany.

It is said that, even after the war, Dr. Sun Yat Sen planned the Chinese revolution from a house near Stockholm.

So the locale is sufficiently exciting to warrant our expecting a story full of movement and adventure.

Non-stop

Now let's rush on to Shepherd's Bush, where they are lining-up a topical film.

Leastwise, it's on a topical subject; a regular transatlantic aeroplane service, which may become an accomplished fact before we are much older.

Gaumont-British have given the film the provisional title of *Non-stop New York*, but as that sounds exactly like the title of a revue, I expect they'll think better of it before they've got very far.

The action, I'm told, will take place almost entirely in a London-New York-Canada airliner, so now you know the kind of film it's likely to be—one of those where a dozen or so assorted souls are put into a crucible, shaken up together for an hour, and then allowed to explode.

Well, I like a good explosive film.

Character Cocktail

At any rate we are assured of a fine imaginative story, for one of the authors is Kurt Siodmak, the Continental engineer-writer who gave us such imaginative glimpses into the future as *F.P.1.* and *The Tunnel*.

The passengers on the liner are certainly well assorted; they include a fugitive South American General, fleeing for his life and not too happy about it; twin brothers who work a racket by means of their similarity (if I were twins I feel I should like to do that; such opportunities are too frequently wasted); a traveller in fine-printed banknotes (which doesn't sound to me like the ideal dress for an air-journey, but Gaumont-British probably know better than I do about that); a child chess-prodigy who is playing an important match by radio throughout the voyage; and the General's beautiful young daughter.

Well, they certainly didn't come any more assorted than that—unless you had a one-legged female deep-sea diver and a dwarf commissionaire.

The cast isn't yet chosen, but at any rate I can tell you a number of people who are practically certain to be in it—Gaumont-British contract players.

They are John Loder, Oscar Homolka, Desmond Tester, Nova Pilbeam, and Frank Cellier. Now you can amuse yourselves by casting these peoples in the roles I've given you above.

Good Advertisement

Tell you what—when some of these films get to America, I'd like to have some sort of financial interest in the tourist traffic; because British product, when it gets a wider United States release, is going to attract a great many people to Britain.

At any rate, some of it will.

Take, for instance, *Wings of the Morning*, which is now all over bar the cutting.

This is going to show at least two great British institutions; certainly Americans have seen them on the screen before—but they haven't seen them in colour.

They are the Derby, which in the States is either a hat or a restaurant, and is pronounced Durby in either case; and the Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace.

Wait till Cincinnati sees that!

You've already seen a double-spread of the picture, which we published last week.

By the way, speaking of Shepherd's Bush, another important film has got well under way there—*King Solomon's Mines*.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke is playing Quartermaine with Roland Young, Paul Robeson, Anna Lee, and John Loder.

And, to introduce a pleasant family atmosphere, we have Anna Lee's husband, Robert Stevenson, directing it.

Hardwicke certainly looks impressive as the bearded explorer; in fact, I fancy a great many Rider Haggard enthusiasts will find their conceptions of the characters coming to life before their eyes—a thing that happens too seldom.

I seem to remember several screen versions of this famous romance, but this time I think we are likely to have one which will top them all. The cast alone should ensure that.

Four Players Banned

Four players at Teddington have every right to feel aggrieved at Messrs. Warner Bros. First National; as a matter of fact they are making a bit of a fuss about the way they have been treated.

They were cast for parts in *Meet The Duchess*, which is a tale of Irish life; and the four banned players are pigs who were to have figured in a scene with a village postmaster.

Gerald Brosnan put his foot down about them; he is the Abbey Theatre playwright who has been brought in to supervise the Irish characterisation in the film.

"No, ye can't do it," he explained to me earnestly. "The one thing that makes an Irishman mad is the Englishman who introduces pigs into scenes of Irish life."

Two popular players, Cary Grant and Mary Brian, as they appear in the British production, "The Amazing Quest."



"On the other hand, mind you," he added, "the situation of Athene Seyler, as a dominating old woman trying to outwit dnnning creditors, satisfies the Irishman's favourite idea of a joke."

Well, it's hard to imagine just how an Irish picture is going to get along in England without any pigs; but so long as it satisfies the inhabitants of Creeghalla and Ardmachleen when they visit Cork for "the picturs," it's all right, I suppose.

The pigs themselves are said to be cut to the streaky about it.

Broth of a Boy

The "Duchess" of the title visits the B.B.C. in London to try to establish her niece (Margaret Lockwood) and a penniless young Irish boy (Patric Knowles) as world favourites "on the air."

Pat Knowles, who returned from Hollywood to play in this film, rebelled when he was asked to wear ordinary tailored clothes as the country boy; he declared that he must have ill-fitting togs that bagged and sagged on him.

And that, let me tell you, is no easy matter when you're 6ft. 2 inches and broad in proportion, as Pat is; he had to get an extra-outsize reach-me-down blue serge suit and a pair of brown shoes before he was satisfied with the result.

I'm looking forward to seeing Margaret Lockwood in this; that young woman (who is very easy on the eyes) is rapidly improving as an actress, unfortunately the parts she gets seem to be the silliest of little chits; in *Man of the Moment*, for instance, and *The Amateur Gentleman* and more recently *The Beloved Vagabond*.

It seems to me that she must have played that kind of a part once, and producers imagine that's the only kind of part she can play.

I should like to see her in something, some time, into which she can get her pretty teeth.

It'll Come

By the way, talking of *Wings of the Morning*, now that that is off the floors, its makers, New World, are now making preparations to film the famous Stanley Weyman historical novel *Under the Red Robe*.

This, I'm afraid, is not to be made in colour; now this seems to me a great pity, because being a costume play, and belonging to a particularly colourful period, it's really a much more suitable subject for colour than *Wings of the Morning* is.

However, we can't have everything all at once. All in good time—and what a good time that will be!



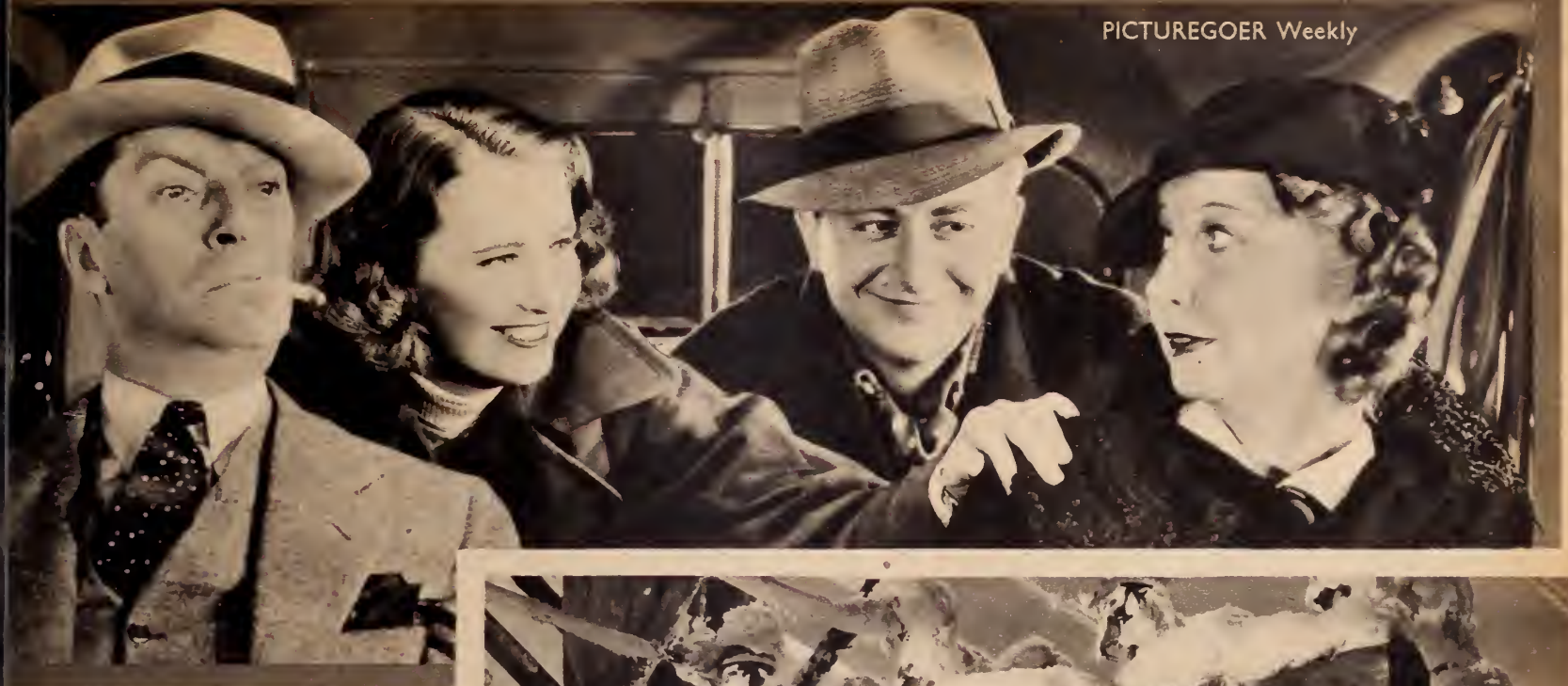
Under the benign influence of the gay young spark Hugh, and trying to feel really like a deserted bride, Carolyn and her friend Mattie (Helen Broderick) decide to make the visit of the brokers an occasion for a party—with the floor as seats.

To Carolyn, the holiday trip is a chance for her to work up a really bad temper over the shameful manner in which she feels her husband has treated her, but Hugh (Robert Young) feels he had better make an effort to catch her on the rebound.

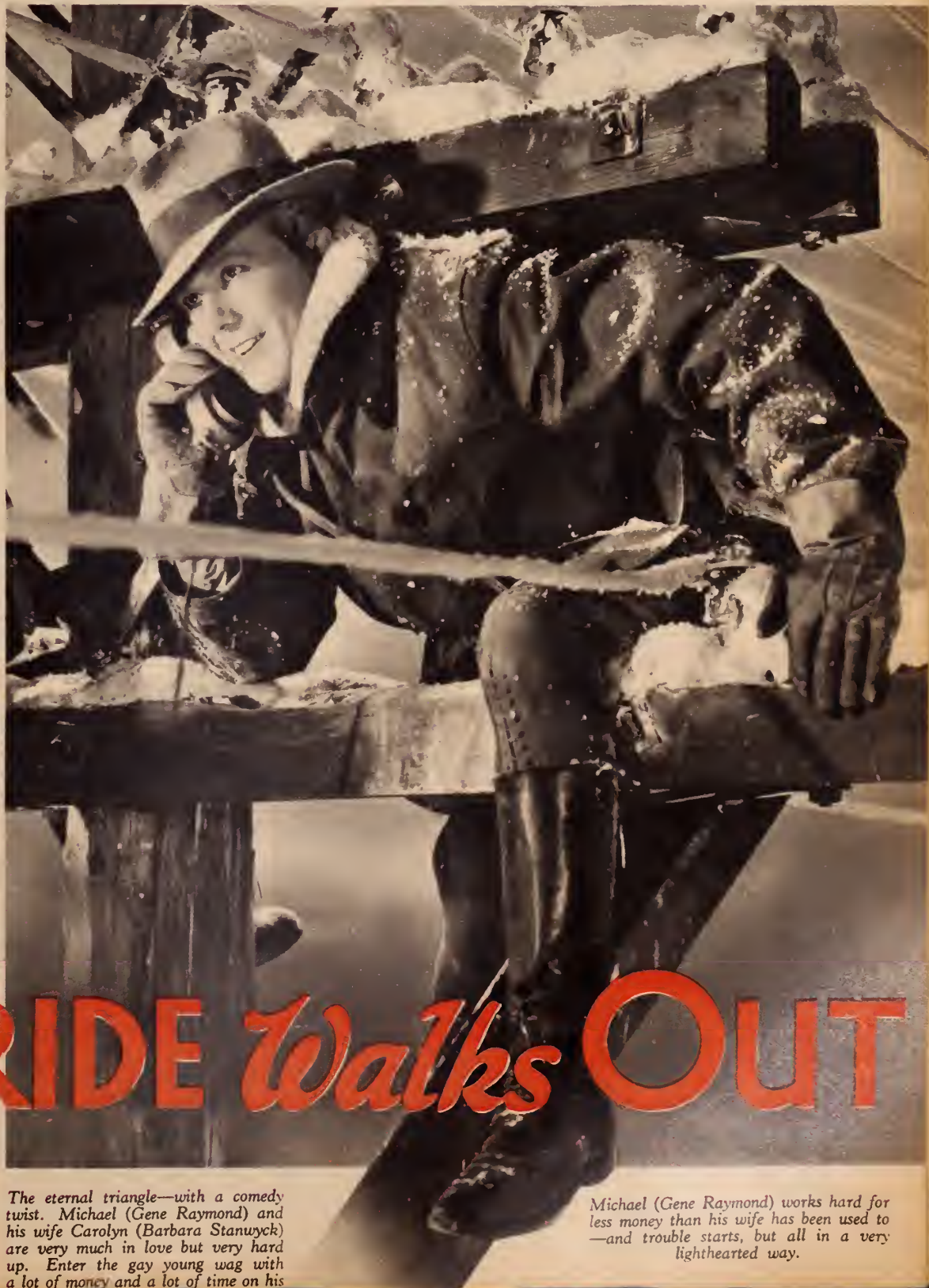
BARBARA STANWYCK has always been considered one of the screen's finest dramatic actresses, but in *The Bride Walks Out* she proves she can handle a smart fluffy comedy role with the best. Radio have given her the fine support of Gene Raymond, Robert Young, Ned Sparks and Helen Broderick.



Michael is set upon starting on a dangerous mission, convinced that his wife (Carolyn) really doesn't want him.



ing discovered she really loves her husband after all, Carolyn makes a wild dash for the boat to prevent his ng. Paul Dodson (Ned Sparks) as usual, expects the worst.



The BRIDE *walks* OUT

The eternal triangle—with a comedy twist. Michael (Gene Raymond) and his wife Carolyn (Barbara Stanwyck) are very much in love but very hard up. Enter the gay young wag with a lot of money and a lot of time on his

Michael (Gene Raymond) works hard for less money than his wife has been used to—and trouble starts, but all in a very lighthearted way.



"**S**MALL position, small home, small town; I'm fed up." Thus Kay Brennan, two and twenty, assistant in her brother-in-law's general store, and living with the family, described her attitude to things in general. Not that she knew quite what or who she wanted to become, but definitely she didn't want to stay in Carvel, Massachussetts, and marry Elmer Clampett for all his "safe" job as a telephonic engineer.

Wintry Saturday nights saw the culminating point of Kay's hatred of Carvel. Rush-time at the store meant less opportunity for the listless dreaming, her only refuge from a world that had ceased to be interesting or inspiring.

Not even the particular Saturday on which, owing to traffic bypass regulations, cars returning from the Harvard v. Yale football match came roaring through the town, could rouse Kay to enthusiasm.

Absent-mindedly carrying a toy balloon, which a youth, in one of the packed vehicles, had handed her with a compliment on her looks, Kay took her usual walk to the post office with the evening mail.

From the top of a telephone pole, Elmer swarmed down to land at her feet.

"Coming with me to Winstead to-night?" he inquired.

She didn't say that she couldn't bear the idea of the new "flivver" of which Elmer was so proud. Instead: "Sorry; I'll be helping George with the store," she temporised.

"But not that late, surely? How'd it be if I dropped round after supper?"

"If you like. You're not company, Elmer."

She might have added that it would take more than his conversational powers to enliven the evening

meal, nightly taken with sister Emily, Ma Brennan, baby June and George, usually a late-comer. If one did run the gamut of seven puddings in the week, the table-talk had even less variety. If only George would fail, but he never did, to chuck June under the chin and remark that she was growing more like her pa every day. And why must Emily, in feeding her offspring, adjure her always to eat so and so "to please mother darling—makes babies grow."

To-night Elmer dropped in in time for the Saturday platefuls of rice pudding. His maddening repetition of the customary greeting: "Hellow, George! Keeping your chin up," caused Kay to drop her helping.

"She's nervous as a cat these days. Always dropping things," Ma Brennan excused. Kay wouldn't stay to hear more. She felt, if she didn't get out somewhere, anywhere, she'd go mad.

The wind blowing her half across the street as she left the kerb, George's old leather coat wrapped

across the chest, prevented her from realising that she was in danger of being run down. She pulled up; the driver of a car also. "Did I touch you?" inquired an educated voice. Lamplight shone on the owner's face—handsome, clear-cut—above the white open tourer with its chic black line.

"No, I'm all right."

"Sorry if I scared you. How far is Tait's Tavern?"

It dawned on Kay, talking about "turn left at the church, then right ahead for three blocks," that the young man was looking at her. She was suddenly glad that her best point—red-gold hair, naturally waving from a "widow's peak"—had been washed the night before.

"Hop in," her interlocutor invited. "I'll drop you wherever you want to go. Honest." Instinct stronger than Mrs. Grundy urged her to accept the offer. But when he extended it to coming in for a drink at Tait's, she hesitated.

"Aw, come on. There'll be a big crowd. We'll put vine leaves in our hair, crush a gallon of grapes and

Despairing, Kay plunged. "Engaged? He never told me. You see—he—we—he married me this morning."

hang them over our ears. I'll bring you back before you want to turn into a pumpkin."

Following her guide was like leaving prison, even though their objective was the four walls of a very ordinary cafe packed with students celebrating the greatest football game of the season.

"Don't let the stillness frighten you," Kay's host advised, leading her to a verandah table. "Let's have champagne to drink out of your slipper—no, that's much too small. Waiter, two bottles of extra dry. Kay had barely tasted the novelty when the orchestra suddenly broke into the Wedding March and a lively crowd stormed the entrance.

"Excuse me," exclaimed Kay's host, and advanced on the crowd's nucleus, a man of his own age, arm-in-arm with a girl wearing orchids pinned to her coat.

"You couple of compound fractures!" he greeted. "Where did you get spliced, Tony?"

"At Minton Green. There's an old J.P. with a gold tooth, false whiskers, and licence on the premises," someone shouted, answering for the groom. "Come and join us."

"Right. Here, I want you to meet a young lady answering to the name of Goodness. She doesn't like you to know her real one." Thus Kay, not sure of being happy, but certainly far from bored, found herself drinking innumerable toasts and ultimately following her host, addressed by the others as Bob, to the white-and-black car.

"It's ever so late. Could I telephone?" she pleaded, with a rush of conscience. His air of decision was immense as he said:

"Whatever for? It's not late. Besides, you're not going home yet. Ever been to Boston, goodness?"

"No, but it's much too far."

"Nonsense! An hour there. An hour back. We'll see the old North Church by moonlight."

Notwithstanding scruples, she got in, registering only a mild dismay when Bob's first halt proved to be miles from Boston. "Minton Green," he observed, studying the signpost, white against the blackness enveloping the road. "Why, that's where Tony and Felicia got married. Let's wake up the J.P. with his gold tooth and false whiskers."

"It's almost morning. My family will be scared to death," Kay cried as, after half-an-hour's driving, they emerged into the open beside the J.P.'s abode.

"Can't help it. My family honour is involved, too. The Dakin honour, which has never been smirched in the annals of Boston. Only thing to do is to have the old bird up and marry us." What possessed Kay to agree to and go through the ceremony she could not have told. Through it she kept hearing Emily's, George's, and Elmer's voices. Was this her means of escape, or could she love this man in spite of his having drunk far too much champagne? Yes; in spite of it there was something about him.

(Continued on page 24)



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until this
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She was conscious of leaving the J.P.'s house, of Bob's falling forward after having driven a bare ten minutes, of having to take the wheel herself, of the car's coming to a standstill in the middle of a pond.

Kay shook the figure with face sunk into the chest.

"Wake up, for heaven's sake!" she implored. It was obvious, when Bob woke, that he remembered nothing of what had happened. Gradually, with help of the marriage licence Kay produced from a pocket, the truth dawned.

"Never mind, Goodness," Bob declared. "I'll get a lawyer to fix an annulment. No one need know but our two selves and old Whiskers."

"Then, why did you tell old Whiskers to broadcast the news in all the papers? We left him telephoning Boston," Kay said.

"By jove! I believe I did. Looks as if we go to Boston and face the music." His unconcern was majestic. Kay wished she might borrow some on arrival at Lakeshore Drive as she followed Bob and the butler from a spacious hall into a breakfast-room, containing a statuesque grey-haired lady and a distinguished white-haired man.

"Come on; let me do the talking," Bob counselled. Kay wretchedly aware of a rumpled black frock, albeit collar and elbow cuffs were clean, achieved near silence until Bob's father cut across his son's speech with: "Yes, yes. I realise that you got drunk last night, notwithstanding you expect to assist Dr. Fabre at the clinic in an important operation this morning. But where was Priscilla? Doesn't—er—Miss Brennan realise that you are engaged to be married within a fortnight to Miss Priscilla Hyde?"

Despairing, Kay plunged. "Engaged? He never told me. You see—he—we—he married me this morning."

"I told you I'd handle this, Kay. Dad, you don't understand."

"I understand perfectly; moreover, I hold you entirely reponsible. Engaged to one girl and making love to another!"

"Your son didn't make love to me, Dr. Dakin. He only asked me the way and gave me a lift. Then we had champagne, and I don't know what possessed me at the magistrate's, but I wanted to get out of Carvel and—"

"You knew I had money!" Bob accused. She had suspected, from the depth of colour in his eyes, that he had a temper and was afraid, seeing it turned against herself.

"You're hateful and mean to say that!" she flared, and took refuge in tears until she felt Dr. Dakin's touch on her arm, and heard Mrs. Dakin say:

"Before we talk any more, you should have a rest, my dear. Come with me."

Though Mrs. Dakin was entirely kind, Kay could but suspect her motive. Wearing one of the lady's rest-gowns, she awaited Bob's coming. Still frowning, he faced her. "I've been talking to the old man, and it seems the only thing to do is to make the best of a bad bargain. For appearances' sake, we stay married—have a honeymoon and pretend we're a happy couple."

"I couldn't. I couldn't really."

"Why not? After all, it's harder for me. I'm in love with a girl; going to marry her."

THE STORY of

Shamelessly, seeing that it was the first time she had acknowledged him useful, but without avail, Kay brought Elmer's name into the argument. Not a whit impressed, Bob alluded to the tough luck on his parents. "Very well," Kay agreed. "On account of your people being so nice to me, I'll stay with you for six months; then you can get a quiet divorce. You'd better tell the reporters we're happy. They're clamouring outside."

A yachting honeymoon having been decided upon, Kay threw herself wholeheartedly into the joys of a trousseau. She was unpacking in her cabin, enthusing artlessly about negligees to, it must be confessed, a very indifferent Bob, when he was called outside. Kay heard the words "wanted to see what she looked like" and Bob's answer: "Don't ever be jealous of her." Biting her lips, she nerved herself to be nice to Priscilla.

Taller than Kay had expected, wrapped in racoon with an off-the-brow hat, Priscilla was introduced. "I wanted a chance to talk to you," Kay stammered. "I wanted to say how sorry I am."

"I don't see why. You've done very well for yourself."

"But I mean—about coming between you and Bob."

"Don't bother about that. You haven't come between Bob and me. Frankly, that would be impossible."

She laughed artificially. At least, Skay thought on the young woman's exit, there was no need to be nice to her. The point was rather why Bob should have thought marrying such a marble block worth while. Accordingly, on the cruise, Kay allowed feminine persuasiveness full rein. Sea-sickness, unfortunately, cramped her style. But when Bob, unexpectedly heroic without coat or slippers, carried her one night on deck to recover, she was able to turn the tables on him. Next morning a bronchial cold nailed him to his cabin, where, in spite of the presence of Priscilla's photograph, he agreed to take the hot lemon mixture which Kay, remembering Carvel remedies, prescribed.

Alas! that the unity born at that moment between them and fostered by a visit to a Grecian island, where she helped him to treat a wounded deer, tended to fade on their return to Boston. The in-laws had rented them an apartment for five months and, by frequent visits to the young couple, showed an appreciation of Bob's wife, which went to Kay's heart. She was in need of consolation. Bob's cutting of social claims and attendance at all hours at the clinic, Kay would not have minded. She took a quiet but persistent interest in "shop" talk and volunteered to visit Jimmy, a ten-years-old on whom Bob had performed an intricate brain operation.

It was Bob's studied coldness to her that hurt; his inability to kiss her "Good night," or at any other time, unless the servants were present. The final nail in the coffin of Kay's hopes, as the five months slipped away, was the look on Bob's face at breakfast on being handed a cable.

"It's Priscilla," he said. "She's

THE FILM—contd.

back from a cruise sooner than she expected. The Seymour Hydes are giving a party for her. We're going."

Swallowing hard, Kay dressed for the Hyde reception, choosing silver lamé as an offset to the red-gold curls. She had her reward, for, though Priscilla, in black tissue-edged velvet with matching coat, greeted Bob on arrival, he turned to Kay with:—

"D' you dance as well as you used to?"

She could have died happily in his arms, but lived to have the pain of seeing Bob, released from her by a "cutter-in" move away with Priscilla. Kay's partner, a student who had helped toast the bride at Tait's, though entirely and quite sincerely complimentary, was a poor substitute for Bob. Aware that neither he nor Priscilla had greatly patronised the ballroom, Kay drove home with her husband in silence. She was about to kick off her mules, sitting on the edge of her bed, when the 'phone in Bob's room, beyond the communicating door, rang. Five minutes later his head appeared.

"Are you asleep, Kay? er—that was the clinic calling. I've got to get down there right away. Better put breakfast off an hour. I may be pretty late."

"All right. Good night!"

"Good night!" That was all. Stiffing tears in her pillow, Kay heard the next door 'phone. "Yes—yes; this is Mrs. Dakin. Dr. Dakin should be with you. He left over half-an-hour ago."

An emergency call! The doctor at the other end mentioned the name "Jimmy." Kay's thoughts flew to the kiddy whose brain functioning had once depended on Bob's skill. Her voice, directed at the mouth-piece, crisped. "Jimmy, is it? Then we must get Bob. Can you wait half-an-hour? All right. I'll reach him. He shall be there."

She reached for the 'phone book. A thousand to one Bob was with Priscilla. She gave the number of her apartment. The right voice answered then. "Oh! Is that you, Miss Hyde? This is Kay. Is Bob there?" Priscilla's voice, like the tinkle of ice, came back: "I'm afraid he is, my dear. Oh, I'm sorry! But I think you'd better ring the clinic and make an excuse. Frankly, he's not quite in the condition to—"

"But he must do it, Miss Hyde. Tell him it's Jimmy. Dr. Fabre sent a special message. Listen to me. Tell Bob he must go."

"Really, Mrs. Dakin, I—"

Kay slammed down the instrument. If that woman wouldn't tell Bob, she would. On the threshold of Priscilla's ultra-modern sitting-room, having got past who knew what in the way of porters, Kay was stunned at seeing Bob's attitude near the divan, at the number of empty glasses and bottles on the low table. "It's Jimmy. A brain abscess. Dr. Fabre's busy and he said to call you," she said. A thrill went through her as Bob rose, pulled himself together, and, despite Priscilla's remarks—"you're not fit. For heaven's sake, ring them"—Bob left the apartment.

"Couldn't you have handled this a little less dramatically?" Priscilla demanded. Kay looked at the woman, who, for all her coldness and selfishness, was Bob's beloved.

"From now on you handle everything," she said very low. "You can either make a great surgeon out of him or the greatest good-for-nothing in the world."

In the small hours, Kay heard her husband's step in the hall. His handsome face, with its devil-may-care expression, concealed nothing from her.

"Thanks for coming to get me!" he said indistinctly. In the bedroom, he added: "You might look out for a post as a veterinary—not too reliable."

"Bob, did Jimmy go under?" "He's all right. I lost my nerve half-way through the op. Bill Underwood took over."

"Yes, but that was honourable of you to give way when you weren't sure."

"Surgeons aren't made to give way. Supposing Underwood hadn't been there! Don't let's talk about it. There's the 'phone. Pris, I expect." It was.

"I'll meet you about five," Bob said, after explaining himself as a sensational failure and definitely not cut out to make medical history.

High-handed, insincere talk! Partly because of its underlying meaning, Kay realised the avenue she must take.

Impossible for her to make the start, however, without calling on Bob's people. Always a little in awe of the very nice but very correct Mrs. Dakin, Kay was glad to find the doctor alone. She passed over remarks about last night's party and looked into the calm, grey eyes that were like Bob's, and yet not like.

"Tell him I'm going home to my family," she begged. "He'll understand. I can't go on being near him all the time and knowing how he feels about someone else."

"Dear little Kay. I know—I know," the doctor said. "Since we first saw you, Bob's mother and I hoped things would turn out differently. You will let us hear from you? If there's anything you ever want—anything you need..."

The affectionate words were a balm to Kay during the next few weeks.

Had she guessed how low she was to feel on coming back to Carvel, coming back to the greengrocery store, coming back to Emily's—"eat this to please mother, darling," George's "grows more like her pa every day," Kay surely would never have left them.

Even Elmer's rise in wages and his patient readiness to do anything for her were no tonic. She was talking to him when a car came round the bend and slowed down. Kay saw, to the accompaniment of maddening heart beats, that it was a white car with a black line. To her stupefaction, Bob leaned out, Bob with love in his eyes and carelessness in his voice, hiding the depths of penitence and longing, as he said:—

"Hop in, Goodness! I've lost my way to Reno, and never want to find it..." She was beside him.

"So long, Kay! Keep your chin up," Elmer reminded. If he'd said the wrong thing, clearly he needn't have worried. Locked in Bob's embrace, Kay never even heard him.

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Previews

CRITICISMS of the LATEST FILMS

MY MAN GODFREY

THAT portion of New York society which is so woefully misnamed the Bright Young People, figures prominently in this picture. And it is the very inanity of their lives which, handled with a sure touch of satire, makes *My Man Godfrey* so witty in a sophisticated, albeit irresponsible, way.

A Scavenger Hunt introduces us to the sisters Bullock, who are so jealous of each other that when the younger girl, Irene, collects a "forgotten man" in the guise of one Godfrey Parke, who is living in a hut on a rubbish dump, her sister, Cornelia, is wild with jealousy. This jealousy increases when Irene insists on installing Godfrey as the new butler in the Bullock household and she tries without success to get him into trouble with the police.

Meanwhile, Irene has fallen in love with Godfrey, a fact which she is at no pains to conceal from him or anyone else. Although she dogs his footsteps and thrusts herself upon him on every possible and impossible occasion, Godfrey dissembles his love almost to the point of kicking her downstairs. He is, however, the only person who can manage the mad household whose mistress sees pixies on her bed every morning after a night-before—which means every morning—and whose younger members think nothing of smashing plate-glass windows "for fun" or of installing a horse in their father's study.

The last-named, who is the only rational member of the family, finally comes a heavy financial cropper only to be saved by Godfrey who is actually a man of wealth, brains and breeding, and Irene, who has obviously adopted the slogan of the North-West Mounted finally "gets her man."

William Powell as Godfrey, acts with his usual assurance and polish, Carole Lombard as the lovelorn Irene gives a richly humorous study of a girl who, although of a wildly exaggerated type really does exist, and Gail Patrick as her jealous sister is admirable. Alice Brady seems thoroughly to enjoy herself as the vacuous twittering mother and gives a richly amusing performance. Eugene Pallette is very sound as the long-suffering father and Mischa Auer as a musical protegee with a gargantuan appetite adds much to the general fun.

Produced and directed by Gregory La Cava, this picture is rich in witty, quick-fire dialogue and ludicrous situations. Much of its sparkle and humour appeals primarily to sophisticated audiences, but its general atmosphere of irresponsible gaiety is so spontaneous that it should

impress even those who fail to grasp all the underlying satire.—B. W.

PICCADILLY JIM

While there is plenty of bright dialogue and a good central situation in this P. G. Wodehouse comedy it has not quite the usual briskness associated with American farces and it is unduly spun out. Some judicious use of the scissors would improve the entertainment value considerably.

The plot deals with an irresponsible young American artist, Jim Crocker, the support of an improvident father who has fallen in love with the sister-in-law (Eugenia) of a wealthy American rag merchant, Herbert Pett.

He meets Pett's niece, Ann, with Lord Priory, who hopes to marry her, without knowing that she is any relation of the Petts.

He is in festive mood at the time and while he amuses her she only looks on him as a scatter-brained bar-lounger.

Meanwhile Jim shocks the Pett family and they resolutely refuse to let his father marry Eugenia.

They go to the Riviera taking Ann with them.

Jim, having lost his job as a cartoonist gets an inspiration to start a comic strip based on the Pett family which finds instant success and proves highly embarrassing to its subjects when they return to England.

Still not knowing that Ann is related to the Petts, Jim meets her and, learning she is going to America, contrives to make her miss the boat.

She goes on the next one accompanied by Lord Priory—and Jim who takes her butler, Bayliss, with him to pose as his father since he has now learnt of Ann's relationship to his cartoon characters and has to adopt a pseudonym.

His own father, disguised as a Polish count, has managed to sail

with the Petts and be accepted as a suitor to Eugenia's hand.

Things become very complicated when Jim arrives in America but the ultimate result of his drawings are to make the Petts famous and they receive him with open arms. That is, all except Ann, who is furious with him and announces her engagement to Lord Priory.

Jim, on his butler's advice, tries to prove that Priory is a fake but fails and decides to sail for England. Ann, however, realising that she really loves him, follows.

Robert Montgomery is at his breezy best as Jim and is ably partnered by Madge Evans, who is charmingly natural as Ann.

An excellent performance is given by Eric Blore—the perfect screen valet—as Bayliss.

Frank Morgan gives a clever study of the improvident Mr. Crocker who had once been a "ham" actor and Ralph Forbes is good as Lord Priory. For once there is no attempt to caricature English nobility.

Cora Witherspoon is suitably cast as Mrs. Pett, and Billie Burke, gentle and subdued for a change, as Eugenia; actually she has not a lot to do.

A most objectional little boy, the Petts' son is played by Tommy Bupp.

Minor characterisations which are noticeably good come from E. E. Clive, Billy Bevan and Robert Benchley.

Aileen Pringle, the famous star of the silent days, makes a brief appearance.

SAVOY HOTEL 217

In spite of some outstanding acting and clever pictorial treatment, this German picture tends to become frankly boring.

The main reason is, I think, that the action is very slow and ponderous and it is too obvious in design.

It deals with a theme of love and jealousy. A waiter, Andrei, loved by one woman, Anna, and in love with another, Darja, is suspected of the murder of still another, a rich divorcee, Natasja, who had planned to make him her husband.

His arrest is caused by Anna's jealousy, who gives false testimony at the inquiry. However, Andrei manages to escape and tracks down the real criminal, who turns out to be Natasja's divorced husband.

There is also another suspect in the case in Sergei, a man whom Natasja had cajoled into getting rid

of a previous husband and who had been sent to Siberia in consequence.

Generally the Russian atmosphere of Czarist days is very good and the pictorial values are both stimulating and effective.

The director is Gustav Ucicky, who has several notable Continental pictures to his credit.

Hans Albers plays the role of Andrei, the waiter at the Savoy Hotel who has an overweening conceit in himself and a strong leaning towards the ladies.

It is a good performance but hardly a sympathetic one.

I particularly liked the work of Gusti Huber as an unsophisticated chambermaid who falls in love with him. She gives a delicate and very human characterisation.

As Natasja, Brigitte Horney is also effective.

Two clever studies come from Alexander Engel and Rene Deltgen as the husband and Sergei respectively.

Sub-titles make the action of the picture quite clear for those who do not understand German.

This picture marks the opening of the new season of Continental pictures at the Curzon theatre in London, and while it is hardly up to the usual standard of that theatre's offerings, it is definitely of academic interest.

MARIA BASHKIRTOFF

At another kinema which specialises in Continental productions, Studio No. 1, Oxford Street, this Austrian picture, which deals with the romance of Maria Bashkirtoff, a Russian painter, and Guy de Maupassant, the famous French writer, is presented.

It is rather a slight affair but is treated by Hermann Kosterlitz with sincerity and delicacy.

Briefly, it shows how Maria falls in love with Guy de Maupassant—incidentally, the facts are taken from the memoirs of the artist—and neglects her work.

Then she learns she is dying of consumption and sends him away. It is only on her death bed that he learns the reason for his dismissal.

Another man in love with her, Bassieux, her teacher, who has quarrelled with Guy de Maupassant, is the cause of the last-minute reconciliation.

The action takes place in the late 'eighties, and the period costumes lend colour to the romance which ends so tragically. It is set in Paris, and the camera work and settings generally are excellent, although the camera work does not always seem to do them justice.

One of the most interesting things about the picture is the introduction of Lili Darvas as Maria. She is one of the most popular actresses in Austria at the moment and it would not be surprising to learn that a talent scout from America had retained her services.

She is not particularly pretty but she brings a wide range of emotions to the difficult role she is playing.

Excellent, too, is Hans Jaray as Guy de Maupassant. He presents him as an incorrigible roué but still manages to win sympathy for him.

A very clever character study comes from Szoke Szakall as Maria's doctor, while Bassieux is played in a virile and forceful style by Attila Horbiger.

The action is a little on the slow side but it is not without its humorous interludes, and there is a very well handled spectacular ball-room sequence.

Lili Darvas is well worth seeing and her name worth noting.

LIONEL COLLIER



Carole Lombard and William Powell in "My Man Godfrey."



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REVIEWS

by Lionel COLLIER

The PICTUREGOER'S
quick reference index to
films just released

- ****MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN
- ***IT'S LOVE AGAIN
- ***THE STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR
- ***SMALL TOWN GIRL
- **WHOM THE GODS LOVE
- *SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR
- *TILL WE MEET AGAIN
- c*THE COWBOY AND THE KID
- *HIGHLAND FLING
- *ONE GOOD TURN
- PAY BOX
- ADVENTURE

What the asterisks mean—

- **** An outstanding feature.
- *** Very good.
- ** Good.
- * Average entertainment.
- c Also suitable for children.

****MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN

Columbia. American. "U" certificate. Comedy drama. Runs 114 minutes.

GARY COOPER.....Longfellow Deeds
JEAN ARTHUR.....Babe Bennett
GEORGE BANCROFT.....MacWade
LIONEL STANDER.....Cornelius Cobb
DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE.....John Cedar
RAYMOND WALBURN.....Walter H. B. Warner
RUTH DONNELLY.....Mabel Dawson
WALTER CATLETT.....Morrow
JOHN WRAY.....Farmer

Directed by Frank Capra. Screen play by Robert Riskin from a story by Clarence Birdington Welland. Previewed August 22, 1936.

Frank Capra has given us one of the most human little stories replete with drama that has been seen on the screens this year.

In spite of its length—and as a rule I consider no picture capable of running more than about ninety minutes—he holds your interest without any let-up.

The story is a simple one, though it has plenty of dramatic moments. It tells of a small-town poet, Longfellow Deeds, who inherits £4,000,000, and leaves Mandrake Falls, where he is known and liked by everyone and can trust everyone he knows, to live in New York, where practically everyone is trying to swindle him.

He makes one friend—a girl whom he rescues from starvation and with whom he falls heavily in love, without knowing that she is a "sob-sister" sent by her newspaper to get a story out of him.

Deeds is expected to indulge in reckless extravagance but he has other ideas. He conceives a gigantic scheme to put farmers on the land—but the people interested in trying to get his money have him arrested as mentally incapable of handling it.

Following this is a court room scene which I will not describe since its upshot supplies a surprise which would be spoiled if you knew of it beforehand.

It is sufficient to say it is one of the best things of its kind produced on the screen.

Gary Cooper has done nothing



Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper in "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town."

better since his fine study in *One Sunday Afternoon*. As this simple countryman he presents an eminently likeable and true to life character.

Jean Arthur, who is going from strength to strength these days, is admirable as the "sob-sister."

Other performances which go to make this such a notable picture are given by George Bancroft as the editor, Lionel Stander as a reporter and H. B. Warner as the judge.

***IT'S LOVE AGAIN

G. B. D. British. "U" certificate. Musical comedy. Runs 83 minutes.

JESSIE MATTHEWS.....Elaine
ROBERT YOUNG.....Peter
SONNIE HALE.....Freddie
ERNEST MILTON.....Raymond
ROBB WILTON.....Boys
SARA ALLGOON.....Mrs. Hopkins
WARREN JENKINS.....Geoffrey
DAVID HORNE.....Durland
ATHENE SEYLER.....Mrs. Durland
GLENNIS LORIMER.....Montague's Typist
ROBERT HALE.....Col. Egerton
CYRIL RAYMOND.....Montague

Directed by Victor Saville from an original screen play by Marion Dix and Lesser Samuels. Previewed September 12, 1936.

Jessie Matthews at her best and when she is at her best you could not want a more attractive artiste.

Victor Saville has developed his slight plot with smoothness and plenty of action, introducing the extremely tuneful song numbers in a clever and unforced manner.

The humour too, is a cut above the usual level, and is given its full value by Sonnie Hale who contributes an excellent performance.

The story, such as it is, tells of an ambitious young actress who tries in vain to get a "shop" in musical comedy. She meets Peter Carlton, a young man-about-town whose bosom pal, Freddie Rathbone, supplies him with "copy" for the social gossip feature he writes for *The Record*, and the two fall in love. Peter and Freddie conceive the not very original idea of inventing a mythical Mrs. Smythe-Smythe, a glamorous young woman who is a famous big game hunter and explorer, in order to bolster up their column with exclusive stories of her exploits.

Elaine, not realising that the lady does not exist poses as her to

gain publicity and creates such a sensation that she is offered the lead in a West End review. Her opening night is spoiled by a rival newspaper man who threatens to expose her unless she gives all future stories to his own paper exclusively, and the show ends abruptly half way through. However, all works out well in the end with Peter and Elaine facing imminent matrimony and a cloudless future.

Robert Young is well cast and gives a bright and spirited rendering of Peter. He is likeable and teams well with Jessie Matthews whose high spirits are irresistible.

A strong supporting cast adds to the general high level of a picture which is a credit to British studios.

***THE STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR

Warner. American. "A" certificate. Biographical drama. Runs 86 minutes.

PAUL MUNI.....Louis Pasteur
JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON.....Marie Pasteur
ANITA LOUISE.....Annette Pasteur
DONALD WOODS.....Dr. Jean Martel
FRITZ LEIBER.....Dr. Charbonnet
HENRY O'NEIL.....Dr. Emile Rouc
PORTER HALL.....Dr. Rossignol
RAYMOND BROWN.....Dr. Lister
AKIM TAMIROFF.....Dr. Zaranoff
HALLIWELL HOBBS.....Dr. Pfeiffer
FRANK REICHER.....Dr. Meister
DICKIE MOORE.....Joseph Meister
RUTH ROBINSON.....Mrs. Meister
WALTER KINGSFORD.....Emperor
HERBERT CORTHELL.....President Thiers
IPHIGENIE CASTIGLIONI.....Empress

Directed by William Dieterle. Previewed April 4, 1936.

Paul Muni adds considerably to his reputation by his rendering of the great French scientist who had to struggle hard to gain recognition for his new—and at that time—revolutionary ideas.

It is a fine performance which brings the character vividly before you and enlists your sympathies on his behalf both in his tribulations and success.

The story opens with Pasteur, the chemist and bacteriologist, at war with the medical profession in France. He has published a pamphlet urging all doctors to wash their hands and sterilise their implements before attending patients. He even talks of germs and bacteria, much to the amusement and disgust of French doctors. Finally he is driven out of Paris.

Years pass. The Franco-Prussian war is over and France finds it impossible to raise money, because the cattle and sheep are dying from anthrax. Only in the district of Arbois is there no anthrax. An investigation is made. It is found that Pasteur is inoculating sheep.

Once again the medical profession is sceptical. They believe Pasteur is a charlatan. A test is agreed upon. Twenty-five sheep are inoculated and placed with twenty-five not so treated. They are all exposed to anthrax. The Pasteur sheep live, the others die. Pasteur is acclaimed, and Dr. Lister, the famous Englishman, comes over to France to congratulate him.

The scientist's next fight is against hydrophobia. Day and night he and his assistants work to isolate the rabies germ. Finally, after many dramatic incidents. Pasteur's labours are crowned with triumph.

A few Americanisms and incongruities creep into the atmosphere of the period but such is the power of Muni's individual magnetism that they pass unnoticed.

As his wife Josephine Hutchinson displays understanding and a devotion which is wholly sympathetic.

A somewhat conventional love

interest is introduced through Anita Louise and Donald Woods who handle it gracefully.

Fritz Lieber gives a vigorous and memorable performance as Charbonnet a sceptical doctor.

William Dieterle's direction is intelligent and painstakingly clear. It does err a little on the side of slowness but the subject demands the dignity of treatment it has been accorded.

***SMALL TOWN GIRL

M.-G.-M. American. "A" certificate. Sentimental romance. Runs 104 minutes.

JANET GAYNOR.....Kay Brannan
ROBERT TAYLOR.....Bob Dakin
BINNIE BARNES.....Priscilla
LEWIS STONE.....Dr. Dakin
NELLA WALKER.....Mrs. Dakin
ANDY DEVINE.....George
JAMES STEWART.....Elmer
ELIZABETH PATTERSON.....Ma Brannan
ISABEL JEWELL.....Emily
EDGAR KENNEDY.....Captain Mack
WILLIE FUNG.....So-So

Directed by William A. Wellman. For the story freely based on the film by Marjory Williams. See page 22

Although this picture is worked out to a well worn formula it is so well acted and presented that one forgets its conventionality and finds real enjoyment in the characterisation and neat handling of humorous and pathetic situations.

It is, in essence, the old tale of the rich playboy who marries the unsophisticated country girl and finds that he has made a mistake.

Of course, the pair fall really in love later and the inevitable society fiancée "who had hoped the affair would end in divorce and a marriage for herself" is disappointed.

Janet Gaynor, who still looks remarkably young and unsophisticated, carries off the sympathetic role of the country girl who married a man when he was drunk with a wealth of human feeling and conviction.

My chief criticism is the fact that she has still an accent which grates a trifle on the ear.

Robert Taylor as the playboy, who in his more serious moments is a doctor, gives an excellent performance and develops the character in an interesting and logical manner.

As his fiancée Binnie Barnes is also extremely good.

Other sound characterisations are given by Andy Devine as the doctor's brother and Lewis Stone and Nella Walker as his parents.

James Stewart is extremely good as the heroine's country lover.

The plot comes to a very abrupt ending which is dramatically unsound, but otherwise it is well developed and replete with detail.

**WHOM THE GODS LOVE

A.B.F.D. British. "U" certificate. Period musical romance. Runs 82 minutes.

VICTORIA HOPPER.....Constance
LIANE HAID.....Aloysia
JOHN LODER.....Prince Lopowitz
STEPHEN HAGGARD.....Wolfgang Mozart
JEAN CADELL.....Frau Mozart
HUBERT HARBEN.....Leopold Mozart
FREDERICK LEISTER.....The Emperor of Austria
MARIE LOHR.....The Empress of Austria
GEORGE CURZON.....Da Ponte (a poet)
NORMAN WALKER.....Schickaneder (Theatre manager)

RICHARD GOOLDEN.....Herr Weber
MURIEL GEORGE.....Frau Weber
LEUEEN MACGRATH.....Josefa Weber
ROWENA SANDERS.....Sophie Weber
LAWRENCE HANRAY.....The Archbishop of Salzburg

Directed by Basil Dean from a story specially written for the screen by Margaret Kennedy.

It is the music and the artistic staging of this picture which commands respect, otherwise the whole thing is very slight and lacking in any really dramatic import.

(Continued on page 30)



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REVIEWS—Continued

The story is concerned with the domestic relationship between Mozart and his wife, Constanze. Faced with ruthless opposition from rival musicians, Mozart finds the struggle for recognition heartbreaking, and Constanze, too, has to fight against the temptation offered by the handsome and wealthy Prince Lokowitz.

In the end, however, it is her courage and loyalty that places Mozart on the throne of fame before death rings down the last curtain.

Victoria Hopper gives an intelligent portrayal of Constanze, and



Gertrude Michael and Herbert Marshall in "Till We Meet Again."

Stephen Haggard gives sympathy to the role of Mozart, harassed by reverses.

As Lopowitz John Loder is quite sound and Liane Haid is piquant as Constanze's sister Aloysia.

There is a certain charm about the development but the highlights are the excerpts from *The Marriage of Figaro* and *The Magic Flute*. Both they and the choral sequences, beautifully handled, are rendered by Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

Important scenes were actually shot in Salzburg and Vienna, and the background throughout is convincing and pictorially attractive.

*SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR

Radio. American. "A" certificate. Western gangster melodrama. Runs 61 minutes.

RICHARD DIX.....Biff Fenwick
MARGARET CALLAHAN.....Virginia
ERIK RHODES.....Benny Gray
OWEN DAVIS, JUN.....George Fenwick
RAY MAYER.....Dutchman
HARRY JANS.....Cy Adams
JOSEPH SAWYER.....Plummer
J. CARROL NAISH.....Selton
SHEILA TERRY.....Judy
J. M. KERRIGAN.....Judge Pluigate
JED PROUTY.....Dr. Reynolds
RUSSELL HICKS.....Perket
ETHAN LAIDLAW.....Larring
ST JENKS.....Hirma

Directed by Louis King.

In attempting to combine Western heroics with conventional gangster drama this picture falls between two stools and does not succeed in providing more than average entertainment.

There is, however, some good

characterisation and the dialogue is bright and action brisk. The staging is fair but one feels that more could have been made of the Nevada desert and Reno settings.

Richard Dix is virile and grimly humorous as William Fenwick, a brilliant lawyer, who specialises in getting notorious criminals acquitted. One such, however, kills Fenwick's young brother, George, a G-Man, and Fenwick swears to get the murderer, Selton. He discovers that the racketeers are planning to dispose of half-a-million dollars in stolen gold. He goes to Nevada and poses as an attorney under an assumed name, and before he has been there long Virginia Selton arrives to nurse her brother.

The other gangsters round on Selton, because they declare his sister has brought the detectives nosing round. Selton and the gang shoot it out, and Selton dies just as the Federal agents arrive to round up the gang, leaving Virginia free to marry Fenwick.

Margaret Callahan is adequate as Virginia and the gangsters are convincingly presented by J. Carrol Naish and Joseph Sawyer. Sheila Terry makes a good impression as a gangster's moll.

*HIGHLAND FLING

Fox. British. "U" certificate. Comedy burlesque. Runs 66 minutes.

CHARLIE NAUGHTON.....Smith
JIMMY GOLD.....Smythe
EVE FOSTER.....Jean
FRED BRADSHAW.....Tony
GIBSON GOWLAND.....Delphos
NAOMI PLASKITT.....Katherine
WINIFRED WILLARD.....Housekeeper
PETER POPP.....Clock Mender
W. D. PERCY.....Solicitor
BILLY SHINE.....Lozards
Directed by Manning Haynes from a story by Alan H. D'Egville.

A series of music-hall sketches loosely linked together give Naughton and Gold a chance to put over their particular brand of humour which has made them popular on the stage.

It is unsophisticated material put over in a casual manner which suits the stars' personalities.

They are cast as Smith and Smythe, two dumb private detectives, who are called to a Scottish castle to unearth a will mislaid by an absent-minded family lawyer. If they fail, a girl loses an estate to a Scotsman, brother of the deceased and beneficiary under a former will.

An unscrupulous clairvoyant poses as the residuary legatee, but after much spirited fooling, Smith and Smythe unmask him, more by luck than judgment, at the last minute and produce the elusive document.

Gibson Gowland is good as Tony, the Scotsman, but Eve Foster and Fred Bradshaw hardly enter into the spirit of the proceedings.

Staging is adequate and a burlesque of the Braemar sports is amusing.

*TILL WE MEET AGAIN

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Spy drama. Runs 71 minutes.

HERBERT MARSHALL.....Alan Barclow
GERTRUDE MICHAEL.....Elsa Daranyl
LIONEL ATWILL.....Ludwig
ROD LA ROCQUE.....Karl Schrettle
GUY BATES POST.....Captain Minton
SPENCER CHARTERS.....Hoffer
FRANK REICHER.....Von Diegel
EGON BRECHER.....Schultz
TORBEN MEYER.....Eraus
VALLEJO GANTNER.....Voge

Directed by Robert Florey. Based on a play by Alfred Davis. Previewed July 13, 1936.

An obvious and conventional spy story which contains some good acting and spectacular scenes. The trouble is that its general artificiality is too apparent to keep the suspense as taut as it should be.

It deals with Alan Barclow, an English matinee idol, and Elsa Daranyl, an Austrian actress who are in love, but just as they prepare to marry, war breaks out and parts them. A sense of duty compels Elsa to return to espionage work, while for the same reason Alan becomes attached to the British Intelligence Service. Eventually, Alan, posing as a shell-shocked German soldier, is established in a German munition factory, and when the secret information he retails shakes up the enemy, Elsa, by a strange coincidence, becomes the counter-spy.

Inevitable recognition soon takes place, and they decide to flee the country, but at this juncture the suspicious Ludwig, head of the German Secret Service, takes a swift hand. In escaping from a moving train, Ludwig accompanies them, but is mortally injured. His heart is softened, and he gives them the opportunity to grasp freedom and happiness.

Herbert Marshall's performance is quite convincing, and he is especially good when he pretends, in the course of his duties to be a shell-shocked German soldier.

Gertrude Michael puts some feeling into the role of the heroine and Lionel Atwill is suitably vigorous and pugnacious as a German officer.

The London atmosphere is not too good and there is a mixture of accents which is not helpful but war scenes are put over excellently.

*THE COWBOY AND THE KID

General (Universal). American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 53 minutes.

BUCK JONES.....Steve Davis
DOROTHY REVIER.....June Caldwell
BILLY BARRUD.....Jimmy Thomas
HARRY WORTH.....Jess Watson
CHARLES LE MOYNE.....Sheriff Stanton
DICK RUSH.....Sheriff Morton
LAKE MCKEE.....Sheriff Bailey
BOB MCKENZIE.....Hank Simmons
BURR CARUTH.....Judge Talbot
EDDIE LEE.....Chinese Laundryman
KERNAN CRIPPS.....Jim Thomas
OLIVER ECKHART.....Dr. Wilson
MARY MERSCH.....Mrs. Wilson
MILDRED GOBER.....Mammy SILVER.....Himself

Directed by Ray Taylor from an original story by Buck Jones.

There is some originality in this Western in which Buck Jones gives a sound performance, relying more on acting than equestrian talent.

He is cast as Steve, a down-and-out, who becomes the pal of orphaned Jimmie, but without a job cannot provide clothes for him to attend school. Jimmie, trying to acquire a porter's uniform which would have enabled Steve to take a



Jessie Matthews who stars with her husband, Sonnie Hale, and Robert Young in "It's Love Again."

post, is stunned in a fall from an express. Steve carried him to the local doctor, who considers Steve an unsuitable guardian, and refuses to let him see Jimmie.

Hanging about for news, Steve is asked by June, resident school-mistress, to take a note to a water-company agent. Jess Watson, demanding immediate return of a money loan. Realising that June had borrowed this money from school funds and is faced with a board meeting, Steve knocks out Jess when he ignores the note, and locks him in before making a getaway. Meanwhile, Jimmie rejoins his pal, and the pair give the sheriff's men a good chase before learning that Steve is entitled to a reward for helping to arrest Jess, wanted for embezzlement.

Dorothy Revier is good as the heroine and Billy Barrud attractive as the orphan.

Tay Taylor's direction is competent and he makes the hero's adventures seem credible.

The ending provides a chance for Buck Jones to show his prowess as a horseman.

*ONE GOOD TURN

A.B.F.D. British. "U" certificate. Knock-about comedy. Runs 72 minutes.

LESLIE FULLER.....Bill
GEORGIE HARRIS.....George
HAL GORDON.....Bert
MOLLY FISHER.....Dolly Pearson
CLARISSA SELWYN.....Ma Pearson
BASIL LANGTON.....Jack Pearson
ARTHUR FINN.....Townsend
FAITH BENNETT.....Violet
ARTHUR CLAYTON.....Stage Manager
ARNOLD.....By Himself

Directed by Alf Goulding from a story by Syd Courtenay and Georgie Harris.

Leslie Fuller is in his element in this slapstick offering which is very slight in plot and none too original in its gags.

However, the comedian with the help of Georgie Harris works hard to put the broad nonsensical humour over and he will no doubt succeed in pleasing his fans.

The story deals with Bill Parsons, a coffee-stall proprietor who puts charity before business and soon finds himself on his uppers. Both he and his small assistant, George, hope one day to become famous on the stage, and after many vicissitudes their chance comes when they learn that Mrs. Pearson, their landlady, has been tricked out of her savings by Townsend, a crooked theatrical promoter.

By masquerading as Chinese gangsters they retrieve the money and their methods are sufficiently humorous to make their dream come true.

One of the features of the picture is Arnold, a circus horse, which is remarkably clever.

Molly Fisher shows to advantage as an ingenue, and Clarissa Selwyn and Arthur Finn are sound as Mrs. Pearson and Townsend respectively.

PAY BOX ADVENTURE

Paramount. British. "U" certificate. Drama. Runs 68 minutes.

BILLY WATTS.....Jimmy
SYD CROSSLEY.....Tom Furlong
ERIC FAWCETT.....Parkes
MARJORIE CORBETT.....Mary
ROXIE RUSSELL.....Enid
MARY HANLEY-CLIFFORD.....Mrs. Bartlett
BILLY SAUNDERS.....Hisloppe
HAROLD THORNE.....Bertie
GEORGE TURNER.....Gus

Directed by W. P. Kellino.

A very crude production deficient in story values and characterisation, dealing with the vicissitudes of a small cinema proprietor. The artistes have little chance with the material with which they are provided.

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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

FIND THOSE YOUNG MEN

The Universities May be Harbouring Heroes

IN a recent issue of the PICTUREGOER I read one of the many complaints about the scarcity of young men in British films.

In the same issue was a remark about Robert Taylor being "discovered" in a college production of *Journey's End*. Now America isn't the only country whose colleges indulge in amateur dramatics, and if the British film studios sent a few talent scouts round the universities of this country, I am sure they would be amply rewarded.

I know of at least one college whose dramatic society has in its ranks a pair of comedians who would be built up into a team to rank with Laurel and Hardy, Wheeler and Woolsey, and the rest of them if they had the good fortune to come under the eagle eye of the man who found Robert Taylor. —*Geoff. W. Cutts (University College, Nottingham) 3, Chesterfield Road, Clay Cross.*

Consulting the Audience

After reading and noting Mr. Wilfred Davis's letter re a "suggestion" box for the use of cinema patrons, I might add that my favourite house is one step nearer perfect entertainment, due to adopting the public's own suggestions.

I refer to London's largest super-kinema de luxe, the Trocadero, Elephant and Castle, S.E. Periodically, the wise managers of this theatre provide a questionnaire in their monthly magazine. This is comprised of about a dozen questions, such as:

"What film not yet released would you like booked for one week?" or

"Do you like film or stage shows, or both?"

Space is provided for a full answer. It is surprising how tastes differ and this questionnaire gives one the chance to make a humble suggestion. Who knows? It may be adopted.

And in any case, the popular vote is closely followed when the forms have been through a careful census.

Were more managers to adopt this idea or that of Mr. Davis, there would be fewer moans in these columns.—(*Miss Ethel Humphries, 18 Walberswick Street, South Lambeth Road, S.W.8.*)

Poor Fare

I was very interested to read Mr. W. Whittaker's letter in last week's PICTUREGOER regarding the Empire Cinema, Burnley. It is with regret therefore, that I have to state that Lincoln is much "below par" so far as pictures are concerned.

Three out of the five cinemas show second-rate films which have been generally released for weeks, such as *Cock o' the North*, *Condemned to Live*, *What's Your Racket?* etc.

The supporting programme, too, is inferior and, after the performance, one leaves the cinema wondering how the management dare put on such a poor programme in the chief city of a county.

This has been going on now for months and months and when a really good film does come, it is after it has been released for two or three months when nearly ever other city has seen it.

Is there any other town in such a bad way as this?—*John E. Quincey, 18 Hereward Street, Lincoln.*

Give Them a "Vacation"

I suppose we should be very pleased to hear we have so many film stars arriving in England, to play in British pictures, but really,

now we see that British pictures are taking the lead, would we not sooner see British stars play the part, and leave the American out for a while; let the Americans come and see our lovely country and our wonderful policemen.—(*Miss D. Knott, 37 Monteith Road, Bow, E.3.*)

Cut Rates

I noticed in the PICTUREGOER a reader asking for free passes for regular patrons. The letter was headed "Some Hopes," I believe. Well, it might be interesting to know that there is a cinema near here that does something similar. Patrons ask for a card at the box office, this is stamped each time the patron enters. For 12 6d. stamps a patron is admitted to the 6d. seats twice in one week for half price, 12 stamps at 9d. twice to 9d. seats at half price and so on. At one time we were admitted on this system by paying only the duty of entertainment tax. There are, however, no reduced matinee prices at this hall as at others in the district. Free passes for two persons admitting one night only per week are given to the staff, bill distributors and exhibitors.—(*"Interested Reader," 201 Derby Road, Bramcote, Near Nottingham.*)

As Anna Was

Lionel Collier mentioned in his review of *The Great Ziegfeld* that he did not know what the real Anna Held looked like; the accompanying photo, cut from an old album, may interest him and also the readers of PICTUREGOER.—(*"Regular Reader," who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.*)



Mlle. Anna Held in 1896.

Hooey!

Hollywood films are so inspiring... particularly when they serve to show us the go-ahead young American in search of wealth and social distinction.

Most of us are resigned to that steady plodding which, we hope, will bring ultimate recognition. (Continued on page 34)



thrill him!

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WHO'S WHO

Gary Cooper

BORN in Helena, Montana, on May 7, 1901, he stands 6 ft. 2 ins. in height, has dark brown hair and blue eyes and weighs twelve and a half stone. Educated at Dunstable Grammar School in England and at Helena and later at Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa, he tried his hand at several jobs before getting work as an extra player for one year. At the end of that time, he got a part with Hans Tessler in a two-reeler in which his first leading lady was Eileen Sedgwick.

After playing the lead in *The Winning of Barbara Worth* for United Artists, he worked for Paramount in *It*, *Children of Divorce*, *Wings*, *Arizona Bound*, *Nevada*, *His Woman*, *Fighting Caravans*, *City Streets*, *I Take This Woman*, and *Devil and the Deep*.

His later films include *A Farewell to Arms*, *To-day We Live*, *The Eagle and the Hawk*, *If I Had A Million*, *One Sunday Afternoon*, *Design for Living*, *Alice in Wonderland*, *Spy 13*, *Now and Forever*, *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, *The Wedding Night*, *Peter Ibbetson* and *The General Died at Dawn*.

He is married to Veronica Balfe, who was formerly well-known on the screen as Sandra Shaw, and he is an expert horseman, fisherman and shot.

Ricardo Cortez

HIS real name is Jack Krantz, and his film name is pronounced Kor-tez. Born in Vienna on September 19, 1899, he was educated in New York, has black hair, brown eyes and weighs about twelve and a half stone.

His first film job was at studios near New York where he was given work as an extra. His first picture, *Sixty Cents an Hour*, was made in 1917, and since then he has appeared in a great number of pictures, including *Children of Jazz*, *In the Name of Love*, *The Spaniard*, *Not So Long Ago*, *The Pony Express*, *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*, *A Grain of Dust*, *By Whose Hand?*, *Sorrows of Satan*, *Phantom in the House*, *The Younger Generation*, *Excess Baggage*, *New Orleans*,

The Lost Zeppelin, *Midstream*, *Her Man*, *No One Man*, *Men of Chance*, *Symphony of Six Millions*, *Is My Face Red?*, *Thirteen Women*, *Flesh*, *Midnight Mary*, *Broadway Singer*, *Big Executive*, *The House on 56th Street*, *The Big Shakedown*, *Mandalay*, *Wonder Bar*, *The Man with Two Faces*, *Hat, Coat and Gloves*, *The White Cockatoo*, *The Firebird*, *Courageous*, *I Am A Thief*, *Shadow of Doubt*, *Sing a Love Song*, *Special Agent*, *The Murder of Doctor Harrington*, *Frisco Kid*, *The Walking Dead*, and *Man Hunt*.

Jackie Cooper

JACKIE COOPER, whose real name is Bigelow, was born in Los Angeles on September 15, 1923. Educated privately, he made his screen debut in 1929 in the Fox Movietone *Follies*. He followed this by appearing the next year in *Our Gang* and in 1931 scored a big success in *Skippy*.

His other pictures include *Donovan's Kid*, *Sooky*, *The Champ*—in which his work opposite Wallace Beery won him many new laurels—*Divorce in the Family*, *When A Feller Needs a Friend*, *Ring Up the Curtain*, *The Bowery*, *Lone Cowboy*, *Peck's Bad Boy*, *Treasure Island*, *Dinky*, *O'Shaughnessy's Boy*, and *Tough Guy*.

Leonora Corbett

BORN in London on June 28, 1908, she has light brown hair, blue eyes and weighs about 9 stone. Educated at Oxford High School, she later attended an art school where she did poster work and at the same time was studying elocution and dancing. She made her stage debut in *Israel*, in 1927. Since then she has appeared in many stage plays, including *Romeo and Juliet*, *Young Woodley*, *The Rising Generation*, *The Young Idea*, *Britannia of Billingsgate*, *The Witch*, *Inside the Room*, and *Dusty Ermine*.

Her films include *The Constant Nymph*, *Wild Boy*, *Friday the Thirteenth*, *Warn London*, *Lady in Danger*, *Royal Cavalcade*, *Heart's Desire*, *Living Dangerously*, and *The Happy Family*.

What Do You Think? Cont.

Not so Hollywood's live-wire. We see him unemployed one day, securing a job the next, crashing his firm's rivals a day later, and marrying the financial magnate's daughter before the week is out.

Hollywood does this well . . . even convinces us at times that we have settled in that groove which renders all our ambitious efforts abortive. It is a film theme which Hollywood exploits with unfailing persistency. I wish they would give it a rest.

After all, when one has completed a hard, if not spectacular, day's work it is most disheartening to see some young man jump from the gutter to the director's chair by merely utilising a liberal amount of blah and hooley.

Please, Hollywood, don't do it . . . it hurts!
—E. A. Humphreys, 2-18 Brougham Street, Lozells, Birmingham 19, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

Noises "Off"

How much longer will film-producers go on trying to make screen material out of dancebands? Every well-known band has appeared in at least one picture by this time, and, judging by the most recent samples they are getting worse.

The American films were bad enough, with their imbecile plots about crooners making good, but the British variety are on an even lower plane. The band is made not only the star, but also the plot, the producer apparently believing that a good story and a good band in the same film are superfluous.

Most film-fans enjoy listening to good tunes played by famous bands, but few, having seen one of them in action on the screen, can have much desire to see others.

The wireless can give all of Jack Payne and Co.,

or Ambrose, or Roy Fox, that we require. They aren't good enough actors. They are generally poor comedians. Let them be heard and not seen.—J. D. Bishop, 17 Dyrham Close, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.

Reviving Old Favourites

I was very interested in two letters on your page recently, one about the stars and one about pictures of bygone days. Would they like to see them again? I would.

I should like our kinema managers to revive some of the old favourites and show them now and again.

I don't mean they should go back to the days of the travelling shows, when we paid 3d. and went into a tent and saw a football match, a bull fight and somebody's funeral; but I should like to see some of the early story films.

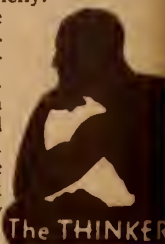
In the first days of the kinema, the programme consisted of eight or nine pictures, some very good ones, too. I should like to know who the players were in these, and to see a few later old ones, Alma Taylor in *Comin' Thro' the Rye*, etc.

No doubt other veterans would too.—(Miss) G. M. Higgins, c/o 40 Boundary Road, Worthing.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.





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12/6
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The rapturous red of the wild Hibiscus flower—exotic, impudently coaxing—that's the new Tattoo shade "Hawaiian". Clearly transparent. Actually indelible. And won't turn purplish on the lips! Vivid it is—yet this daring, dashing, darling colour makes lips look soft, sincere, feminine, appealing. Try TATTOO "HAWAIIAN"—or one of the other glamorous Tattoo shades! You'll find Tattoo stays on through cocktails and kisses. Put it on... let it set... wipe it off... only the colour stays. Lips soft and young. Say goodbye to greasy, coated "wet-paint" lips... say goodbye to dryness, puckering... TATTOO your lips!



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For 3/6 See page 32.**

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WHAT SHADE OF POWDER FOR HER?



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RED TINTS in her hair. A smooth pale skin. "I'm not titian," said Lady Ursula. "Yet I'm not true brunette. I thought I had found a satisfactory shade. But later I discovered Pond's Rachel 1. What joy! It was exactly right for my 'in-between' colouring. And it seems to add a creamy tone to my complexion."

FOR YOU, what shade of powder?

Do you find that sometimes your skin simply won't look nice—no matter how carefully you use your favourite face powder? And has it ever occurred to you that the powder you choose so carefully may be the cause?

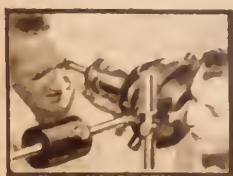
Incredible as it sounds, thousands of women, all unknowingly are making a mistake in their powder-shades. It isn't their fault! Until recently face powder was made without a scientific knowledge of the skin tones.

New powder shades make skin glamorous

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In fact, they analysed the skin of over 200 girls under a colourscope to discover what hidden tints gave blonde skin its clarity, brunette its creamy tone. Now, these tints are actually blended in Pond's Powder. You will be amazed at the beauty these new powder shades give your skin!

There is only one way to find the powder shade most becoming to you. Try all five of Pond's powder shades at our expense—post the coupon below. *Natural* makes blonde skin transparent. *Rachel 1* gives pearliness to fair skin. *Rachel 2* adds a creamy tone. *Peach* warms dull skin. *Dark Brunette* gives a summery beauty.



AMAZING FACTS about the colours in lovely skin were revealed when over 200 girls were complexion-analysed under a colourscope. It showed that beautiful blonde skin has a note of bright blue; that lovely brunette skin contains brilliant green! With this knowledge, Pond's blended in their new shades the exact tints of lovely skin.



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Let GEORGE Do It!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

MILLS FAN (Essex).—(1) Ages: John Mills, b. Feb. 22, 1909; Nova Pilbeam, b. Nov. 13, 1919. (2) Yes, John Mills married to Aileen Raymond. (3) Shirley Temple, b. April 23, 1929.

SADIE (Ditchfield).—Addresses: Claudette Colbert, c/o Twentieth Century-Fox; Myrna Loy, Mary Carlisle, Elizabeth Allan, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Patricia Ellis, c/o Warner Bros.; Dickie Moore, c/o Paramount; Carole Lombard, c/o Columbia; Buck Jones, c/o Universal Studios.

HARLOW ADMIRER (Surrey).—(1) Write to the secretary of the Jean Harlow Club, Miss Ninette Sherman, 328 East 90th Street, New York City, U.S.A. for details of a club for this star. (2) Miss Harlow, b. Mar. 3, 1911, 5 ft. 2½ in., married (a) Charles McGrew (mar. dis.), (b) Paul Bern (dec.), (c) Hal Rosson (mar. dis.).

KIEPURA MAD.—(1) Music Give Us This Night: "Sorrento," "Fisherman's Song," "Il Trovatore," "Softly Through the Heart of Night," "The Processional," "Sweet Melody of Life," "My Love and I," "Morning Song," "I Mean to Say I Love You," "Music in the Night."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE FAN (Acton).—Write to Leonard Williams, Welsh branch of International Club, Lynwood, Wyndham Crescent, Bridgend, Glam., for details of a Shirley Temple Fan Club.

ADMIRER OF ERROL FLYNN (Sheffield).—(1) Errol Flynn not in *The Three Musketeers*. (2) *The Charge of the Light Brigade* released Feb. 8, 1937. (3) Art plate of Errol Flynn published Oct. 12, 1935 issue of this magazine. Back numbers from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catharine Street, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, post free. (4) Errol Flynn, b. Ireland, June 20, 1909, 6 ft. 1½ in., 180 lb., brown hair and eyes; married Lili Damita. (5) Jimmie Hanley, b. Oct. 22, 1918; Sutton, Surrey; fair hair, blue eyes, 5 ft. 11 in.

HUDSON AND CROMWELL FAN (Herts).—(1) All the stars you mention are unmarried. (2) Rochelle Hudson's films in 1936: *The Music Goes Round*, *The Country Beyond*, *Women Are Dangerous*, *Everybody's Old Man*, and *Poppo*. (3) Richard Cromwell's latest film *Poppo*. (4) Mary Lawson's films in 1936: *To Catch a Thief* and *House Broken and Toilers of the Sea*.

INTERESTED (Barrow).—Conway Tearle took the part of Edwin Strange in *Preview Murder Mystery*. (2) *Dark Journey* has been specially written for the screen by Lagos Biro and the book is not published.

VINCENT (Liverpool).—(1) Warwick Ward took the leading male role with Emil Jannings in *Vaudeville* and Lyla de Putti played the heroine. (2) I think the film you mention of Warwick Ward's was *Stamboul*.

H. B. (Cheshire).—(1) Addresses: Philip Reed, c/o Radio. Robert Young and Robert Montgomery, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Yes, you can obtain photographs of these stars and of Rosalind Russell from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. dozen.

B. G. (Hendon).—The Song of the Musketeers by Max Steiner from the film *The Three Musketeers* is not published.

G. S. (Hendon).—No; Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers do not employ doubles in their films.

L. D. P. (Hove).—(1) Arthur Tracy, b. June 25, 1903, Philadelphia, 5 ft. 11½ in., 172 lb., chestnut hair and blue eyes; unmarried; hobbies: riding, rowing and driving.

Not scheduled for another film at the moment. (2) Betty Boop is a character in a Paramount cartoon and is not in the Silly Symphonies which are by Radio.

TWO SAPPERS (Palestine).—Fredric March took the part of Kenneth Wayne and Leslie Howard that of John Carteret in the film *Smilin' Through*.

N. E. (London).—(1) Ross Alexander took the part of Jeremy Pitt in the film *Captain Blood*. (2) Oscar Homolka, born Austria, 1898.

DINKY FAN.—Jackie Cooper, b. Los Angeles, Sept. 15, 1923, fair hair, blue eyes; latest film, *The Devil is a Softy*.

J. C. (Surrey).—We have not published a centre spread of *Tudor Rose*. (2) Yes, you can obtain a photograph of John Mills from the Postcard Salon.

J. F. S. (E.14).—(1) Addresses and birthdays: George Raft, Sept. 29, 1903; Paramount. Bing Crosby: May 2, 1904; Paramount. Paul Muni: Sept. 22, 1897; Warner Bros.

FRANCIS LEDERER CRAZY (G. Yorks).—Francis Lederer, b. Karlin, Prague, Nov. 6, 1906; 6 ft. dark hair and eyes, 156 lb.; married Ada Miedly (mar. dis.). Making *The Count of Arizona*, *Gentleman's Choice* and the *Life of Johann Strauss*. His hobby is his ranch.

O. W. (Glasgow).—We have published the story of *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer* in three parts in the June 8, 15, 22, 1935 issues; a centre spread of *Captain Blood* in the Feb. 22, 1936; the story of *China Seas*, Dec. 28, '35 and centre spread, Sept. 21, '35; and the story of *Rendezvous* in the March 7, 1936 issues of this magazine. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., address above.

V. M. R. (Mayfield).—I suggest you try to register with Connie's Ltd., 92 Regent Street, London, W.1.

PICTUREGOER FAN (Birmingham).—(1) We did not publish the centre spread or the story of *The Last Days of Pompeii* in this magazine. (2) I am sorry but we have no age for John Wood.

DIXIE.—Photographs of Ross Alexander and Phil Regan are obtainable from the Postcard Salon, address above.

M. B. (Eccles).—I suggest you write to Bob Crosby, c/o Bing, at Paramount Studios.

BOB MONTGOMERY FAN (Ashford).—Yes, William Cagney is a brother of James Cagney. (2) Bob Montgomery's latest film is *Piccadilly Jim* and Randolph Scott's, *Personal Appearance* with Mae West, and *High, Wide and Handsome* with Irene Dunne.

YOUNG LOVER (Surrey).—(1) Release date: *Yours for the Asking*, Dec. 7, '36. (2) I am sorry but we have no birthdate for Rosalind Russell.

M. C. (Cape Town).—Robert Taylor is at present making *Camille* with Greta Garbo for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

FILM CRAZY (Durham).—(1) Fred Astaire, b. May 10, 1900. (2) Admission to a film studio is only obtained by a pass obtained from a Studio executive.

D. E. L. (Balham).—The chief players in *A Cuckoo in the Nest* were Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn, Yvonne Arnaud, Mary Brough, J. Robertson Hare, Veronica Rose.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

THE BILLY MILTON CLUB held a large party at Alan's American Cafe on Sept. 12, to celebrate the Club's first anniversary. Miss Zetta Morenta, "double", and stand-in for Miss Gracie Fields gave an intriguing oriental dance, accompanied by Miss Frances Tindall; Mr. Billy Milton sang and played a number of songs; Mr. Billy Noble, the composer, played for a number of the dances. Miss Hermoine Gingold and Mr. John Teed came direct from the Saville Theatre, at which they had been appearing in *Spread It Abroad*, arriving just in time to say "Hello" and "Goodbye" to members. Although the event was not made known to others than members, the party was a huge success and an unexpected profit was made which was donated to the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital, which is one of the Club's "pet" charities. Mr. Milton would be very pleased to hear from readers of PICTUREGOER who are interested in his Club. His address is c/o British International Pictures, Elstree, Herts.

GRACE MOORE FAN CLUB. This club is recognized by Miss Moore. Members receive all Club privileges, a picture of Grace Moore, membership list, bi-monthly news and membership card. Grace Moore personally answers lists of questions for the news. For information on joining write to Josephine W. Lowry, 2200 Harrison Street, Wilmington, Delaware, U.S.A.

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When you pay good money for a wave, 'Danderine' will help you to retain it. Unlike sticky dressings it is delightful to use. Its delicate fragrance is appealing and it creates a marvellous effect of freshness and cleanliness!

When you've had your hair shampooed, a little 'Danderine' will keep it from getting out of place.

Use 'Danderine' every time you comb your hair—to be sure of your hair all day long! To have the satisfaction of knowing that it is not only clean but that it really *looks* clean. To know it will stay as you arranged it. And to know no dandruff will appear.

With all the care you give to your hair, it's a pity to omit this last touch that means so much. It's no trouble! Yet you can hardly believe anything so mild and pleasant as 'Danderine' could bring such a change in the condition and appearance of your hair and scalp. Just try it.

You can buy 'Danderine' at all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

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FOR THE HAIR

BRITTLE NAILS

Splitting, Broken Nails
grow strong & long in 5 days

End embarrassing split, brittle nails! No longer need you be ashamed of your fingers. You can grow and keep your nails at fashionable length. Simply apply KERIFORT Cream which hardens nail in amazing way, preventing cracking or splitting, and then stimulates nail growth at the root. KERIFORT is actually absorbed by the nail and replaces the natural oils removed by nail varnishes! Do not confuse with polishes and nail creams which cannot counteract brittleness—KERIFORT is a new discovery containing special secret ingredients guaranteed to cure brittle nails or money back. A necessity for typists, and all who do housework. From Boots, Taylors and Timothy White's branches within 24 hours, from fresh supplies at main depot, or send P.O. 2/9 to-day to: Towzer Products Corp., Suite A.15, Balfour House, Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C.2.

KERIFORT ends BRITTLE NAILS

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DRENE WAY

**drene—new liquid soapless shampoo frees hair from
dull film, makes it gleam with new, radiant beauty**

Your hair is lovely. But—you will never realise *how* lovely... how lustrous, until you shampoo your hair with Drene, the new liquid soapless shampoo. For all hair that has been washed with old-fashioned shampoos is dulled by a coating of lime-film. Drene gets rid of this dullness—makes hair cleaner than ever before—sparkling with fascinating high-lights, soft and silky.

**DRENE CLEANS YOUR HAIR WITH A
THOROUGHNESS HITHERTO UNKNOWN**
For years tiny bits of "lime-scum" have been left on your hair, because ordinary lather combines with the minerals in water and forms a sticky unrinseable scum such as is left on the bath. Drene cannot form this scum—it removes it. Every trace of this old dulling scum, of dirt, excess oil and loose dandruff is washed out by one quick lathering.

**DRENE GIVES FIVE TIMES MORE LATHER THAN
SOAP** A few drops of Drene sprinkled direct from the bottle on to your wet hair rub instantly into a glorious billowy lather—even in the hardest water. The wetter your hair the more lather you get! No before-mixing, no mess. One quick lathering washes the hair cleaner than you've ever washed it before. Clear water rinsing is all

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**MEN LIKE DRENE — AND IT'S IDEAL FOR
CHILDREN TOO** There's a rare tingling, invigorating freshness about Drene that men like. Also it's so quick to use—mild and harmless as rain water—that it is the ideal shampoo for children. Drene in fact is the one perfect shampoo for all the family.

**BUY DRENE AT ALL CHEMISTS
INCLUDING BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES,
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6d. size gives two shampoos.
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shampoos or more.



**TRY DRENE THIS WEEK-END—AND FOR THE FIRST TIME SEE HOW
LOVELY YOUR HAIR REALLY IS**

Dizziness and Faintness

TOO FRIGHTENED TO GO OUT

"For two years I suffered from distressing attacks of dizziness and faintness, and was too frightened to go out," states Mrs. H. Murphy, of 29 Liddell Road, West Derby, Liverpool. "I was in a very weak state being almost bloodless, and grew very thin. I felt miserable and depressed.

"I despaired of ever getting better, when one day my husband brought home a box of Dr. Williams' pink pills, and insisted on my trying them. There was soon a marked improvement in my health. I began to eat better and felt brighter. The fainting bouts grew less frequent, and my nerves were steadier. I continued with the pills and soon regained all my lost weight. Now I am as well as ever I have been in my life—it seems too wonderful to be true."

There is a scientific reason behind the remarkable results that follow the use of Dr. Williams' brand pink pills. In simple language it is this: these pills actually create new, rich blood, which gives life and energy to every part of the system. Take a course of these pills now; 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

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WITHOUT CHIN STRAP

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"Bread is an energy food, not a fattening food. A greater consumption of bread means increased energy and activity, more drive and vitality and a general improvement in physical fitness and health..."

"Bread substitutes are unnecessary and expensive..."

"There is no better food investment than bread..."

So says the Principal of the
LONDON COLLEGE OF DIETETICS
in his new book
"WHAT TO EAT AND WHY"

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR BREAD

C.F.H.214

Leave IT to ANNE

THIS article may not deal with your trouble. Whatever it is, I should like to help you. Let me have a letter accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope if you wish for a reply by post.

IO write of chilblains in October may seem to be a little ahead of the calendar. But that is what chilblain sufferers must be if they are determined to prevent this troublesome complaint.

Chilblains can make life really miserable in the winter. Not only do they swell and become painful so that dainty footwear is out of the question, but the intense irritation when feet or hands get warm is nearly unendurable.

Prevention is better than cure, indeed it is the only way to tackle chilblains at all. They originate from an abnormality of the circulation of the blood. Thus to prevent them we must deal not only with external conditions, but by toning up the general health as well. This must begin a month or so ahead of winter.

The dusky red or bluish looking patch that is a chilblain comes in this manner: cold affects the blood vessels so that the blood supply is cut off from that particular part, hands, feet, ears, or even the nose. The part affected goes white and numb. Then when the cause is removed and the individual enters a warm atmosphere, a reaction takes place.

The blood vessels dilate, a full supply of blood is circulating again, but instead of a subsequent return to normal, the blood vessels of the chilblain sufferer remain dilated. Local congestion occurs, and we have what we call a chilblain.

I explain this at length so that you may understand the necessity for toning up the health and improving the circulation before cold weather actually arrives.

THE diet of the sufferer should be carefully chosen. Nearly always she is the nervy type of girl, perhaps a little underweight, and happiest during the winter, in a woolly suit, for she always feels cold.

Thus she must feed for warmth, and more fatty and heat giving foods should be taken during the cold weather. Cream, butter, cheese, milk, and suet puddings should be eaten. If she can digest it, halibut liver oil is of great value. Mixed with orange juice, this oil is now produced in quite a palatable form, that does not nauseate the most picky taste. Or it may be taken in tablet form.

Calcium is of the greatest importance. It is found in dairy products, and spinach is also a valuable source of calcium. When it is not to be obtained in fresh form, it is possible to buy dried spinach that retains a large percentage of the salts.

Additional calcium may be taken in medicinal form. It may be bought in a form easily assimilated. Many experts are agreed that calcium should be taken in conjunction with parathyroid extract. That, of course, is a matter for a physician. If you are a real sufferer in this way, it certainly is worth while to consult your doctor about this treatment.

OVERCLOTHING is never wise, even if you do feel the cold badly, but the chilblain sufferer should certainly take a few more precautions than her hardier sister.

Two thin layers of wool are better than one

thick one. The lace-like wool undies that are everywhere in the shops are to be recommended on this score. They allow the skin to breathe while they keep the wearer warm.

Hands and feet should be kept very warm, too, and there we come to a problem that is not so easily solved, if one wishes to remain smart at the same time.

Exercise is the first aid that comes to mind. The colder the weather the greater the temptation to ride all the way. But it is on that very cold morning that you need to walk part of the way to set the circulation moving before settling down to the day's work, the more so if that work entails a day's sitting.

Woolen stockings? I am afraid not. Most girls would rather suffer the chilblains than wear them, unless, of course, they live in the country, where they are in place. A furry sort of sock in the shoe will give some warmth, but only if the shoe is roomy enough to take it without constricting the foot. If the shoe holds the foot too tightly, the whole object is defeated and the circulation worse impeded.

Another warming device consists of thin wool linings in flesh colour. They are thin enough to be invisible under all but the sheerest of silk stockings. On an average slender ankle, a wool lining does not noticeably increase its size.

Gentle rubbing and exercises away from the fire should be used to restore the warmth to chilled hands and feet. Never hold them in front of a fire and never put them in hot water to do this. Hands should be twisted and turned and fingers stretched and relaxed. Feet should also be twisted and turned and very gentle friction may be given with a rubber-bristled nail brush that has been softened by soaking in warm soapy water.

This kind of exercise should be taken each morning for ten minutes in the autumn, well before cold weather arrives. It is also a very good plan to begin quite early treatment of the places where the chilblains are wont to appear, with an alcoholic solution of camphor. Any chemist will prepare this for you if you tell him its purpose.

If the chilblains appear in spite of all the precautions, the attempts at improved diet and exercise should not be relaxed. It will still help to build up the general health.

As for outward treatment there is a good herbal oil that may be applied to ease the irritation and disperse the inflammation.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

W. D. (Dover).—I would suggest your writing to the Vosemar Co. (Dept. T), 11 Parsons Lane, Bury, Lancs., for a tube of their preparation which curls the hair without the aid of curling irons or heat. It is 1s. 6d. per tube, post free.

Talkie Title Tales

THIS week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to D. Hartley (aged 13), 47 Shirley Park Road, Shirley, Southampton, for:—

A Fire Has Been Arranged
At Twelve Midnight
I'll Fix It
My Old Man's a Fireman

Prizes of half-a-crown each are awarded to:—

M. D. Pearsall, 18 Park Head Road, Dudley, Worcester, for:—
Broadminded
Girls About Town
Love
No One Man

Miss W. Jackson, 6 Gloucester Terrace, Regents Park, London, for:—
Air Devils
The Crash
Splinters in the Air

Miss Margaret O'Kane, 24 Broad Street, Wolverhampton, for:—
Here Comes the Bride
Here Comes the Groom
My Wife's Mother
Here Comes Trouble

Mrs. E. Hutchinson, 26 Connaught Gardens, Margate, Kent, for:—
Dangerous Intrigue
Dangerous Waters
Dangerous Corner
Tripe Trouble

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story. There is no entrance fee and there are no other rules, except that I must insist that your "titles" be submitted on a post-card.

GUY BEACON.



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hair's health for
years to come.

"Keeps the Hair Young."

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for
To-day ...
or
Always!**

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Try it for yourself, and you will be the first to say that you have never used a softer, more clinging face powder. But make quite sure that you are using the shade which accentuates your personality. It may be Rachel No. 2, Peach, or even Lido. A card to us will settle the point. It will bring samples of the most popular Buty-Tone shades by return of post. Post your card to-day to:—Beauty Proprietaries, Ltd., Eagle House, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.



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Clark Gable



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October 17, 1936

Picturegoer

The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

2^d
WEEKLY



Madeleine
Carroll

How DID she Do it in the Time?

**FINISHED WORK AT 6
—ADORABLE AT 7**



NOBODY would think that only an hour ago Joan left the office feeling dreadfully worn out. Just look at her now. Between 6 and 7 she has performed the nearest thing to a miracle. It wasn't just that she was ready for Dick when he called for her at seven . . . it was more—much more than just that. *Without seeming to hurry* she literally transformed herself from one of the world's workers to a . . . well, *what did her mirror say?*

"You'll do, my dear. Hair just right. Complexion perfect, hands really marvellous. Looks as if you've had all day to get ready. Not tired now, no office cob-

webs, no dark eyes. The gown's admirable, suits you. You look groomed . . . you know what I mean."

That's what Joan's mirror said.

And Dick? "You look marvellous," he breathed, when they were in the taxi. "How on earth did you do it in the time?" "Magic," laughed Joan.

You will want to know what the "magic" was—and you can! But first you will be interested in the problems of two more of the "world's workers." I overheard them in a crowded bus.

Blame the SUMMER

One of these girls whose name, apparently, was Kay, declared that the bad summer was going to take toll of health as well as of good looks this winter. Her companion, Sally, retorted that what was needed was *sunshine* in winter-time and that "something ought to be done about it."

There are CHEEKS and CHEEKS

From the question of sunshine they got to discussing faces—their own and other people's

—and Kay remarked that if only girls who have thin cheeks or fat cheeks or sagging cheeks knew exactly what to do about it they would be far happier.

Back to BEAUTY

Kay suddenly switched on to another subject in which apparently they were both interested; the welfare of a friend who had been ill. I gathered that this friend was convalescing and had written a letter to Kay bemoaning the fact that getting back her beauty after an illness was not so easy.

A "WEIGHTY" Subject

Talking about the friend's illness and beauty culture, Kay discussed some of her own problems. From her remarks I assumed that she was endeavouring to reduce her weight but was nervous because there are so many things one should not do. She also feared the winter because it is the enemy of beauty and she always suffers from bad circulation and chilblains. She also intimated, among many other things, that she would like to know why some beauty treatments fail, and declared that she must be applying hers wrongly.

WHAT £10 will buy

To all this, Kay's companion listened attentively and sympathetically. Then she confided two of her own pet problems. These were (a) "How on earth to renovate my old frocks for the new season" and (b) She would go to the post office at once and draw out ten pounds if she knew where she could buy a complete new wardrobe of morning, afternoon and evening wear for that sum.

I got off the bus at that stage . . . but if any of these problems of Kay's and her friend are yours, too, if you are interested in the things they discussed, if you would like to know the secrets of Joan's "Magic" one-hour transformation. . . . *Here it all is!* All in the wonderful November issue of "WOMAN'S FAIR" out next Tuesday, October 20. It's a Winter Beauty Number that's simply sparkling with original ideas and practical things to do to solve all your problems. Yes, you really *can* obtain a complete wardrobe for £10, and renovate frocks for the season, and bring back beauty after illness and—well, everything that's been talked about on this page! And there's much more besides in this remarkable issue of "WOMAN'S FAIR"—news of smartest gloves, fascinating short stories, beauty hints, etc., etc.

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WHAT
IS
IT?

Something every up-to-date woman will want—FREE to every reader of the grand November issue of "Woman's Fair"—OUT NEXT TUESDAY. We won't say more—just see page 5 of "Woman's Fair" and you won't hesitate a minute to make this Gift yours.



Every Week more and more women give up ordinary shampoos and take to SHAMPETTE



IT'S SIMPLY
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PLAIN, CORK OR 'IVORY'-TIPPED

Picturegoer-The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

All the Gossip

ARTISTIC temperament is (as the saying goes) rearing its ugly head again. In view of the extent of the present foreign invasion it is almost inevitable that there will be an outbreak here sooner or later.

Already one or two expensive executive headaches have been occasioned in Wardour Street by imported stellar tantrums.

It is quite like old times, too, to hear of Pola Negri's martial exit from the Ufa lot in Berlin, while in Hollywood Simone Simon carries on the tradition of Continental "volatility" and the fierce feud between Mae West and Alice Brady (over a question of eye-lashes) culminates an unprecedented season of wris, riots and resignations.

Perfume Performance

Mlle Simon is the young lady who, according to report, demanded among other things that she must have a change of perfume with every change of scene because perfume gave her her mood.

The studio did not mind that so much. It did mind, however, when after it had spent thousands of dollars advertising her in America as one of the best-dressed women in Europe she turned up at her Hollywood reception party hatless and in a pair of old slacks.

After that she was scheduled to appear in, and started work on, *A Message to Garcia* and, subsequently, *Under Two Flags*. What happened is a matter of conjecture, but when the former finally reached the screen Barbara Stanwyck was in the leading feminine role, while I could swear it was Claudette Colbert who eventually appeared as "Cigarette" in the latter.

Battle of the Century?

Hollywood at the moment is extending its sympathy to Edward Griffith, who drew the assignment to direct *Ladies in Love*, which, with Constance Bennett, Janet Gaynor and Loretta Young in the cast, in addition to the far from simple Simon, is charged with explosive material. Miss Bennett has a reputation for liking her own way and getting it and so has Janet Gaynor. The ethereal Loretta has seldom been unable to hold her own in studio differences of opinion, although easily moved to tears.

The production has already had its tense moments—notably when through a misunderstanding the set was barred to Miss Gaynor's adored mother, and again when Miss Young did not like one of her costumes.

The girls for the most part, however, just mind their own business. Between scenes Connie dictates letters to her secretary, Janet knits, Loretta attends to her wardrobe and Simone Simon just watches.

She Didn't Even Say Goodbye . . .

Yes, directors are having their troubles just now. In one case the other day the man at the megaphone administered a dressing down to a foreign star (who shall be nameless) in front of the entire cast. The lady, who had been "throwing temperaments" throughout the production

"O.H.M.S." But not from the Inland Revenue department. Vi Wallace and Eileen Cochrane, two of "Cochran's Young Ladies," who appear in a cabaret sequence in the new G.-B. film.

arrived at the studio next morning with her lawyer.

The director immediately proceeded to remember some of the things he had forgotten to tell her the night before, but an armistice was eventually arranged and the star assigned to a new picture under his direction.

Things proceeded smoothly until the star for some reason or other took a dislike to the actress in the second lead and was let out of the part hurriedly on the grounds of illness.

When last seen she was playing a robust, if not particularly skilful, game of tennis.

England, as I have mentioned, has so far been more fortunate in her film importations.

There is one matter, however, to which the attention of our distinguished visitors might be drawn.

In a Hollywood magazine this week I ran across a cheaply sensational account of an alleged visit to Buckingham Palace by Miriam Hopkins, Sylvia Sidney and the latter's recently divorced husband, a Mr. Bennet Cerf.

We have forgiven earlier American stars their "Me and My Buddy the Prince of Wales" ballyhoo stories. We take it for granted, however, that our present guests know better, and will make it their business to see that this type of publicity does not go out.

Threat to Glamour Dynasty

The repercussions of Irving Thalberg's tragic death are still being felt in the film world and will be for some time to come.

(Continued on page 6)



(Continued from page 5)

Not the least possibility at present exercising movie minds is the threat to the Metro feminine dynasty which has dominated the screen since talkies.

Although the executive's personal influence on the career of Greta Garbo has been much exaggerated, the rumour persists that the Guttural Goddess now definitely intends to "get away from it all."

Speculation is also rife regarding the future of Norma Shearer, whose success was largely initiated, directed and maintained by her husband. Miss Shearer, not Garbo, had first choice of stories, directors and technicians on the M.-G.-M. lot. It is considered not unlikely that she will retire.

Crawford's Plans

Two opposing factors will make a decision difficult for Norma. She has scored so great a personal triumph in *Romeo and Juliet* that she is in a position firmly to establish her queenship of Culver City. On the other hand, even if she never steps on to a movie set again she must be one of the wealthiest women in the world.

At one time, recently, it looked as if we might lose the third member of the great Triumvirate, Joan Crawford, at any rate, temporarily.

It may, or may not be, significant that she announces the postponement of her plans to leave the films for the stage until next year.

It has always been maintained by her admirers and on occasion by Joan herself, that the existence of the Thalberg-Shearer hierarchy in the studio militated against her career at Metro.

To Perform in England

When the star does make her stage debut, it will, I learn, be in England.

"I want stage experience and realise that stage and screen technique differ widely," Miss Crawford says. "My first thought was to play for a season in small American stock companies with Franchot, and then, perhaps, do a show with him in New York."

"Leslie Howard interested me in going to England for my first attempt. He pointed out that small companies are to be found throughout England, and that the audiences are not so exacting."

"I realise that I have a great deal to learn, and I don't want to be just another star going on the stage. I'll probably make a great many mistakes in learning, and I should like to make them as privately as possible."

Her husband, Franchot Tone, who will accompany the star here, has an offer to play in London.

Myrna Loy Canard

Of the other rival glamour queens at the studio, Jean Harlow has settled down to a firm but static popularity, while Myrna Loy has not yet fulfilled the promise she showed a year or so ago of becoming a really big star.

Myrna, who has not had the best of luck lately in the matter of screen material, has, incidentally, been the victim of a most unfortunate misunderstanding.

For some time there has been a rumour in circulation that Miss Loy, who made her screen reputation in half-caste roles was, in fact, only half American. It is a libel even more damaging in the States than it would be here. How anyone who has met the actress could give credence to such a story it is impossible to say.

The canard has finally been traced to its source and the facts reveal an amazing coincidence. A Myrna Loy, daughter of an American father and a Mexican mother, was born in Mexico in 1906. In Helena, Montana, in the same year a Myrna Williams first saw the light of day. Miss Williams subsequently became a film actress. An executive changed her name to Loy!

Garbo's New Make-Up

Greta Garbo is, I hear, using in *Camille* a new make-up that is expected to revolutionise that behind-the-screens art.

It has been invented by William Daniels, her cameraman, and has won the blessing of Jack Dawn, the M.-G.-M. make-up chief, who tells

me that it eliminates the old grease-paint idea entirely.

The preparation is applied with a sponge.

Presumptions?

The Earl of Warwick is qualifying for Hollywood stardom rapidly and on well approved lines. The boat had hardly docked in America before the noble lord was busy denying divorce rumours.

It is hoped, however, that accredited members of the Film Stars' Union will not regard the protestations of the Peerage's gift to pictures as presumptuous.

According to well-established tradition, at least one screen success should precede such announcements.

Dietrich Goes Gay

Even if, by some mischance, Marlene Dietrich's British picture fails to set the Thames on fire, the visit of the Fascinating Fraulein has at least helped to brighten up the West End scene. Escorted variously by Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, and Noel Coward, the star has become one of our most inveterate and most spectacular first-nighters and a gay and regular frequenter of the more fashionable resorts of nocturnal revelry.

Marlene arrived here as the first real Hollywood screen queen ever hired by English films and her portrayal of the regal role has undoubtedly been one of her best performances to date. The truth is, I think, that the actress is happier here than she has been for some time. For a large part of her American career, particularly during the long Von Sternberg regime, she was, next to Garbo, the screen world's leading hermit.

Dietrich, however, can speak very well for herself—and she does in the revealing exclusive interview on page 10 of this issue.

Screening the "Queen Mary"

Hollywood, which has made the outlines of the *Normandie* familiar with the world's picturegoers, stars the *Queen Mary* for the first time in *Dodsworth*.

A complete replica of the sports deck, as well as a number of interiors, has been built for the picture.

Dodsworth, of course, stars Walter Huston, who scored a triumph in the Broadway stage version, and Ruth Chatterton, still seeking that elusive "come back" film.

Kinema Goes Kipling—Official

It has been left to Darryl Zanuck to set the final seal on the success of Rudyard Kipling as a screen writer. The Twentieth Century-Fox chief has bought *Wee Willie Winkie* as a "vehicle" for Shirley Temple.

The famous short story, if I remember rightly, was about a little boy, but

Who said temperament? Fellow artistes in "The Accusing Finger," Paul Kelly Martita Hunt and Director James Hogan gather round to congratulate Bernardine Hayes on her performance in a dramatic scene.

then the author hadn't heard of Shirley.

Gene Markey (Joan Bennett's Gene Markey) is announced as associate producer of the piece, which the publicity department modestly anticipate "will prove the most ambitious of the several Kipling stories which have been filmed."

Christening Party

What do film people do with their spare time? The answer, if you believe them, is that they haven't any.

Personally, I think they spend it trying to think up original ideas for parties. This week's invitation card prize goes to the Alan Dineharts who thus summoned their friends to an important celebration:

Alan Dinehart, designer and chief engineer, and Mozelle Brittone, executive in charge of production, announce the christening of their 1936 model Dinehart, featuring two-lung power, free squealing, scream line body, and changeable seat covers.

The management assures the public there will be no new models during the ensuing year.

Fashion Threat

Adrian, the famous designer, drops a bomb-shell. If the films really influence feminine fashions we are due for a return to crinolines, bonnets and lace mitts.

There will be some modification, he says, to fit in with modern conditions.

"The bonnets are practically here already," he points out. "A good portion of the new hats are fashioned to tie under the chin. The brims are gradually taking on an uneven line, deeper in front than back."

"As for the dresses, call to mind the present popular tunic models. They are distinct fore-runners of the modern crinoline. The autumn will find fashion dropping the under-skirt and lengthening the flare tunics. With a few taffeta petticoats beneath a crinoline effect will be created."

The Girl on the Cover

Hollywood has taken Madeleine Carroll to its bosom—even to the extent of promoting her "socialite" husband, Captain Philip Astley, to the peerage and electing the star herself to the title of "English Rose."



And when she first went to the Coast a year or two ago the wisecracks told us that her temperament and personality were too "cold" to appeal to the American imagination!

Our premier screen dramatic actress has, I am afraid, suffered rather from that "schoolnarm" background of hers—the B.A. degree, and that teaching job in Hove before she took up acting.

But that is all over now, with *The Secret Agent* and *The Case Against Mrs. Ames* already to her credit, 1936 has been a good year for the star. Now she is scheduled to play in *Lloyds of London*, one of the most ambitious films on Hollywood's present production programme.

Believe It Or Not

There are several gentlemen on both sides of the Atlantic, by the way, who are feeling very sheepish over a package which was lost in transit.

While in London, a representative from the Twentieth Century-Fox studio gathered research material for five pictures which were made up into five packages and shipped to Hollywood.

One of these packages contained valuable material for *Lloyds of London*, which the famous insurance firm helped to collect and ship.

Four of the packages arrived. The one pertaining to *Lloyds* didn't. It is now considered a total loss.

They forgot to insure the material on the insurance firm!

Hats Off!—Or On?

A hornet's nest has been disturbed in America.

The fellow who disturbed it is a Member of the House of Representatives for Texas; name of Maverick.

In a speech to the Association for the Prevention of Taking Off Hats in Elevators (composed chiefly of legislators and newspapermen), Congressman Maverick inveigled against the practice of taking off your hat when riding in a lift (but of course he called it "elevator") with a lady.

He described the custom as a "survival of the vainest and most corrupt age in history"—and of course no nice American wants to be corrupt.

The argument has spread to Hollywood, and many of the stars have spoken their minds with some spirit.

Maie West, of course, had a crack to make about it.

"My idea of a villain," she said, "is a guy who takes his hat off and forgets it in the wrong place."

Substitute Wanted

Carole Lombard was all against the Congressman's argument—and so was Claudette Colbert.

"Don't worry about the origin of the custom," Carole advised; "it pleases women; and the man who is clever won't let history stand between him and anything so important."

"The Congressman will have to think of a substitute," Claudette declared. "Modern men are drab enough without throwing away a custom that just touches them with the glamour of chivalry."

Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie, and Fred MacMurray don't normally wear hats, so their interest in the matter is academic rather than personal; but they are inclined to agree with the Congressman.

Indeed, Gary was heard to remark that he hadn't worn a hat for three years because you always had to be taking it off for something or someone.

Randolph Scott, reared in the old Southern tradition of Virginia, likes the courtesies; besides, he says: "When you've taken your hat off to a woman half-a-dozen times, even if you don't know her, she can't be angry if some day you say 'Hello.' And you never can tell where that might lead!"

And Gertrude Michael declares that men who are too occupied with hat-raising and such-like inessentials are too dull to be interesting.

Take your choice.

Reunion

It isn't very often that a film is made with a personnel so similar to that of a previous picture as *Born to Dance*.



Above: Errol Flynn and Anita Louise in the British star's new Hollywood picture, "Green Light." Below: Frank McHugh in "Three Men on a Horse."

When Eleanor Powell started work on this, her second picture, she found herself among friends, for she was surrounded by no fewer than ten people who had taken a prominent share in making her first film, *Broadway Melody* of 1936, exactly a year before.

There were Director Roy Del Ruth, Una Merkel, Frances Langford, Buddy Ebsen, Sid Silvers, Jack McGowan, Dance-director Dave Gould, Assistant-director Bill Souilly, Still-man Eddie Cronenweth, and Make-up man Freddie Phillips—as well as a couple of dozen electricians, cameramen and "grips."

So they had a "reunion banquet" in the new M.-G.-M. studio restaurant, to celebrate.

Re-painting the Lily

For *The General Died at Dawn*, which has a Chinese setting, Paramount found themselves in the paradoxical position of having to make Chinese look like Chinese.

Wally Westmore, Paramount's make-up chief, had to make up several young Chinamen for supporting roles in the film; and his job was greatly complicated by the fact that, for the last five years it has been the fashion among many young Orientals to appear Western—and so they have had a slight surgical operation performed to the eyelids, which makes the eyes open wide.

The operation takes the surgeon just about five minutes to perform, but it took Westmore over half-an-hour and a large quantity of fish-glue to distort those eyes to their original almond shape.

Erin Go Bragh!

One of the most Irish films to be made in Hollywood for years has nothing whatever to do with Ireland, in either story or locale.

It is Paramount's *The Turning Point*, and by a pure coincidence there are a score of people of Irish blood working on the production.

Danny Keefe is supervising, James Hogan is directing, and the cast consists of Martita Hunt, Paul Kelly, Sam Flint, Jimmy Moore, Walter McGrail, J. P. McGowan, Robert Cummings, Harry Carey, Joe Sawyer, Ward Bond, John Carroll, Mattie Fain, and Frank O'Connor.

And ivy gossamer o' the lot carries a little map of Ireland in his face.

This is one film that should have no difficulty in getting past the Hays Office representative—Irishman Joe Breen.

Ernie Likes a Rest

Ever met a professional corpse? If not, meet Ernie Johnson.

You've met him before, of course, but only when hidden by a tarpaulin.

If you've seen a Paramount film with a corpse on a stretcher—and you've probably seen a dozen—that corpse was Ernie.

Actually he is a prop-man at the Paramount studios, and part of the paraphernalia under his care is the stretchers; and that's what started the corpse-life of Ernie Johnson.

One day he brought a stretcher in for an actor who had to be a corpse. The regular "stand-in" had been given a day off, so the director, wishing to save the actor the inconvenience of lying all afternoon under a tarpaulin, said: "Here, Ernie, you be the corpse."

And Ernie was such a good corpse that he's been pressed into service ever since.

In *Murder with Pictures* he created a record by lying under canvas for nearly three days. The work suits him.

"I like a nice rest," says Ernie.

English Accent in Demand

Infantile talent is apparently still in demand. With the time for production rapidly drawing near the casting office at Radio is having difficulty finding children with a real English accent to play a number of important roles in *Quality Street*, Sir James Barrie's play which is being adapted to the screen as Katharine Hepburn's next starring vehicle.



Continuing A PORTRAIT OF FRED ASTAIRE

CAPTURING
A NEW
WORLD

THIS week's instalment reveals the real behind-the-scenes story of how Fred and Ginger work together, and how Astaire conceives and elaborates the dances which have made him famous.

THE search for the next vehicle for Fred Astaire terminated with his very own personal stage success, *The Gay Divorcee*. Retitled for the screen to *The Gay Divorcee*, the Cole Porter musical was as much of a success on the screen as it was on the stage. To this day many critics believe that Astaire's greatest film dance was his "Night and Day" number with Miss Rogers. This terpsichorean quest for a woman's love was a symphony of motion and melody, dramatic in its theme, poetic in its unerring interpretation.

Pursuing the policy of introducing a feature dance spectacle in each new production, Fred and Ginger also performed the rhythmic Continental in *The Gay Divorcee*. In contrasting backgrounds, moods and orchestral strains, the team, with a large corps of dancers, performed this dance in the colourful and bright locale of a vast ballroom at the seaside rendezvous of Brighton.

By this time Astaire had developed into the screen's greatest personality. His box-office rating was placed among the ten leading ones by "Variety," America's hard-hitting amusement publication. He and Ginger "stood 'em up" wherever they played and their pictures were accorded universal fervour and applause in that the dance, which is a sort of Esperanto in expression, was recognised for its excellence the world over.

The Broadway musical-comedy stage was to be the source of the next Astaire-Rogers vehicle. The studio purchased *Roberta*, the fashion melody spectacle, with music by Jerome Kern and plot by Alice Duer Miller, and augmented Fred and Ginger with Irene Dunne in the stellar cast.

Roberta was a unique screen production. It offered a fashion show, with music and dancing and song. While models displayed their wares swathed about their delectably curved bodies, Miss Dunne sang "Lovely to Look At" with her coloratura soprano, while Fred and his mate performed their terpsichorean antics in another corner—and a mighty big one, too!—to the lovely strains of Kern's haunting tango-waltz, "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."

Roberta was followed by a "natural," as is known in the show business, *Top Hat*. Here was a production which fitted Fred Astaire's talents from the title to the fade-out.

How would you like to watch in print how Fred and Ginger work? *Top Hat* is a grand opportunity; so pull up a reserved chair on the vast studio stage to see Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers match their nimble feet and lithe bodies to the rhythms by America's leading composer of popular music, Irving Berlin.

There's Astaire out on the set now. He is ambushed by a battery of "mikes" and cameras. The crane swings from above, with Mark Sandrich directing the proceedings. Tensed and high-strung like a champion sprinter waiting for the starter's gun, Astaire is not too preoccupied to exchange greetings and repartee. Tension does not irritate him.

Of course, they're waiting for Ginger Rogers, but here she is now. The orchestra-leader poises his baton. The director orders "let 'em roll." The lights go on. The cameras grind. The "sound man" listens through super-sensitive headphones. They're shooting!

And here go Fred and Ginger! The feet twirl. The bodies sway. The hands undulate. It seems miraculous that the cameras keep pace with the rapid movements of these sensational dancers, but previous productions succeeded in recording the team's fast-paced performances.

What seems more baffling is how the pair master new routines for each dance. True, the nonchalant ease with which they perform is attributable to perfection secured through wearisome hours of practice. And when one considers that *Top Hat* numbered five dance displays, that's a lot of steps!

Fred Astaire, with Edward Everett Horton and Helen Broderick in "Top Hat."



As the captivating strains of the melodic background for this dance rise in a crescendo, Astaire and Miss Rogers gyrate faster, gayer, more enthusiastically. But their grace is unchanged, unblemished by faltering feet. Indeed, it heightens. Now other dancing couples enter upon the smooth, mirror-like floor. Overhead shots . . . side shots . . . wide shots . . . lap dissolves . . . fade-ins . . . fade-outs. The director and cinematographer co-ordinate their genius. The bandmaster's baton signals "end," the "Piccolino" dance is completed—an eye-filling, sumptuous, spectacular dance delight, set in an atmosphere of gondolas, Venetian canals, glimmering lights and faint shadows.

The "ballroomology" of Fred Astaire is without parallel. He is so far ahead of any rivalry that none can be portent to his career. He is the personification of dance perfection, and that is the acme with no further to go. Yet Astaire has a manner of varying his dances so that each achieves increased popularity. He never does the same step twice, and audiences have not, and probably will not, reach a point where they can say: "Oh, Astaire—see him once and you've seen his all."

Little did he dream of the heights to which his nimble feet would soar his person. With each new succeeding medium for his talent, Fred Astaire captured a new world. The rousing audiences which sought entertainment in the vaudeville houses of the country boisterously shouted their acclaim from the pit to the gallery, then Broadway musical comedy audiences, sophisticated, blasé, fed-up with everything and everyone who tripped across the stage, literally toted Astaire on their shoulders as their tribute to his magnificent talent. Movie audiences voiced their approbation with whistles and cheers which blasted the ears of projectionists and ushers, and made many a theatre owner and manager smile as he looked at the till. These audiences wrote, and still write, thousands of letters to their idol in Hollywood.

Which brings us up to the new medium for the Fred Astaire genius. The radio. For Astaire to display his dancing genius over the air waves was not even a dream; it was a nonentity. It was impossible. He never considered himself a singer and who ever heard of a dancer dancing over the radio? What pleasure can radio listeners-in derive from a person's audible steps? The manufacturers of a famous brand of American cigarettes invested in Fred. They signed him for a period contract, under the terms of which he was to be the star entertainer of a series of broadcasts. And Fred was to





(Above) Fred and Ginger smile for the still cameraman on the completion of "Follow the Fleet." (Right) The star gives his dancing feet a rest, with the help of Randolph Scott.

entertain for a large part by the use of his feet, although he was to sing a few songs also.

Radio columnists heralded Astaire's air début with a dubious note. Radio, hitherto reserved for vocalists and instrumentalists, was to be turned over to a tap-dancer.

On a Saturday night Fred Astaire's feet appeared before the ribbon microphones in the massive Studio H of the National Broadcasting Company in Radio City, New York. He stepped up on a platform constructed of special wood, elevated to the level of the sensitive "mikes." The orchestra leader raised his baton. The instrumental crew rendered a number from *Top Hat*. And Fred Astaire was off! He was off in a blaze of fast-stepping rhythm! The studio audience half-raised from its seats to watch his high-speed feet. The Astaire legs moved with such rhythmic grace and agility that a battery of microphones had been placed at vantage points before the platform to capture the Astaire taps.

Soon Astaire did an about-face in two representative steps, the orchestra nipped its melody and a studio audience rose and cheered loudly over the air, proclaiming its approval to the nation over the network. Only the fast thinking of the bandmaster, who ordered his men to resume playing, could cease the demonstration.

But the studio audience's acclaim was not the index of Astaire's radio success. How did the nation's radio fans take to him? Did they enjoy listening to mere tapping sounds?

They certainly did. They wrote to everybody to tell them that they did. They wrote to Astaire. They wrote to his studio. They wrote to sponsors, to radio editors, to the radio stations, not only about his dancing, but also his singing and talking.

Any doubt that Astaire's radio popularity would not approach that of the stage and screen was shortly after definitely dispelled.

Astaire completed his broadcast series to increasing approval, but was obliged to desert the air waves for the movie camera to fulfil previous commitments.

Astaire has been the recipient of many honours uncommon to the lot of the actor. Such a one is his selection as being one of the ten best-dressed men in America by a group of leading New York tailors. On this list, which included the socially prominent American "Beau Brum-

mels" Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Marshall Field and Edsel Ford, Astaire earned ranking because of his motion pictures, especially *Top Hat*.

"He," remarked "sartorially" one tailor of Astaire, "has done more this year to encourage the wearing of 'tails' than anybody else." Astaire, however, is also a meticulous dresser. He has an insatiable predilection for neckties, with many of them in his wardrobe.

Fred Astaire's appearance of well-being in a tailcoat perplexed his studio when it essayed to select a new vehicle. Previously, Astaire had played most of his rôles in evening dress. So appreciative of this situation was Irving Berlin, that he composed "Top Hat, White Tie and Tails" as an Astaire speciality in *Top Hat*.

Now the studio was faced with the dilemma: Shall we take Astaire out of a tailcoat? Would his audience care for him in a new garb? Could he transmit his talent in another thematic dress? The studio decided to try a naval picture for Astaire, posing him as a sailor in the



American Navy. The picture was *Follow the Fleet*. Irving Berlin was again engaged to score the picture, and Ginger Rogers, of course, was his singing-dancing-romancing partner. Astaire's personal success in *Follow the Fleet* is now past history. His genius still shone in a "Jack Tar" cap and blue uniform to a more illuminating extent than it did in the slick, civilian top hat, white tie and tails.

Which brings us to the present day. Fred crossed from America several weeks ago, coincident with the release of his latest success, *Swing Time*, also with Miss Rogers. Peering into Astaire's professional future, he and Ginger are scheduled to make *Watch Your Step*, for which the renowned George and Ira Gershwin are now composing and writing the complete score. It is significant to note that the Gershwins, who were responsible for the musical scores of *Funny Face* and *Lady, Be Good*, two Astaire smash hits, will be responsible for the score of a film musical, viz. *Watch Your Step*.

Along this course of success has Fred Astaire travelled. His fame has been built on an unimpaired foundation—hard work. Further, Astaire is a conscientious artiste if ever there were one. In all Hollywood at the moment there is not probably another who can match him for his almost fanatical devotion to his work. What would get by with his fans and his bosses as great stuff will not receive the Astaire stamp of approval. Observers who have worked with him for months say that many times Fred will insist on re-enacting a gruelling routine repeatedly, even though everyone on the studio set was more than satisfied. At these times Fred is not thinking about the Astaire reputation—that has been made. He is merely answering the driving urge of an inner consciousness.

Which, to a large degree, explains why luck, which has exerted its inexplicable influence on a number of celestial lights in the theatrical horizon, has little to do with the Astaire success.

Although Fred may blow up and be thoroughly disgusted with himself because he muffed a line of dialogue or failed to do a scene to his personal satisfaction, he has never made an expression of annoyance at another's mistakes, no matter how flagrant or glaring they may be. At the studio everyone talks to him on a man-to-man basis, and it's easy to understand why everyone wants to work with him. His modesty is amazing.

"Contrary to many kind references, I am not the world's greatest dancer," he protests, when he feels that admirers' adulation surmounts his capabilities. But a large portion of the world thinks otherwise.

The world's "ace" dancing comedian says that his dance training was in the fundamentals: ballet and exercises.

"I very early learned to originate my own dances. I don't specialise in any one form, such as tap, ballroom or eccentric. I always try to arrange a wide variety of dances for each picture.

The development of a new dance requires no foot legerdemain from the artiste. Astaire will often be inspired by the music which will accompany the dance. Then—but let Fred himself tell how he does it:

"The idea will come suddenly and I start adding to it, and after a while the dance will be on its way to completion. It's often a slow and painful process and I try to work out the general pattern and feeling of the dance and then fill in the outline step by step. Sometimes the ideas and steps come rather easily. Again, I have, figuratively, to sweat blood. In the main, it's plain hard work.

"A dance, to be effective in a picture, should be more than a combination of intricate steps. It should mean something definite, do its part in developing characterisation and telling a story. It falls short of its purpose if it is a mere exhibition of dexterity and technical skill."

Thus, dances are mood interpretations to Astaire and he strives to make them as expressive as descriptive words and music.

Astaire trains for his pictures with greater assiduity and application than does an Olympic athlete.

"I constantly train to avoid having to go into training," Astaire reveals. "That may sound contradictory but it really isn't." He concedes that it appears to demand a great deal of stamina. "And that's where an athlete has it all over a dancer in a motion picture."

"An athlete can puff all he wants to. A dancer may not. He must appear graceful and at ease while dancing. The microphones are very sensitive and would pick up hard breathing. I keep in condition. In fact, you might say that I am always in modified training and am always ready to step into a film role.

"I smoke very little. Just a cigarette every now and then by way of relaxation. I never diet, in the strictest sense of the term, but I do use common sense and eat moderately. I also manage to get an adequate amount of sleep."

Fred estimates that during the preparation of a picture and its filming he dances from two to five hours each day, counting rehearsals and actual stepping before the camera. For *Swing Time*, his latest picture, that will mean more than two months' uninterrupted dancing.

NEXT WEEK

What Ginger Rogers really thinks of Fred Astaire—Here is a story that you cannot afford to miss.

I THINK perhaps I've heard more conflicting rumours and impressions of Marlene Dietrich as a subject for interviewing than I have of any other star; and this persisted right up to the very moment I met her.

I like to be a little prepared for an important interview; I like to brush up on facts concerning the player's life, refresh my memory as to the films she's played in, and, above all, have some conception of the degree of help I may expect to receive or the difficulties I shall probably encounter.

All this was denied me; to begin with, I arrived at Denham to see another star, on a day when it was supposed to be impossible to see Dietrich—she was working so hard.

And then suddenly I found she could spare me half-an-hour between shots; so I was caught without my hasty last-minute "reminder," or—still worse—any clear idea of what she was like to interview. Some had said "Difficult," some "Charming," some "A Sphinx," some had just shrugged their shoulders and left me to imagine the worst.

To complicate matters, a well-known American journalist of my acquaintance had been spending most of the morning trying to see her, and when he did at last get hold of her for a couple of minutes—well, here it is in his own words.

"Boy, am I excited! I've interviewed La Dietrich! After stalling around for an hour in that bitter cold on the edge of the lake, at last I was introduced, and we went into our patter. I said to her 'How do you do?' and she said to me, 'How do you do?' Then I led off with 'How's the film going, Miss Dietrich?' and she said 'Very well, thank you,' and then her dresser said, 'You're wanted on the set, Miss Dietrich,' and she went. Jeez, whadda story! Whadda break!"

Well, that wasn't too encouraging, but sometimes one fellow is luckier than another; so I went down to the set by the Denham lake, where a particularly fierce and ugly-looking crowd of Russian revolutionaries was waiting to grab her and hustle her into the house.

And cold it certainly was! All right for the Russians, who were mostly in furs, but perishing for a girl attired in a very skimpy negligee, bare hands and ankles, and no hat.

"Miss Dietrich thinks it would be pleasanter in the caravan," said her secretary. "Won't you come up there?"

This caravan—of the trailer type—has been specially procured as a portable dressing-room for the star while the unit is doing location-work; and it certainly *was* pleasanter—with a little kettle singing on the paraffin stove, and giving a comfortably "homey" air.

The first thing that impressed me about Dietrich was her handshake. I am a connoisseur of handshakes; I hate being pumphandled or squished or handed a cold slab.

This handshake was feminine, but firm—the grip of a good horse-woman. I felt better.

When I had last seen her—at a press-reception soon after her arrival—she had been the complete film-star, sweeping regally into the room, posing for photos, answering questions.

Now, in the caravan, she was relaxed; she had the mask off for a moment—that mask which film stars learn to wear, and which is so much more disguising than make-up.

The next thing I noticed was her voice; she spoke, throughout our interview, in a low tone—almost an undertone; clear, but hardly more than a murmur. I asked how the microphone liked that voice, which seemed to me the pleasantest I had heard for some time.

"I never have to speak louder than this on the set," she informed me. "Your sound-reproduction has improved very greatly in the last year or two."

"And in other respects, how do you like playing in England?" I asked, with notable lack of tact.

"I like it enormously," she replied, and I felt from the way she said it that she did actually like it enormously; no exaggerations, no affectations of speech for La Dietrich; every word she uses carries its own weight, no more and no less.

"I didn't think I should," she added. "I hated

What is DIETRICH REALLY LIKE?



MAX BREEN visits Marlene Dietrich at Denham studios and gives you an intimate pen portrait of the star in a manner which disposes of a lot of the stories concerning her "aloofness."

the idea of waiting in a strange place. But everyone here is so . . . enthusiastic; as though the work was of particular importance."

I pointed out that it *was* of much greater importance than usual, because, we have a major Hollywood star playing here—a phenomenon that occurs lamentably seldom.

"But you have had other American players?"

"Hardly any first-rank stars," I reminded her. "They wouldn't come."

"Well, you couldn't blame them," she pointed out frankly. "After all, why should they come? They've got their homes and their friends in California, directors and cameramen and writers they *know* they can trust, a guaranteed release for the film—what would they gain by coming?"

"Well, if it comes to that, what do *you* gain?" I ventured.

"Ah, that's a little different. I came because I wanted to put my daughter Maria to school . . . an English school."

"And why an English school?" I wanted to know.

"Because I wanted her to learn English."

"But I thought she spoke English already?"

"No—she speaks American."

She said this without the slightest change of tone or manner, but there was a twinkle in her curiously sad eyes which I had hardly expected to find there.

"But *you* don't speak American?" I pursued.

"I learned English before the War," she told me.

It's quite true—off the screen she has very little trace of American accent; only in such expressions as "Maria's touring on the Continent with her father right now" does she give herself away as a long resident in the United States.

All this time I had been trying to think what

there was about her that made her different from all the other women I had interviewed.

It wasn't that she was stand-offish; on the contrary, she was more gracious than I had expected. She certainly isn't shy. And yet there was an intangible, baffling sort of barrier which I could not get past.

Then suddenly I realised what it was. Dietrich is completely *detached*.

When she is answering your question, she looks at you, talks with a certain amount of animation, concentrates on the subject; and immediately that remark is finished, she seems to retire mentally thousands of miles away. Then when you speak again, she is there to listen. She has come back, without apparent effort; but just for a moment she has definitely been away.

This made me think of all the stories of her aloofness, which is supposed to be almost equal to that of Garbo; I wondered whether perhaps her very "detachedness" was not responsible for the "aloof" tradition.

She actually is one of the most detached of people; so much so that she never looks at things when she is out walking. If a lamp-post fell over just behind her, I really believe she wouldn't look round to see what the noise was about; it just couldn't concern her, so she leaves it alone.

A great many things don't concern her. The Paramount studio once gave out a list of the things that didn't interest her, and here they are—horse-races, evangelism, fish, radio, police-dogs, after-dinner speeches, elections, sopranos, "first-nights," and slang.

That sounds a pretty comprehensive array of human un-interests.

She likes films (which is fortunate for her, living in Hollywood, where you have them for early-morning tea, breakfast, elevenses, lunch, afternoon tea, cocktails, dinner and supper). Four movies a week is about her average, and her favourite stars are Carole Lombard, Mickey Mouse, Charlie Chaplin, and Pop-eye the Sailor, in that order.

We talked of her present director, Jacques Feydor, who has made several French and German versions in Hollywood, but most of whose important work has been done on the Continent. Dietrich has a deep admiration for him, and it was she who arranged that he should direct her in *Knight Without Armour*.

"He knows," she said positively; "and he makes everybody feel that he knows. That is all-important. Everybody works together for him."

We spoke also of Robert Donat, cast as the hero of *Knight Without Armour*. By the time you read this, it will probably have been decided whether Donat is to play in this film or not; but as I write he is in bed with pretty bad asthma, and when I saw Miss Dietrich it was still a toss-up whether they should hold up the film to give him a chance to recover, or carry on with Lawrence Olivier in the role.

Marlene was strongly in favour of waiting; she has to return by a certain date to make two films in Hollywood, but, as she says, such appointments are always elastic, and she feels it would be worth while to stretch this one; because Bob Donat has already a terrific following in America.

"It isn't entirely his acting," she opined. "There are plenty of better and more experienced actors; it's simply that he has that *something*

that comes down from the screen to the audience. When he walks into a scene, you don't have to be told 'Here's someone'; you *know* it."

They had already "shot all round him," so that there was only another week's work they could do without a hero.

I was interested to find that Marlene Dietrich wasn't worrying about her own position, in being left in the air all this time, without a leading man; she was chiefly overwhelmed with pity for poor Donat, deprived of the chance of playing in a film upon which he had set his heart, with a story which he himself had chosen.

As she spoke she made a little pitying motion of the hand (her only movement except for the continual lighting and stubbing-out of cigarettes), and I had a chance to study her long, tapering musician's fingers, with the slender wrists that gave her to us as a film star.

First of all, if she hadn't broken a wrist, she would probably have been a concert violinist to-day instead of delighting us on the screen.

And then, if she hadn't handled a lorgnette delicately and interestingly in her first film, when she was one of forty extras, the director would probably not have taken a close-up of her, nor subsequently put her on contract.

If she hadn't *this* . . . if she hadn't *that* . . . but she has, and consequently she has become one of the two greatest women film stars, beloved by millions . . .

"You're wanted on the set, Miss Dietrich."

I took my leave of her, and watched while she ran like a schoolgirl down the grassy slope to stand on the bleak lake-side and be pushed about and hustled by the synthetic Russian soldiery.

A real person . . . a charming person . . . but so very, very far away.

NEXT WEEK

VALENTINO once said that the screen would find its greatest actress when love came to Myrna Loy. Now, for the first time, Myrna Loy is in love, and the inside story of her romance with Arthur Hornblow, jun., which has never been told before, appears in next week's issue. It is a tale of two charming people deeply in love.

In addition T. T. Fleming tells you about the problems that face Richard Tauber in his new picture, "*Pagliacci*."



(Above) Soignée, self-possessed and captivating Marlene as she appeared in "*Desire*." Right: A new study of the star which does full justice to her innate attractiveness.



Shots with Our Candid Camera

John Loder snapped with his charming wife, Micheline Cheirel, a French actress on their honeymoon at Santa Margherita, Italy. He has just completed "Sabotage" with Sylvia Sydney for Gaumont-British.



Some of the attractive girls who are to be seen in Marion Davies' and Clark Gable's new vehicle, "Cain and Mabel." Our camera caught them robbing the make-up man of a job.



Laurence Riley, the distinguished playwright and author of "Personal Appearance," visits the Mac West set, where he is seen with Isabel Jewell, Warren Wilham and Margaret Perry, who are all in the cast of "Go West, Young Man."

On the right, Hollywood's tallest chorus girl. She is six foot two inches tall and is appearing in "Champagne Waltz." The little girl seen with her is of average size.

TAYLOR

Plays First Love Scene with GARBO!

HE has compressed a lifetime's accomplishment into a year. The man who was almost unknown twelve months ago is playing the role of Armand opposite The Garbo in the Dumas classic *Camille*.

He has earned for himself the most prized role in the film colony.

His name? Why, Robert Taylor.

Ask him what he thinks about the rapid progress he has made and he'll admit that he is a little breathless with the rush. Things have happened so fast with him that he has hardly had time to think.

It is usually the case in these sudden rises to fame, for the person concerned to become swell-headed and irresponsible. Money comes easily and goes in the same manner.

In fact, it tends to change the personality of that person altogether.

But not so with Bob. He has not changed in the least. His level-headedness has enabled him to keep a good grip on himself.

He has often expressed his apprehension of too-rapid success: "There's always a chance of a skid," he says, "I don't want to lose perspective on myself. That is why I am going to take a little time out whenever I can. I have been very lucky. For that reason I cannot afford to lose my sense of values in the rush."

I saw Bob some time ago in New York when he was on one of these short vacations, and he had apparently been spending most of his time there attending the theatre.

"I have always wanted to see some real stage shows," he said. "You see, I'd seen very few plays before, and none with a Broadway cast."

"Incidentally, not until I saw some of these plays did I realise just how hard theatrical people are called upon to work, night after night, putting everything they've got into every performance."

"In Hollywood we have the camera, with its terrific scope, sound effects and many other things, to build up each scene to its climax. And if something goes wrong the first time, you can just back up and do it all over again for the camera and microphones. You can't very well do that on the stage."

"I like working in pictures—like it very much indeed. We have some very fine talent out in Hollywood, and some of the grandest people in the world to work with. And with them around, pictures just can't help getting better and better all the time."

"I am looking forward with great anticipation to the Garbo production. Funnily enough, I have not only never appeared in a Garbo film, but I have never even seen that elusive Swedish star."

Once, at the studio, I heard that she was just leaving her stage, and I ran about five blocks to try to catch a glimpse of her. But when I reached her set she had already got into her car."

Well, he can't very well miss her now, and I think that Garbo has found in her new co-star, a capable and attractive leading man as well as an intelligent and good-looking boy.

I say "boy" because really he is not much more, being still at college when Hollywood discovered him a couple of years ago.

Two years ago—and in that time he has risen from nothing to the most popular and sought-after leading man in Hollywood. His fan mail is now by far the bulkiest in the film colony.

The picture that really put him where he is to-day was, of course, *Broadway Melody of 1936*.

THE screen's new masculine idol has fallen under the spell of the screen's supreme queen . . . He tells you about it in this illuminating interview with Michael Howard.

Then came *Magnificent Obsession*, which set the whole industry talking on both sides of the Atlantic. His latest production, *The Gorgeous Hussy*, with Joan Crawford, has been acclaimed his best to date.

And now *Camille*—with Garbo as his co-star. This will most probably prove to be the crowning point of his career, for Garbo is said to be able to bring out the finest qualities in any actor or actress.

When I saw him this week on the *Camille* set, he was just about to commence rehearsal of the first scene with Garbo—and it was a love scene.

Director George Cukor introduced Garbo to her seventeenth leading man whom she greeted with a smile and a formal "How do you do?" Bob responded with a good, old-fashioned handshake.

Then they started rehearsing their first scene together, which is supposed to be their first meeting in the box of a Paris theatre in 1847. When rehearsals were over and both stars were satisfied with their lines, Cukor called for a "take".

Garbo was seated in the box with Taylor leaning over the back of the chair. He was whispering earnestly into her ear:

"Fate must have had something to do with this, to-night," Bob confided to her. "I've hoped for it so long. . . ."

"And now that you've met me?" Garbo asked.

"Now I know I am in love with you. I have always been since that first day—"

And then in the middle of this beautiful love scene came a blinding flash over the heads of Garbo and Taylor. A shower of stars came raining down on to the set. Bob quickly drew Garbo beneath the ceiling of the box as the sparks bounced on the stage floor. It was just like a firework display. Suddenly all the lights went out and the set was in darkness.

But it was only a big fuse box, known as a "spider," that had blown out, and the scene was resumed a few minutes later.

After a few days of steady shooting, Bob found time to come over to chat with me. I asked him how he liked working with the great Garbo, and he told me that it was the most interesting experience of his professional career.

"Above all," he said, "Miss Garbo is considerate. She is considerate of everyone on the set, from Director George Cukor down to the



most humble workman. There is something regal about her manner that is not aloofness at all, but a reserve.

"It is that quality, I think, that makes her such a supreme actress as well as an arresting personality. She expresses emotion with a gesture of her hand, or an expression in her eyes, and makes it more effective than any dialogue could possibly be."

"Miss Garbo is unhurried. Her own sure poise is infectious. By her own manner of perfect assurance she imparts confidence to those around her. I was extremely nervous when I met her on the set for the first time. She set me at ease immediately, not by anything she said, particularly. It was more her attitude of complete nonchalance. Logically, there was no reason to be nervous. So she was at ease. And suddenly, so was I."

I still rate myself as inexperienced, although I have been fortunate enough to have played opposite a number of distinguished actresses in my brief career up to now.

"This experience is the most interesting I have encountered, not only because *Camille* is such a splendid story for the screen and because Miss Garbo is so pleasant in our professional relationship, but also for the remarkable opportunity I have to study the dramatic power of restraint, for which I have to thank Miss Garbo."

We were interrupted here by the cry—

"You're wanted on the set, Mr. Taylor"—and with that well-known smile of his and a hearty handshake, Bob was back on the set and soon under the spell of Garbo once more.

THE film stars in their courses may scintillate, glimmer or sink in the ever-changing firmament of public favour, but the dynamic forces which helped to bring them into being seem to remain fairly constant. That is the striking fact which reveals itself when we ask the question, "Where are the pioneer producers of the American film industry now?" Should the oldest picturegoer challenge the survivors, there must come a ringing "Adsum" from nine of the most famous; from William Fox, a little under the weather still, but with fighting instincts unimpaired, from Harry Warner, Adolph Zukor, Carl Laemmle, Samuel Goldwyn, Louis B. Mayer, from Joseph and Nicholas Schenck, and from Samuel Katz.

When it is remembered that America is regarded as "the melting-pot of Europe," it should not be astonishing to find that for none of these can it be claimed that they are of American birth. Two of them were born in Russia, two in Hungary, two in Germany, and two in Poland, which is quite in keeping with the cosmopolitan nature of the business.

Biographers are more than usually fond of establishing for their heroes the fact that their hero's destiny was foreordained from the cradle—and then proceed to iron out the details to show how that trend went on the "up-and-up."

It just didn't happen with any of the men with whom we're dealing. Their initial connection with the film industry was a pure accident. So far as the consequences are concerned, it cannot in any instance be said that the results were fatal. On the contrary, it led every one of them on to fortune.

Though it cannot be claimed for any of the eight film chiefs that they were originators in the film business, it is to their credit that they had imagination enough to sense the immensities of its profit-bearing side, and that meant possessing courage enough to take a gamble.

Having met most of them in person, I can vouch for the fact that the luck of that gamble has not gone to their heads. Unlike "the local boy makes good" type who wears rather self-consciously the divine aura of "boss-ship," they all happen to be simple, straightforward, good-hearted fellows who still retain their emotions undimmed, and that, after all, is the most essential qualification for catering to public taste in film entertainment.

To none of them came the handicap of gentle birth—they were lucky enough to miss that governess touch which unfits the victims for dealings with the common man. From the rough and tumble of affairs, they emerged as the astute men they are, and as their life-stories will show.

William Fox, creator of film business records,



Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, with Mrs. Cunningham-Reid at a London film premiere.

such as £20,000 in a week at Roxy's Theatre (1928) and credited lately with nine and a half million dollar bankruptcy, came from Hungary as a child and was educated in New York public schools. Beginning business as a garment-cutter, with strict attention to the main-chance, it was not long before he was the owner of a prosperous furrier's business. About that time (1903) they were running picture shows in the penny arcades. Fox was tempted to try his luck. His first theatre contained 146 seats and he had spent £320 on making it look good. But the crowds would not come! What to do? One of Barnum and Bailey's men told him.

"Stage a bally-hoo in front of your show. That'll fetch them!"

"What would it cost to do that?"

"I can get you a sword-swallower for two dollars a night, or a fire-eater for three dollars, and a coin manipulator for all he can pick."

Fox asked his friend to get one of each and make sure that the other two would watch the coin manipulator. Evidently that performer was a sleight-of-hand man—you had to watch your pockets in those days.

It worked. The sword-swallower did part of his stuff, then he picked up his props. "And now, ladies and gents, I will complete my performance upstairs."

It was two flights up, but the crowd followed—only to find they charged 2½d. or 5d. admission. It was a simple-minded audience, as Fox testifies.

"I remember distinctly, when in the first picture the wind blew through the leaves of the trees, hearing a fellow say,

" 'They can't fool me, gol'dern 'em. I know—someone is shaking the screen'."

The Warner Brothers were brought to Baltimore from Russia in 1885 and have remained in accord ever since. Fifteen years later, the eldest brother, Harry, determined to cash in on the cycling craze, by opening up a bicycle shop in Youngstown, Ohio. But this moving picture business intrigued the lads. Why not try that out as a side line? Such was Harry's idea. They found a likely spot in Newcastle, Pa., and hired a shop. After fitting up the place and adding the decorations, such as they were, the quartette found they had forgotten one important item—seating accommodation! They had not reckoned on chairs.

"What's the matter with asking the undertaker for some? His parlour isn't always full of mourners."

So Harry went over to the mortician opposite and hired 96 chairs. That arrangement had its disadvantages, whenever there was a funeral, they had to ask the audience to stand up!

A fifteen-year-old Hungarian emigrant, Adolph



NO movie story is more romantic than the real-life drama, here revealed, of the men who make the movies.

Zukor, arrived in New York in 1888. Four years later he was running a fur business in Chicago. In 1904, W. A. Brady, the theatre manager, had brought the New State concession for Hale's Tours. It was Hale, fire brigade chief, who originated the idea of rigging up in a gutted shop, the semblance of a Pullman observation car, through the top end of which you could view the scenery as it was projected on the screen. On the platform, a lecturer described the varied views of Switzerland, Italy, and other foreign scenes. Brady and Zukor went along merrily for two weeks. Then they came to a dead stop. No fresh pictures were available. As they had no licence from the Patents Trust, they could not get further supplies. The only alternative was to make their own pictures, scrap the observation car idea, and put in seats. So they made what were called "chase" pictures—150-200 feet long.

Every picture finished with a man who was painting or washing a window and using a ladder. Somebody passed by and kicked that ladder—then the climax—police, dogs and cats after the miscreant! Occasionally a picture director would put up a yarn with a heart interest cropping up.

That sent up the business till 1908, when their public got tired of the solid programmes of



Cecil B. de Mille to-day. The Bath Tub King was one of the pioneers.

(Left) Carl Laemmle senior and junior. (Inset) Sidney Kent and Joseph M. Schenck



How the BIG FILM CHIEFS Began by ROBB LAWSON

short pictures, and Zukor had to find another selling angle. He opened up a Picture Parlour next door to a department store in Newark, and installed an organ, with an instrumental quartette to play music. That fetched in the crowds—helped to draw in the bargain-hunters from the draper's store next door. Following out that policy he went over to New York and success followed everywhere.

Later on, Zukor and Marcus Loew joined forces, took various down-town theatres, and with a programme policy of variety turns and pictures went ahead. And that was the beginning of Loew's Enterprises, whose present capital is listed at 10,000,000 dollars.

But the toughest warrior of them all, Carl Laemmle, did not enter the arena until 1906. The pocket Napoleon (Carl is just over five feet), after arriving from Germany and having managed to acquire a variegated experience in the organisation of drug, jewellery and clothing stores, found himself at the age of 39 looking for fresh adventures. Five and ten cent chain stores took his fancy, but after

walking up a Chicago main street, something made him change his mind.

Those picture shops seemed to be making easy money. Inside the organisation was bad—the places dirty. "Do it better" has always been Carl's motto. He hired a vacant shop, painted it all out in white, front and inside, and stuck over the door the title, "The White Front." The fans crowded in.

Two months later he took another shop—found another name, "The Family Theatre." To live up to the title he tried out a new policy. For ten cents (5d.) you could take your wife or your best girl, and see "the pictures" in comfort.

Carl was the first man to stick up notices on the wall like "Ladies, Please Remove Your Hats," "Don't Expectorate," "It's Raining Outside," "No Whistling, Please, during Illustrated Songs." Laemmle was in clover, and bought a few more shops for kinemas.

In those days kinema men bought their films outright, and he noticed how carelessly they were dealt with. Laemmle's Film Service solved that trouble for all of them—care for them, re-sold them, and gave a rapid film transport service.

His picture shops were netting £40 a week. Then something happened to stop the supply of pictures. The Motion Picture Patents Co. claimed a monopoly and held up all supplies unless you were willing, in addition to the exorbitant prices charged for pictures, to pay two dollars a week licence to show them. Laemmle saw red! The fight was on. Three months later Laemmle breathed defiance on the Trust, by advertisement, and otherwise, and congratulations kept pouring in from hundreds of fighting exhibitors. To all of which he replied:—"A thousand thanks, fellow fighters, and a renewal of my iron-clad promise to give you the best films and the best service at all times, in spite of Hades itself."

In 1910, Carl started the Imp Co., tempted and lured Mary Pickford with a weekly salary of £35 to come over from Biograph. In his stock company he could count players like Owen Moore, King Baggot, Thomas Ince, George Loane Tucker, and the rest of the Pickford family, Jack, Lottie and Mrs. Pickford.

Carl, in fact, did so well that some weeks ago he sold his share in the Universal Pictures for £800,000, and then some!

Samuel Goldwyn, a Polish emigrant, and Jesse Lasky in 1910 started the film racket together. Goldwyn was a glove cutter by trade, and Lasky, in addition to

having been a reporter and musician, was brother-in-law to Goldwyn.

They got hold of a promising young fellow, Cecil de Mille, who knew about theatre productions, so entrusted their money to him to make their first film. He produced *The Squaw Man*, with Dustin Farnum as the star, as a result of which he started his sponsors off on a career that made them both famous.

Samuel Katz, famous as Vice-President of the Paramount Publix Corporation, operating the huge Paramount circuit of theatres, is another Russian import. Arriving at Chicago, this twelve-year-old graduated from two dollars a week as messenger to a switchboard operator and ended up as pianist in Carl Laemmle's first picture shop.

At the age of sixteen he had his own theatre with 144 chairs—later increased to 275 and with an orchestra added. After that he went ahead, adding more theatres to his circuit.

It was when Adolph Zukor got into a fix with the show side of his productions that he called

in Katz. To-day the Katz sway operates over 800 picture theatres in the States and Canada.

Chairmen respectively of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Twentieth Century Fox, Nicholas and Joseph Schenck came over as youngsters from Russia with their parents, and worked so industriously in the drug line that they eventually owned a chain of pharmacist shops.

It was a happy accident that led them one holiday to a huge amusement park in Fort Lee, N.J. They still own that show in Palisades Park, the jolliest of all pleasure-seeking haunts. It was their friend Marcus Loew who lured them into the kinema business.

Finally they sold their drug stores and plumped for the picture theatre business. Once Joseph Schenck was asked why he went into the production line.

"Like the girl, I'm always willing to try anything once! Somebody persuaded me to buy a magazine story, so I had to do something with it to get my money back. I asked Roland West, a clever theatrical producer, to try his hand at making a film. We had to have a star. As I walked along Broadway I saw her name in electric lights—an English girl, Jose Collins."

In conversation with Mr. Schenck, who is the soul of good humour and patience, I asked him what was his next step, as the English star did not pull off the trick.

"I had to find another—this time she was native-born, and I banked on her to win through. And so that she shouldn't be lured away by other producers, well—I married her." Which shows how good a judge of talent Joseph Schenck is. The girl was Norma Talmadge, who proved a sensational hit.

Both Joseph and Nicholas Schenck now figure as among the most powerful magnates in the industry. Their friend, the late Marcus Loew, originator of Loew's Enterprises, the combination which has just completed a deal with Gaumont British Corporation, began his film career in 1904.

Marcus was always a go-getter, newsboy at seven years old, dry-goods clerk, newspaper publisher, salesman and merchant, he earned the distinction of failing twice and then paying up all his debts. It was when he was in the golf-cape jobbing business that a friend in Cincinnati took him along to see a new idea in entertainment.

"The show took place," says Marcus, "in an old-fashioned brown house, and the proprietor had the hallways partitioned off with dry goods cases. He used to go to the window and sell the tickets to the children, then he went to the door and took the tickets. After that he locked the door and went up and operated the machine. He also used to lecture as he operated. Pictures didn't have titles then. I said to my companion, this is the most remarkable thing I have ever seen! The place was packed to suffocation."

"We wired at once for machines and started that Sunday in our arcade on the second floor. We took 30 feet of space and hired the chairs. The first day we played, I believe, there were seven or eight people short of 5,000, and we did not advertise at all. The people simply poured into the arcade."

When Loew tried the same thing in New York it was not quite so easy.

Along came the era of "variety" turns with the pictures. Concerning which, Loew used to tell how he engaged David Warfield, famous actor, and Sophie Tucker.

"David Warfield was out of work at that time and funds short—he wanted a job as a door-keeper. I felt kinda sorry. I didn't feel it was the position for him, so I said, 'Can you recite?' 'Yes, of course,' he said. 'Well, I've an idea. I'll put you on with the pictures.' I got him to recite *Gunga Din* twenty times a day." That was the beginning of vaudeville as an adjunct to pictures.

"Somebody sent Sophie Tucker to me and told me a hard luck story about her. I gave her a chance and she had to do fourteen shows a day—seven in white and seven in black-face, to make it easy."

Within six months Marcus Loew was running forty "Store Shows" in New York City. He ended by controlling 1,200 theatres.

WHEN SUSAN ANN IS CHRISTENED...

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BY APPOINTMENT

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A GAY ADVENTURER



Barry Jones and Yvonne Arnaud in a scene from "The Gay Adventure."

Barry Jones the well-known stage actor who is rapidly becoming very popular on the screen tells the story of his theatrical adventures to Wilson D'Arne.

ALAD of seven, the son of a Guernsey pastor, once watched a band of strolling players perform a melodrama of deep-dyed villainy in an open field.

The audience, apart from a few stray cows and sheep, consisted of local villagers who had paid anything from a penny to threepence for their entertainment. The performance made such an impression on the mind of the youngster that he vowed there and then to become an actor when he grew up.

And an actor he became!

Perhaps that sounds rather a simple accomplishment after all those stories you've read about the early hardships, struggles and miseries of other stars.

In all fairness, therefore, it should be pointed out that Barry Jones had his early difficulties, too. But in his case things were considerably simplified by the fact that he happened to be one of those very rare individuals—a true born actor with such a natural talent and love for the stage that he just couldn't help achieving success.

The strolling players had certainly fired the imagination of the boy Jones; but it was not until two years later that he came into contact with something higher than village drama.

Sir Frank Benson's Shakespearean company visited Guernsey. Young Barry saved his pennies and sneaked off to a performance of *Julius Caesar*. At the end of the show his ambition to act had become so all-consuming that he rushed round to the stage door and begged to be allowed to join the company.

But what could they do with a mere lad of nine except tell him to be a good boy and run along home!

They did not reckon, however, with the determination in the youngster who insisted on remaining by the stage door to await Sir Frank Benson himself. When the great actor emerged he found himself listening to the passionate entreaties of the lad who eagerly implored him for a job.

"Then, with characteristic good humour," says Barry, "he patted me gently on the head and advised me to wait seven years and to see him about it then if I still felt the same."

"Then came school, and after that I decided to take a definite step towards my chosen career. I wrote to Sir Frank reminding him of our first meeting, and begging him to give me a chance. I was even more madly keen on the stage, and I must say that my parents were anything but opposed to my ambitions. Indeed, they gave me every encouragement. But Sir Frank didn't! He wrote back advising me to wait a little longer. But I couldn't wait. I decided to form a repertory company in my home town. That, I thought, would give me a chance to act."

Unfortunately for Barry the outbreak of war

compelled him to alter his plans. He joined up to play his part in helping to make the world a safer place for democracy. But following the Armistice the call of the theatre began to stir in him again. This led to further negotiations with Sir Frank Benson who agreed, this time, to give him his first chance during a Shakespearean festival at Stratford-upon-Avon.

While at Stratford his ability and personality attracted the attention of Maurice Colbourne, who was already an actor with a fair West End and Broadway reputation.

A warm friendship sprang up between them, and a few years later they decided to go forth together in search of fame. They packed their bags and sailed to America where they appeared in one or two Broadway shows. Their ambition, however, was to form their own company and so, drawing their savings from the bank, they invested in a Wall Street proposition with a view to raising the necessary capital. But the money was lost, and this so enraged Colbourne that he began there and then to make a study of the stock market. He was determined to regain those losses—which he eventually did!

Now while Colbourne was battling with Wall Street, Barry Jones won the leading role in the New York production of *The Road to Rome*, written by Robert Sherwood, author of *The Petrified Forest*. It was a huge success, and its long run brought Barry sufficient capital to enable him later to join Colbourne as a partner in management.

Acquiring rights to a repertoire of Bernard Shaw plays, they set out on a long tour of the United States and Canada.

Up to this time Barry's career had run fairly smoothly, but now difficulties and worries began to face him and his partner.

"Our struggles during that tour were often horribly discouraging," Barry says. "Do you know that on several occasions we were forced to play in small prairie towns to a mere handful of settlers? Moreover, we soon discovered that our box-office receipts depended more on the success of the wheat crops than on the quality of our plays!"

"Again and again we decided to pack up and return to New York, but somehow or other we always just managed to keep going. When the tour ended we found our books showed a profit of sixty dollars—about twelve pounds! We returned to England to prepare for another American tour. After all we had shown a profit. We had received sixty dollars worth of encouragement, and that was better than being faced with a lot of figures on the wrong side of the ledger!"

Then, on their return to London, the unexpected happened.

Barry had in his possession the rights to a play called *The Queen's Husband* which he had acquired from Robert Sherwood at a ridiculously low figure. It was decided to gamble on a West End production of it before returning to America.

What followed is now theatrical history. *The Queen's Husband* was an amazing success, and turned Barry Jones into a stage star overnight.

During the run of the show Alfred Hitchcock, scouting for new talent, saw Barry and gave him a contract which led to two Elstree talkies—*No. 17* and *Arms and the Man*. Then Barry joined Maurice Colbourne in another American tour, and after that came his third screen engagement when Sinclair Hill chose him to play the lead opposite Yvonne Arnaud in *The Gay Adventure* for Pathé-Grosvenor.

After the quiet humour of his stage plays, *The Gay Adventure*, with its robust, riotous comedy, came as a change for Barry.

As a matter of fact Barry admits that it was only during the last few years that he has become a film enthusiast. It took a lot of persuasion to get him to sign his first contract. He disliked films and hated the idea of being shipped all over the world in a tin can. When he first saw himself on the screen he walked out determined never to appear in or see another picture. Then he saw *The Private Life of Henry VIII*. That converted him!

If you ask Yvonne Arnaud, she will tell you that Barry has the most delightful sense of humour of any actor she knows. His popularity with the entire production staff during the making of *The Gay Adventure* was tremendous.

For one thing, Barry has a weakness for playing jokes on people.

During production of *The Gay Adventure* at Welwyn, for instance, he disguised himself as a clergyman one afternoon and called at the front offices of the studio. He said he was an Australian pastor holidaying in England, and begged to be shown around the studios. So cleverly had he disguised himself that everybody was completely fooled.

For over an hour an obliging, solemn-faced studio official showed him round, introduced him to the players, the director and others on the set. Even Yvonne Arnaud, his own leading lady, failed to penetrate his disguise.

Imagine, then, the blank amazement of the unit when Barry suddenly tore off his make-up and disclosed his identity!

At present Barry is preparing for a new play. After that he wants to do another film.

His secret ambition, however, is to become a director. And the subject he wants to direct is a life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the famous dramatist who wrote *The School for Scandal* and *The Rivals*.

"What a marvellous biographical picture the life of Sheridan would make!" says Barry. "Do you know that he was easily one of the most brilliant characters in history—a man who by sheer personality, wit and charm, rose from obscurity to the most dazzling heights. Certainly he was the greatest social figure of his day. He was the friend of Fox and Burke, entered Parliament, wrote two of the finest comedies in the English language, and became owner of Drury Lane theatre."

"But extravagance and drink caused his downfall. Once master of £15,000 a year, he died in utter poverty, owing money everywhere. He was unable to leave his house in case exasperated creditors should rush in through the open door. His food had to be lowered through the railings into the basement! In the end his landlord literally took the roof from over his head!"

"Yes, I hope one day to make that film with Brian Aherne in the role of Sheridan. I would call it *The Gay Genius*."

Well, perhaps some British producer will give Barry a chance to realise this ambition. It ought to be a first-rate film.



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The Hollywood

NEWSREEL

SHOT BY PHIL LONERGAN

LORETTA YOUNG has always been regarded as one of the gentlest feminine stars in Hollywood. Marlene Dietrich, Garbo, Ruth Chatterton and various other celebrities have stood up for their rights with great firmness, but Loretta was always noted for her amiability.

So Hollywood felt as though another earthquake had struck the town when it was learned that the young, blonde actress had walked out on her role in *Lloyds of London*, and was on the Pacific, sailing for Honolulu. Loretta considered that her part was too unimportant, which may have been the reason for her departure.

Another possible cause is that Eddie Sutherland is scheduled to depart for Honolulu within the next fortnight to direct a picture there starring Bing Crosby. The general opinion is that Eddie and Loretta are quite likely to wed in the Land of the Ukeles.

Au Revoir !

Jean Harlow and Barbara Brown have been inseparable companions ever since the star won fame—and now they are to be separated.

Childhood friends, they have been a Hollywood legend. From time to time "Bobby" has served as Jean's travelling companion, secretary and stand-in.

Her work in *Suzy* is to terminate her motion picture career—because "Bobby" intends to seek a business career, starting in a secretarial post.

A Real "Gun Man"

Gene Raymond plays the roles of idealistic lovers, but, nevertheless, he is the proud possessor of one of the finest gun collections in Hollywood. Gene is an expert marksman and an enthusiastic hunter.

The young actor first started collecting guns when he could use almost every type of modern firearms. Recently, however, he became interested in antique types, and his collection now includes many ancient "shooting irons."

Lucky Simone

All over the city of Los Angeles one sees huge billboards with Simone Simon's smiling face and a eulogy of the little actress in large type. These billboards cost money, and I hear they have been erected in other large American cities.

Playing up a star practically unknown in America has rarely been done before. The most notable exception was Marlene Dietrich, for whom a billboard campaign was launched before the showing of *Morocco*, her first American film.

Simone, I hear, had quite an argument with Irving Cummings, her director, but has now calmed down, and all is serene.

A Gaol-bird !

Bruce Cabot is wondering whether a compliment was paid to him whilst he was playing a convict in scenes taken in the business district of downtown Los Angeles.

Clad in a convict uniform he dropped out of a truck, and ran into an hotel, whilst cameras, concealed in trucks photographed the scene. Meanwhile police kept back a crowd of spectators.

An excited old gentleman, not knowing the escape was merely part of a film story, rushed up to the policeman, and told them that the "convict" had run into the hotel!

The spectator's face was red when he learned the truth!

Shattered Romance

Wynne Gibson, who has been absent from Hollywood films for many months, has a featured role in Columbia's *Come Closer, Folks*. John Gallaudet, recent recruit from the New York stage, is also in the cast.

The director, Ross Lederman, thought it would be rather courteous to introduce the two,

and did so, then noted that they both smiled.

"Do you know each other?" he asked.

"Rather," replied Miss Gibson, "we used to be married!"

Anyway, Wynne and Gallaudet were very friendly, and got along splendidly in the picture.

She's Not the Type

Una O'Connor, clever Irish actress, has won fame in Hollywood for many fine portrayals but wishes she did not have to play so many frowsy drunks.

The actress's friends know that this charming lady never takes a drink, in fact, she abhors liquor in any form. But she has to play dipsomaniacs!

A Canny Manager

Jeanette MacDonald's mother told me a story on herself. She took a few friends to a theatre where one of Jeanette's pictures was playing. The hall was crowded, but she explained to the manager that she was the mother of the famous Jeanette. The manager looked sceptical, but invited Mrs. Mac and her party to occupy seats in his office until seats were vacant.

When accommodations were available, they were seated, but not before the manager collected the stated price for each seat from Mrs. MacDonald!

A Star's Glass House

Ann Sothern owns the champion "window" home of the film colony.

The young actress's Beverly Hills home contains fifty-four windows. The building had been constructed with many windows originally, and more were installed upon the arrival of Ann.

Her bedroom contains eight windows and a skylight. The coffee room is equipped with violet ray glass for the morning sun. The actress admits a fondness for sunlight and fresh air as the result of a slight claustrophobia, the definition being "a morbid fear of being in confined places."

Of course Ann's home has plenty of shades and drapes, or else the fans would be playing "peek-a-boo" whenever she was around!

All is Well

Arlene Judge declares that there is no truth in the reports that she is planning to divorce her husband, Director Wesley Ruggles.

The young actress says that rumours of a separation started when it was learned that she plans to take her young son for a holiday in Europe.

A happy picture of Joan Bennett and Cary Grant who share the starring honours in "Wedding Present."



E. G. COUSINS COVERS

The BRITISH STUDIOS

THE studios aren't going to allow much peace to my poor old bones this Autumn; things are bobbing up here, there, and everywhere which will necessitate my keeping my poor old foot jammed down hard on my poor old accelerator if I am to get round the lot of them.

For one thing, it isn't going to be left to Gaumont-British and the British Army to go all patriotic and recruiting on the screen; Herbert Wilcox Productions and the British Navy will give them at least a run for their money.

G.-B. cleverly called their film *O.H.M.S.*, so that every Government envelope would carry an advertisement for it; you know, folks, if you and I could have brain-waves like that instead of having to punch a typewriter or do some other menial work for our living, we might just sit back and smoke the kind of cigars that film-magnates smoke.

But maybe you don't care for cigars. Well, here's the Navy film instead.

Bumptious

AT the moment they're calling it *The Navy Eternal*, which, besides sounding to me a bit bumptious, is definitely rash, because the Navy has only been going for about seven hundred years, and there doesn't seem to be any guarantee that it will keep going for another seven hundred; and even if it does, you can hardly call that an eternity, can you? Or can you?

Herbert Wilcox will know.

He is taking a unit to Scapa Flow to film the Autumn manoeuvres of the Atlantic Fleet, and this is the event upon which he will base his naval picture, which is intended, I imagine, to be an Epic.

The War Office graciously held G.-B.'s hand while *O.H.M.S.* was squeezed into the can; Mr. Wilcox will not only have the Admiralty, but also the Navy League, standing by while he makes his Epic.

Battleships of the fleet will appear, as is invariably the case in naval Epics, and there will be liaison officers and all kinds of official flummigery, and Captain Norman Walker (who directed *The Middle Watch*) to direct it, and possibly Sir Guy Standing, who needs no introduction to the picturegoers here assembled, to play the part of a British consul.

What I am hoping chiefly is that Herbert Wilcox will be able to get hold of a few young he-men to play n.o.'s (or naval officers) who will afterwards be very useful as f.a.'s (or film actors).

We need a few he-men.

Screen Soccer

Then there is Beaconsfield; and at Beaconsfield the British Lion is roaring again, and this is what he is roaring about.

Herbert Smith will direct a picture with a football background, and a Sandy Powell foreground. Sandy tripped shyly on to the screen for your approval in *Can You Hear Me, Mother?* (which he pronounces Caln Y'eerme, Moother?), and now he is bobbing up again in *Playing the Game*, a North Country football picture, chiefly concerned with Football Pools (capital letters, please, to indicate their supreme importance to some hundreds of thousands of people; possibly yourselves).

Sandy will play the part of an unemployed man who had a bob or two on the pools every week, which as you may or may not know, has become a weekly hobby with hundreds of thousands of people in this country.

They have a lot of fun and a sporting chance to win a packet; of course, they may lose their bob or two, but that's the way of the world.

Opposite Mr. Powell is the charming Gina Malo, vivacious and easy on the eyes. Curiously enough (or maybe because she likes them better) the very last film I saw her working in, entitled *All In*, had a sporting background. Only in that she was working opposite a whole cohort of comedians, instead of one.

My Dear Watson!

Backgrounds are going to be popular this season; at Twickenham they are having another production with a sporting background—a talking version of the good old drama *Silver Blaze*, which, if I remember rightly, is all about a racehorse of that name.

It's a Sherlock Holmes story, and who should be Mr. Holmes but our old friend Arthur Wontner, easily the best Sherlock Holmes of our generation. In fact, he almost lives the part.

Thomas Bentley, whose name has not been quite so consistently in the news since British International slowed down on production earlier in the year, is directing it, at the St. Margarets studios.

And here, if you please, is another production depending largely upon its background for "atmosphere"; this time the background is the Transatlantic air-service which we may look forward to regarding as a regular part of our somewhat complicated existence during the next decade.

The film is Gaumont-British's *Non-Stop New York*; and let's hope this title will be a happy augury for the service when it comes into being, for a stop between here and New York is apt to be inconvenient.

Gritty

And now we have news of a new film with a decidedly gritty background—a story about the African desert, not yet titled, which Capitol are to produce.

Walter Futter, a young producer from Hollywood who was responsible for *Africa Speaks*, will be in charge; and the star will be Paul Robeson, whose services are very much in demand at present.

I only hope this one will not show him as an

American negro who reverts to his native African surroundings and primitive savagery; we've had him in two like that, and it's wearing a little thin.

Thornton Freeland will direct; and incidentally it looks to me very much as if Mr. Freeland had settled down in this country (which, I may say, likes him very much) for quite a while.

"T," as he is known to his friends and adherents, has made three successes in England—*Brewster's Millions*, *The Amateur Gentleman*, and now *Accused*—and there doesn't seem any legitimate reason why he shouldn't go right on making them.

At Joe's Place

At the same time I'm pleased to see that his wife June Clyde (who is in every respect a darling) is also flitting from film to film; her latest venture is likely to be a Joe Rock production, to be manufactured in Joseph's own workshops at Elstree (not the new Rock studios, which won't be ready for use for a week or two yet), and in which, I hear, our scatty friend Nat Gonella will also figure.

Redd Davis is to direct this one; well, I've seen bits of his last—the Flanagan and Allen picture, *Underneath the Arches*, and believe me, it's funny.

We're a step farther now with the new British & Dominions production, *A Man With Your Voice*, which has gone into production at Pinewood; Randle Ayrton and Basil Sydney have been added to the cast, which already consisted of Ricardo Cortez and Sally Eilers.

Ayrton, a grand old actor, will play the part of a rugged shipyard contractor whose first care is for his men and their prosperity; Basil Sydney will be the contractor's blackguardly brother, and bitter enemy of the character played by Cortez.

Curious how often Sydney plays villainous parts; on the stage he was a very popular hero; on the films he seems to be becoming an equally popular villain.

Even in *Rhodes of Africa*, in which he put up a very fine performance, by the way, he was the rather weak though amiable Dr. Jameson—not a very heroic figure.

They Had a Party

They started the ball rolling at Pinewood with a scene from *London Melody*, the new Anna Neagle production in which she is playing



Chili Bouchier has a part as a gypsy which should suit her admirably in "Tzigane," which is in course of production at Teddington.



opposite Tullio Carminati; and to celebrate the occasion they had an informal party on the studio floor.

Anna, as I think I told you, is a Soho waif this time; and I hope for all our sakes that she is better suited than as the Cockney chorus-girl in *Limelight*, in which I thought she was definitely weak.

She had a part in that in which she had to play second fiddle, both in the production and in the story, to Arthur Tracy, the "Street Singer"; I liked her very much better in her costume roles, and I think this was a definite let-down for her.

I'm looking forward to seeing her in *The Three Maxims*.

In *London Melody* are Tullio Carminati Robert Douglas, Horace Hodges, and Davina Craig; and as this last-named charming young lady insists on making herself up to look a perfect fright always, complete with adenoids, it doesn't look as if Anna will have much competition.

Pas Seul by Dietrich

Russia has come to Denham in full force, squeezing out the Dutch landscapes which have been spraddled all across the fair Buckinghamshire lawns and fields for the Rembrandt picture.

The Russian one is *Knight Without Armour*,

in which Marlene Dietrich is playing all by herself hoping that either Robert Donat or a substitute will turn up one of these days to play opposite her.

You should see the Summer Palace at St. Petersburg, built on the sloping lawns running down to the lake; and when the Countess Alexandra (Miss Dietrich to you) arrives in a troika drawn by three magnificent greys, welcomed on the steps by a group of servants and retainers in their national costumes, it looks pretty good.

And what a change to see a bit of Russia without a covering of salt and powdered alum over everything! Producers have a habit of forgetting that Russia (although of course they do have a great deal of snow there in the winter) is not by any means entirely Arctic.

Champion !

Ee, sitha, laad, they've been havin' a reet champion do oop i' Maanchester—owd Will Fyffe, Stanley Holloway, Mary Lawson, Jimmy Hanley, an' t'others—doin' nowt for a livin' but larkin' round on helter-skelters, dodgems, scenic railways, an' the like.

Ay, if summun'd gimme chance to do owt

like that, I wouldn't groomble! I'd try an' put oop wi' it, onny road!

And now, for the benefit of my paler, primmer, properer Southern readers, perhaps I'd better explain that the Joe Rock unit making *Cotton Queen* has been on location at the famous Belle Vue stadium in Manchester, doing scenes in the fun-fair and on the dirt-track speedway.

It's years since I was at Belle Vue (thirty, I'm afraid) but I always remember it as being one of the most completely satisfactory places of amusement on the face of this fair land—second only, I think, to the Tower at Blackpool.

Consequently I've often wondered why it wasn't featured in a film; and now it is, so you'll be able to see how the Manchester Man (an' t'missus an' kids) enjoys himself on his afternoon off.

I hope it hasn't changed too much; I like to keep my illusions intact.

Watch Mary

But it isn't going to be all fun and fancy. We're taken into the cotton mills, too, and the cotton mills are the true reason why Blackpool is Blackpool and Belle Vue is Belle Vue.

Cotton operatives work hard, but they also play hard; they don't grudge the expenditure of energy on either.

I may have mentioned before that I like little Mary Lawson; well, in this she seems to have a better part than we have seen her in for a long time. Jimmy Hanley, too, is apparently quite well served—which was by no means the case when last I saw him, in *The Tunnel* in which I consider he was miscast.

Well, now, what have we next?

At Teddington, *Tzigane*. And I don't know, of course, how you're going to pronounce this, but my guess is going to be something like "Tsee-gah-nee."

And by the time we've all agreed to differ about it, we'll probably find that the title has been changed to something like *Love's Gypsy Rhapsody*; so maybe we won't stickle too much for pronunciation.

What we *do* know about it is that it's all about gypsies, and Chili Bouchier is the most important of them.

This looks like a big break for Chili, who has been rather languishing in obscurity in the last two or three years. She made one big mistake (at the instance of Herbert Wilcox) in changing from Chili to Dorothy; and it has taken a long time to get back.

Nimble Chili

However, she is definitely back now—and how! It was certainly the old Chili Bouchier (nicknamed that way on account of the song "Chili Bom-Bom" that Sonnie Hale and little Annie Kasimir used to sing) whom I saw shinning nimbly up a studio tree this week at Teddington.

Gosh, she went up like a cat—like the wild-cat she used to be before she was "groomed for stardom." You can overdo this grooming business, you know. Just fancy if you took Lupe Velez and called her Guadalupe and tried to make a grande dame of her!

By the way, you've got a gasp coming when you see this scene, for the bough breaks, and Chili falls. . . .

And just so as not to spoil the illusion, I won't describe the sheet which half a dozen prop-men and "grips," well out of camera-range, were holding to catch her. . . .

I regret to say that my friend Irving Asher, Overlord of Teddington, is hurt to the marrow by my recent remarks about Teddington product, reminding me of *Mr. Cohen Takes a Walk* (which I liked enormously) and *Educated Evans*, which scored a great hit recently.

He ought to know by this time that I have no quarrel with the way he runs his studios; he knows darned well that I have a great admiration for the way he has done a difficult job. But he also knows that what I object to is the Warner Bros.' habit of yelling about making super-films in Teddington—and then not doing it.

That's my grouse, and I'm sticking to it.



Campo (Harold Huber) gives Chivo (Nino Martini) an excellent demonstration of what will happen to him should he try to escape from the bandits' lair.



Braganza (Leo Carrillo) is delighted to find Chivo although he finds himself in a police trap.



Chivo, although a prisoner, wins the hearts of the bandits with his songs.



The GAY SONGS —a unes



Braganza, after seizing a broadcasting station, introduces Chivo to the unseen audience and sends him in to sing.

(Above) Braganza, the outlaw leader, watches the dreams of Chivo and Jane (Ida Lupino) come true.



DESPERADO

to be presented by United Artists in London. It is the
and production from Mary Pickford and Jesse L. Lasky
ical romance replete with action, excitement and
ted developments. Ida Lupino, Nino Martini and
Leo Carrillo are the featured players.

No true love runs smoothly and Jane feels at times that she must give Chivo a piece of her mind.

June Clyde Sets a Fashion

BELOW we give full instructions for knitting the Tyrolean coat jumper pictured here, which was especially designed for the charming American star. It strikes an up-to-the-minute note and is exclusive to our readers.

Materials Required

- 11 ozs. Copley's "Sportslaine" wool, white No. 61; 1 oz. Copley's "Sportslaine" wool, scarlet, No. 141; 1 oz. Copley's "Sportslaine" wool, daffodil, No. 90.
1 pair of No. 9 "Coploid" knitting needles.
1 pair No. 6 "Coploid" knitting needles.
1 No. 8 "Stratnoid" crochet hook.

Measurements

- Length from top of shoulder to lower edge, 18½ ins. Width all round at underarm, to fit a 31-32-inch bust.
Length of sleeve seam, 18 inches.

Tension

- Using No. 6 needles, work to produce 5 sts. and 7 rows to 1 square inch in smooth fabric (1 row K., 1 row p.)

Abbreviations

- K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; w.r.n., wool round needle; w.l.fwd., wool forward.

THE RIGHT FRONT.—Using No. 9 needles and scarlet wool, cast on 60 sts.

- 1st row**—Working into the back of the sts., k.
2nd row—* K. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to the end. Break off wool.
3rd row—Using daffodil wool, k.
4th row—* K. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to the end. Break off wool.
5th row—Using white wool, k.
6th row—* K. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to the end. Break off wool.
7th row—Using scarlet wool, k. Break off wool.

8th row—Using white wool, p. (Do not break off wool, as white wool is used for the remainder of the front.)

9th row—(K. 1, p. 1) twice, cast off 3 sts. for a buttonhole, k. the following st., there now being 2 sts. on the right-hand needle after the casting off, p. 1, * k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to the end.

10th row—* K. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to the last st. before the casting off, k. 1, cast on 3 sts. (k. 1, p. 1) twice. Working into the back of the cast on sts. on the first row only, work 10 rows more in rib, thus finishing at the buttonhole edge.

Next row—(K. 1, p. 1) twice, * w.r.n., p. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to the end.

Next row—Increase by working into the front and back of the first st., p. 1, * k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to the end. (61 sts. now on the needle).

Change to No. 6 needles and proceed in rib as follows, working the border in k. 1, p. 1 rib as before:—

- 1st row**—K. 1, (p. 1, k. 1) 4 times, p. 3, * (k. 1, p. 2) 3 times, k. 1, p. 3, (k. 1, p. 2) twice, k. 1, p. 3. Repeat from * once again, k. 1, p. 2.
2nd row—K. 2, p. 1, * k. 3, p. 1, (k. 2, p. 1) twice, k. 3, p. 1, (k. 2, p. 1) 3 times. Repeat from * once again, k. 3, (p. 1, k. 1) 4 times, p. 1. Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows 6 times more.
Next row—(K. 1, p. 1) twice, cast off 3 sts., k. the following st., p. 3* (k. 1, p. 2) 3 times, k. 1, p. 3 (k. 1, p. 2) twice, k. 1, p. 3. Repeat from * once again, k. 1, p. 2.

Next row—K. 2, p. 1, * k. 3, p. 1, (k. 2, p. 1) twice, k. 3, p. 1, (k. 2, p. 1) 3 times. Repeat from * once again, k. 3, p. 1, k. 1, cast on 3 sts., (k. 1, p. 1) twice.

Working into the back of all cast on sts. on the first row only, and keeping the front border correct, proceed in rib, working a buttonhole on every following 15th and 16th rows, until 4 buttonholes in all have been worked.

Working into the back of the cast on sts. on the first row only, work 7 rows after the last

buttonhole, thus finishing at the side edge.

Shape the Armhole as follows:—

Keeping the front border and rib correct, and working a buttonhole at the same interval as before, cast off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next row, then decrease by working 2 sts. together at the end of the next row and every alternate row following, until 47 sts. remain.

Keeping the continuity of the rib and front border correct, work 5 rows after the last decrease, thus finishing at the front edge.

Work a buttonhole as before on the following 2 rows.

Working into the back of the cast on sts. on the first row only, work 4 rows after the last buttonhole, thus finishing at the front edge.

Shape the Neck as follows:—

Next row—K. 1, (p. 1, k. 1) 4 times. Slip these sts. on to a safety pin for the present. Work in rib to the end. Keeping the continuity of the rib, decrease 1 st. at the neck edge on the next row and every row following, until 29 sts. remain.

Keeping the continuity of the rib, proceed without further decrease, until the work measures 6½ inches from the commencement of the armhole, finishing at the neck edge.

Shape the Shoulder as follows, keeping the continuity of the rib:—

- 1st row**—Work to the last 9 sts., turn.
2nd row—Slip 1, work to the neck.
3rd row—Work to the last 19 sts., turn.
4th row—As the 2nd row. Cast off in rib.

THE LEFT FRONT

Using No. 9 needles and scarlet wool, cast on 60 sts.

1st row—Working into the back of the sts., k.
2nd row—* P. 1, k. 1. Repeat from * to the end. Break off wool.

3rd row—Using daffodil wool, k.
4th row—* P. 1, k. 1. Repeat from * to the end. Break off wool.

5th row—Using white wool, k.
6th row—* P. 1, k. 1. Repeat from * to the end. Break off wool.

7th row—Using scarlet wool, k. Break off wool.

8th row—Using white wool, p. (Do not break off wool, as white wool is used for the remainder of the front.)

9th row—* P. 1, k. 1. Repeat from * to the end.

Repeat the 9th row 11 times more, thus finishing so that the right side of the work will be facing when working the next row.

Next row—* P. 1, k. 1, w.l.fwd., k. 2 tog. Repeat from * to the last 8 sts., (p. 1, k. 1) 4 times.

Next row—* P. 1, k. 1. Repeat from * to the last 2 sts., increase in the next st., k. 1. (61 sts. now on the needle.)

Change to No. 6 needles and proceed in rib, working the border in K. 1, p. 1 rib as before.

- 1st row**—P. 2, k. 1, * p. 3, (k. 1, p. 2) twice, k. 1, p. 3, (k. 1, p. 2) 3 times, k. 1. Repeat from * once again, p. 3, k. 1, (p. 1, k. 1) 4 times.
2nd row—(P. 1, k. 1) 4 times, p. 1, k. 3, * p. 1, (k. 2, p. 1) 3 times, k. 3, p. 1, (k. 2, p. 1) twice, k. 3. Repeat from * once again, p. 1, k. 2. Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows until the work measures the same up to the commencement of the armhole as on the right front, finishing at the end of a 2nd row.

Shape the Armhole as follows:—

Keeping the continuity of the rib and front border correct, cast off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next row, then decrease 1 st. at the armhole edge on every alternate row following, until 47 sts. remain.

Keeping the continuity of the rib and front border correct, proceed without further decrease until the work measures the same up to the commencement of the neck shaping as on the right front, finishing at the front edge.

Shape the neck as follows:—

Next row—(P. 1, k. 1) 4 times, p. 1. Slip these sts. on to a safety pin for the present. Work in rib to the end. Now complete as the instructions for the right front.

THE BACK

Using No. 9 needles and scarlet wool, cast on 87 sts.

1st row—Working into the back of the sts., k.
2nd row—P. 1, * k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to the end. Break off wool.

3rd row—Using daffodil wool, k.
4th row—P. 1, * k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to the end. Break off wool.

5th row—Using white wool, k.
6th row—P. 1, * k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to the end. Break off wool.

7th row—Using scarlet wool, k. Break off wool.

8th row—Using white wool, p. (Do not break off wool, as white wool is used for the remainder of the back.)

9th row—K. 1, * p. 1, k. 1. Repeat from * to the end.

10th row—P. 1, * k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to the end.

Repeat the 9th and 10th rows 5 times more.

Next row—* K. 1, p. 1, w.r.n., p. 2 tog. Repeat from * to the last 3 sts., k. 1, p. 1, k. 1.

Next row—Rib 2 sts., increase in the next st., * rib 8 sts., increase in the next st. Repeat from * to the last 3 sts., rib 3 sts. (97 sts. now on the needle.)

Change to No. 6 needles and proceed in rib as follows:—

1st row—* (P. 2, k. 1) twice, p. 3, k. 1, (p. 2, k. 1) 3 times, p. 3, k. 1. Repeat from * to the last 5 sts., p. 2, k. 1, p. 2.

2nd row—* (K. 2, p. 1) twice, k. 3, p. 1, (k. 2, p. 1) 3 times, k. 3, p. 1. Repeat from * to the last 5 sts., k. 2, p. 1, k. 2.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows until the work measures the same up to the commencement of the armholes as on the fronts, finishing at the end of a 2nd row.

Shape the Armholes as follows:—

Keeping the continuity of the rib, cast off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. at both ends of the next row and every alternate row following until 83 sts. remain.

Keeping the continuity of the rib, proceed

(Continued on page 38)

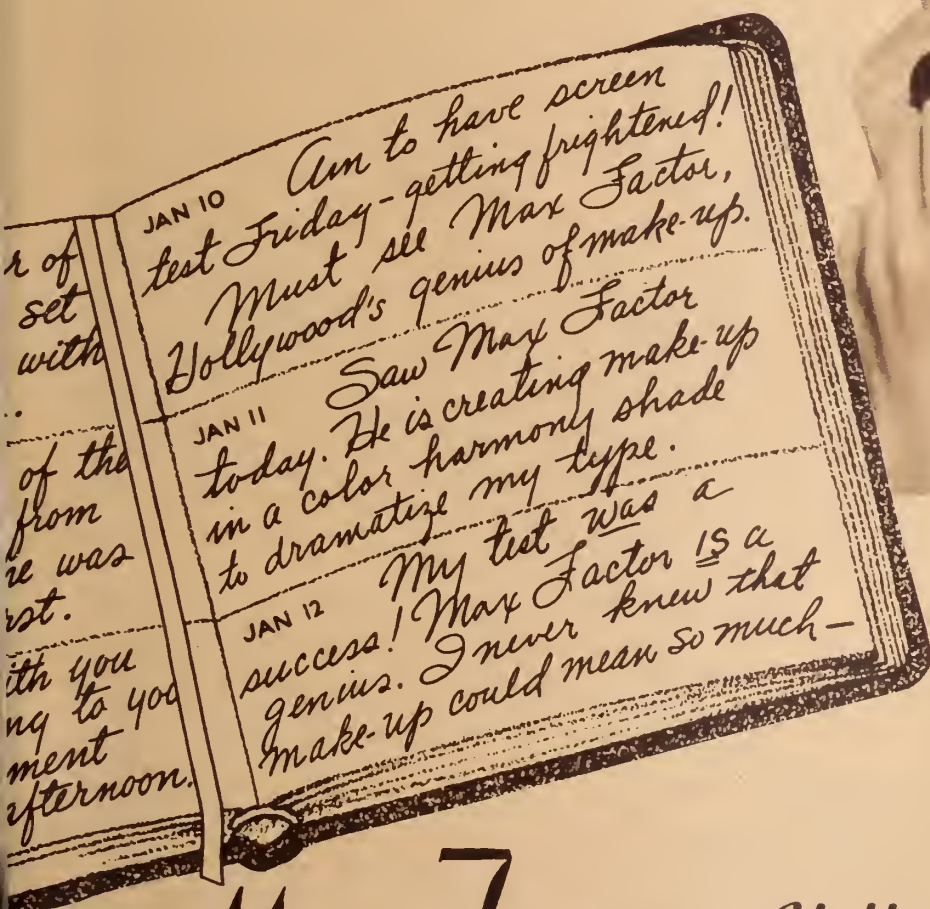
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Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Yellow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Allow ☐	LASHES	REDHEAD
Reckled ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Olive ☐	Dark ☐	
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The Story of the Film

Three
Wise Guysby
Marjory Williams

Freely based on the film, "Three Wise Guys," by permission of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Pictures, Ltd. See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 32, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.



The railway magnate received Clarabelle with a smile, admired her name, complimented Joe on having the sense to pick her as a bride, and offered drinks and cigarettes.

WITH greater success than usual, Clarabelle pulled off her customary fainting fit. The time was early evening of December 25; the place, a California-bound train. It was a propitious occasion, not only because the coach had its full complement of passengers awaiting the porter's first call to Christmas dinner. Not all Clarabelle's "faints" had so sympathetic a spectator as the dark young man with the humorous face and perfectly knotted tie, who had slipped into the vacant seat beside her two minutes before her act was due.

"Sorry if I barged into you. The engineer just found this train in his stocking, and he's not quite used to it yet," he apologized, grinning. "Merry Christmas!"

Next minute, having accomplished her faint, Clarabelle, with closed eyes, could hear her well-wisher taking charge of the situation. "A glass of water, please. Is there a doctor in the car?" The young man's inquiry could hardly have been more apt, seeing that it paved the way for Doc to come forward with: "I am a physician, sir. What appears to be the trouble?"

Clarabelle remained motionless long enough for Doc to feel her pulse and bathe her forehead. "What happened?" she asked, coming to.

"Weakened cardiac action. Partial syncope. Are you subject to these spells, my child?"

"Why, no. I—" In attempting to get up, down went her bag, according to schedule. Out fell the

usual articles, baggage check, lipstick, and purse, for Blackie, the gang's third member, to retrieve. Likeable, in spite of shady qualities, Blackie was a slick actor. Not an occupant of the full car, least of all the dark young man who had wished Clarabelle "Happy Christmas," suspected Blackie's ulterior motives as he removed the single fifty-cent coin from Clarabelle's purse and showed it to Doc.

"I don't wish to be personal," Doc remarked, "but what did you have for breakfast, young lady?"

"A cup of coffee."

"And last night?"

"Just the same. No, I'm not slimming. I'm on my way to California to get a job—if I can. I must have miscalculated expenses."

Folks, I think we ought to do something for her," Blackie announced, removing his trilby.

"Good idea! Here's ten dollars for a start, and as for the bill, you'd better forget it, my dear. Most people do," Doc said engagingly.

"Oh, but I couldn't!"

"You sit tight," the dark young man advised. He had contributed liberally, Clarabelle noticed. The trilby was full of dollar bills when it came back to her. "Let me suggest a large sustaining turkey with plum-pudding," Doc advised. Here ordinarily the act would have ended, but that was where the dark young man came in.

"And now you'll have dinner with my father and me," he announced. "Now, please. It'll be your Christmas present to me."

An hour later Clarabelle entered Doc and Blackie's compartment, radiant at glimpsing vistas of a new world opening up before her.

"Phew! If Mr. Joe E. Hatcher, son of old man Hatcher, railway magnate, isn't a fast worker!" was her comment.

"Nice going kid," Blackie approved, looking up from his deck of cards. "Young Joe's last breach-of-promise suit cost his dad fifty thousand dollars; so it's up to you, honey."

"Well, he can take a poor friendless girl under his wing and devote his days to falling in love with her, can't he?"

Clarabelle could afford to chaff, for there had been that added something in Joe's personality putting the sparkle into life. His generosity in getting her employed at Magnin's fashionstore, Los Angeles, realized her ambition of becoming a mannequin. Parading at a New Year dress show in bridal attire of unsophisticated spotted muslin, she won Joe's admiration to such an extent that he called for her salary to be quadrupled. She received the advance never dreaming that, when the manager had not unnaturally refused to make one, Joe had insisted on making up the difference. Life these days would have sent her spirits skyrocketing had it not been for Blackie's jealousy.

"Well, you wanted me to get off with Joe; so why complain?" she inquired over the phone on which he had taken to calling her at all hours. "No, I can't come out to-night; we're going to a show. Nor to-morrow; we're seeing the big fight. . . . Very well, Wednesday, then. . . . Dinner at my apartment. Good-bye."

She found that she grudged putting on an elegant model, in silver lamé with cerise sash, for Blackie. "What are you doing with Hatcher?" he asked suspiciously as she poured coffee.

"Nothing. He still calls me Miss Brooks."

"Listen! I wish you could put a move on with the dough. Doc and I didn't do too well at the races."

"I'm not so flush myself till my next cheque comes along."

Blackie could be very winning in a sentimental mood, but for once Clarabelle found his queerly shaped face, with its thatch of hair, unwelcome as he leaned over to take her two hands. "Gee, kid! I'm

crazy about you," he said thickly. If only we could get fifty grand out of the old mau, we'd take a trip to Havana to relax—just you and me."

"Nice, relaxing with a revolution. . . . Oh, the phone! I'll answer it. She was half afraid Joe was calling. His voice came over cheerily. "Hello! How's the headache?"

"Terrible. I'm just going to bed."

"Let me give you a treatment. I'm in the lobby."

"No—no, you mustn't come up, please."

"Darn fool! He won't stay out. If I said I'd got scarlet fever, he'd have come," she grumbled, though her heart beat joyously. "Get in the bedroom, Blackie."

"Right. You get rid of him."

"I will."

He came in laden with a pyramid of fruit, a cellophane box disclosing hot-house blooms, and a white carnation in his buttonhole. "Nothing I don't know about headaches," he alleged.

"Take that little thingummy-bob that goes on the top of your dress off and get down on the divan while I leave my coat. That's it. Stretch out. Now, where's the headache?"

"Don't pommell me like that! What's the difference in headaches?"

"Everything in the world. Across the brows, a cold. Top of the head, indigestion. Back of the head, nerves."

"That's mine, I guess."

He made her turn over and pounded vigorously on her back. Next minute she felt herself lifted off the floor. "There," he encouraged. "You're better already. What you need is fresh air. We ride to-morrow at ten. To-night the moon's out. Open car—Roosevelt Highway—the ocean. Marvellous." It was too tempting. "Wait till I get a wrap," she urged and, turning on the wireless, reached the bedroom in safety.

"Ease him out. Tell him you're going to bed," Blackie insisted.

You don't know him. He's liable to come in here, and put me to bed. If you don't want him to find you here, let me get a move on. I won't be long." But neither did she, as she was soon to find, know Joe.

(Continued on page 28)



See
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As the car slipped by the silver pathway of moon on water, he drew her to him.

"How about getting married, kid?" More than search warrants, thoughts of Blackie prompted her answer. "Oh, no! You really ought to ask your father first."

"Why; he didn't consult me when he got married. There's a J.P. at Palm Springs. Just the place for a honeymoon."

She let herself be persuaded. None the less, she couldn't make up her mind to tell Doc the truth, reminding herself that it wouldn't be fair to Blackie. The hotel at Palm Springs certainly was an ideal honeymoon place. Clarabelle woke early in the replica of a cottage bedroom. The oddness of seeing Joe's slippers beside a pair of mules, purchased at the hotel shop, wore off by breakfast time. If only she could have unreservedly enjoyed Joe's manifest adoration! It seemed that, in the course of those first few blissful days together, if suddenly he were to leave her, life would cease.

To find Blackie and explain the situation, she decided would be the wisest thing; but, after all, it was he who surprised her by appearing in the living-room of the cottage suite, mercifully when Joe was absent.

"Blackie!" she cried, forestalling his greeting. "I must talk to you; but not here. I've been trying to get you on the 'phone, but you were never at the hotel."

"I know all about everything. Doc and I've been trailing you ever since you left. We fell in with old man Hatcher; not that he knew where his precious boy was, but I saw your name in the hotel register, 'Joseph M. Hatcher and wife,' with a flourish under it."

"But that doesn't say what I want to tell you, Blackie."

"Meaning you're in love."

"Yes."

"And from now on you're through with the racket—want to go straight, eh?"

"That's it. A hundred per cent."

"You double-crossing little fool. Don't forget you've to reckon with me." Undoubtedly Blackie would have said more in the same vein, if Doc and Joe, with every appearance of good fellowship between them, had not been seen and heard in the lobby. Not for the first time, Clarabelle was deeply thankful for Doc's power of impersonation. Now that she saw him, so to speak, from the other side of a border-line, she admired all the more his appearance as a respected member of the medical profession.

"Yes—yes—yes. I'm on a case here. Very serious. A possible amputation," she heard him say. He congratulated Clarabelle on her appearance and Joe on the married state, and added: "I suppose father has given his blessing, eh? Seeing that he is in Palm Springs."

"Not yet, but we'll tell him after lunch," Joe affirmed. "Fancy the old blighter being here. Give him time to have a round of golf and it's safe to tell him anything. To Clarabelle's relief, Doc and Blackie talked of going. "We'll be seeing you. We'll drop in from time to time," Blackie added.

"Funny how we keep bumping into those two," Joe commented when they were alone. "You want

THE STORY of the

to be careful how you pick up people in trains."

"You picked me up in a train," Clarabelle challenged.

They were lunching in one of the delightfully shady alcoves by the hotel swimming pool when a bell-boy, calling Mr. Joe Hatcher, said: "Your father would like to see you at once in his suite."

"Don't get stampeded," Joe advised. "He'll rip your family tree, root and branch, but slip him a little kiss and everything will be all right."

Clarabelle found that her fears were hardly justified. The railway magnate received her with a smile, admired her name, complimented Joe on having the sense to pick her as a bride, and offered drinks and cigarettes.

"By the way," he said pleasantly. "Clarabelle, my dear, I'm sure you realise that marriage is an expensive luxury—children to think of—their education, and so on. I shouldn't like you to be under the delusion that Joe has money, because he hasn't; not a dollar, except the five hundred a week he has from me, and that stops from to-day."

"But, dad, you don't mean—How are we going to live?"

"That's your business, Joe. You have the inspiration of a beautiful and charming wife. This is your big opportunity, and for Clarabelle, too. She may be able to make a man out of you. I haven't, so far. And now 'Good-bye and good luck!'"

In the coming months Clarabelle was to receive a yet greater shock. Secretly she had always believed in love, although up to the time of meeting Joe a hand-to-mouth existence had discouraged the idea that love and poverty could cohabit. Nearly a year wedded to Joe, who, after spending his cash-in-hand in travel, tried unsuccessfully to farm for a living, they were as much in love as ever. His inexhaustible good temper and sense of humour were partly responsible. Her husband's aptitude for seeing the funny side of such mishaps as the disappearance of their uninsured farm-building in a fire saved Clarabelle from depression.

Joe had obtained a clerkship with a Mr. Ambersham, general manager of the Pennsylvania Electric Plant, when Clarabelle summoned courage to refer to her fainting act. They were lying among the hay under the new moon, close to the barn, their present habitat, rented from a humane Dutchman, by name Baumgarten. Deliberately Clarabelle made confession, her hands plucking at straws, while Joe lay full-length, his eyes closed.

"The game was for me to take you over the jumps and then make your father settle," she said, "and then—I fell in love with you and I couldn't go through with it," she finished.

So far, Joe had not spoken, but Clarabelle had seen his grip tighten on a handful of hay when his father's name was mentioned. He sat up and looked at his watch. "By jove!" he remarked. "I must have dozed off. Is that the time?"

"I told Blackie I couldn't, and he said I'd double-crossed him,"

FILM—Continued

Clarabelle added. "Are you listening Joe?"

"I've got to go to work," he answered steadily. "Ambersham's giving me a raise, and the first thing he asked me to do on the strength of it was to go back this evening and get him out a new list of the company's stock-holders. Care to go to a movie while I'm gone? You'll miss the bus if you don't hurry." How like Joe!

Little did she think that before the evening was over she was to appear in Mr. Ambersham's office, holding the cheap, flower-trimmed hat so much admired by Joe, and hear him accused of belonging to a gang which had wrecked the safe and got away with six thousand dollar's worth of bearer bonds.

"Probably their finger-man, I shouldn't wonder," a police officer rapped out.

"You can't say that. Just because you found him near the safe in a state of collapse after the raid doesn't prove he's a thief." Clarabelle contested. Reply was curt. "I'll lock him up, anyway, pending investigation."

"You'd better," Mr. Ambersham supplied. "I've been in touch with his landlord, who tells me Hatcher's so hard up he's renting a derelict barn."

Clarabelle's last impression of Joe, as he was handcuffed and hustled to the door, was hearing him in futile and heated argument about wages. "Five days' pay due is four dollars and fifty cents times five. That's twenty dollars and eighty-five cents. D'you mind paying it over to my wife?"

"We'll hold the pay till the matter of bonds is settled," Mr. Ambersham returned.

Autumn dwindling into winter marked for Clarabelle the dwindling of her hopes. Upon one thing she was determined. Joe, up river serving sentence for a crime he had never committed, should never know of his wife's loneliness and fears over the child soon to be born.

On Christmas-eve she woke from an unhappy doze in the lower of two bunks that served as bedroom. Terrified, she heard voices outside—

familiar voices. With eyesight misted by pain, she saw on the threshold a familiar figure and struggled to a sitting position to greet the one man whose medical knowledge, being not all fake, could help her.

"Doc!"
"My dear child! You here—alone on Christmas-eve." Even in private life, Doc still clung to the manner that removed him so far from the gangster type. "Is it possible our Clarabelle has been deserted—left unprotected?"

The grandiose note broke when she told him the truth. "Wait; I'll be back," he urged. "Blackie and Murchison are outside. You remember Murchison? He's only just out of hospital after a safe-cracking job, and able to tell us where he hid the stuff. Six thousand dollars' worth of bearer bonds, hidden in a satchel and buried outside here. Blackie's getting it now."

"Blackie! I must see Blackie." Whenever pain left her, Clarabelle held tightly to that idea. At long last, he bent over her. He was literally blue with cold, but his eyes were tender as he said: "Nice time you kept us waiting. Gee! The kid's a funny looking mug, ain't he?"

"They've got Joe in gaol," she managed to say. "He's doing time for taking the stuff you've just come to get. Blackie, I love him. I can't live without him. You've got to get him out. Please! I love him so."

"Sure, kid." She closed her eyes with delightful languor, conscious that, before he left, Blackie touched her moist forehead with his lips. She knew Blackie. No need for her peace of mind to picture the scene which actually took place in the landlord's living-room, where an amazed Mr. Baumgarten found himself in temporary possession of bonds to be returned to their lawful owner with the trenchant request of three wise guys: "Get Joe Hatcher released."

"Exactly two years ago today..." Joe was saying. The time was early evening of December 25; the place a California-bound train. Clarabelle, taking Joseph, jun., from the arms of his nurse, awaited grandfather's verdict.

"Fine kid! Takes after me, don't you think?..." And I said there was no such thing as Santa Claus," the magnate modestly remarked.

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Previews

CRITICISMS of the LATEST FILMS

MY memories—which are admittedly vague—of J. Fenimore Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans* do not accord too well with this screen version which tends at times, to belittle the British in their struggle with the French and concentrates on the plain horse-sense of the "colonials" as represented by Randolph Scott as Hawkeye a Scout.

One is not too convinced either by the action which is colourful enough but tends to be very highly coloured and stilted in dialogue.

I think perhaps it is the detail work that is at fault. George B. Seitz has missed the thrill of the adventure, the scouting, the woodcraft and so on and concentrated more on romance.

It is certainly put over with good spectacular effect and the scenic qualities are effective.

Randolph Scott makes a virile if rather wooden hero as Hawkeye a Scout who falls in love with Colonel Munro's daughter Alice.

The Colonel who has been ordered to hold Fort William against the French—a policy which Hawkeye derides—is played efficiently by Hugh Buckler, whilst Alice who at first distrusts Hawkeye but eventually agrees with his non-interference policy is well characterised by Binnie Barnes.

As her sister Cora, who is captivated by the charms of a Mohican chieftain's son, Uncas and who eventually dies with him when they are being chased by hostile Indians, Heather Angel is somewhat nebulous.

Philip Reed is suitably calm and noble as Uncas.

Another suitor to Alice's hand, Major Duncan Heyward, is played in a manner that reminded me irresistibly of Clive Brook at his grimmest, by Henry Wilcoxon. He pictures him as an obstinate and unreasoning officer who hates Hawkeye but eventually tries to give his life for him because he realises Alice loves him.

Bruce Cabot is effective as Magua, a treacherous spy who has been beaten by the Colonel and tries to get revenge on the fall of Fort William by capturing his daughters. Heyward and Hawkeye go to the rescue and the usual struggle as to who should sacrifice himself for their safety takes place. In this instance both are saved.

The siege of the Fort is well depicted but the characters never really come to life, there is an air of artificiality which pervades the entire atmosphere.

Juveniles, however, should find it most acceptable.

THE MAN WHO CHANGED HIS MIND

Frankly pseudo-scientific hokum with an ingenious central idea which would have been more enter-

taining if it had been treated as comedy. As it is, the melodrama is very fantastic and incredible with too much emphasis on the weird experiments of an unbalanced scientist.

The theme implies that a certain Dr. Laurience perfects a method of exchanging one man's soul for another.

He gets a young doctor, Clare Wyatt, who had known him in Genoa before his claims had been ridiculed, to work with him.

Her lover, Dick Haslewood, a reporter and son of Lord Haslewood, a prominent newspaper proprietor, follows her to the eerie house where Laurience works.

He gets a story in the papers and his father who boasts of his contributions to science persuades Laurience to come and take charge of the famous Haslewood Institute for scientific research. When finally Laurience addresses a body of noted scientists on his discoveries, he is laughed at and later is asked by Haslewood to leave.

However, he seizes his opportunities and changes Haslewood's soul with that of a hopeless cripple, Clayton, who is his only friend. During this experiment Haslewood, in the person of Clayton, dies and Clayton carries on in Haslewood's body.

He reinstates Laurience who has decided to marry Clare, since she will have nothing to do with his black magic.

He decides to project his own soul into the body of Dick Haslewood and makes plans to trap his victim.

He has first to kill Clayton who has discovered that Haslewood's body is diseased and is also anxious to find another more healthy retreat.

He leaves clues which point clearly to himself, Laurience, as the murderer, knowing that when he conducts his transference his own soul will be safely in Dick's body.

He succeeds in trapping Dick but Clare learning of his diabolical

design is in time to effect another switch-over before Dick in the body of Laurience who has fallen from a window, dies.

The only really clever part of the picture is the sequence in which Clayton in Haslewood's body takes on the duties of the late newspaper proprietor.

Frank Cellier is brilliant as Haslewood and manages when he is supposed to have Clayton's soul to give an impression of that man's personality.

Clayton, by the way, is very well enacted by Donald Calthrop.

It is these scenes which suggests in what an extremely amusing manner the idea could have been developed.

Boris Karloff is sufficiently sinister and impressive as Laurience without any aid from hideous make-up.

Anna Lee hardly suggests the earnest young scientist, Clare, but she has charm and makes an attractive heroine.

John Loder is sound as Dick Haslewood.

The production qualities are good but the musical accompaniments to the unholy experiments are somewhat ear-rending.

THE KING STEPS OUT

While in essentials this is a conventional comic opera of the stage variety it has three important factors which make up for its paucity of plot.

In the first place, Grace Moore is in excellent voice, secondly Fritz Kreisler's music is exceedingly melodious—the film is based on the only operetta "Cissy," he has ever written—and thirdly Josef von Sternberg's direction is pictorially good and artistic.

I think lovers of good music will thoroughly appreciate the star's latest offering.

The story deals with Helena, one of the Duke of Bavaria's numerous daughters whom the Empress of Austria decides shall marry her son Francis Josef.

She, however, is in love with Palfi, a young officer and her sister Cissy determines that she shall not be sacrificed for the Empress' ambitions.

So when they go to Court, Cissy contrives to meet Francis Josef, who has never seen either of them, in the guise of a seamstress.

She wins him over and then Helena accuses her of wanting to be the Empress herself.

Josef invites Cissy to dine with

him and learning her identity and her eligibility he manages with the help of the Duke to over-ride the Empress' wishes.

Grace Moore puts plenty of spirit and humour into her part as Cissy and brings character to the role.

Franchot Tone is not, however, particularly well cast as Josef, although he gets a good deal of his charm of manner and personality into the role.

As the Duke, Walter Connolly is very good and Herman Bing highly amusing as an innkeeper.

The conventional Ruritanian nature of the plot gives little scope for surprise but there is a certain naive charm throughout and the players see to it that one is kept well entertained by their evident sincerity and polished performances.—L.C.

THE TEXAS RANGERS

Another indication that Western and action pictures are on the up-grade is supplied by this extremely well developed and highly thrilling picture which has been directed forcefully by King Vidor.

But while fast-moving action is the mainspring of the production it does not rely for entertainment on that alone; characters are well drawn, there is plenty of humour with strong convincing drama and a sprinkling of sincere and restrained sentiment.

Its main fault—and it is an easy one to remedy—is that it runs to too much length; it should be cut by at least twenty minutes.

The acting honours are divided equally between Jack Oakie and Lloyd Nolan, the first as a bandit who becomes a Texas Ranger and reforms, and the latter as a thorough-going desperado. They are both excellent in their respective characterisations.

The hero is Fred MacMurray, who puts up a good performance as Jim Hawkins, a robber in partnership with Wahoo (Jack Oakie) and Sam (Lloyd Nolan). They are separated, and, in search of food, Jim and Wahoo join the Texas Rangers meaning to use their positions to help them in their banditry.

They rescue a child, David, from Indians, and he is handed over to the charge of Amanda, Major Bailey's daughter, who is quickly attracted by Jim.

The pair meet up with Sam again, and arrange to pull off some coups, but a desperate battle with Indians changes Jim's and Wahoo's ideas about the Rangers.

Jim, to whom Amanda has confessed her love, urged by Wahoo, goes to bring a notorious criminal, who is running a town, to trial. He succeeds, but changes his mind about handing the authority over to Sam which he had originally intended to do. The pair part friends.

But soon Sam becomes notorious, and Jim is asked to go and bring him in. He refuses and resigns, but is promptly arrested because it has become known that he was once Sam's partner.

To help Jim, Wahoo decides to take French leave and trap Sam, but is shot in the attempt. Hearing this, Jim begs to be released so that he can capture the murderer. After an exciting chase he succeeds in his mission.

Jean Parker is delightfully naive and fresh as Amanda and Edward Ellis is sound as Major Bailey.

There is a big spectacular sweep about the fights with Indians and the background generally is most picturesque.

As a whole it is an excellent example of the Western at its best and most up-to-date.—Lionel Collier.



Fred MacMurray, Benny Bartlett and Jack Oakie in "The Texas Rangers."

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REVIEWS

The PICTUREGOER'S
quick reference index to
films just released

****MODERN TIMES

**THE THREE WISE GUYS

**INJUSTICE

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*THE DRAG-NET

c**TIMBER WAR

ELIZA COMES TO
STAY

What the asterisks mean—

**** An outstanding feature.

*** Very good. ** Good.

* Average entertainment. c Also
suitable for children.

****MODERN TIMES

United Artists. American. "U" certificate.
Comedy. Runs 89 minutes

CHARLES CHAPLIN.....A Tramp
PAULETTE GODDARD.....A Gamine
HENRY BERGMAN.....A Café Proprietor
CHESTER CONKLIN.....A Mechanic
STANLEY SANDFORD.....The Burglars
HANK MANN
LOUIS NATHEUX
ALLEN GARCIA

President of a Steel Corporation
Written, directed and produced by Charles
Chaplin. Previewed February 29, 1936.

So much has been written about this Chaplin opus during its long runs at the Tivoli and Marble Arch Pavilion that it seems redundant to go very deeply into it again. I dealt with it at length in our issue of February 29, to which I would refer readers who want fuller details than I have space to give here.

In my opinion, it is the best thing Chaplin has done. He has been accused of using old-fashioned technique because he has not introduced dialogue. Personally, I have always regarded Chaplin as a clown—the very prince of clowns, if you will—and the clown should use pantomime and not rely on dialogue for his effects.

It would be true to say that all the gags he has introduced are not new; but, on the other hand, they are approached from a new angle, and we still have the pathetic and yet riotously funny little character which has stood for a symbol of Chaplin's genius for so many years.

Chaplin's theme is the triumph of individualism over the conditions which a machine age seeks to force upon it.

Thus we have the soul-destroying idea of the machine in the earlier sequences and the eventual escape of Chaplin as the wage slave, together with the little girl whom he befriends.

Briefly, the story is as follows.

Charlie, a worker employed in a steel plant, is reduced by routine to a robot. The monotony of his task destroys his spirit and nerve, and he finishes up in hospital. On his discharge he unwittingly becomes

by Lionel COLLIER



Charlie Chaplin in "Modern Times"

involved in a labour riot and is thrown into gaol. Later, by luckily thwarting a gaol break, he is rewarded with all the comforts of home, but his brief happiness comes to an end when he is given his pardon.

An orphan waterfront waif escapes from juvenile welfare officers, and she and Charlie make contact following his dismissal from a shipyard. She is arrested for stealing food, but although Charlie attempts to take the blame, he meets with no success. Eager to return to gaol, he enters a café and consumes a meal for which he cannot pay, and when he is again arrested he meets the girl in the police wagon.

They escape, and after Charlie loses another job, this time as night watchman in a department store, the two find joint occupation as cabaret dancer and singing waiter respectively. Their success is stifled by the unexpected appearance of the police, but they manage to make a getaway and fade out of the picture trudging life's highway together.

Chaplin triumphs as an actor, composer, director, and author. Perhaps his greatest effort is a song he sings in a language of his own, accompanied by some mimicry which is the quintessence of clowning.

Paulette Goddard is excellent as the heroine. She expresses the vivacious gamine with a wholly captivating charm and vitality.

My one complaint is the introduction of needless sub-titles, and I do feel that speech could have been sparingly utilised—not by the star—to preserve the continuity.

**THE THREE WISE GUYS

M.G.M. American. "A" certificate.
Romantic comedy drama. Runs 73 minutes.

ROBERT YOUNG.....Joe
BETTY FURNES.....Clarabelle
RAYMOND WALBURN....."Doc"
THURSTON HALL.....Hatcher
BRUCE CABOT....."Blackie"
DONALD MEEK.....Gribble
HERMAN BING.....Banngarten
HARVEY STEPHENS.....Ambersham
HARRY TYLER.....Yegg

Directed by George B. Seitz. Based on a story by
Daman Runyan. For story freely based on the
film by Marjory Williams, see page 26.

While not particularly plausible, this picture, which presents a regeneration theme with humour, some drama, wit, and a little sentiment, provides good entertainment.

The cast, which is a sound one, gives full value to the characterisations and, as a whole, the production has its full share of whimsicality and versatility.

The story appears on another page in this issue, so I will not detail it here.

Robert Young, who is rapidly becoming one of the most popular juvenile leads, plays the role of Joe, who marries a girl, a member of a band of confidence tricksters who are out to trim him, with a lightness and abandon that is refreshingly sincere.

As the heroine, Clarabelle, Betty Furness is provocative and wholly captivating, while, as the other members of the gang, Raymond Walburn, as "Doc," and Bruce Cabot, as "Blackie," are excellent.

The supporting players are very well cast and all turn in neat characterisations.

**INJUSTICE

First National. American. "A" certificate.
Prison melodrama. Runs 64 minutes.

DONALD WOODS.....James Larrabee
KAY LINAKER.....Barbara Winston
CARLYLE MOORE, JUN.....Bob Gordon
HENRY O'NEILL.....George Winston
JOSEPH KING.....Metcalf
ADDISON RICHARDS.....Warden Parmenter
JOSEPH CREHAN.....Shields
CHARLES MIDDLETON.....Mine Warden
OLIN HOWLAND.....Doctor
WILLIAM DAVIDSON.....Marsden
HARRY CORDING.....Sam Dawson
MARC LAWRENCE.....Pete
EDDIE SHUBERT.....Buck Draper
ED VAN SLOAN.....Dudley
BEN HENDRICKS.....Policeman
TOM MANNING.....Jailer
ED LE SAINT.....Judge
GEORGE LLOYD.....Gorilla
TOM WILSON.....Bull
CONSTANTIN ROMANOFF.....Tangleye
JOHN LEWIN.....Old Convict

Directed by Louis King.

A conventional story of political intrigue and treachery is used to form the framework upon which to hang a scathing indictment of the appalling conditions still existing in many American prisons.

James Larrabee, a budding journa-



Shirley Temple and Guy Kibbee in
"Captain January"

list, is framed on a shooting charge by Metcalf, the leader of a gang of political crooks, and is sent to gaol, where he suffers many cruelties. He is finally released through the efforts of his girl, Barbara Winston, and his enemy is brought to justice.

A pocket edition of *I Am a Fugitive*, the story is too strong meat to appeal to the squeamish, but it is told with a strength and sincerity that are impressive, and thrills and excitement abound from start to finish. The stamp of authenticity is conspicuous in all the prison sequences and the picture provides stimulating entertainment.

Donald Woods is entirely con-

vincing as the young journalist, and Kay Linaker is both attractive and intelligent as the heroine. Joseph King makes the villain a most plausible scoundrel, and the supporting cast are all entirely in character.

c**CAPTAIN JANUARY

Twentieth-Century-Fox. American. "U" certificate. Comedy-drama. Runs 77 minutes.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE.....Star
GUY KIBBEE.....Captain January
SLIM SUMMERVILLE.....Captain Nazro
JUNE LANG.....Mary Marshall
BUDDY EBSEN.....Paul Roberts
SARA HADEN.....Agatha Morgan
JANE DARWELL.....Eliza Croft
JERRY TUCKER.....Cyril Morgan
NELLA WALKER.....Mrs. John Mason
GEORGE IRVING.....John Mason
JAMES FARLEY.....Deputy Sheriff
SI JENKS.....Old Sailor
JOHN CARRADINE.....East Indian
Directed by David Butler, from a story by
Laurie E. Richards. Previewed August 22, 1936.

A picture designed to show the versatility of Shirley Temple and which will prove exceedingly acceptable to her numerous following.

She dances, sings, and mimes with the assurance of an old trouser and yet manages to preserve that essential unsophistication which is necessary to complete her appeal. There is naturally a touch of precocity about her, but the facility with which she performs helps to conceal it.

She does not in this instance have to bear quite all the weight of the picture, as in some of her previous productions.

Two excellent performances come from Guy Kibbee and Slim Summerville, who is, for once in a way, given a really human character to depict.

The former is cast as a kindly old lighthouse-keeper, Captain January, who has brought up six-year-old Star, who was rescued from the seas as a baby when her mother was drowned. Mrs. Morgan, a new truant officer, tries to have Star removed to an institution on the ground that she is not being brought up properly, but an examination proves Star to be intelligent and educated beyond her years.

However, January is informed that, as automatic equipment is being installed in the lighthouse, his services will no longer be needed, and, fearing that Star will be taken from him now that he is out of a job and can no longer support her, he puts out to sea with her; but Mrs. Morgan, armed with a court order, follows and takes the child.

Meanwhile, Captain Nazro, January's friend, who is a lighthouse-inspector, telegraphs to Star's uncle and aunt, whose address he has found in Star's trunk, and they arrive in the nick of time to save the child. And as they find Star is unhappy without January, they charter a yacht with him as captain and all Star's friends in the crew.

The production is very well staged and, in spite of the highly conventional nature of the plot, provides good entertainment for the family.

c**TIMBER WAR

Butchers. American. "U" certificate. Out-door melodrama. Runs 50 minutes.

KERMIT MAYNARD.....Jim Dolan
LUCILLE LUND.....Sally Martin
LAWRENCE GREY.....Larry Keene
ROBERT WARWICK.....Ferguson
WHEELER OAKMAN.....Murdock
LLOYD INGRAM.....O'Leary
ROGER WILLIAMS.....Bowen
PATRICIA ROYAL.....Secretary
JIM PIERCE.....Braden

Directed by Sam Newfield.

A full-blooded, unpretentious melodrama of the lumber country, in which authentic scenes of work are cleverly blended with exciting incidents, this is a sound,

(Continued on page 34)

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REVIEWS—Continued

straightforward picture. The story deals with the efforts of Ferguson, the unscrupulous manager of a lumber company, to wreck the organisation to the benefit of a rival concern in whose pay he is.

When trouble starts, Sally Martin, the joint proprietor of the mill, is helped by Jim Dolan, a friend of her ne'er-do-well partner. After many exciting encounters with the sinister Ferguson and his minions, Dolan triumphs and puts the company on the road to prosperity, winning the hand of the fair Sally in the process.

Kermit Maynard, as the muscular hero, plays both literally and metaphorically with a punch, Lucille Lund is attractive and sincere as the heroine, and Robert Warwick makes Ferguson as dastardly a villain as ever schemed the downfall of an innocent business girl.

There is plenty of action to the story, which moves along fast and smoothly, and should undoubtedly appeal both to youngsters and to those who prefer adventure to sophistication.

*THE DRAG-NET

Pathe. American. "A" certificate. Crime drama. Runs 66 minutes.

ROD LA ROCQUE.....Larry Thomas, Jun.
MARION NIXON.....Kit
BETTY COMFON.....Mollie Cole
JACK ADAIR.....Joe Ross
JOHN DILSON.....Arnold Crane
EDWARD KEANE.....Arthur Hill
DONALD KERR.....Al Wilson
JOSEPH W. GIRARD.....Thomas Harrison
JOHN BANTRY.....Fred Cole
ED LE SAINT.....Lawrence Thomas, Sen.
ALLEN MATTHEWS.....Spike Miller
SID PAYNE.....Head Waiter
Directed by Vin Moore from a stage play by Willard Mack.

Rod La Rocque still possesses much of the quietly humorous personality which made him so popular in silent films, and he uses it to advantage in this unpretentious crime drama, which is clear if not remarkable in plot and competently directed.

He is cast as Larry, dilettante son of a banker, who is made an assistant district attorney, and becomes the unwilling investigator in the case of an unknown woman found murdered at a café. With the help of Kit, a society reporter, Larry discovers the woman to be Mollie Cole, one of a ring of gamblers, whose agent, Hill, is employed in the D.A.'s office.

Hill, attempting to double-cross Larry, is found by him dying after a struggle with Molly's husband, who has broken gaol to avenge himself on his wife's murderer. Private investigation and Hill's confession enable Larry to get the handcuffs on the gamblers and propose to Kit.

It is all rather familiar stuff, but the underworld atmosphere is effectively suggested and the supporting cast quite adequate.

Marion Nixon is quite attractive as the heroine.

*TWO IN REVOLT

Radio. American. "U" certificate. Drama with canine interest. Runs 64 minutes.

JOHN ARLEDGE.....John
LOUISE LATIMER.....Gloria
MORONI OLSEN.....Benton
HARRY JANS.....Crane
WILLIE BEST.....Eph
MURRAY ALPER.....Andy
ETHAN LAIDLAW.....Bill
EMMETT VOGAN.....Mason
MAX WAGNER.....Davis
"Lightning".....The Dog
"Warrior".....The Horse
Directed by Glenn Tryon.

Best described as an animal act, this picture, which deals with the friendship of a colt and a dog, has a simple charm in spite of its essential naïvete.

The backgrounds against which the action takes place is picturesque and the development is steady, culminating in a spectacular racing thrill.

The "acting" honours are stolen by Warrior, a thoroughbred colt owned by Benton, a big racing man, and Lightning, a half-bred dog owned by John, Benton's trainer, who become friends from birth. When Warrior is a two-year-old, crooks try to steal him, and he runs into the wilds, later to be followed by Lightning.

The crooks give chase, but they are repeatedly thwarted by Lightning, until John arrives somewhat belatedly on the scene. Later, Warrior, spurred on by the encouraging barking of Lightning, wins a big race, and his victory leads to Benton blessing the romance between his daughter and John.

There is not a great deal of surprise element, but the animals are well introduced and the human artistes put up creditable performances.

*SHIPMATES O' MINE

Butcher. British. "U" certificate. Comedy-drama. Runs 86 minutes.

JOHN GARRICK.....Jack Denton
JEAN ADRIENNE.....Lorna Denton
DEREK BLUMFIELD.....Tommy Denton
GUY DIXON.....at different ages
RICHARD HAYWARD.....Mike Dooley
MARK DALY.....Andrew McFee
WALLACE LUPINO.....Bill Webb
FRANK ATKINSON.....Oliver Bright
CYNTHIA STOCK.....Angelina Bright
JOHN TURNBULL.....Capt. Roberts
NAVARRÉ.....Alan
PATRICK COLBERT.....George
GORDON LITTLE.....Dick Richards
JACK HODGES.....Jim
HORACE SHELDON'S ORCHESTRA.
POLLY WARD.
THE RADIO MALE VOICE CHOIR.
SHERMAN FISHER GIRLS.
Directed by Oswald Mitchell.

The outstanding performer in this simple mixture of song and sentiment is Patrick Colbert. He renders the song, "Shipmates o' Mine," excellently.

The plot is a weak one, which introduces you to Jack Denton, popular chief officer of the *Neptune*, who distinguished himself during the war, and following his marriage is rewarded with the command of



Jean Adrienne in "Shipmates o' Mine"

his ship. Through no fault of his own, the vessel is rammed, and to save his passengers he abandons ship. Unfortunately, the *Neptune* remains afloat, and he finds himself in disgrace and out of a job.

Misfortune, in the shape of the death of his wife, stalks Jack, but eventually his son, Tommy, makes contact with his old shipmates and, thanks to the generosity of one Oliver Bright, the *Neptune* is put into commission again with Jack in command.

The proceedings generally are somewhat naïve and the sentiment strikes an old-fashioned and too familiar note.

The cast, headed by Jean Adrienne and John Garrick, do their best to put some vitality into the bare bones of the plot.

Settings are fair and include scraps with U-boats, Austrian and farm backgrounds, but none is too well lighted or photographed.

The popular sentiment and tunes will make an appeal to the unsophisticated.

*BOULDER DAM

Warner. American. "U" certificate. Melodrama. Runs 70 minutes.

ROSS ALEXANDER.....Rusty Noonan
LYLE TALBOT.....Lacey
HENRY O'NEILL.....Agnew
ELEANOR WESSELHOEFT.....Ma Vangarick
RONNIE COSBY.....Peter Vangarick
OELIN HOWLAND.....Sheriff
PATRICIA ELLIS.....Ann Vangarick
EDDIE ACUFF.....Ed. Harper
EGON BRECHER.....Pa Vangarick
WM. PAWLEY.....Wilson
GEORGE BREAKSTON.....Stan. Vangarick
JOS. CREHAN.....Boss at Dam
Directed by Frank McDonald.

A conventional story of a tough, cynical mechanic who accidentally kills his boss in a brawl and then flees to the far West, where he is helped by a girl who is an entertainer in a dance saloon. The latter manages to get him a job working on the great Boulder Dam, and he learns to take a real pride in his job.

When catastrophe threatens, he averts it by a display of great personal gallantry, but just when everything seems to point to a happy and prosperous future the problem of his crime becomes acute. However, he tells everything to his chief, who advises him to stand his trial, and not only promises him every legal aid, but also offers him a good post when he is free, and the girl promises to wait for him.

The triteness of the story is relieved by some excellent spectacular photography and the scenes which deal with the construction of the dam are extremely interesting. Ross Alexander, as the reformed mechanic, acts with an easy and natural charm, Patricia Ellis makes an attractive heroine, and a notably sound performance comes from Lyle Talbot.

*FORGOTTEN FACES

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Emotional melodrama. Runs 71 minutes.

HERBERT MARSHALL.....Harry Ashton
GERTRUDE MICHAEL.....Cleo Ashton
JAMES BURKE.....Sergeant Donovan
ROBERT CUMMINGS.....Clinton Faraday
JANE RICHES.....Sally McBride
ROBERT GLECKLER.....Mike Davidson
ARTHUR HOHL.....Hi-Jack Eddie
ALONZO PRICE.....The Warden
PIERRE WATKIN.....Mr. McBride
ALAN EDWARDS.....Steve Deland
DORA CLEMANT.....Mrs. McBride
MARY GORDON.....Mrs. O'Leary
Directed by E. A. Dupont, from a story by Richard Washburn Child.

A highly sentimental melodrama, very slowly developed, and threadbare in design and application.

Herbert Marshall is cast as Harry Ashton, a successful promoter of gambling saloons, who discovers his wife, Cleo, in the arms of another and shoots his rival dead. Before giving himself up, he takes possession of his child, Sally, and entrusts her to the good care of his friend, Police-Sergeant Donovan. Ashton then goes to prison for life, while Sally is adopted by the wealthy McBrides.

After sinking to the lowest depths, Cleo learns that Sally, now seventeen years of age, is about to marry, and she sets the stage for blackmail. Ashton, however, secures his parole, and by a clever ruse he



Ross Alexander and Patricia Ellis in "Boulder Dam"

becomes butler in the McBride home. Cleo is then tricked into calling, and a dramatic move on the part of Ashton leads to his death and Cleo's in circumstances that keep for ever from Sally the secret of her birth.

The star does his best with his part, but fails to make it live, and, while Gertrude Michael acts soundly, she suffers from the same paucity of material and opportunity.

The sentiment is terribly heavy handed and generally there is an atmosphere of bathos rather than pathos.

The production is well staged, but only the unsophisticated will find entertainment in the out-moded theme.

ELIZA COMES TO STAY

Twickenham. F. D. British. "A" certificate. Farce. Runs 69 minutes.

BETTY BALFOUR.....Eliza Vandan
SEYMOUR HICKS.....Sandy Verrall
A. R. WHATMORE.....Monty Jordan
NELSON KEYS.....Sir Gregory
VERA BOGGETT.....Vera Laurance
ELLIS JEFFREYS.....Lady Elizabeth
OSCAR ASCHE.....Herbert
With BEN WEBSTER, DIANA WARD, AGNES IMLAY, BILLY WORTH, and DONALD BURR.
Adapted from H. U. Esmond's play by G. H. Fowler Mear. Directed by Henry Edwards.

The humour of this farce is outmoded, and not all Seymour Hick's polished artistry can make it alive and vital.

The dialogue is weak and the general treatment is pedestrian and obvious.

The story deals with a certain gentleman, the Hon. Sandy Verrall, a gay bachelor, who accepts the guardianship of Eliza Vandan, daughter of a man who had saved his life in a motor accident. After proposing to Vera Laurance, an actress, to provide a mother for his adopted offspring (whom he believes to be an infant) she turns out to be unprepossessing young woman.

However, Eliza knows her way around, and after placing herself in the hands of a fashionable dress-maker she circumvents all attempts on the part of Sandy's upstage aunt, Lady Elizabeth, to marry her off to Monty Jordan, the family solicitor, and catches Sandy on the rebound when Vera jilts him for his wealthy uncle, the susceptible Sir Gregory.

The gags and stinuations are all very familiar, and they do not gain anything from the way they are staged.

Betty Balfour is not too happy in her role of Eliza, and the supporting cast do what they can in the circumstances.



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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

WHO is the RIGHT DARCY?

The Rival Claims of Gable and Gielgud

AN appalling mistake will be made if Clark Gable plays Darcy in *Pride and Prejudice*. It is a difficult part to play, for Darcy is the Archsnob of Snobs, yet must be likeable enough to attract the delightful Elizabeth Bennet. They would have done better with Hugh Williams; but the best Darcy of all would be John Gielgud, who can be aloof, disdainful and attractive all at once without any difficulty.

Since we are evidently in for an Austen-Brontë cycle, might I ask that when Miss Hepburn does a "Jane Eyre" film, as I am afraid she will, we are given Basil Rathbone as Rochester, to sugar-coat the pill? Because K-K-K-Katie in a Nova Pilbeam part is going to be very hard to take.—*Brenda Johnson, 10 Sandringham Street, York.*



John Gielgud

ideal friend—the kinema.—*T. McLaren, 38 Park Lane, Croydon, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.*

A Spoilt Programme

I have a grouse, a bad grouse, one which takes the gilt off these so-called super-kinemas. The other day on entering one I noticed that the advertised programme was completely "U." Being such a programme and a matinée performance, with cheap seats, it was well supported by the children who being on holiday were naturally the majority of its patrons.

The films were excellent and in no way to blame, unfortunately there were stage turns, one being a pair of comedians who cracked the usual smutty jokes. It seems to me that the manager of that theatre must be lacking in brains as well as decency.

He not only spoilt a good "U" programme but put that act on in a matinée. A conjuring turn would have been more appreciated. After all, if the public demand such comedians they should only be allowed to appear in the evening performance when the children are generally missing.—*Ashford Maurice, 2b Chestnut Grove, Balham, S.W.12.*

For Grumblers

I have often read letters to "The Thinker" of people complaining of their kinemas. Perhaps when they have read this, they will realise how fortunate they really are.

I was staying in a small village in Derbyshire, where the villagers looked forward to Friday night, when a man who travelled the villages came in a car with a few films.

The "kinema" was a small room adjoining the bank, and after waiting for more than half an hour for the show, which was oftener than not late, the villagers trooped in to sit on uncomfortable, backless, wooden forms, and see a very old picture.

They paid sixpence to sit on forms, and ninepence to sit on ordinary kitchen chairs. But they considered themselves lucky to be able to see a film at all, without grumbling about seats, etc!—*Miss M. Chorlton (age 13), c/o 72 Chorlton Street, Higher Openshaw, Manchester, 11.*

Raising the Price

The usual matinée prices for our local kinema are 6d. for the first batch of seats, up to the middle, and 1s. for the rest.

But when *Top Hat* came, the management put the prices up. They charged 6d. for the first few rows, 1s. for the next ones, and 1s. 6d. for the back ones.

I think it is very unfair on the public to put the prices of the seats up, when they show a good film. After all, the prices are not lowered for a bad programme.—*Phyllis Daniels (13 years), 32 The Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey.*

Credit British

I wonder to what extent British filmdom is suffering from its humble beginning? We still talk of our simpering film-heroes, but I don't suppose many could actually name the simperers of to-day. We also rake up that old charge against our producers that they adhere too closely to bedroom comedies for screen material. Are there many of these made to-day?—if so, I confess that they have missed my town. The whole truth is that we imagine many of these faults, because for years we had to endure them and do not realize, even now, that they have been remedied.

Hollywood at one time was miles ahead of us. Let us give British producers credit for making up the leeway even if they are not yet ahead of their American competitors.

Old complaints die hard in this country, don't they?—*L. Turrey, 112 Tennyson Road, Portsmouth, Southampton, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.*

Our Friend the Kinema

Most of us pass through life haunted by a sense of inner loneliness. We long for the society of one who can give us laughter, enjoyment and entertainment. But, can we ever find this ideal society? Yes. In this modern age we have an ideal friend—the kinema; a friend who is ever willing to stretch forth welcoming arms to all, to give entertainment to suit every taste.

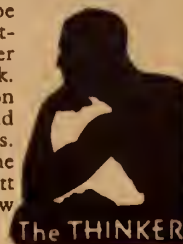
Is there any human being who can teach us about matters of etiquette so thoroughly? Who can give us such elegant ideas on dress? Who can show us to perform noble actions? Is there anyone who can relieve the monotony of drab existence so successfully and renew lost courage? Is there anyone who can take us into the Paradise of Laughter?

The kinema—our ideal friend, provides a means of relaxation from a monotonous life—to forget our sorrows—to study humanity. No other place could afford such a complete survey of mankind as the kinema. Yes, I, for one, thank you all—you big kinemas and the persons whose shadows I always see on the silver screen, my

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 rs. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.



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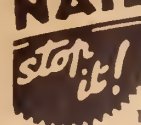
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FROM HAIRDRESSERS, CHEMISTS
AND WOOLWORTHS.

June Clyde Sets a Fashion

(continued from Page 24)

without further decrease until the work measures 6½ inches from the commencement of the armhole, finishing so that the right side of the work will be facing when working the next row.

Shape the Shoulders as follows, keeping the continuity of the rib:—

1st row—Work to the last 9 sts., turn.

2nd row—Slip 1, work to the last 9 sts., turn.

3rd and 4th rows—Slip 1, work to the last 19 sts., turn.

5th row—Slip 1, work to the last 29 sts., turn.

6th row—Slip 1, work to the last 29 sts.

Break off wool. Slip all the sts. on to one needle, turn and rejoining the wool, with the right side of the work facing, cast off as follows:

Next row—Cast off 29 sts., work the following 24 sts. in rib, there now being 25 sts. on the right-hand needle, cast off the remaining 29 sts. Break off wool. Slip the remaining 25 sts. on to a safety pin for the present.

THE SLEEVE

Using No. 9 needles and scarlet wool, cast on 38 sts. Working into the back of the sts. on the first row only, work rows 1 to 8 inclusive as worked at the commencement of the right front.

Now proceed as follows:—

Using white wool, work 16 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib, increasing 1 st. at the end of the last row. Change to No. 6 needles and using white wool, proceed in rib as follows:—

1st row—P. 3, (k. 1, p. 2) 3 times, k. 1, p. 3, (k. 1, p. 2) twice, k. 1, p. 3, (k. 1, p. 2) 3 times, k. 1, p. 3.

2nd row—K. 3, (p. 1, k. 2) 3 times, p. 1, k. 3, (p. 1, k. 2) twice, p. 1, k. 3 (p. 1, k. 2) 3 times, p. 1, k. 3.

Repeat these 2 rows twice more.

Keeping the continuity of the rib, increase at both ends of the next row and every following 6th row, until there are 65 sts. on the needle. Keeping the continuity of the rib, proceed without further increase until the work measures 17½ inches from the commencement, finishing so that the right side of the work will be facing when working the next row.

Shape the Top as follows:—

Keeping the continuity of the rib, cast off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. at both ends of the next row and every alternate row following, until 43 sts. remain. Now decrease 1 st. at both ends of the next row and every row following until 11 sts. remain. Cast off purlwise.

Work another sleeve in the same manner.

THE COLLAR

Join the shoulders of the back and fronts together. Slip the sts of the border of the right front off the safety pin on to a No. 9 needle, the point to the inside edge, join the white wool and knit up 20 sts. along the side of the neck. Slip the 25 sts. of the back on to a spare needle and then slip them on to a second spare needle, thus the point will be towards the right shoulder, p. 1, (k. 1, p. 1) 12 times across these sts., knit up 20 sts. along the side of the neck of the left front. Slip the sts. of the border of the left front on to a No. 9 needle, the point to the inside edge, k. 1, (p. 1, k. 1) 4 times across these sts. (83 sts. now on the needle.)

Now proceed as follows:—

1st row—Using white wool, p. 1, * k. 1, p. 1 Repeat from * to the end.

2nd row—K. 1, * p. 1, k. 1. Repeat from * to end.

3rd row—As the 1st row. Break off wool.

4th row—Using scarlet wool, k. Break off wool.

5th row—Using white wool, p.

6th and 7th rows—As the 2nd and 3rd rows.

8th row—Using daffodil wool, k. 4, cast off 3 sts. for a buttonhole, k. to the end.

9th row—* P. 1, k. 1. Repeat from * to the casting off, cast on 3 sts., (k. 1, p. 1) twice. Break off wool.

10th row—Using scarlet wool and working into the back of the cast on sts., k.

11th row—P. 1, * k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to the end.

Using scarlet wool, cast off in rib.

THE EMBROIDERY

Mark out each front as shown in the photograph, commencing 1½ inches from the k. 1, p. 1 ribbing at the lower edge, join together the first group of four k. 1 ribs.

Leaving 2½ inches between each "join," continue joining each group of four k. 1 ribs alternately, leaving a group of three k. 1 ribs between each stripe of "joins."

Work over these "joins" as follows:—

Using Daffodil wool and commencing at the "join" nearest to the lower edge, work over the four k. 1 ribs, drawing them together with a ½-inch loop, work several more loops in the same manner. Fasten off securely on the wrong side.

Using scarlet wool, work in the same manner over the next "join."

Using daffodil and scarlet wool alternately, work over the remaining "joins" as before.

Embroider the back and sleeves in the same manner.

MAKE-UP

Stitch the sleeves into position.

Omitting the ribbing on the lower edges of the back, fronts and sleeves, also the collar, press the work on the wrong side, using a warm iron and a damp cloth. Join the side and sleeve seams.

Make the "tufts" for fastening in the following manner:—

Cut 12 strands, each 1½ inches in length, of the daffodil and scarlet wools. Place these 24 strands both together and secure by winding white wool several times firmly round the middle. Fasten off securely. Trim the ends neatly to leave a "tuft" 1¼ inches in length. Make 6 more "tufts" in the same manner. Attach the "tufts" on to the left front to correspond with the buttonholes.

Using the crochet hook and one strand of each of the daffodil and scarlet wools together, work a cord, 36 inches in length. Fasten off. Thread the cord through the holes at the waist and finish off each end by attaching a small tassel, made as follows:—

Using the daffodil and scarlet wools, wind each of these 18 times round a piece of cardboard 2½ inches in width. Tie the wools on the cardboard firmly together and slip off the cardboard. Close the circle thus made and bind together with the cord, winding this round one end of the tassel, commencing 1 inch from the point where the tassel was tied. Stitch the cord firmly to keep it in position, stitching through the cord and tassel both together. Cut through the free end of the wool and trim neatly.

WHO'S WHO

Richard Cromwell

ANOTHER case of local boy makes good. Roy Radabaugh, to give Cromwell his real name, was born and brought up almost in the shadows of the Hollywood studios. He was running an art studio in Los Angeles when, without acting experience, he applied for, got the title rôle, and scored a success in the talkie *Tol'able David*. He has been one of Hollywood's busiest leading men ever since, his pictures including, *Emma*, *Are These Our Children?* *Tom Brown of Culver*, *The House of Connelly*, *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, *Gentlemen of the Navy*, *Life Begins*

at *Forty*, and *Poppy*. Dick will be 27 on January 8 next, is 5 ft. 10 in. tall, and weighs 140 lb.

Larry (Buster) Crabbe

ONE of the few athletic kings to make good in movies, Larry holds five world swimming records. The athlete-actor is due to make a picture in Britain shortly. He is 6 ft. 1 in. tall, weighs 188 lb., and requires five meals a day to fuel his giant body. Films: *Tarzan the Fearless*, *To the Last Man*, *Man of the Forest*, *Thundering Herd*, *Girl of My Dreams*, *Search for Beauty*, *You're Telling Me*, *Badge of Honour*, *The Oil Raider*, *Nevada*, *Drift Fence*, *Desert Gold*, *Flash Gordon*, *The Arizona Raiders*.

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for evening wear

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Name and Address of Dealer.....

P.2.

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GIVES HER MIND TO IT!



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Let GEORGE DO IT!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

D. B. (Billericay).—Addresses: Jessie Matthews, Nova Pilbeam and Desmond Tester: c/o Gaumont British Studios; Jane Withers, Shirley Temple: c/o Twentieth Century Fox Studios. Dick Powell, c/o Warner Bros. Freddie Bartholomew, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, c/o Radio Studios.

D. A. G.—I am sorry but we cannot give you a star's private address, but if you write to Jessie Matthews, c/o Gaumont British Studios, I am sure the letter will reach her. Miss Matthews was born March 11, 1907, London; 5 ft. 5 in., dark hair and eyes; mar. (1) Henry Lytton, Jr. (mar. dis.). (2) Sonnie Hale. Latest film *Head Over Heels*.

GRACIE'S FAN.—Centre spreads, etc. concerning Gracie Fields published as follows: Aug. 3, 35, *Look Up and Laugh*—centre spread. Oct. 20, 34: *Sing As We Go*—supplement. April 21, 34: *Love, Life and Laughter* supplement. Aug. 4, 34: *Ee, I Wish I was With You*—article.

B. S. (Renfrewshire).—I think the people you refer to in *Wedding Group* were Alastair Sim as Angus Graham and Naomi Plaskitt as Jessie.

ROBERT MAD.—Robert Taylor's films include: *Broadway Melody of 1936*, *Magnificent Obsession*, *Small Town Girl*, *Secret Intruder*, *His Brother's Wife*, *The Gorgeous Hussy* and *Camille*.

PUZZLED PICTUREGOER.—(1) No, you are mistaken; Preston Foster is not dead. It was Gordon Westcott who was killed in a polo match. (2) Bette Davis's name is pronounced as in Betty.

GINGER (Surrey).—(1) We did not publish a centre spread of *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer* but the story appeared in three parts in the June 8, June 15 and June 22, 1935 issues. (2) Bessie Love is married to Howard Hawks and has a daughter Patricia.

FILM FAN.—Ricardo Cortez is the widower of Alma Rubens. Write to him, c/o this Magazine.

STELLA (Liverpool).—No; Robert Donat did not play in *Captain Blood*. His latest film is *Knight Without Armour* with Marlene Dietrich.

A. J. A. (Oxford).—(1) Barbara Kent takes the part of Jeanne in *Guard That Girl*. (2) Ruby Keeler, b. Aug. 25, 1909, Halifax, Nova Scotia, 5 ft. 4 in., 105 lb. (3) Jack Oakie, b. Nov. 12, 1903, Sedalia, Mo.; 5 ft. 10 in.

FILM FAN (Blackpool).—(1) Esmond Knight took the part of Geoffrey Dawson in *Girls Will Be Boys*. (2) Frankie Darro plays the part of Blackie and Charlotte Henry that of Julia in *Baxter's Millions*.

J. P. (Scotland).—(1) Addresses: Marlene Dietrich, c/o London Films; Luise Rainer c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Paul Cavanagh c/o Twentieth Century-Fox; David Niven and Joel McCrea, c/o United Artists. (2) Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper and John Halliday took the chief parts in *Desire*.

BUCKEY KID.—(1) John Boles sang "It Happened in Monterey" in *King of Jazz* and Laura La Plante played opposite him in this film. (2) John Mills, b. Feb. 22, 1909; fair

hair and blue eyes. Latest film: *O.H.M.S.* (3) Nova Pilbeam, b. Nov. 13, 1919, Wimbledon, England; light brown hair and blue eyes. (4) Jan Kiepura, b. Sosnowiec, Poland, May 16, 1902, grey eyes, brown hair; engaged to Marthe Eggerth. Talkie debut in *The City of Song*. Magda Schneider played opposite him in *Tell Me To-night*.

MILLS FAN (Nottingham).—John Mills, b. Feb. 22, 1909; married Aileen Raymond, March, 1932; making *O.H.M.S.* and has signed to play in a film for Alexander Korda. Write to him, c/o Gaumont British Studios. At present appearing on the stage in *Aren't Men Beasts* at the Strand Theatre.

INQUISITIVE.—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are now making *Maytime*. Miss MacDonald has recently become engaged to Gene Raymond.

M. R. (Durham).—Write to Jane Withers and Shirley Temple, c/o Twentieth Century Fox Studios.

ANXIOUS SPRINGBOK (S. Africa).—(1) Paul Robeson's latest film is *The Song of Freedom*. (2) Elisabeth Bergner's latest films are *As You Like It* and *Dreaming Lips*. (2) Birthdates: Elisabeth Bergner, b. Aug. 1900; Myrna Loy, b. Aug. 2, 1905; Conrad Veidt, b. Jan. 22, 1893. (3) Renate Muller has not made any films for some time now.

N. G. J. (Woodford).—Allan Jones, b. Scranton, Pa., on Oct. 14, 1908, 6 ft. tall, 175 lb., brown hair and eyes, married Irene Hervey. He inherits his fine singing voice from his Welsh father, Mr. Daniel H. Jones, who had him trained early for a singing career. Warner Bros. are thinking of remaking *The Desert Song* with Mr. Jones as *The Red Shadow*. His films so far include: *Reckless*, *A Night at the Opera*, *Rose Marie*, *Show Boat*.

A READER (London).—Errol Flynn, b., Ireland, June 20, 1909, 6 ft. 2 in., 180 lb. brown hair and eyes, married Lili Damita. Latest film *The Charge of the Light Brigade*.

GARBO FAN (North London).—(1) The music in *Queen Christina*—"The Snow Ride," "To the Inn," "Amour," and "Serenata" by Stothart, not published, and "The Ship Sails" also not published. (2) We published a centre spread of *Mata Hari* in the April 9, 1932, issue, and of *As You Desire Me* in the Aug. 6, 1932 issues of this magazine. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., 6d., Catharine Street, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, post free.

B. P. (Scotland).—Addresses as follows: Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, and William Powell, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Cary Grant and Gary Cooper, c/o Paramount. Merle Oberon, c/o United Artists Studios.

A. C. (Manchester).—Write to Robert Taylor, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where he is making *Camille* and to Bing Crosby, c/o Columbia where he is making *Pennies From Heaven*.

J. P. (Islington).—I am sorry, but we have no details of a film club for John Mills.

CONRAD FOR EVER.—I suggest you write to Conrad Veidt c/o London Film Productions, where he is making *Dark Journey*.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

THE JOHN BOLES MUSICAL DRAMATIC CLUB is desirous of new members, weekly rehearsals on Friday evenings at 7.30 to 11.30, including light refreshment, Is., at 40 Ladbroke Square, Notting Hill, W.11; beautiful large studio, french windows, parquet floor, etc. Please write to the Hon. Secretary for particulars, at 58 Cromwell Road, South Kensington, S.W.7.

THE IMPERIAL FILM CLUB are holding their next dance at Bush House, Aldwych, W.C. on Saturday, Oct. 24. Free car park, fully licensed, dancing until midnight. Tickets 2s. 6d. each, are obtainable from the Secretary, I.F.C., 9 Mincing Lane, E.C.3.

THE HENRY EDWARDS BRITISH FILM CLUB will hold another of their jolly Carnival Dances on Friday, November 6, at the New Burlington Galleries, Burlington Gardens, Piccadilly, W., from 8 to 2 a.m.

Many famous Film Stars and other Celebrities have promised to be present, and there will be Spot Prizes; all kinds of

Surprises and Novelties, and lots of fun. Special engagement of Harry Blake and his band. Music non-stop. Extension of licence to 2 a.m. Tickets are 3s. each, and should be obtained from The Hon. Secretary, 32 Amersbury Avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.2.

Please remember always to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letter to fan clubs in order to ensure a reply.

No. 282 (New Series) Vol. 6
October 17, 1936.

Edit. Offices: Martlett House,
Martlett Court, Bow St., W.C.2.

Adv. Offices: 57 Long Acre, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

Telegrams: Picturegoer, Southern-
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HAWAIIAN
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Leave IT to ANNE

IF you have a beauty question, I am at your service. Your queries are treated in the strictest confidence, and the reply is private and unpublished if you enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a personal letter.

THERE is nothing that repays care and attention so much as the hair. The regular weekly shampoo and set is important, but of even greater importance, is the daily care and attention which you give it yourself at home.

Your hair tells so much about you. To mix the metaphor a bit, it might almost be called your signature tune. If you grudge the time for brushing and stint the daily scalp massage, you never can hope for the shining smooth hair that proclaims the smart and fastidious girl.

Your hair shouts aloud whether you are in good health, whether you are getting sufficient sleep, whether you are neat or untidy, and whether you get a wave every fortnight, and let the rest go hang.

There are three kinds of hair, and you should decide to which category your hair belongs. There is oily hair. You do not need to be a detective to recognise that. If you touch the scalp it feels greasy, even a day or so after shampooing. The hair is a good colour just after the shampoo, but two days later it has darkened considerably. Instead of having a sheen and a gloss, it is lank and heavy and hangs together in strands.

At the other end of the scale is dry hair. This hair fails to look well kept, because it is dry and brittle. "You cannot do anything with it," for days after a shampoo. It will not stay put, it lacks gloss, the ends tend to split, and the head always has a slightly fuzzy appearance.

Then there is that blessed happy medium known as normal. It doesn't do any of the things mentioned above. It keeps its colour till the next shampoo; it is easy to dress soon after shampooing, it feels silky to the touch, and it crackles with electricity when you brush and comb it.

"Well" says the lucky girl with normal hair. That's all right, I can let it go at that. But she cannot—that is not if she wants to keep that state of normality.

All scalps need exercise. If we lived ideal simple lives, eating ideal simple foods, all might be well. But we do not, and so we must take steps to counteract the effects of our modern mode of life.

The roots of the hair are surrounded by a perfect network of very fine blood vessels known as capillaries. The condition of the hair depends upon the activities of the blood in these veins. If it is flowing fast—in other words if your scalp has a good circulation, your hair is healthy.

If the blood flow is sluggish, hair is starved for want of the food that the blood should bring, the sebaceous glands are relaxed, and then do one of two things. Either they pour out oil too freely, or they go to the other extreme and simply fade out with exhaustion. They give little or no oil at all, and then you have the dry scalp condition.

From this you will understand, that the first treatment for all scalps, whatever their condition, is the exercise given by massage. Each night if you can, every other night, if you really are pressed for time, devote ten minutes to your head.

Take your hair brush (be sure that it is perfectly clean), and give your hair a good brushing.

Then take a scalp tonic. Part the

hair low down on one side, saturate a bit of cotton wool with the tonic and apply it to the parting. Part a little higher, and apply more tonic, until the whole scalp has been covered in this way. Get the tonic on the scalp and not on the hair.

Now massage it in quite vigorously. This can be done better if you sit down and rest your elbows comfortably on the dressing-table. Let your finger-tips go round and round. If you are working properly, you will feel the scalp moving over the skull. Cover the entire head systematically, and get well down in the nape of neck. Don't scratch the scalp with the nails, but use the pads of the fingers.

At first the scalp will feel very tight to the touch, but after a week or so of regular treatment, you will find the scalp loosening up considerably. When the scalp has loosened up, you will be able to do the pinching exercise. This also is extremely good for promoting a vigorous circulation. Give a real pinch between thumbs and forefingers. When you can pick up enough scalp to give a whole-hearted pinch, you may feel satisfied with the results of your work.

All this treatment not only provides the necessary scalp exercise, but it also helps to keep hair and scalp clean. The tonic in particular helps in this way, so that towards the end of the time when the next shampoo is nearly due, you have no need to be ashamed of the appearance of your hair.

Complete with a final brushing, brushing from the roots outwards to give the hair a good airiog.

This is but the beginning of hair culture, and next week I shall have something to say about shampooing at home.

Ginger Rogers' Diary

INTIMATE facts of Ginger Rogers' first screen test are revealed for the first time in England in an announcement on page 25.

These facts are now reprinted by special permission of Ginger Rogers and Radio Pictures, and show how this celebrated screen actress suffered from fright when she knew of her first screen test. How she was helped by Hollywood's Make-up Genius and how successful was her test is revealed in these extracts from her diary, together with information as to how our readers can likewise benefit from the same make-up secrets.

An interesting offer is also made which includes samples of the Ginger Rogers secret Colour Harmony Make-Up.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss J. Montford, 68 Somerset Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19, for:—

The Private Life of Henry VIII
A Devil With Women
Too Many Wives
Easy Come—Easy Go

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to: Gerald Beard, Park Road, Guilsfield, Montgomeryshire, for:—

School for Girls
I Spy
Caught

Is My Face Red?
Miss Helen Tas, 14 Brook Avenue, Edgware, for:—

Paid
Two Minutes
A Thousand Dollars a Minute
When Seconds Count

Miss A. Graham, 1 St. Clement's Road, Drumcondra, Dublin, for:—

The Divorce
She Married Her Boss
The Tenth Man
No Limit

F. Brain, 36 Hill Rise, Greenford, Middlesex, for:—

Gold Diggers of 1935
Women Must Dress
Be Careful, Mr. Smith
Such Women are Dangerous

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story. Address your entries to me on a postcard c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no other rules, except that I must insist that your titles be submitted on a postcard and only one attempt on each card.

Why I'm glad I got GLYMIEL



I wished I'd refused to go to the dance

—because, although Eric admired my "hands" with a horse, I was scared he'd be disillusioned when he actually saw—and felt—how rough and horrid they were. Oh, why had I impulsively accepted? Another friendship ruined!

Yet that dance brought romance after all

What luck I chanced on Glymiel Jelly. It was like magic. In a few days Glymiel made my hands so thrillingly white and soft I hardly recognised them. Eric was thrilled too. The moral is this: hands are so noticeable; you ought all to get Glymiel.



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★ *Plateau*

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Picturegoer

The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

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WEEKLY



Anna
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All the Gossip

Eleanore Whitney, who appears in "The Big Broadcast of 1937," wore a dress weighing twenty pounds in this scene. She collapsed in her dressing-room from exhaustion after the sequence had been shot.

IT seems inevitable now that the next few weeks will see the final dissolution of partnership of the old fun firm of Laurel and Hardy.

It's a sad story. Things have never been quite the same since the differences on the Hal Roach-Laurel-Hardy lot developed into an open breach some time ago. A peace of sorts was patched up then in the three-cornered quarrel, but recently there have been increasingly frequent reports of a fresh outbreak of hostilities.

The affair has, indeed, already reached the stage where Mr. Laurel, who is the senior member of the team, has felt it necessary to issue a detailed statement to the public.

This communique discloses that the English comedian no longer considers himself an inseparable portion of the combination. He adds significantly that he expects to take a long holiday and that when he returns he will give Roach first call on his services. If a film is ready he will take it, but if not he will seek another connection.

"... Divided We Fall"

Film circles interpret the statement as an ultimatum to Roach and Hardy, and in view of persistent rumours of serious friction between the two actors it is widely held that

their present film together will be their last.

Stan Laurel may now fulfil his long-standing ambition to emulate Chaplin and Lloyd by producing and starring in his own comedies.

He appears, at any rate, to have definitely changed his views since he told us on his last visit to England: "So long as 'Babe' and I are conscious, the team will never be broken up. We know that united we stand and divided we fall."

Norma's Two Millions

So Irving Thalberg left Norma Shearer £2,000,000. Even without taking into account her own considerable fortune and her still terrific earning power, the Canadian girl who once thumped a piano in a ten-cent kinema for a few dollars a week will be the richest actress in history.

The magnitude of the Thalberg estate—by far the largest yet bequeathed by a movie personality—throws new light on the division of the wealth that pours into the film studios. The big movie money belongs to the salaried executives, not the stars.

One is tempted to add, "nor the producers." The movie kings are necessarily gamblers. Sometimes they are at the top of the world. Sometimes the actual financial position revealed by the books of some of them would stagger a conscientious and conservative business man. As a gambler myself (in a modest way), I would not like to lay the odds on any one of them having

two millions to leave his wife and family when the executors step in to take over their duties.

Only Three Film Fortunes

That, of course, is a matter of speculation. It is a melancholy fact, however, that the films have brought permanent wealth to few of the actors and actresses who have tapped Hollywood's fabulous golden stream. You can almost count the film fortunes on the fingers of one hand.

Since the days of the Great Valentino, who was in debt when death overtook him, and beautiful Barbara La Marr, who did not even leave enough for a decent burial, I can think of only three screen players who died rich, and their cases were exceptional.

When I read that Marie Dressler's will revealed an estate of £50,000 (I believe it was actually rather less), I remembered that Louis B. Mayer had told me some time before her death how the studio had insisted on establishing a trust fund for Marie so that she should have money when she could work no more.

Paramount, incidentally, did the same thing for Clara Bow during the final year or so of the It Girl's sojourn on the lot. Thus it is that Clara still has a modest fortune, though it is little enough for an actress who drew more money into the box-office than any other star before or since.

Biggest of All Time

John Gilbert left between £50,000 and £100,000, but his case was unique. At the height of his fame he signed one of the last of Hollywood's long-term contracts. It still had several years—at £100,000 a year—to run when Gilbert's star fell suddenly out of the heavens with the coming of sound. Gilbert was "through" as a big-money star—and he knew he was "through". Only an imbecile would have failed to put away some of the money for the rainy day which was obviously inevitable. Very few stars are in that position. They cannot be persuaded that £1,000 a week salaries do not go on for ever.

Will Rogers probably left the biggest film star fortune of all time—something like a million pounds—but then Rogers earned more than any

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

other actor. His syndicated articles brought him in a huge sum. He had a broadcasting contract that yielded him £1,000 a week for a few minutes' work. When he was in London in 1930 he received £15,400 for half a dozen wireless commentaries on the Naval Conference.

Will was a careful spender. It was one of his boasts that he never even owned a dress suit. Most of his money went into property and Government bonds.

Chaplin Is Not Mean

Will Rogers was one of the few stars who not only earned big money but saved it. Of the others, Charles Chaplin, Greta Garbo, Harold Lloyd, that frugal and astute business woman, Mae West, and one or two others will never have to line up for extra work when they fall out of the big parade.

Like Rogers, Chaplin, who has never forgotten the bitter poverty of his youth, is careful with the petty cash—even in the matter of tips to waiters. Foolish or biased critics have gone so far as to accuse him of meanness. Actually, now that financial security has chased away the haunting spectres of his miserable childhood, the little Jew from Whitechapel is the least mercenary of all the movie people. He could

have amassed a much larger fortune had he been willing to "cash in" on his name and increase his comedy output at the expense of his artistic ideals.

And though he might argue about being overcharged for a half-guinea luncheon in a restaurant, he could have saved thousands if he had not insisted on keeping his studio staff on a regular pay-roll despite the fact that for weeks, months and even years he does not call on their services.

High Cost of Loving

Chaplin, of course, is one of the millionaires of movieland. He might have been even wealthier still if it had not been for his troubled domestic life.

In her memoirs Mildred Harris has told us how in those early days Charlie hated to spend money. Yet when they parted in 1920 she took with her a settlement of over £30,000. The comedian's divorce from Lita Grey was even more expensive. The financial arrangements involved £150,000 for Lita (a lot more money than she ever earned as a screen star), a £40,000 trust fund for the children and £250 a month for their support and education.

Chaplin, too, is an exception to the general run of the big-money stars. Which brings us to the mystery of the vanished movie millions. What really happens to those princely picture salaries?

The 1929 slump has been a magnificent alibi for "hard-up" players for years, but the answer is that most of them live up to, and often beyond, their earning powers. It is fashionable in these days of depression to talk impressively to interviewers of economy, but the whole expensive business of competitive ostentation goes on just the same. Film-star money goes in expensive homes, expensive jewellery, expensive wardrobes, expensive cars, expensive parties, expensive yachts (Clark Gable is in the market for a yacht right now if you happen to have one to sell), expensive love affairs, and expensive forays into Society.

That, coupled with the fact that those many hundred-pounds-a-week contracts are not all that they seem to be in newspaper print, explains why we see once famous faces in the extra ranks and young ladies whom one had always supposed to have been earning £20,000 a year and living modestly, in the bankruptcy court smilingly offering five shillings and sixpence in the pound.

Moustaches Come Back

The moustache is staging a come-back as an accessory of screen male sex appeal.

Clark Gable, like the latter-day Ronald Colman, seems to be able to take his moustache or leave it alone, and appears "with or without" more or less according to the rôle, but I notice new hirsute crops springing up on the hitherto uncultivated countenances of, among others, Errol Flynn, George Brent and Dick Powell.

In the case of Mr. Powell it is only fair to state that the idea may have been a thoughtful contribution towards making his blushing bride feel at home in the Powell ménage. Dick's recent predecessor as "Mr. Joan Blondell" has one.

The fashion, nevertheless, is spreading. I expect at any



Fanfare! Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck arrive at the pre-view of "The Bride Walks Out" and are besieged by the autograph hunters.



Dorothy Wilson, Jane Darwell, John Boles, Billie Burke, and Rosalind Russell in "Craig's Wife." Dorothy Arzner is the director.

moment to see signs of activity on the handsome upper lip of Robert Taylor himself.

G.B.S. Versus Goldwyn

George Bernard Shaw, who very nearly invented publicity as an art, is getting his share of the film limelight.

In addition to the recent *Times* tilt at the Hays office and the League of Decency, the great man has been splitting a lance with that ancient foe, Sam Goldwyn.

When last they discussed a deal together the producer made the mistake of protesting his artistic integrity too much, and thereby left a loophole for the conclusive and classic Shavian retort: "Mr. Goldwyn, we don't seem to be able to find a common basis; you are concerned with art and I am concerned with money".

"Bellboy Writers"

Now Sam is trying again and is negotiating for another Shaw play, as yet unspecified. The nett result so far is a letter of refusal from the author.

"The difficulty is," G.B.S. wrote, "that I haven't time to turn my plays into scenarios, and when I allow the film firms to try their hands they turn the job over to the bell boy, in whose view life is a continual going up and down stairs and opening and shutting doors."

Mr. Shaw has a great deal more to say in the same strain, but Goldwyn regards it as a promising sign that he has taken the trouble to write letters about it at all.

A few seasons ago a company, which, out of the kindness of our hearts, we will call Kolossal Pictures, wanted to film *The Devil's Disciple*, but could get no response from the author when they wrote to him. A representative of the studio finally called on him, but Shaw refused to see the man. Instead, he sent back word, "Tell him I've seen a Kolossal picture."

Shaw, as a matter of fact, might do worse than entrust his works to Goldwyn. Sam may murder the King's English, but no film producer handles the brain children of eminent authors with such reverence.

"Stella Dallas" Again

There appears to be no end to the stock of old silent "epics" available in the screen cemeteries for exhumation and revival as talkies.

In the intervals between spars with Mr. Shaw, Sam Goldwyn is busy on plans for a new version of *Stella Dallas*, with Ruth Chatterton in the rôle which made an overnight star of Belle Bennett back in 1926.

The popular silent tear-jerker was in many ways a memorable movie. Douglas Fairbanks, jun., played his first adult rôle in it, while the picture also helped to bring into prominence a then still comparatively unknown young English actor named Ronald Colman.

Lois Moran made her screen debut in the film and Constance Bennett played a quite minor rôle.

Dietrich's Rival

Marlene Dietrich, whose off-screen beauty has startled the natives (even so eminent and experienced a connoisseur of feminine charm as C. B. Cochran has proclaimed her the world's loveliest woman) now has some serious opposition.

Her rival is Marcelle Chantal, who is here to make a film with Paul Cavanagh for Julius Hagen at Hammersmith.

Mlle. Chantal is described as the Most Beautiful Woman in France and is the current toast of Paris.

Big Money Movies

The day of the million-pound (not dollar) movie is in sight. More money is being spent on films at present than ever before. Hollywood is spending with a hand lavish even for Hollywood, while in Britain the studios are pouring out thousands on productions where even a year ago they were digging deep down in their pockets for hundreds and casting uneasy glances towards the City in the process.

Evidence of the loosened picture purse-strings is readily available in this month's pre-release shows in the West End. Among them are:—

The Great Ziegfeld ...	£500,000
Dodsworth ...	£300,000
The Garden of Allah ...	£400,000

Rural England. Bransby Williams with his grey mare are the stars of "Song of the Road," which is being made in Sussex.

David Selznick, who produced the last-named talkie, is, incidentally, staking a lot on colour. He has completed plans to produce another million-dollar "super" in that medium shortly. It is titled *A Star is Born* and features Fredric March.

Other expensive recent productions include *Modern Times* and *Mutiny on the Bounty*, each of which cost nearly half a million pounds.

Search for Prodigies

Mr. Selznick is the brave man who, even after one experience in *David Copperfield*, recently invited applications from infant prodigies for rôles in *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*.

He was wise enough, however, to pass the job interviewing the would-be Bartholomews and Temples to William Wellman, the director.

So far, more than 15,000 children between the required ages of ten and fourteen have been seen by Wellman and his assistants.

Only 125 were considered suitable for screen tests. Of the tests, only three were saved for further consideration.

Why They Failed

Wellman explains how or why 14,997 hopeful Tom Sawyers and Huckleberry Finns fell by the wayside.

I pass his reasons on for the benefit of mothers who are thinking of trying to put their children into films.

"Size ruled out 40 per cent. Fifty per cent. more were dropped on general appearance.

"At this stage, the survivors underwent closer inspection on physical details alone. Ten major defects took a toll of 47 per cent. of those left. They were:

"Misshapen or extremely badly spaced teeth, the largest single physical defect. Ten per cent. of the survivors lost out here.

"A short upper lip, which gave the child an unattractive smile. This eliminated 3 per cent.

"Eyes too close together. Six per cent. failed in that regard.

"Swarthy skin, lending a foreign touch, one per cent.

"Hair-line too low to make a finely balanced face, two per cent.

"Poor posture, flat chests, drooping shoulders, five per cent.

"Defects in speech, such as stammering, five per cent.

"Ears too large—not just big ears, but the kind which remind one instantly of sails—four per cent.

"Oddly shaped noses, three per cent.

"Weak chins, three per cent."

With this chart in hand fond mothers and fathers should take another look at their offspring. Dreams may be shattered—but even if Johnny's ears are rather large, what about Clark Gable?

Film Story Writing

The best advice I can give to anyone who has ambition to become a successful film writer, is to turn out a best-seller novel or a "hit" play and wait for the studio contracts to come pouring in. Most companies will not even look at manuscripts, however brilliant, by unknown authors.

The reasons are not wholly connected with the notorious inability of story chiefs to recognise

budding genius. One is that several studios have been landed in expensive plagiarism suits; another is that most would-be scenarists, even those with literary experience, know very little about the mechanics of the business.

Their need, at any rate, is largely met by a book which comes to hand this week, "Successful Film Writing" (Methuen, 6s.), by Seton Margrave, the well-known critic. After a helpful introduction, Mr. Margrave gets right down to a practical demonstration of film writing by showing the evolution of *The Ghost Goes West* from a short story to the finished shooting script, complete with frame measurements and technical instructions, actually used in the production of the picture.

He Wants a Wife

This week's heart-cry comes from Nino Martini, star of *The Gay Desperado*. Signor Martini announces: "Frankly, I want a wife. That longing is part of my nature, just as it is the inbred instinct of every son of Italy."

(Note.—Nino Martini is young, handsome; height, 5 ft. 9 in.; weight, 152 lbs.; grey-green eyes, brown hair. Earnings: £60,000 a year.)

Short Shots

We are really going to have a Napoleon picture at last—and it will star Greta Garbo! Greta is scheduled to play the subject of the Emperor's great love in a film version of the life of Marie Walewska.

Katharine Hepburn has been "clearing up" at dice in the Radio lunch-room.

Jean Hersholt is to support Sonja Henie in the ice-skating queen's first picture, *One in a Million*.

After keeping it a secret for six months, Randolph Scott reveals that he is married: the girl is Mariona du Pont Somerville, one of the heiresses to the du Pont munitions millions.

Paramount has acquired exclusive screen rights to the song hit "Knock Knock, Who's There?" and will make a film based on it.

The Quins sing a French lullaby in their new picture, *Reunion*. M.D.P.

After a picture is completed Fred Astaire tries to take a short vacation from dancing. These vacations usually take the form of a hunting jaunt to some rugged region in New Mexico, or daily sessions on the golf course. This time it is his current visit to sister Adele. There's not much chance of softening-up on such a schedule.

Ginger Rogers has stated that having the one and only Fred Astaire for a dancing partner has been a tremendous help.

Here is what Ginger herself thinks about Fred and his dancing.

"Having Fred as a partner and Hermes Pan (the youthful dance director on all the Astaire-Rogers films) for dance director has been a tremendous help to me. I know that I was better when dancing with Fred than I have ever been by myself. So he must get the credit. Fortunately, however, my style of dancing fits in perfectly with his. It's a sort of feminine Fred Astaire style, if you know what I mean.

"Of course, Fred conceived most of the steps. I don't know enough about the fundamentals of dancing to do much creating. Besides, why should I try to give ideas to a man who already knows more about dancing than I ever will? Once in a while I make a suggestion for a step, but most of the time I learn the ones Fred decides upon for our numbers.

"Doing some of our picture numbers isn't anything like as easy as it appears on the screen, though. I don't know how many hours we spend in rehearsals, but I do know we rehearse for days and days before getting the routines down just the way we want them.

"That's hard work. Fred will tell you the same thing. In fact, he says that dancing is 95 per cent. hard work, the other five being divided between natural ability and inspiration."

And the Titian-tressed star will tell you more about this fellow, Astaire. And who should know his idiosyncracies, his aversions, his likes and dislikes better than the pert Ginger, who has worked with Fred in half a dozen pictures?

Let Ginger continue :

"In all the times I have worked with him, I have never seen him show anger or annoyance at another player, although he will chide himself when he muffs a line or does not play a scene to his satisfaction. Everyone on the set likes Fred Astaire, which is a pretty high test in Hollywood. He is 100 per cent. sincere.

"Although Fred was picked as one of the best-dressed men by a committee of tailors, he achieves this effect without effort and seemingly pays scant attention to his clothes.

"Fred enjoys dancing. Stepping with him tells you that. When he swings into a routine, he is having a darn good time, and he shows it. He has an eager, boyish enthusiasm and is keenly interested in the people around him. I believe that is why they all like him.

"One of his chief charms is his intelligent sense of humour, which rarely deserts him.

"Personally, I think he is a great guy," sums up Ginger Rogers.

There's no magic about the Astaire success. The key to it was fashioned by a locksmith, who ground his stone with meticulous care and judgment, with tireless devotion to his art, with a burning desire to be at the forefront.

Look on for a moment at Astaire in a rehearsal for a number. First, Astaire and Miss Rogers go into complete seclusion, away from the distractions of studio life. Only Hermes Pan and a piano-player, Hal Borne, are permitted to be present. Even executives are barred from the Astaire sanctum sanctorum of creative Terpsichore.

This stage contains nothing inspirational except enthusiastic minds and never-stilled feet. One wall bears a mirror fully 10 ft. high and 20 ft. long. Most of the practising is done in front of it, so that Fred and Ginger may see themselves as their fans will see them on the screen. Thus they are able to discern instantly any feet or body movement which may appear ungainly on the screen.

In another corner of the room is a huge blackboard on which Astaire and Pan mark in white chalk, jagged lines and numerals, which are more confusing than Egyptian hieroglyphics. These are really diagrams of intricate dance routines worked out by the dancer, Astaire, and the dance assistant, Pan.

A PORTRAIT OF FRED ASTAIRE *Continued*

This is the Missus! Mrs. Astaire has avoided the film limelight. Here is one of the rare pictures of her with her famous husband.



Birth of an Astaire dance. Fred works out his intricate routines with the aid of his assistant, Hermes Pan, and a blackboard.

*"He's a
GREAT GUY"
—Ginger Rogers*

FOR some time there have been rumours of discord between the partners of the screen's greatest dance team. This week's instalment reveals the truth about the professional relationship of the two stars, tells you how they settle their arguments and takes you behind the scenes of the Rogers-Astaire musicals.

Borne sits in a third corner of the room at an old and battered upright piano which has seen better days, but which exudes lightning rhythms through the electric fingers of the pianist, which make a fit and adequate background for Astaire's rapid-fire steps.

After Astaire and Pan, abetted by Ginger, have fashioned a few steps on the blackboard, they decide to try them out. The nimble, relaxed fingers of Hal Borne start dancing over the keys of the upright.

The nimble, relaxed feet of Astaire and Rogers fly over the smooth, floor board of the stage. The daily dance rehearsal is on.

Faster and faster Borne's fingers fly. Astaire swings into a solo speciality. Swifter and swifter his feet tap and whirl. Music and dancing become a poetic symphony of sound and action.

Borne's fingers are tireless. More amazing, so are the feet of Fred Astaire. He finishes amid a swift outburst of action, save a trace of short breath.

"Once again!" orders Astaire. The piano resumes its tinkling tunes. Astaire makes a terse suggestion. They try it that way, experiment a bit, and sweep through the routine triumphantly.

"Hardest workers I have ever seen," says Borne in admiration, as Fred and Ginger leave the stage for their lunch. "Fred is the fastest dancer I've ever seen, and I've played for plenty of them; and Ginger keeps right up with him. She's marvellous.

"That Astaire is the quickest man at figuring out a routine that I've ever seen. And once he works one out, he never forgets a step, no matter



Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in a scene from "Roberta."

are veterans of many a merry whirl and a dizzy spin. They will carry the winged-footed star on many another gravity-defying glide across a rehearsal floor.

For each actual screen recording of one of his dances, Astaire wears a new pair of shoes. Sometimes one pair will last through the various routines of a single dance. In doing the "Piccolino," Astaire wore five different pairs of new shoes for the various movements and camera "takes."

After their brief moments before the cameras, the star's dancing shoes go into the reserve line. He uses them for rehearsal until they are ready for final retirement. Shoe-leather, in fact, carried Astaire a distance sufficient to span the whole globe and leave plenty of miles for long side trips.

Fred owns one pair of disreputable-looking shoes that no amount of money could buy from him, although he never wears them in a picture and seldom uses them in a rehearsal. They are, as he calls them, his "inspiration shoes."

Fred has had them ever since he did his first Broadway musical show, *Over the Top*. The taps are worn paper-thin, and the shoes themselves look as though they might fall to pieces with a little rough usage. For that reason, Astaire uses them solely for inspirational purposes. They are his "new step" shoes, and he dons them only on special creative occasions. When he is perfecting a new dance routine and is hard put to find steps, on go the old shoes.

In connection with shoes, Fred has a hobby which has endeared him to his fellow-performers. He likes to place the metal taps on dancers' shoes. He also repairs his own dancing shoes, and often performs the same service for friends.

The great and near-great from Napoleon down are associated with insignificant idiosyncracies. Fred Astaire is no exception. His favourite economy is turning out lights. Should he perform this little favour for the occupants of Lismore Castle, of which his sister Adele is the chatelaine, Fred may find himself in an embarrassing position.

Fred possesses a diversified assortment of neckties, which form a multi-hued rainbow on the clothes racks. He is most meticulous about the selection of a suitable cravat. Many mornings he will don several ties before he finally decides on one which is in compliance with the colour requirements of his ensemble. Remember his scene in *The Gay Divorce* where Eric Blore, as his valet, feeds Fred neckties until he finds a satisfactory one? The scenarists of that picture tapped an incident from Fred's personal life.

Paradoxically, Fred dislikes ballroom dancing and seldom tries it. He prefers to dance only when he performs, and he likes to watch others perform. At parties his favourite dancing-partner is Mrs. Astaire.

A keen-witted funmaker, Fred doesn't mind playing a practical joke. If the gag is successful he enjoys it like a big kid. At one time when he was rehearsing for *Roberta*, he walked on to the movie stage and announced to his fellow-workers:

"I've figured out a new routine. Tell me how you like it."

They deserted their momentary chores temporarily to watch Astaire swing into a dazzling array of complicated steps. It was some time before members of the company realised that he was actually interpreting the intricate and expressive routine of the "Continental." Hal Green.

NEXT WEEK

Fred Astaire has an unknown side—the side he refuses to reveal to the public.

Next week's concluding instalment lifts the curtain on this hitherto hidden phase of the star's life.

how complex and intricate it may be."

Fortunately for Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, they possess a real sense of humour. This probably is the only thing which makes it possible for them to work together. Without it, their work would so sharpen the edge of their nerves that after a few days on the barren rehearsal floor they'd take to tearing out each other's hair. However, they make a game out of their rehearsals and enjoy them immeasurably. Names are coined for new steps. They do a lot of punning—some good, but most of it fairly terrible. They exchange wisecracks at every possible occasion. And they relax by trying out amazingly impossible steps which they never have any idea of using on the screen.

The affable manner in which they work harmoniously recalls the days of Fred and Adele Astaire. Reviewers who have hurled plaudits of "swell teamwork" and "rare co-ordination" have also asked: "How is it that these two never quarrel?"

The fact is that they do, but they settle their argument in a novel manner—with their feet!

Fred and Adele Astaire fought with their feet. When nerves were frayed and the going was rugged, they talked with their feet.

"It worked superbly," Fred recalls. "We learned to insult each other bitterly and call each other harsh names—by footwork! We danced with rage! But with this advantage: Neither of us could dance that long without bursting out into a laugh."

This ability to talk with one's feet is a characteristic of Fred Astaire's genius. He acquired it, imparted it to Adele in his long association with his sister on the stage, and when he was teamed with Ginger Rogers he even taught her how to talk with her feet. In fact, the pair perfected it to such a degree, that they orated with their pins in a featured speciality in *Roberta*, in the song-and-dance number *I Won't Dance*.

Shoes play a vital part in the dancing portion of Fred Astaire's life—which is a mighty large portion. On the wardrobe shelves of Fred's dressing-room at the RKO Studio repose more than fifty pairs of dancing shoes. These sabots

Richard Tauber has probably sung in better trios, but the private record he made with Jimmy Durante and Walter Forde of "Land Without Music" songs is to be a memento of their work together in that film.



Shots with Our Candid Camera



... with the greatest of ease! "Wendy" (Dinah Sheridan) goes on tour in "Peter Pan" again this year and in modern and appropriate style. Though only 15, she has played the role more than a hundred times.

More fun at the Fordes'. Jimmy Durante tucks the famous nose out of the way and goes into a private "William Tell" act with the reluctant aid of Mr. Forde.



Cannons in front of him. "Schnozzle" recently took a day off from the set and spent it at Walter Forde's home. Here his host "directs" a shot in the billiard room.



Miss HOPKINS is BUSY

MANY people wonder why Miriam Hopkins, with her great talent is making such slow progress up the ladder of success: an explanation is offered in this candid article

by
MAX
BREEN



BEING a film star does not consist exclusively of performing in front of the camera; there is also the necessity for keeping appointments—and the most successful stars are best aware of that.

Recently we thought it would be a good idea to interview Miriam Hopkins, and not only give you the story of her career, her antecedents, and her prospects, but also discover, if possible, what had been delaying her progress.

We discovered one reason for that, but not by interviewing her.

I had already met her, very briefly, in Hollywood, but wished to renew the acquaintance and bring my impressions up to date.

The London Films publicity department kindly arranged an interview for Friday at one o'clock. I had a date, but a colleague waited at the studio from one till six-thirty. However, by that time Miss Hopkins was too tired to see anybody. (So was my colleague).

Another appointment was made, for Tuesday, and I went to Denham myself, but she had gone to town; and history repeated itself on Thursday. All very embarrassing for the publicity department.

At last I managed to make a date for Friday morning at eleven; positively the last chance, as Miss Hopkins was sailing on the following Tuesday. I waited for thirty-five minutes but Miriam failed to show up, so I came away.

On my return to my office I gave myself the pleasure of telephoning her and pointing out the importance of attention to business; and among the excuses she offered was that she "had had to count the laundry"!

This, I think, goes a long way towards explaining the phenomenon of Miriam Hopkins.

She is a clever actress—one of the cleverest that Hollywood has given us in recent years.

From the moment when she appeared as the dowdy *fraulein* in the Chevalier picture *The Smiling Lieutenant*, and was transformed by Claudette Colbert into a thing of beauty,

I have revelled in her screen performances.

Her gift for comedy (as demonstrated in *Design for Living*) and for tragedy (did you see *These Three*?) is a priceless possession, which should have taken her up the ladder of fame much more swiftly than it has.

Mind, she has had obstacles to that progress; as a child she was an "ugly duckling"; and although she has by no means grown into an ugly duck, still she does not possess the kind of beauty which of itself would send her flying up the steep path of success.

Her eyes are small and so is the space between them; her nose is a little broad, her mouth rather heavy and petulant in repose.

Yet these are defects which should be "trifles light as air" in comparison with her histrionic powers; we must look elsewhere for a real handicap.

I was so interested that I canvassed a number of her friends, people who knew her quite well, to discover just what it is that keeps her back.

The secret, I found, is well illustrated by that little incident of counting her laundry, instead of being interviewed and letting some better-qualified person count it for her. She is not "organised for victory." In fact, she is not really organised at all.

Like a great many people who began their education rather late in life (she overworked at school and had to have a long rest from her books), Miriam is avid for knowledge. She spends a large proportion of her income on books, books, books of every kind—travel, history, biography, fiction, *belles lettres*—and a large proportion of her leisure time in reading them.

And, like many Hollywood people, she apparently imagines that this miscellaneous amassing of knowledge is in itself an equipment for life, whereas the reader's mind must be organised to deal with what is read, or she will suffer badly from mental indigestion.

Miriam has been married twice, but she wasn't organised for matrimony either, and it didn't work. She ran at both marriages like a bull at a gate, and when she should have been concentrating on them (one at a time, of course!)

"Miss Hopkins was busy" with something else.

Miriam has all the attributes of a successful film actress; she has imagination, exuberant vitality, abundant energy, an instinctive sense of character, and a quick intelligence.

There is no doubt about her energy. She flings herself into new hobbies and new pursuits with all the enthusiasm of a young cyclone.

Such enthusiasm and energy are undoubtedly splendid attributes, which must be a great help to her as an actress.

But being a potentially successful actress is one thing, and becoming a great star is quite another. She has been starred by Sam Goldwyn; but to keep her place in the firmament, and to brighten into a planet of the first magnitude, she will have to become organised for stardom—which at present she is not.

In other words, if she elects to play the game of stardom, she must learn and abide by the rules.

I have a feeling that *Men Are Not Gods* (originally called *Triangle*), in which she has been playing for London Film Productions at Denham—her first British film—will provide a severe test of her popularity.

It is the story of a secretary to a theatre critic, who is persuaded by an actor's wife (Gertrude Lawrence) to suppress an unfavourable notice about the actor (Sebastian Shaw).

She agrees to do so, and is sacked, but falls in love with the actor by way of compensation.

There will be a ding-dong struggle for sympathy between Miriam Hopkins and Gertrude Lawrence in this picture.

Now, we all know that we should be influenced only by what we see on the screen; but such is human nature that we also take into consideration (quite subconsciously) what we know of the player herself.

Gertie Lawrence is one of the most popular actresses in England; her attitude to her public has always been kindly and brimming over with goodfellowship, and to the Press helpful and co-operative.

Miriam Hopkins, on the other hand, a visitor to our shores, has been "too busy."

She really should get someone else to count the laundry.



Richard Tauber in his recently completed film "Land Without Music" with June Clyde and Schnozzle Durante

NOW that the last scenes of "Land Without Music" have been completed at Denham, Richard Tauber has moved over the hill to Elstree where, under the direction of Karl Grüne, he is working on that much-discussed project, the world's first film opera.

The subject chosen is, as you know, Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci*, and whatever the future of screen opera may be, the producers could hardly have made a happier choice for this initial venture.

Ever since it was first produced at Milan in 1892 it has held its place as the most popular of all the classical operas. In recent years, by means of wireless and gramophone, its immortal music, especially the famous "On With the Motley" number, has become known and loved by millions in all parts of the world, many of whom have never seen it performed on the stage.

They are also fortunate in having as their star a singer who combines international, operatic and film fame. Tauber knows his *Pagliacci*. He has played it in the great opera houses of every European capital, broadcast it, recorded it, and sung extracts from it on countless concert platforms. But he also knows his films. Since he became a star he has studied and mastered their technique and taken a practical and intelligent interest in every aspect of their production.

He is, therefore, singularly qualified to give his views on what is certainly one of the most interesting kinematic experiments since the screen found its voice.

I found him the same old Tauber, radiating the exuberance of a schoolboy describing his latest adventure, but tempering it always with sound common sense.

"When this *Pagliacci* idea was first suggested to me," he said, "I told them quite frankly to forget it! Not because I thought filmgoers would not appreciate operatic music. It is, you know, my private opinion that film producers as a race have always underestimated public taste in that as in straight dramatic stories. But there you are!"

"So you see, I was sure that the public would appreciate operatic music in the kinema just as they appreciate the best things in other arts when they are given an opportunity of enjoying them at prices within the reach of their pockets and purses.

"That, in fact, was the one factor which almost prompted me to take a chance on it, despite my other objections. To bring the great operas within the reach of everyone even in the smallest villages. Ah! it sounded magnificent! But, alas, I have a conscience both as a film star and as an opera singer! I doubted

TAUBER'S *Pagliacci* PROBLEMS

The famous tenor reveals the inside story of his difficulties in the making of the world's first film opera.

by T. T. FLEMING

the possibility of filming opera in such a way that it was an acceptable production of something almost sacred to music lovers and was at the same time good screen entertainment.

"Just as a good 'vehicle' is vital to me as a film star so anything that artistically mutilated or offended the true traditions of opera would be abhorrent to me as a singer.

"When, however, Max Schach showed me the present *Pagliacci* script by Monckton Hoffe and Roger Burford, I sincerely believed both my obligations were fully satisfied. Believe me, I would not otherwise allow myself to be associated with it, nor for that matter would such a conscientious director as Karl Grüne, or men like Albert Coates, who is supervising the recording of Leoncavallo's music and whose position in the musical world alone should satisfy the most sceptical of the mood of integrity in which this project is being launched.

"It would, of course, be silly to pretend that we are filming *Pagliacci* exactly as performed on the stage. To do so would be to 'murder' it just as surely as by the most flagrant alteration. It is the nature and magnitude of these variations that are important, and I am going to be quite frank about them.

"One of the first difficulties is, of course, the one common to all screen adaptations from stage productions. Whereas the dramatic action of a stage play or opera is, in the nature of things, divided into separate acts, the action of a film must be continuous and be played without a pause. The first task was, therefore, to blend the several acts and scenes of the

original *Pagliacci* into a continuous and smoothly running chronicle without interfering with the traditional construction of the story in any important aspect.

"In the case of *Pagliacci*, the story lends itself admirably to such treatment. It is, as you know, really a play within a play—a good strong story (another important screen advantage) of love, intrigue and jealousy woven round a troupe of travelling Italian players as they tour from village to village with their show.

"Our film will open with the Prologue exactly word for word the same as the traditional one so well known to opera lovers. This Prologue is joined to the film story proper by a 'fade out,' and from then on till the Epilogue, which is also exactly in accord with tradition, the chief variations are those made in the cause of securing continuity of action.

"The play within the play, the performance of 'Punchinello's Revenge' by Signor Canio's troupe, is unchanged, including the famous ballet for which our Nedda, Steffi Duna, has been specially coached by Wendy Toye. Most of the new scenes take place 'back stage,' so to speak, in the inn and in the company's caravans during their travels.

"The quality of these scenes is, I assure you, altogether satisfactory and in harmony with tradition. But, apart altogether from that and their equally important value to the continuity of the film, there is another most interesting point about them.

"Since they show what I might perhaps call the 'private lives' of the several characters much more fully than the original stage opera they also help considerably to bring these characters to life.

"Take my own part, Signor Canio, for instance. It is beyond all doubt the greatest tenor part in opera. Caruso himself revelled in it, loved it, and every operatic tenor aspires to it as stage actors aspire to *Hamlet*. I myself have sung it in opera houses all over the world, including its birthplace, Milan—but now, now I am acting it as well and there is a subtle difference between these terms.

"On the operatic stage this Canio is a figure—but on the screen he becomes a man, just because by getting these extra peeps into his life you are better able to understand the hidden motives, emotions and repressions behind his actions. The same is true of Nedda, Silvio, Tonio, Beppe, Trina, and all the other well-known characters of the original opera. In each case the part they play in the drama remains the same, but the exaggerated theatrical expression of their emotions and passions has been toned down, humanised, so that they become real, recognisable human beings instead of melodramatic stage figures. And that reminds me of yet another variation.

"You know that much joked-about operatic tradition—a character says he will open a door. But he doesn't say it. He sings it so—"I will open—the—do—ar" all basso profundo, tenor, soprano or as the case may be! The producers have, quite rightly, put a blue pencil through these bits. The lines remain, but we speak them like rational humans and it all sounds much more sensible. The only times we sing are on the stage during the play or in character during the story proper. For the rest Leoncavallo's music remains exactly as he wrote it. When not actually being sung it is utilised as background accompaniment but has emphatically not been altered, added to, or twisted about in any way.

"In other words, our object is to produce an operatic film that is not just filmed opera and which will provide good screen entertainment whilst still retaining all the glorious and much-loved traditions of classical opera. If we succeed, the results may be very far reaching. But, in any case, I am proud to be associated with what I for one like to regard, not bizarrely as 'The World's First Screen Opera,' but as a sincere attempt to bring complete enjoyment of the great operas within the reach of millions who, although they may know and appreciate the music, have too few opportunities of seeing them satisfactorily presented on the stage."



James Dunn

THERE may be more spectacular male stars in pictures, but Jimmy has a staunch and steady following, as well as the distinction of being Shirley Temple's number one sweetheart. The actor started as an extra, then went on the stage and came back to films as a Broadway player. His new films include "Two Fisted Gentleman" and "Hearts in Bondage."



OSH, what rotten luck the British studios are having by reason of the illness of stars and featured players!

Of course, it's pretty tough on the invalids, too, but they only have themselves to consider. The illness of a leading man or woman may hold up a production costing hundreds of thousands of pounds, and throw hundreds of people out of a job.

First, of course, there's poor Bob Donat, who has had the most atrocious luck—first being cheated by asthma out of the leading role in *Sabotage* with Sylvia Sydney, and then being laid low by the same fell enemy when he was all set to get busy opposite Marlene Dietrich in *Knight Without Armour*.

Then, the other day, Ann Harding (who has been waiting about for weeks and weeks since her arrival in England, until they found the right story for her) developed throat trouble, and had to knock off work for an indefinite period—and this was after only a few days' shooting.

Some say it's bronchitis, some say tonsillitis—but whatever it is, she's got her feet up and the studio has the wind up.

That's plenty of bad luck for one month. But is that all? No sir! Gertrude Michael has been held up in New York with a slight illness, on her way to England to play in the film version of *The Dominant Sex* at Elstree.

Fortunately, they can get on with some other part of the film, in which she doesn't figure; but it's upsetting all the same.

Herbert Brenon is directing this one for B.I.P. Then there's another British International picture in jeopardy owing to the illness of Whitney Bourne in Switzerland.

You remember the glamorous blonde in *Crime Without Passion*? That was Whitney Bourne. B.I.P. have grabbed her to play the lead in *Sensation*—the screen version of the stage play *Murder Gang*—opposite John Lodge.

Brian Desmond Hurst will direct this one. Ever since *Ourselves Alone* Brian has been the white-haired boy at B.I.P. He certainly made one excellent job of that.

By the way, I expect you saw Gertrude Michael in *The Notorious Sophie Lang*—and she has also been in *The Return of Sophie Lang* and *Till We Meet Again*.

She's rather an unusual type for a film actress, but definitely pleasing, and certainly an actress of quality. It'll be interesting to see what Elstree makes of her.

Wearing O' The Green

Another American who is coming to Elstree to play in a British film is Sally O'Neil—her British debut, I believe. We haven't seen Sally on the screen for some time, because she has been on the stage in America.

Her picture is to be called *Kathleen Mavourneen*, and if the lady at the back who called out "Irish" will walk up to the platform, she will be given a handsome prize.

It is Irish. That is to say, it is being made in Welwyn, which is our farthest-north film studio, in the wilds of Herts.; and quite a chunk of the action takes place in Liverpool, which is a traditional home of the Irish.

However, it then moves to County Wicklow, and gets busy with a spot of horse-smuggling over the Irish Free State border.

Norman Lee, who is as Irish as St. Paul's Cathedral, is directing it; and John F. Argyle, a Scot, is producing it; but there are a few Irishmen and women in the cast to give it the authentic flavour.

For example, we have Jack Daly, Sara Allgood, Pat Noonan, Talbot O'Farrell, and Denis O'Neil—and that's as good as a foine long draught o' Liffey wather, bedad!

There are also Ethel Griffies, of Hollywood, and Fred Duprez, the American comedian, to put a cosmopolitan touch into the thing.

Calling Them

Say, I seem to have misled you; but believe me, I got my info. straight from the horse's mouth—my friend Redd Davis being the horse in question.

Apparently he was a little premature, but

E. G. COUSINS COVERS

The BRITISH STUDIOS



D. J. Williams, Nellie Wallace and Tonie Edgar Bruce, who add to the gaiety of Leslie Fuller's new farce, "Big Hearted Bill."

when he was telling me about his new picture the other day I certainly understood him to say that June Clyde was to be in it.

And now I gather she ain't. Well, it's our loss.

The film is cautiously entitled *Calling All Stars*; but you are not to assume from this that all stars necessarily answer the call.

However, apparently it is stars of the ether and the music-hall who are being summoned, rather than stars of the silver screen (excuse me talking like a film advertisement, I've just been reading one).

Clapham and Dwyer have answered the call, and Nat Gonella and his band, and Lu Anne Meredith; also Claude Dampier, Fred Hartley,

Brian Lawrance, H. F. Maltby, and Evelyn Dall. Dunno Eve, I'm afraid—though I should like to, of course, he added politely.

I once knew a girl who was called "Nodda Dall" because she always said that when you apologised to her; but I don't suppose she's any relation. It may be a small world, but it has to draw the line somewhere, don't you think? Or don't you think?

Hist!

So there you are; what any self-respecting publicity man would call a Galaxy; and the publicity-man of the Rock Studios is eminently self-respecting.

And that's just where this epic—or, as Redd

himself says, ipecac—is being made.

Flash! Hold everything! Calling all picture-goers. . . .

I have just heard that Eric Maturin has been added to the cast of *Calling All Stars*; so now we know there must be a bit of dirty work to be done in it, because Mr. Maturin is one of the most confirmed dirty workers in British studios.

Everything on which he puts his magic touch turns to first-class villainy; I've known him on the stage for years, too, and he always appealed to me as being one of the most polished villains who ever did a little blackmailing in Act I and got it where the chicken got the axe in Act III.

Just so long as he doesn't repeat the crime I once saw him commit—play *Macbeth* in modern dress—I'm all for Mr. Maturin and his "deeds of blood and fire and flames."

Harry is Busy

Here's some pleasant news about one of our most abominably neglected British players—Henry Kendall. (Loud cheers and cries of "Shame!")

No sooner had he put on his coat and taken down his hat from its peg after playing in *Take a Chance* for Grosvenor Films at Ealing Green (that's the Binnie Hale and Claude Hulbert one—you know?) than he found himself up to the neck in another, which may or may not be finally called *My Partner, Mr. Davis*, but I hope not.

This also is being made at Ealing Green, by a new company—this week's only new company, I'm afraid—called Oxford Films.

I haven't met any of this outfit; I hope they're not too frightfully Oxford; if we ever needed films with "the common touch" it's now, with Hollywood sending us films that everyone can understand and appreciate, like *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*.

Harry tells me it's the longest part he ever played in his life; in three weeks work he has been in every shot!

His innumerable admirers can't complain *this* time that they don't see enough of him in the picture.

Bad Breaks

In addition to this, he has signed a long contract with Warner Bros. First National at Teddington to act and direct; and also one with the B.B.C., to compere and arrange the new wireless feature *Entertainment Parade*.

So our Mr. Kendall will have his hands full of business for some time to come.

Well, it certainly isn't a moment too soon; he's had some frightfully bad breaks lately, the latest being *Someone at the Door*, when, after creating the part on the stage and playing it brilliantly and with great success for months and months and months, he was quietly dropped overboard when the film came to be made.

Bit heart-breaking, that.

It's good to hear of the neglected players being "discovered"; and that reminds me, Tonie Edgar Bruce is back.

She has been out of films for quite a while, but producers can't be entirely blamed for that, for Tonie owned up when I met her the other day that she had been wandering round the Continent on a protracted holiday.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that she is a first-rate comedy actress who could become a British Alice Brady, and make a small fortune for the producer who had the good sense to exploit her in such a part as Miss Brady had, for instance, in *My Man Godfrey*.

Tonie's Clever

Tonie belongs to the small and select band of players whom I have never yet seen contributing anything but a first-class performance to a film. Sometimes her part is not much more than a "bit," but she always brings a sense of character and a finish to it that would make many "stars" look like beginners.

The last thing I saw her in, before she went a-roving, was *Big-hearted Bill*, the Leslie Fuller comedy made down at the Rock studios; and I must say she was excellent in that.

And now, having just established that Redd Davis has made a corner in stars at Elstree, it's rather much to ask you to believe that Oswald Mitchell has done the very self-same thing at Cricklewood; but facts are facts, even in the film world, and no one can say I ever shirked my duty.

If Mr. Davis has Nat Gonella and his band, so

has Mr. Mitchell; and here also (*Variety Parade* is the name of the film, in case you're the Nosey Parker I think you are) we have Harry Tate, Noni and Partner (Noni is the clown to whom Queen Mary gave a flower at a Royal Performance), Mrs. Jack Hylton and her band (this is a film debut, mind), the O'Gorman Brothers, the Sherman Fisher Girls, Three Nagels, and one Brown, who weighs about as much as three Nagels, for this is Teddy Brown, the portly xylophonist.

And then another Browne—Sam the singer, with the Radio Three; and Ernest Shannon, Archie Glen, and G. S. Melvin (this is another film debut, mind).

Bargain Prices

Just imagine the feelings of Oswald Mitchell, who is directing it for Butcher-Malcolm Productions, when he contemplates a cast like this, and reflects that not so long ago he would have booked it for a whole circuit; and now he's offering it all for a modest one-and-three or so!

He used to be in the booking department of the famous Stoll Corporation; two of the people he introduced to London were Nazimova and Fanny Ward.

They've done rather a smart thing in this film, to justify having so many radio and variety performers in one story; most of the action takes place in the "Hotel Encore," which is supposed to be a residential resort for variety stars.

So some appear as cabaret performers, some as guests, and some as staff.

G. S. Melvin, by the way, has been forty-five years on the stage—and he's only fifty now. I hate to think of a fellow wasting a whole five years of his life like that.

Going Up

If you're ever producing a film with a flying background, have the forethought to provide yourself with a director who can pilot a plane.

Irving Asher has done just that. As director for the new Max Miller film at Teddington, *Don't Get Me Wrong*, he engaged young Arthur Woods, who besides being a director of experience is also a member of the Brooklands Air Club and an enthusiastic pilot.

He took the whole unit to Brooklands for the flying scenes of this film—including two hundred extras, who had the unusual experience of watching their director "doubling" for the star in the scenes where the latter, as an inventor, is supposed to go up to give a demonstration.

I gave myself a day out and went with them—and got a stiff neck with watching Arthur Woods fluttering all round the empyrean, and a stitch in my side with watching George E. Stone and Olive Blakeney holding out a rug to catch two airmen as they descended by parachute.

They descend together for some distance, and then part company; and to see George E. Stone and Olive Blakeney running gallantly hither and yon in a frenzied attempt to catch them both was a liberal education in the mechanics of comic acting.

It was also extremely funny.

Bang!

Max Miller in this film plays the part of Wellington Lincoln, the human dynamo; and in a travelling show-tent scene he very nearly lived up to his title.

He was supposed to become interested in the experiments of a professor of chemistry; but Max got just a little too interested, and began fooling about with the apparatus—with the result that he achieved an explosion which nearly relieved him of his eyebrows.

Maybe that wouldn't have mattered so much to Max—just the loss of a brace of eyebrows; but suppose it had happened to Marlene Dietrich . . . or George Robey!

There's been a re-union at "The Bush."

No one in the film business ever calls it anything but "The Bush," by the way. Apparently on the same principle as good wine needs no bush, it's assumed that good Bush needs no Shepherd's.

The re-union is between Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Roland Young, who haven't played together since they were students at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

Since then Mr. Young has become an American citizen, while Sir Cedric (gad, sir!):

"In spite of all temptations

To belong to other nations

Has remained an Englishman!"

And I don't mind betting I'll get some stinging letters from Barrow-in-Furness and Ashby-de-la-Zouch, for misquotation.

Well, I gotta tough hide.

Gilbertian

Hardwicke is playing the part of Allan Quartermaine in *King Solomon's Mines*, while Roland Young is "Captain Good," a "Colonel Blimp" type of Englishman—rather an amusing part for an American-by-choice to play!

Gaumont British have rather an interesting subject on the list for future production at Shepherd's Bush, by the way—a subject that should interest not only Savoyards, but the world at large.

It's called *Gilbert Meets Sullivan*, and it deals with the lives of the famous creators of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

Pause here for personal reminiscence.

I was taking tea once with Lady Gilbert, widow of the great man, at her home near Watford, and she told me that about a fortnight before they had had a daylight burglary.

The thief was heard upstairs, so two of the menservants went up the main and servants' staircase simultaneously, while the gardeners patrolled outside in case he should try to escape by a window.

And downstairs a gramophone was blaring "Oh, for the wings of a dove!"

That's what I call a perfect Gilbertian situation.

A Close Call

Ian Colin, who is appearing in the film *Toilers of The Sea*, had a hair-raising experience lately while on location in Sark, in the Channel Islands.

A boat he was in capsized, and the motor-boat that went to his rescue broke her rudder—and Colin, clinging to the capsized boat, was swept out to sea by a nine-mile-an-hour tide, over scarcely-hidden rocks.

He hadn't a chance of swimming against that tide; all he could do was to hang on and wish he'd been a farmer instead of a film actor.

By the time another boat reached him, he'd been in the water over half-an-hour; but except for a few cuts and bruises he was none the worse for a thoroughly unpleasant experience.



A charming study of Polly Ward, who appeared with Will Fife in "Annie Laurie"



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The Hollywood

NEWSREEL

DENIALS of romance are constantly encountered in Hollywood, so it is scarcely surprising that Mary Pickford should declare that there is no truth in the reports that she will soon wed Charles (Buddy) Rogers.

The general opinion is that Mary will become Mrs. Rogers shortly before the New Year. Buddy is a constant visitor at Pickfair, which seems destined to change its name when the wedding takes place.

Possibly Mary's home will later be known as "Pickro"!

Lo! the Poor Indian!

Frunk Whitmann, of Milwaukee, who claims to be a Creek Indian, says he came to Hollywood to marry Lupe Velez. Instead, unsympathetic police officers placed him in jail on a charge of disturbing the peace.

"The chief" declares he planned for a tribal conference, at which Johnny Weissmuller, Lupe's husband, would renounce his claims, thus paving the way for Lupe to become his bride.

So far as I can learn, Lupe never heard of her Indian admirer!

Train Perils

Not long ago, when I was bidding a star good-bye at the railway station in Pasadena, I was surprised to note how quickly her maid closed the stateroom door. Then I recalled the reason.

Film celebrities rarely leave the doors of their staterooms open since a recent unfortunate experience of Myrna Loy, when a thief darted into her stateroom, seized her pocket book, containing many valuables, and vanished before he could be apprehended.

So "Safety First" is the motto of our film favourites!

Ants in Her Home

Dolores Del Rio has had her troubles with ants, who thrive splendidly in California's "unusual" climate.

An insect exterminator expert has profited greatly by the ant invasion of the Mexican star's home. I understand that the ants are even found in the swimming pool.

Kindly Star

Joan Crawford was sitting in front of her portable dressing-room when an office boy brought two visitors, an elderly man and woman, to the set.

She called the boy over.

"Why don't you give them a break?" the star suggested. "Clark Gable is right over there."

"I know it," replied the boy. "They're his father and mother!"

Mr. and Mrs. Gable spent the afternoon with Clark, and later met Joan.

"It is no new experience to see Clark," Mr. Gable remarked to Joan, "but this is a real pleasure. I've always wanted to meet you!"

A Star's Ex-husband

Al Scott used to be married to Colleen Moore, but the union was dissolved in the divorce courts. Colleen has now retired from the films and her energies are occupied in exploiting her famous "Doll House."

Another star, Marian Marsh, now absorbs Al's attentions, and every indication points to a wedding in the near future.

Marian did very well at Warners for several years, then was eclipsed by Bette Davis, but, since joining Columbia, has once more forged to the front.

Cowboy Riches

George O'Brien plays western heroes and reaps a far greater

income than other actors who play society roles.

The best proof is the various improvements O'Brien is installing on his 50-acre ranch. He is erecting a new ranch house and guest home, stables and swimming pool. When George gets through, his place will have all of the advantages of

a Hollywood home, without the disadvantage of importunate neighbours dropping in on him at all hours of the night.

Such is Fame

Feminine stars cannot even patronise beauty parlours without being mobbed by their admirers.

A recent instance is that of Ida Lupino who was followed from the Paramount lot by a flock of autograph seekers. They were still outside with their notebooks when Ida completed her beauty treatment.

So the little English actress, who had an important engagement, climbed through a rear window of the shop, jumped into her car and drove away.

Romantic Mystery!

Rosalind Russell, the statuesque young actress who is considered one of the most beautiful women in Hollywood, declines to admit she is engaged.

Nevertheless, I hear that she is very much interested in W. C. Durant, jun., whose father won riches in the automobile industry. At one time the Durant cars were very popular in the States.

Going American!

Having learned the English language on her first visit to Hollywood, Anna Sten is now busily engaged with the more difficult matter of acquainting herself with the customs of American life.

In her recently purchased Santa Monica home, the Russian star diligently practices such typical complexities as ping-pong, water polo, parlour games, appreciation of American song writers, and the matter of acquiring a sun tan.

Only one Russian diversion has Anna kept for herself. She still takes long solitary walks early in the morning and at dusk.

A Curious Servant

The servant problem was never so acute for Ann Sothorn as at present—the result of her employment of a maid with a fondness for things mechanical.

Ann frequently took the maid to the studios, where she caused consternation amongst cameramen and sound engineers when they were confronted with this Niobe with the inquisitive eyes and the urge to dissect the instruments.

The star has transferred the maid to domestic duty and has selected her cook, who has a great antipathy for mechanics, as her studio escort!

Tennis and the Movies

Kay Stammers, Britain's No. 2 woman tennis player, may be offered a contract by a California studio.

The average woman tennis player is entirely too husky for movie roles, but the slender Miss Stammers is considered by Hollywood picture people to be a most promising prospect.

Several studios have Miss Stammers under close scrutiny, but no definite overtures have been made to her as yet.

A Wish Fulfilled

Anne Shirley has purchased an antique ivory dining-room set for her Hollywood home. The 18-year-old star is also superintending the redecorating of the room.

The young actress's home represents fulfilment of a childish yearning. For years she has wanted a bungalow with a fence-enclosed yard in which a Scottie dog could play.



Big patch pockets and a square draped collar of handsome Persian lamb are original notes in this swagger coat. It is worn by Helen Wood, who will be seen in "Can This Be Dixie?" Fine black wool, shadow-plaided in white and scarlet, makes both coat and dress, the latter featuring a tunic and side closing that is fastened with scarlet buttons. Touches of scarlet and green are seen on the high-crowned black felt hat, and other accessories are black.

SHOT BY PHIL LONERGAN



Drama in Rhythm
—Fred and Ginger interpret one of the strongest emotional scenes in a hauntingly graceful dance which takes the place of dialogue. The dance is done to a medley of three melodies, expressing varying moods with more clarity than the spoken word.



To the teasing Jerome Kern tune, "Pick Yourself Up," Miss Rogers and Mr. Astaire do one of their mad and merry dance routines.



Right: Helen Broderick, Ginger Rogers, Gerald Hemmer, Victor Moore and Fred Astaire in one of the many comedy scenes.

One of the most amazing dance spectacles ever to be brought to the screen is the "Bojangles of Harlem" number, in which twenty-four of Hollywood's best dancing girls take part. Twelve of the girls are shown here in one of their intricate dances.



Another striking shot of the "Bojangles of Harlem" number.

The dancing highlights of "Swing Time" include the stars' interpretation of the Swing Waltz, something new in the one-two-three rhythm.



Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are back again in a new song and dance carnival, with a "boy meets girl and loses her" motif and a rich quota of humour to help the harmony.





The Story of the Film

THESE THREE

by
Marjory Williams

Freely based on the film, "These Three," by permission of United Artists Films Ltd.

"Aunt Lily," Martha hedged desperately, "is this a visit? You see, we're not well equipped here."

FROM her first meeting with Dr. Joe Cardin, as he cluttered about with a pail getting honey from the roof hive of the old house in Connecticut, Martha Dobie realised that she loved him. But he chose to fall in love with Karen Wright, owner of the once-beautiful, derelict mansion she hoped, with Martha's help, to convert into a girls' boarding school.

Karen was such a graceful, charming little thing, with delicately arched brows above shining expressive eyes. Not that Martha's appearance was homely. The Empire mirror that had adorned old Mrs. Wright's drawing-room in Lafayette's time reflected a fragile slip of a girl with wistful brown eyes and wavy hair, fair as Karen's was dark. All the same, it was from Karen's hair that Joe tried to take the splinters as he helped the two girls to knock up furniture and otherwise make the dead-alive house fit for the reception of youth.

Then, out of the blue—or, more correctly, the station car—stepped Martha's Aunt Lily. The flow of her greeting could be heard before she was well inside the hall.

"Martha darling! Hullo! I am glad to see you. I had such a time getting here. Never mind. What an odd place this is! Most quaint. . . . Karen, how are you, darling? We met at Graduation Day, didn't we? You're looking prettier than ever. . . . And now this gentleman—your assistant, I presume. . . . No—only a friend. . . . Dr. Cardin. . . . I'm so sorry. . . . So very pleased to meet you."

"Aunt Lily," Martha hedged desperately, "is this a visit? You see, we're not well equipped here. You know we neither of us have any money, and we're going through a hard time till the school gets going and—"

"I know, dear; and all about your

plans, too. That's why I've come to put my shoulder to the wheel as your elocution mistress and general supervisor. Until you get started, I shall only take the smallest fee for my services. Now, if Dr. Cardin will carry up my luggage, I'll rest for an hour, then come down and help you with the furniture."

Poor Martha! During the ensuing weeks, the "Duchess," as Joe insisted on calling her, succeeded in putting not merely a finger, but her entire irritating personality, into the Wright-Dobie pie.

Fancying herself an actress, she had been edged out of one stock company after another, until "resting" had become too transparent an excuse for lack of engagements.

As elocution mistress she was not a success, for her boasted comprehension of the technique of reciting Shakespeare left her no room for understanding children.

"They laugh at her. The class was in pandemonium the other day, when I went in in the middle of a lesson," Karen complained. "As for Mary Tilford, the 'Duchess' is quite incapable of managing her."

"I'm not much better myself," Martha owned. "I tried sarcasm on her to-day, when she cribbed a Latin translation, but it was no use."

"There always is an *enfant terrible* in any school," Karen returned tranquilly.

It was all very well for Karen to look on the bright side. She and Joe were in love, enjoying those exquisite pre-engagement days, meeting each other continually, going up the river.

But Martha had leisure to foresee that Mary Tilford would be a menace to the school. Mary didn't merely play pranks; she lied to suit her purpose, and bullied the younger children. Unluckily, she was the grand-daughter of an azure-blooded dowager whose patronage could not be sneezed at. Otherwise, Martha, for one, would have refused to have Mary Tilford in the house. The child's disagreeable mouth, cruel expression, and rebellious voice labelled her as undesirable.

Thinking of Mary one snowy evening, Martha was closing the attic window when the one voice in the world capable of bringing her out of any daydream called from below: "Karen! Hey! Karen!"

"Stop making such a row! She went to town for supplies. Come up and help me paint a table, Joe."

"All right."

Of course, he only agreed, hoping Karen would be back. None the less, seeing Joe installed in the rocker, while she gave a shabby Pemberton a coat of cellulose, was Martha's crumb of happiness. Joe, though he didn't admit it, seemed tired; but they talked about the hospital and Aunt Lily with animation. "You must have had a fine childhood," Joe said, apropos of Aunt Lily's high falutin' notions of how King Lear should be played.

"Oh, I did, indeed!—moving school, all the time keeping pace with the stock company. But that wasn't the worst," she went on with her back to Joe, for once unselfconscious, appreciating his readiness to listen. Turning to look for a fresh can of paint, she saw that he was fast asleep.

He woke suddenly, crashing a glass of milk at his elbow.

"Sorry I was so clumsy," he apologised, unaware of a subtler trespass. She was assuring him that everything was all right when Aunt Lily, appearing at the door in her negligee, added to her niece's misery:—

"I heard such a strange noise. Oh, Dr. Cardin! Rather a late visitor, aren't you?"

"Not me. As a matter of fact, I've been here four days. I was hiding in your trunk. I'd better say good-night. I've at least five calls from the hospital. You might tell Karen, Martha, that when we're married she'll have to stay home and watch me knock over milk glasses."

"Joe is so in love with Karen, isn't he?" Aunt Lily sighed as the late guest took his long legs downstairs. I do hope they'll have a spring wedding. We could stage it

so well in the garden. Of course, it will all be rather hard on you, Martha dear."

Just how hard things were going to be not only for Martha, but the entire household, did not transpire immediately. An inkling appeared on the day when, at Karen's wish, Martha offered Aunt Lily a trip abroad. The morning had begun badly. Mary Tilford, having been cut off recreation and riding for being deceitful, had staged such a convincing heart attack that Joe had been sent for. The child's tantrums, when found out, and threats of complaining to her grandmother were nothing to Aunt Lily's wailings at what she called being turned out, after working her fingers to the bone, and being shipped off to England.

"The truth is I don't think school is quite the place for you," Martha pursued.

"What you mean is I should keep out of the way when Joe Cardin's around," Aunt returned. "You don't fool me. You're in love with him, and you've good reason for not wanting Karen to marry him. Running after him and having him in your room late at night."

If anything could have heightened the tension at this point it was Martha's discovery that Rosalie and Evelyn, two eight-year-olds, very much under Mary's thumb, were eavesdropping outside the door.

"We'll have to separate those two from Mary," Martha advised Karen when a tearful Aunt Lily had left the sitting-room to pack her trunk. "If that child got to know what Aunt said, there's no knowing what might happen. Mary received the news that she was to be parted from her dormitory mates with a fresh display of temper. 'It's all because I had a heart pain. You're always mean to me. I get punished and picked on and blamed for everything that happens round here,' she stormed."

The day following the storm broke in earnest. Rosalie and Mary, missing from the school, were reported to be with Mrs. Tilford, who telephoned that the children were not coming back. During the morning, the parents of half the pupils found excuses to remove their children instantly. By the

(Continued on page 22)

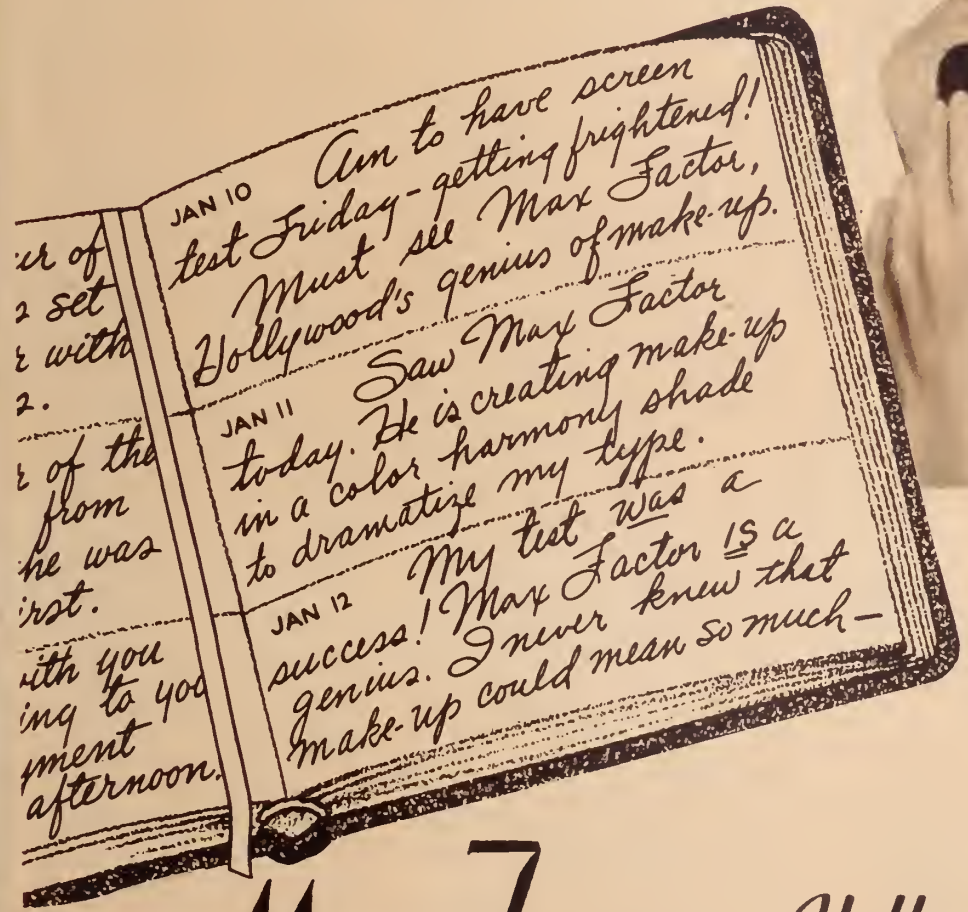
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afternoon only a handful of pupils remained. From the chauffeur, who came to collect Joyce Walton, Martha and Karen heard their first intimation of the real reason for the exodus. "Tell Mrs. Walton we don't want her cheque or anyone's," Karen said to the man who proffered settlement of the school account, "till we know why this is happening."

"Well, it seems that one of you ladies has been carrying on with the other's fiancé, and she don't think this is a fit place for kids to be," the chauffeur returned bluntly. Martha felt she would have died sooner than seen the look on Joe's face, as, his arm about Karen, he stuttered: "Get out! Get out, quick!"

Mrs. Tilford, to whose ample and dignified abode Martha went forthwith with Karen and Joe, attempted graciousness in dealing the blow expected by her visitors.

"I don't think you should have come here," she began. "I was going to visit you to-morrow to explain my position in all this and to ask you to explain yours. I'm deeply sorry you should have been involved in this."

"I think we'd better make it clear that there is nothing for us to explain and we very much dislike your sympathy," Karen flared.

"Moreover, not a word of what you've evidently heard is true. We're standing here defending ourselves against nothing except an awful lie," Martha added.

"You had no business to involve children in your scandalous behaviour," Mrs. Tilford accused. "Naturally I couldn't send them back to you."

"When three people come to you with their lives cut in pieces by what you've done, the only decent thing is to give them a chance to put them together again," Joe said violently. "Where are Mary and Rosalie?"

The two children were brought. Martha was startled to see that Rosalie's arm was bandaged. "Why don't you like Miss Wright and Miss Dobie?" Joe challenged Mary.

"I do like them, Dr. Cardin, but they're always punishing me. They punished me yesterday because Evelyn and Rosalie had heard Miss Dobie's aunt say Miss Dobie was in love with you. That's why Rosalie's got a bad arm. Isn't it, Rosalie? Because Miss Dobie asked Rosalie not to tell anyone and Rosalie wouldn't promise."

"Leave that out, for it's a lie!" Martha said sharply. "The point is my aunt is a silly woman. What she said, she said to annoy me; no more."

"But funny things did happen at school," Mary chimed in. "One night Dr. Cardin was in Miss Dobie's room late. I heard him go, 'cos my room's next door. I leaned down by the keyhole and saw things, and got scared..."

"There's no keyhole on my door," Martha contended.

"Then, it was the other room, Miss Wright's room, I guess. She was out. I got mixed up."

THE STORY of the

"How did you know anyone was in Miss Wright's room?" Joe countered.

"I heard you. I said I heard."

"Why did you listen through a keyhole?" Mrs. Tilford asked. Mary cut her grandmother short by starting to sob. "Why d'you all yell at me? I don't know what I'm saying with everyone mixing everything up, but I did see Miss Dobie and Dr. Cardin. I did see them."

"I want the truth," Mrs. Tilford said severely. "Are you sure you saw them? Remember, I want the truth."

"N—no. It was Rosalie who saw them. I said it was me because I didn't want to tattle on Rosalie. You ask Rosalie." Mrs. Tilford turned to the child.

"Rosalie, listen! Don't be frightened. Has anything been going on at school between Dr. Cardin and Miss Dobie? I mean, have you ever seen anything between them that wasn't quite right?"

"No, Mrs. Tilford—never."

"Then Miss Dobie didn't hurt your arm because of something she didn't want you to talk about?"

"No; the door slammed when I was listening that day to Miss Dobie and her aunt, but—"

"Rosalie, you did!" Mary accused. "You told me about your arm. You told me what you saw. You're just trying to get out of it. I remember, because it was the day Helen Burton's bracelet was stolen and her mother had said that if the thief were found out she'd be put in gaol. I remember quite well... Grandma, I've something I want to tell you..."

Her words were drowned in Rosalie's sudden sobbing. "Yes, yes. I did see it. What Mary said was right. I said I saw it," came between the child's choking tears.

Mystified completely as to the cause of Rosalie's hysterical outburst of lying, Martha had insufficient experience to be warned against bringing a libel action against Mrs. Tilford by which Karen and Joe hoped to clear the good names of the three. Bitter disappointment was in store. The Judge, in dismissing the plaintiff's



case, even went so far as to pass stringent comment against their having dragged two innocent children through a story which they should never have heard.

Aunt Lily, who, in spite of appeals, had failed to appear as a witness, suddenly turned up at the deserted school, full of chat about the weather and recent changes in the theatre.

"Things have changed here, too," Martha informed bitterly. "There's a four-o'clock train. Since it was a good deal owing to you that we lost our case, we should be glad if you'd leave."

"I've only come to help. If you wish to apologise, I shall be in my room," Aunt Lily returned in her best Shakespearean manner. Feeling ashamed of herself, Martha vanished into the kitchen.

"Cooking always makes me feel better," she announced to Karen, who came in half an hour later. Something in her friend's defeated face made Martha ask: "Where's Joe?"

"Gone. He's not coming back. He's going to the hospital job in Vienna he had before he came here. He cabled Dr. Fisher."

"Karen, he hasn't! Then it's because of me. You thought that Joe and I... Didn't he tell you that it wasn't true?"

"Yes, but I didn't believe him. Oh, Martha, that dreadful child has ruined our three lives! I don't know whom to believe."

"You can believe me, Karen. You've been a good friend to stand by, thinking all you did about us. Now I'll tell you. I love Joe. I've always loved him, but he never knew about it; never will know. He never thought of me. That night we were in the attic together he even went to sleep while I was talking..."

She drifted on, realising that Karen only half believed her; yet the truth was out and Martha felt better, equal even to making a decision. Aunt Lily, she found had decided, after all, to travel by the four o'clock train. "Wait a minute, Aunt!" she cried as the lady swept in the grand manner through the hall. "I'm coming with you."

Aunt Lily, though conceited and interfering, was by no means ill-natured. During the journey she

talked, though her hearer would greatly have preferred not, quite amicably commenting on her niece's decision to remain a teacher with:—

"You've a nice disposition, Martha. Considering what you've been through, it's a marvel you could look at a child again; though, mercifully, they're not all like Mary Tilford. The dreadful things she used to do. Deceiving me right and left, and bullying the other children. Why, she had little Rosalie Wells right under her thumb."

"Don't talk about it," Martha begged.

"But, my dear, she used to make the child do the most dreadful things. I believe for months she made Rosalie keep a bracelet she had borrowed from Helen Burton, just to make it appear that Rosalie had stolen it. You know in court how Rosalie said you'd hurt her arm. Why, I saw Mary Tilford bandaging it, with my own eyes. It was the day when I was asked to leave, and I was so upset I never thought much about it. I bet Mary threatened Rosalie with going to gaol and kept Helen's bracelet, all to make Rosalie say you'd hurt her arm. I never connected it before, but—"

Martha rose in her seat. "Where's the next stop?" she inquired of a passing ticket collector. Aunt Lily had timed her confidence aptly. Within half an hour of leaving the train, Martha was on Mrs. Wells' doorstep. To her relief, Rosalie answered the door. Five minutes' talk with the child and out came the truth at last. She was afraid of Mary Tilford. Mary had kept Helen Burton's bracelet. "She found it in my drawer," Rosalie sobbed, "but I never meant to keep it. Honest, I didn't. Then, on the day we went into court, Mary came over before breakfast. Mary said you had a policeman all ready to take me, and that, if I didn't say what I'd said before about you hurting my arm and things, she'd give him the bracelet and the Judge would put me in gaol."

With Rosalie beside her in Mrs. Tilford's elaborate drawing-room, Martha had the satisfaction of seeing Agatha, the gaunt housemaid-companion, holding up a child's gold bracelet. "It was hidden in Miss Mary's bureau behind a book," she announced as one who is glad to see justice done to the doer of many wrongs. For once, Mary's screams and sobs of denial were unavailing. As Agatha carried her, shrieking and struggling, out of the room, Mrs. Tilford looked an old woman.

"Anything I can do, Miss Dobie?" she said, broken, but without loss of dignity. "A public apology. The damage suit paid in full, of course. I will readily undertake."

Martha shook her head. "There's nothing you can do to alter the past—except—except—will you take a message to Karen? Tell her to stay with Joe, wherever he is. She'll know what I mean."

At the moment, Martha, with the hopelessness of youth wronged beyond reparation, failed to see that the fruit of a first love could hide the seeds of a second blooming. In after years she could afford to look back with joy in the thought that, through her, Karen did go to Vienna, and at a cafe, between a tobacco shop and the hospital, found and was reunited to Joe.

"It was hidden in Miss Mary's bureau behind a book," Agatha, the maid, announced as one who is glad to see justice done to the doer of many wrongs.



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As in the majority of films with an historical basis, this one, dealing with the life of Andrew Jackson, who became President in 1823, is apt to be jerky in continuity and too drawn out. In addition, it is—naturally—so American in flavour that its appeal in this country is obviously limited to some extent.

But it does contain some very good acting, and the production generally is polished and extremely well mounted.

Joan Crawford puts real feeling into the role of Peggy O'Neale, the daughter of an innkeeper, who is in love with John Randolph, a senator from Virginia, who vigorously defends the sovereign rights of his State against the Union.

She confesses her love to him, but he, feeling he is too old, repulses her, and she marries a young naval officer. Her husband is drowned shortly afterwards, and she devotes herself to her uncle Andrew Jackson, who is in the running for the presidency, and his wife, Rachel.

After a bitter campaign, Jackson is elected, but his wife, who was of humble origin, had been so hurt by the vilification she had suffered during the election that she dies.

So it is Peggy who accompanies Jackson to the White House as first lady in the land.

Her origin, too, sets slanderous tongues wagging, but she succeeded in ignoring them. Then, learning that Randolph, who had been sent to Russia as ambassador for five years, had returned, she again pleaded her love.

This time he lets her know that he had loved her all along. However, the difference in their political opinions separates them, and Peggy goes back to Jackson and accepts an offer of marriage from John Eaton, the Secretary of State for War and Jackson's choice for her.

Later Randolph is shot and Peggy rushes to his death-bed. On her return she finds she has caused a first-rate scandal.

The President takes the matter up and, since all the trouble is caused by the wives of Cabinet Ministers, he asks for and accepts the resignations of their husbands!

Peggy sails to Spain, where Eaton is appointed Ambassador.

Lionel Barrymore is very good as the President and delivers some longish speeches with excellent effect.

Robert Taylor is vigorous and personable as the naval lieutenant, while Melvyn Douglas is dignified and sincere as Randolph. James Stewart, as a youthful admirer of Peggy, shows to advantage.

As the leader of the scandal-mongers, Alison Skipworth draws

a clever character study, while Beulah Bondi is human and pathetic, and depicts the faith and strength of Rachel Jackson.

Clarence Brown, the director, has caught the atmosphere of the period admirably, and the life of the new national—the United States was then only a hundred years old—provides a colourful background to the romance and historical figures around whom the plot revolves.

HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

We have had a good many pictures dealing with life behind the scenes in Hollywood—most of them frankly satirical. This one is sentimental, and sometimes sentimental to the point of bathos.

It opens extremely well with an introduction to an erstwhile star who is trying to get work, and who is finally offered a big sum by a magazine publisher for his autobiography.

What he writes is "hotted up" and made frankly scandalous, involving many women who are anxious to forget their affairs with the one-time matinee idol.

All this is played in a very human spirit, and is thoroughly convincing and interesting in its angle of approach to life in the film colony. But directly the ex-star's daughter is introduced, and a sentimental romance inaugurated between her and a young Hollywood writer, the plot becomes more conventional and slows up considerably in action.

Actually what happens is that the centre of interest is changed from the ex-star to the girl and changing horses in mid-stream is not a good move at all.

The plot develops in a manner that shows how the ex-star is begged by his daughter to cease the publication of his story in order to protect her mother's name and how her father manages it by recognising the wife of his publisher as one of his former flames.

At this juncture things get quite incongruously melodramatic, although Robert Florey's direction softens it a little.

The publisher's wife visits the

writer and shoots him, and his daughter, coming in shortly afterwards, is suspected of the murder.

However, the ex-star recovers and is able to put things right in a highly chivalrous manner, which prevents scandal touching anyone involved.

The high-light of the picture is the brilliant performance given by John Halliday as the ex-star. It is a moving and convincing character study, never over-exaggerated, and played with quiet sincerity and restrained emotion.

Marsha Hunt scores very definitely with her interpretation of the daughter, and Robert Cummings is good and youthfully expressive as her fiancé.

One can always rely on a good performance from C. Henry Gordon, and he does not fail us with his performance as the publisher: Frieda Inescourt, too, is good as his wife.

A study of a temperamental actress is cleverly played by Esther Ralston, while Mae Marsh is quietly effective as Randolph's wife who had divorced him.

Incidentally, several old-time stars make brief appearances in this picture and lend a realistic background to the various Hollywood resorts. They include Francis X. Bushman, Maurice Costello, Betty Compson, Charles Ray, William Desmond, Jack Mulhall, and Bryant Washburn.

Sequences on the set are amusing as well as interesting, and the picture supplies generally good entertainment.

FOLLOW YOUR HEART

There is some worth while singing in this musical which features two of the latest operatic stars, Marion Talley and Michael Bartlett, but when one has said that one has said everything.

The story is a nebulous affair dealing with the romance of Marion, the daughter of a temperamental musical family, with Michael, the tenor and manager of a show which features the said family.

Marion is engaged to a wealthy young man, Harrison, and does not want to enter on a career.

However, by devious means Michael forces her to take part in a show he stages in the open with her house as a background.

It proves a success and during the run Marion falls in love with Michael but is too loyal to jilt Harrison.

At the end of the run Marion learns that the show is going on tour and she refuses to go, believing Michael had only offered her marriage so that he could be sure of her acting with him.

However, at the last minute she

relents and Harrison releases her from her promise.

The opening which introduces you to the unconventional Bohemian family is amusing, and operatic songs are introduced in a humorous and novel manner. Later the story becomes too thin to hold the interest and the appeal comes from the singing and staging of the show produced by Michael.

It has some tuneful numbers and the settings are effective, in spite of the fact that it would have been quite impossible to have presented such an entertainment on the lawn in front of a house as the story supposes.

Marion Talley's singing voice is excellent but her speech is very indistinct and unpleasantly accented. Her acting is weak.

Michael Bartlett sings exceptionally well and has a pleasing personality. He puts over a good performance as Michael.

Nigel Bruce has little to do as Marion's father but makes the most of it, and Luis Alberni is amusing as a conductor.

Henrietta Crosman is also good as his wife.

The direction is by Aubrey Scotto, who has handled his slight material to the best advantage.

The music, other than the classical excerpts, is by Victor Schertzinger who has contributed several attractive and well written numbers.

As a whole, the film provides fair musical entertainment.

SINGENDE JUGEND

A very human story of a little orphan boy who joins the famous "Vienna Choirboys," it is simple in design, but rich in sincere sentiment and characterisation. The Tyrolean backgrounds are very picturesque, and singing by the choir exceedingly good.

The story shows how Toni, ill-treated by his foster-father, runs away with a street singer, Bluml. Bluml hears him sing, and after a while takes him to the Vienna Choirboys' school where his voice wins him admission. Envious of the other boys who have parents, Toni adores Sister Maria, the matron in charge.

One day a thousand-schilling note is missing, and Toni, because he believes Maria is accused of stealing it, confesses to the theft.

He runs away from school, but is followed by Bluml, who has obtained a post as porter. The boy falls in a river, but is rescued and brought back by Bluml.

Meantime, the missing note which Maria believed had been stolen by the man who loves her, is found. Toni recovers, and is praised for his self-sacrifice, and is rewarded by the devoted love of Maria.

Martin Lojda is natural and attractive as Toni, while Sister Maria is most sympathetically rendered by Julia Janssen.

Two excellent studies are given by Ferdinand Maierhofer as the Rector, and Hans Olden as Bluml. Franz Schafheitlin is good, too, as the boys' pompous tutor.

Although slight, the story is full of clever, intimate detail work and pictorial touches. The characters are real and the pathos of the boy's loneliness is fully brought out without being over-sentimentalised. This is largely due to the restraint in the acting.

Performances by the choirboys are well-staged, and the technical work generally is on a high level. The footage is somewhat long for the strength of the theme, a id some judicious cutting would not come amiss.

LIONEL COLLIER.



Joan Crawford and Lionel Barrymore in "The Georgeious Hussy."



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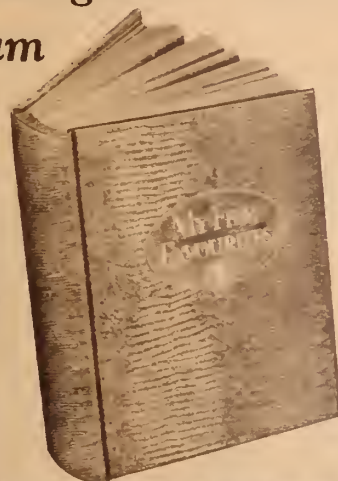
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REVIEWS

The PICTUREGOER'S
quick reference index to
films just released

***THE CASE AGAINST
MRS. AMES
***THESE THREE
***CEILING ZERO
**SUICIDE CLUB
**EAST MEETS WEST
*THE WITNESS CHAIR
*THE FIRST BABY
c*RIDE 'EM COWBOY
UNLUCKY JIM
I'LL NAME THE
MURDERER

What the asterisks mean—

**** An outstanding feature.
*** Very good. ** Good.
* Average entertainment. c Also
suitable for children.

***THE CASE AGAINST MRS. AMES

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Mother-love melodrama. Runs 85 minutes. MADELEINE CARROLL.....Hope Ames
GEORGE BRENT.....Matt Logan
ARTHUR TREACHER.....Griggsby
ALAN BAXTER.....Lou
BEULAH BONDI.....Mrs. Livingston Ames
ALAN MOWBRAY.....Lawrence Waterson
BRENDA FOWLER.....Mrs. Shumway
ESTHER DALE.....Matilda
EDWARD BROPHY.....Sid
RICHARD CARLE.....Uncle Gordoo
SCOTTY BECKETT.....Bobbie Ames
MAY METHOT.....Cora
GUY BATES POST.....Judge Davis
JUNE BREWSTER.....Laurette
ELVIRA CURCI.....Jeanette
JONATHAN HALE.....Judge
Directed by William Seiter. Based on the novel by Gene Towne and Graham Baker.

You cannot quite overlook the inherent artificiality of this picture, but it is so well directed and acted that it is not too obtrusive.

The leading role is played by Madeleine Carroll and I do not think that she has given a better dramatic interpretation on the screen. She brings a wealth of conviction to her interpretation of Hope Ames who is charged with the murder of her husband.

During the trial, the district attorney is taken ill, and his assistant, Matt Logan, a hard-boiled self-made lawyer, is entrusted with the case for the prosecution. His colourful rhetoric, however, fails before Hope's eloquent personal appeal to the jury and she is acquitted.

Her own lawyer, Lawrence Waterson, believes her guilty and refuses to help her gain the custody of her child, now in the possession of her vindictive mother-in-law, while Logan takes his rebuff in a far from gentlemanly manner. The only way to prove herself fitted to claim her boy lies in her complete exoneration, and to achieve this end, Hope adopts the daring procedure of persuading Logan to plead her case.

He, confident, that his assignment will prove her guilt, undertakes the task, but his investigations lead unexpectedly to important fresh clues which leads to an unexpected denouement.

As the aggressive Logan, George Brent is exceedingly good and Alan Mowbray is sound as Waterson.

Beulah Bondi contributes a clever

by Lionel COLLIER



George Brent and Madeline Carroll in
"The Case Against Mrs. Ames."

portrayal of a vicious and relentless mother-in-law. The court scenes are gripping and a balance of crisp humour has not been overlooked.

***THESE THREE

United Artists. American. "A" certificate. Psychological drama. Runs 93 minutes. MIRIAM HOPKINS.....Martha Dobie
MERLE OBERON.....Karen Wright
JOEL MCCREA.....Dr. Joseph Cardin
CATHERINE DOUCET.....Mrs. Mortar
ALMA KRUGER.....Mrs. Tilford
BONITA GRANVILLE.....Mary Tilford
MARCIA MAE JONES.....Rosalie
CARMENCITA JOHNSON.....Evelyn
MARGARET HAMILTON.....Agatha
MARY LOUISE COOPER.....Helen Burtoo
WALTER BRENNAN.....Taxi Driver
Directed by William Wyler. Screen play by Lillian Hellman. Previewed May 9, 1936. For story freely based on the play by Marjory Williams, see page 20

In spite of the fact that the footage and dialogue are rather excessive, the high level of the acting and the clever direction of William Wyler makes this picture very good and unusual entertainment.

The pivotal point of the plot is the psychology of a child whose behaviour is very nearly the cause of tragedy. Dependent on this, is a romance in which both Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon fall in love with Joel McCrea.

But this is actually of minor importance to the juvenile element.

Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon are excellent in their roles of Martha and Karen, respectively, two graduates, who open a school in a small town and gain the support of Mrs. Tilford, the town's social leader.

They are helped too, by a doctor, Joel McCrea, who falls in love with Karen. Living with the girls is Mrs. Mortar, Martha's actress aunt, an impoverished busybody and mischief maker. One night she discovers the doctor asleep in Martha's room—a suspicious, but perfectly innocent occurrence.

Later, a very objectionable child, Mary, grand-daughter of Mrs. Tilford who feels she is being unjustly punished, runs away, forcing another little girl, Rosalie to go with her.

She tells a tissue of lies and makes innuendoes about the mistresses, which forces Mrs. Tilford to take her away from the school and advise

other parents to do likewise. The result is that the girls are ruined financially and socially—and, worse still, Karen begins to believe that the cause of the scandal was not so innocent after all.

They bring a libel action against Mrs. Tilford, which they lose, but when all seems lost, Karen succeeds in making Rosalie tell the truth and expose Mary as the inventor of the whole scandal.

Joel McCrea is exceedingly good as the doctor and Catherine Doucet gives a clever study of Mrs. Mortar.

Alma Kruger is well in character as Mrs. Tilford.

Bonita Granville's performance as Mary is masterly. She seems to live the exceptionally unsympathetic role she is given.

Marcia Mae Jones, too, is excellent as Rosalie.

You may not be convinced either in the way that Mary works havoc amongst her elders nor with a modern doctor's treatment of a pathological case, but, nevertheless, there is a wealth of human feeling in the picture and in spite of a little sagging of interest at times, it will hold your attention.

***CEILING ZERO

Warner. American. "A" certificate. Aviation drama. Runs 95 minutes.

JAMES CAGNEY.....Dizzy Davis
PAT O'BRIEN.....Jake Lee
JUNE TRAVIS.....Tommy Thomas
STUART ERWIN.....Texas Clarke
BARTON MACLANE.....Al Stone
HENRY WADSWORTH.....Tay
MARTHA TIBBETS.....Mary Lee
ISABEL JEWELL.....Lou Clarke
CRAIG REYNOLDS.....Joe Allen
RICHARD PURCELL.....Smiley
CARLYLE MOORE, JUN.....Eddie Payson
ADDISON RICHARDS.....Fred
GARY OWEN.....Mike Owens
EDWARD GARGAN.....Doc Wilson
ROBERT LIGHT.....Les Bogan
JAMES BUSH.....Buzz
PAT WEST.....Baldy
MATHILDA COMONT.....Mama Gini
Directed by HOWARD HAWKS.
Previewed July 11, 1936.

An exciting and well characterised story with a civil aviation background. It is too strongly emotional at times but on the whole it provides



Stuart Erwin and James Cagney in
"Ceiling Zero."

unusual and actionful entertainment.

It is the sterling work contributed by Pat O'Brien as the head of an airline, that holds the picture together. It is a simple, sincere study of a man who has a high sense of duty but is ready, if necessary to sacrifice himself for friendship.

His bosom friend is Dizzy, a skirt-chasing, unreliable dare-devil who has the merit of being an exceptional pilot. O'Brien employs him in spite of threats of dismissal from head office. Incidentally, he does not know that his friend has had

an affair with his wife before he married her two years ago.

The development concerns itself with the amours of Dizzy with a young girl, Tommy, employed as a designer at a big central airport, which has to carry on despite the human drama which is taking place in its environments.

The climax comes when Dizzy feigns illness in order that he can be with his girl, and lets his friend, Tex, played by Stuart Erwin, take over a flight for him.

The weather conditions are terrible—ceiling zero—that is, no break anywhere in the bank of cloud and fog.

Tex's radio goes wrong; he crashes and is killed.

In his remorse Dizzy takes up a 'plane to attempt a flight which the chief has cancelled. He, too, crashes, but not before he has wireless valuable information about the faults in a device for clearing ice from the leading edges of the 'plane's wings.

Naturally there are purple patches of melodrama but when they are put over like they are here—give me melodrama.

James Cagney gives an excellent if unsympathetic study of Dizzy Davis, and Stuart Erwin is very good as Tex; he introduces just the right note of comedy.

June Travis makes a most attractive ingenue as Tommy and Isabel Jewell brings a real sense of characterisation to the role of Tex's wife.

Two minor roles are notably portrayed, that of a radio operator by James Bush and a feeble-minded ex-aviator by Garry Owen.

The details of the airport are exceedingly interesting and thrills and dangers of blind flying are admirably depicted.

**SUICIDE CLUB

M.-G.-M. American. "A" certificate. Romantic fantasy. Runs 73 minutes. ROBERT MONTGOMERY.....Florizel
ROSALIND RUSSELL.....Miss Vandeleur
FRANK MORGAN.....Colonel Geraldine
REGINALD OWEN.....President of Club
LOUIS HAYWARD

Young man with Cream Tarts
E. E. CLIVE.....Kiog
WALTER KINGSFORD.....Malthus
IVAN SIMPSON.....Collins
TOM MOORE.....Major O'Rook
ROBERT GREIG.....Fat Man
PEDRO DE COROBA.....Sergei
LELAND HODGSON.....Captain Rich
Directed by J. Walter Ruben. Freely adapted from Robert Louis Stevenson's Story. Previewed July 23, 1936.

An attempt to put something "different" on the screen is welcome, but I have a feeling that many people will find it rather too fantastic for their tastes and lacking even in an attempt at being convincing. Personally, I like to feel that I can take my fantasies seriously—for the moment at any rate.

In this case we are taken without warning from one hairbreadth adventure to another.

Briefly the plot concerns Prince Florizel, whose father, king of a Ruritanian state, wishes him for political reasons to marry a young princess whom he has not met since they were children.

Florizel is given a month in which to decide, and with his faithful friend, Colonel Geraldine, he goes to mid-Victorian London for a holiday.

Here he almost immediately becomes involved in the transactions of a mysterious Suicide Club, whose sinister president seems bent upon his death; and here also he meets a girl who is apparently the president's accomplice.

After that, comes the surprise element which I will not give away and spoil the thrill for you.

The under-current of humour is

good, and the whimsicality of action and dialogue has some attraction.

Robert Montgomery is gallantly insouciant as Florizel and Rosalind Russell scores as the mysterious woman who appears to be menacing his life.

An excellent performance comes from Reginald Owen as the president of the Suicide Club and Frank Morgan as the Prince's companion—he supplies most of the humour.

**EAST MEETS WEST

G.B.D. British. "A" certificate. Oriental melodrama. Runs 73 minutes.

GEORGE ARLISS.....Sultan
LUCIE MANNHEIM.....Marguerite
GODFREY TEARLE.....Sir Henry Mallory
ROMNEY BRENT.....Dr. Shagu
BALLARD BRACELEY.....Nezim
RONALD WARD.....Carter
NORMA VARDEN.....Lady Mallory
JOHN LAURIE.....Dr. Ferguson
O. B. CLARENCE.....Osmin
CAMPBELL GULLAN.....Takasato
ELIOT MAKEHAM.....Goodsen
PETER GAWTHORNE.....Stanton
RALPH TRUMAN.....Abdul
PAT BARR.....O'Flaherty
PETER CROFT.....Crowell
STELLA MOYA.....Suleika
Directed by Herbert Mason. Previewed
September 12, 1936.



Rosalind Russell in "Suicide Club."

outwitted, and he so plays his cards as to get monetary support from both Britain and the Eastern powers on the strength of two treaties, neither of which will embarrass their respective emissaries.

Good performances are given by Lucie Mannheim as Marguerite and Ronald Ward as her husband.

*THE WITNESS CHAIR

Pathé. American. "A" certificate. Murder drama. Runs 63 minutes.

ANN HARDING.....Paula Young
WALTER ABEL.....Trent
DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE.....Whittaker
FRANCES SAGE.....Connie Trent
MORONI OLSEN.....Poole
MARGARET HAMILTON.....Grace Franklin
MAXINE JENNINGS.....Tillie Jones
WILLIAM BENEDICT.....Benny Ryan
PAUL HARVEY.....Martin
MURRAY KINNELL.....Conrick
CHARLES ARNT.....Henshaw
FRANK JENKS.....Levino
EDWARD LE SAINT.....Judge McKenzie
HILDA VAUGHN.....Anna Yifnick
BARLOWE BORLAND.....O'Neil
Directed by George Nicholls, Junr. Previewed
June 27, 1936

Since we know who the murderer is in the first reel of the picture, it is rather difficult to raise sufficient interest to wait for the police and lawyers trying the crime in a court room to come to the same conclusion.

However, Ann Harding is good in another of those sorrowing women parts which have too often been her lot and she is supported by clever characterisations given by Moroni Olsen as a police inspector and Paul Harvey as a prosecuting attorney.

Walter Abel is not blessed with much of a part as Ann Harding's employer.

Douglas Dumbrille plays the brief role of Stanley Whittaker, who is found dead apparently by his own hand, but evidence points to murder by his partner, James Trent, who is arrested and tried.

At the trial it transpires that Whittaker had planned to rob his partner and elope with Trent's innocent daughter, Connie. This makes Trent's case look black, until Whittaker's secretary, Paula Young, who is in love with Trent, confesses that she killed Whittaker accidentally while forcing him to sign a confession of theft, but had kept quiet for fear of exposing Connie. Trent is acquitted, and he and Paula are left together, with the shadow of a murder charge over her.

Most of the action is shown in flashbacks—never, to my mind, a

satisfactory method and one which, in this case, still further robs the plot of suspense values.

*THE FIRST BABY

Fox. American. "A" certificate. Domestic comedy. Runs 73 minutes.

JOHNNY DOWNS.....Johnny Ellis
SHIRLEY DEANE.....Trudy Wells
DIXIE DUNBAR.....Maud Holbrook
JANE DARWELL.....Mrs. Ellis
MARJORIE GATESON.....Mrs. Wells
GENE LOCKHART.....Mr. Ellis
TAYLOR HOLMES.....Mr. Wells
WILLARD ROBERTSON.....Doctor Clarke
HATTIE MCDANIEL.....Dora
Directed by Lewis Seiler from a story by Lamar Trotter.

Trouble with in-laws is the main-spring of the humour in this conventional but quite well presented domestic comedy. Sympathy is enlisted by a baby who is finally the cause of the young husband taking a firm stand against interference.

Johnny Downs is convincingly youthful and timid as Johnny Ellis, a young clerical member of a big family, who married Trudy Wells, a girl in a slightly higher station. Her hostile and ambitious mother, Mrs. Wells, compels them to live with her, and real trouble starts when their first baby arrives. Mrs. Wells' interference eventually drives Johnny to take a flat, but although he is supported in his venture by the henpecked Mr. Wells, he is wrongly suspected of a secret affair at the house-warming.

At this juncture, however, the baby is taken ill, and prompted by his mother, Mrs. Ellis, who not unreasonably questions his courage, Johnny at last asserts himself. Trudy then joyfully rejoins him in their modest dwelling, and their reunion is accompanied by whispers of an addition to the family.

Characters are well drawn and there is a pleasing intimacy about the way they are presented.

Shirley Deane is an easily recognisable type as Trudy and Jane Darwell, and Marjorie Gateson are excellent as the rival mothers-in-law; the weight of the entertainment really lies on their shoulders.

cRIDE 'EM COWBOY

General F. D. American. "U" certificate. Western melodrama. Runs 57 minutes.
BUCK JONES.....Jess Burns
GEORGE COOPER.....Charles Morse
WILLIAM LAWRENCE.....Sandy Adams
LUANA WALTERS.....Lillian Howard
J. P. MCGOWAN.....Jim Howard
JOSEPH GERRARD.....Sam Parker
DONALD KIRKE.....Sam Parker, Junr.
CHARLES LEMOYNE.....Sheriff Stanton
Directed by Les Selander.

An artless tale of a cowboy who temporarily deserts his job and takes up motor racing in order to win the hand of a fair lady. It is good stuff for juveniles.

The story deals with Jess Burns, a wild cowboy, who is forced to leave town in a hurry and boards a freight train. He finds himself sharing a wagon with Charles Morse, a mechanic about to deliver a racing car to Howard, a nearby ranch owner, and he, in order to get even with an old enemy, the driver, persuades Jess to take his place.

Jess is not at first happy in his new role, but when he meets Lillian, Howard's daughter, he immediately falls in love with her and at once determines to win a big race for her and her father and so save them from penury.

Sam Parker, driver of a rival car, stoops to every low trick to prevent Jess from competing, but Jess, with the help of his horse, Silver, arrives on the starting line in the nick of time and pulls off a spectacular victory. Following his success he deserts the race track to become Lillian's husband and her father's foreman.

Buck Jones puts both punch and

humour into his performance and George Cooper is bright as Charles.

The villainous element is capably handled and there are thrills in the racing sequences.

UNLUCKY JIM

Radio. British. "U" certificate. Juvenile comedy. Runs 44 minutes.

BOB STEVENS.....The Father
AGNES LENTON.....The Mother
TONY JONES.....The Son, Jimmy
CHRIS. HAWES.....Jimmy's Pal
ALMA ASTON.....The Daughter
GEORGE BECK.....Daughter's Sweetheart
ANTONIO LORENZO.....Accordian Player
RICARDO VAN-ESS.....Theatrical Agent
Directed by Harry S. Marks.

The exploits of a small boy on half-holiday provides little in the way of entertainment.

It has been directed from the



Walter Abel and Ann Harding in "The Witness Chair."

rough scenario of a schoolboy but the producers have not added enough to the youngster's efforts to make it appeal at all widely.

Tony Jones has promise as the hero of the episodes.

Jimmie's half-holiday is spent with a friend in acquiring sevenpence change from a passer-by for sixpence, playing pranks on policemen, rowing on the local park lake for nothing, getting paint on his Sunday trousers and singing "Granny" to an accordion player looking for a vocalist. By father's help, mother's punishment for a spoiled suit is avoided and Jim is forthwith offered a contract to sing on the stage.

I'LL NAME THE MURDERER

Pathé. American. "A" certificate. Murder mystery. Runs 63 minutes.

RALPH FORBES.....Tommy Tilton
MARION SHILLING.....Smitty
MALCOLM MACGREGOR.....Ted Benson
JAMES GUILFOYLE.....Lou Baron
JOHN W. COWELL.....Capt. Flynn
WM. NORTON BAILEY.....Hugo Van Ostrum
AGNES ANDERSON.....Nadia
CHARLOTTE BARR-SMITH.....Vi Van Ostrum
MILDRED CALIRE.....Valerie
HARRY SEMELS.....Lugi
LOUISE KEATON.....Baron's Secretary
Directed by Raymond K. Johnson

Highly conventional "spot the murderer" plot liberally besprinkled with "red herring" trails and very weak in surprise and suspense values.

Ralph Forbes makes the most of his role as a columnist who finally spots the criminal but he is worthy of better things.

The rest of the cast is adequate but unremarkable.

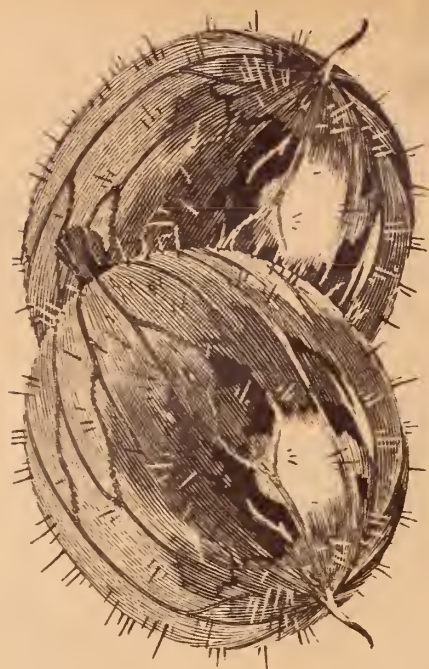
Production values are negligible and the story development complicated and unpolished.



George Arliss in "East Meets West."

eager to establish a treaty whereby they can secure important habourage. He refuses to commit himself to either, but while he is playing a cunning game, his son, Nezim, makes advances to Margeurite, an unhappy French wife of Carter, an English Customs official secretly engaged in gun-running.

Following this, Carter is caught redhanded on Renang territory, and the Sultan sentences him to death. British prestige compels Sir Henry to protest, while Shagu fans the flames in his own interests by persuading Nezim to usurp his father's powers. The Sultan, however, is much too clever to be so easily



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Ger 1 P4

What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

THOSE SCREEN "DRUNKS"

Are They Convincing or Not?

I THINK few filmgoers will be in agreement with the sweeping assertion of H. Berne that no film actor has yet portrayed convincingly, the role of "screen father" or "drunk."

Mr. Berne may be an authority, but I would suggest that intoxication affects men very differently—mostly they go to sleep, but that might hold up the picture; what might be a perfect cameo for a low life character, would be obviously wrong for the educated "Drunk." Did not Victor McLaglen in *The Informer* give a superb portrayal of a drunken rough-neck, convincingly sustaining that difficult role through most of the film?



Victor McLaglen in "The Informer"

Was not Lionel Barrymore's father to Norma Shearer in *A Free Soul* without flaw?

When I see W. C. Fields, Sydney Howard, or Tom Walls acting drunk it makes me feel thirsty in sympathy.

Maybe they make Mr. Berne envious!—
Bernard Heath, 49 Hertford Road, Brighton, 6.

Balderdash!

Sometimes dissatisfied; sometimes gladdened and always a dutiful patron of British pictures, I have witnessed many potential stars who simply ooze acting ability and promise, fade-out with the curtain into comparative obscurity again, and credited the producer with more omniscience of the business of casting than a self-opinionated kinematic.

Now, after repeated contrary actions, I am embittered, and ask: "Do they know enough about casting?" Their books overflow with good and proven acting material in our own studios, yet those producers who appealed for home-support during Quota time, continue to import third-rate stars from America—players who have failed to make the grade there are boosted and exploited in Britain, whilst our own talent goes unrewarded.

The notion that American audiences must have an American in the lead of a British picture is balderdash. Recently returned from that country, I can assure you the U.S.A. public have ceased to wonder why we do this and ignore such personalities as Rene Ray, Donald Calthrop, Mary Lawson, and a host of others.—L. W. F. Pearce, 97 Hyland Way, Romford, Essex, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

Envy

Oh! Sturdy hero of the screen,
Times out of number I have seen
You plunge into the depths to save
Some damsel from a wat'ry grave.
And, having brought the girl ashore,
Begin to woo her e'en before
You change into some drier clothes.
How you dodge chills—well, goodness knows!
I would that I could do the same,

And rescue from the sea some dame,
And, while my clothes are soaking wet,
Persuade her with a "Wed me, pet!"
But I, alas, catch pleurisy
By just a paddle in the sea.
So I can merely watch with awe
From my back seat marked one-and-four.

—A. Stacpoole, 32 Prebend Street, Islington, N.1,
who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Are They Human?

After my boy friend has taken me to a Connie Bennett film, how do you think I feel when he looks me over afterwards?

All I can think of is that my eyelashes aren't a yard long, that I'm six pounds overweight, and that my dress cost only 25s. in the basement.

I'd like to see these glamorous girls in a real situation once: Connie waking up in the morning with a layer of stale cold cream on her face and her wave cap over one ear; Joan Crawford with her eye make-up washed off after a swim.

Then I'd know they are as human as I am.—
A. Dunne, 69 Stockton Street, Moss Side, Manchester.

Film "Gentlemen"

In your edition of August 8, a reader commented upon the scarcity of film actresses who were real ladies. Immediately I wondered which of the male film stars had that elusive charm and indefinable quality which is the essence of a true gentleman.

Two names sprang to my mind, Leslie Howard and George Arliss.

There are many handsomer men on the films, some as fascinating in their own way, and others having that 100 per cent. he-man quality so dear to feminine hearts, but those who were fortunate enough to see Leslie Howard as the "Scarlet Pimpernel" realised that there was something beyond all this which was portrayed.

A manliness, supremely gentle, fighting courage tempered with polite charm, and above all a kindly sense of humour and understanding unspoiled by sentimentality. These are the traits which help to give that easy poise distinguishing a "gentle" man.

George Arliss has also these qualities, but in a more theatrical style.—(Mrs.) M. O. Long, 49 Rotherwick Road, N.W.11.

Non-talkie Title Tale

Having been in the kinema business for over twenty-five years, it amuses me to read the "Talkies Title Tales" each week, in your PICTUREGOER, which my wife orders. I don't think she has made an attempt at it yet, but my reason for writing, is: Just before the War I was Assistant at a kinema in Ellesmere Port, Cheshire; it was by the side of the station, and I shall never forget a 48-sheet we had on the side of the kinema, showing on the station and down the main street. It read: "What Happened to Mary?" "In the midst of the jungle," "When the Earth Trembled." It is not very often you get titles to connect with each other as that, especially in one programme; but, of course, this was in the silent days.—Chas. Fuzzard, Manager, Grand Theatre, St. Leonardgate, Lancaster.

Internationality

Film Art is international; why do filmgoers persist in foolish comparisons between American and British pictures?

If a film is good entertainment what percentage

(Continued on page 30)

Hair Combed This Way

Stays Arranged!

It isn't any trouble, and
there's hardly any cost



**'DANDERINE' insures your hair
for a penny a day.**

After you've spent many minutes arranging your hair, here's a way to *keep* it arranged all day long. Without another "pat" or another thought! Use a little 'Danderine' before you comb it.

A woman can't believe the way this works until she has *tried* it.

'Danderine' isn't a sticky or oily dressing, yet it keeps every hair in place. Its delicate fragrance is appealing and it creates a marvellous effect of freshness and cleanliness!

When you've had your hair shampooed, "Danderine" will keep it from getting out of place.

Just try this:

Use 'Danderine' every day—every time you comb your hair—to be *sure* of your hair all day long! To have the satisfaction of knowing that it is not only clean but that it really *looks* clean. To know it will stay as you arranged it. And to know no dandruff will appear.

With all the care you give to your hair, it's a pity to omit this last touch that means so much. It's *no* trouble! Yet you can hardly believe anything so mild and pleasant as 'Danderine' could bring such a change in the condition and appearance of your hair and scalp. Just try it. You can buy 'Danderine' at all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

'Danderine'

FOR THE HAIR

"MORNING MOUTH"

is Nature's Warning: You're not Well!

THE cause of a *foul-tasting mouth* first thing in the morning is in your stomach. "Morning mouth" is a sure sign that your system contains decayed food, waste matter that is poisoning your whole body. The immediate results are headaches, bad breath, flatulence, bad skin, and depression. The eventual results of stomach disorders and constipation, however, may be serious organic disease. Feen-a-mint rids you of "Morning mouth" because it cleanses your system thoroughly, quickly and naturally, giving you a clear complexion, bright eyes, "sweet" breath and vitality. Start Feen-a-mint to-day and such health as you never knew before will be yours. Feen-a-mint's fresh mint flavour makes it a favourite with the whole family, and 15 million regular users testify to its popularity. Sold in 1/3 packets by chemists and stores everywhere.

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Free booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, secretly and permanently cure yourself of this objectionable, health-endangering habit. No aloe, no auto-suggestion. New discovery. Send 11d. stamp for postage. FILTEX LTD. (Dept. P.), 31, The Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

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NAILS
NEXT
WEEK!



*Surest
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man's heart*

The girl with the rough skin and poor complexion has only herself to blame if Romance passes her by. Every girl can make herself attractive in the eyes of her men friends if she makes her skin lovely with D & R's perfect face creams and skin tonic. In return for a few minutes faithful attention night and morning your skin soon becomes soft and alluringly seductive. Start the simple, inexpensive D & R way to beauty to-day, and let your complexion take on that fresh, irresistible loveliness that captures a man's heart.

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Perfect Skin Tonic

STOMACH PAIN IS NATURE'S WIRELESS

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Nature has many ways of warning the sufferer from stomach trouble that all is not well. Heaviness or dullness after eating, distension of the stomach, flatulence ("wind"), heartburn—these are warning symptoms not to be ignored.

In many cases, even the majority, no serious consequence will ensue provided action is taken at once to get rid of the cause. Mostly this is acidity which eats into the stomach walls until it is corrected. Maclean Brand Stomach Powder neutralises acidity from the first dose. It has cured thousands of a stomach condition that was fraught with really serious danger—the dreaded gastric or duodenal ulcer.

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RED NOSES.—Medical y approved treatment absolutely cures red noses, 4/6, post free. Foreign 1/6 extra.

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VOSEMAR

WHO'S WHO

Cicely Courtneidge

BRITAIN'S leading screen comedienne was born on April 1. It was in Australia, in 1893, when her father, Robert Courtneidge, the famous actor-manager, and mother, were touring "down under." Cicely made her stage debut at an early age as Peaseblossom in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, but achieved no notable success until she discovered her talent for comedy and exploited it so effectively that within a few years she became one of the great names of the West End variety and revue stage. Cicely made her film debut with Jack Hulbert (whom she married in 1919) in *The Ghost Train*, and scored an immediate triumph. Her subsequent comedies include *Jack's the Boy*, *Happy Ever After*, *Soldiers of the King*, *Aunt Sally*, *Things Are Looking Up*, *Me and Marlborough*, *The Imperfect Lady*, which was made in Hollywood, and her latest, *Everybody Dance*.

Joan Crawford

CHORUS girl, extra, Hollywood dancing daughter, glamour queen—the career of Joan Crawford is one of the great romances of the movies. The star, whose real name, as everybody knows, is Billy Cassin, was born in San Antonio, Texas, on a certain March 23, not specified in the latter-day bulletins, but thirty years ago according to the record book. Her father was a theatre-owner. Went into the chorus as Lucille Le Sueur after a sad childhood, and was eventually discovered for the screen by M.-G.-M. executive Harry Rapf. First faced the cameras as an extra. Made her name in *Our Dancing Daughters* and later graduated as a dramatic star in *Within the Law*.

Joan has since that picture gone from strength to strength until to-day she is one of the screen's half-dozen most important actresses. She will be seen soon in *The Gorgeous Hussy* and *Parnell*. The star is 5 ft. 4 in. tall, weighs 110 lb., and has red hair and dark brown eyes.

Bing Crosby

THE King of the Crooners was born in Tacoma, Washington, on May 2, 1904, and originally intended to be a lawyer. He became one of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys instead. The future star's first job in Hollywood was singing in a café at £5 a week. Mack Sennett, the comedy impresario, gave him his screen chance in a series of shorts and his success was phenomenal. To-day Bing is one of the highest-paid stars in Hollywood. Films include *King of Jazz*, *The Big Broadcast*, *One More Chance*, *Too Much Harmony*, *College Humour*, *Going Hollywood*, *We're Not Dressing*, *She Loves Me Not*, *Here is My Heart*, *Mississippi*, *Anything Goes*, *Big Broadcast of 1935*, *Two For To-night*, *Rhythm on the Range*, and *Yellow Nightingale*.

Henrietta Crosman

ONE of the oldest featured players in films, Henrietta Crosman is seventy-one and has been acting for over fifty years. She made her screen debut in *The Royal Family of Broadway*, but had her first big part in *Pilgrimage*. Other films: *House of Connelly*, *Three on a Honeymoon*, *Such Women are Dangerous*, *Among the Missing*, *Menace*, *Elinor Norton*, *Sacred Flame*, *The Curtain Falls*, and *The Dark Angel*.

What Do You Think? Cont.

of film fans care two hoots where it was made?

When we hear a beautiful voice on the wireless, our enjoyment is not spoilt because the singer happened to be born in Timbuctoo and not Brixton; so it should be with a picture; why show bias because of some artificial boundary, let us enjoy without quibble the wonderful film fare offered, ignoring its source.

All films are international; at which branch studio of the International Film World, Elstree or Hollywood, or any of the others in different countries, they are made is of no consequence to the ordinary filmgoer.—I. Keen, c/o Mrs. Todd, 9 Wellington Square, Hastings.

Carping Critics

If producers paid much attention to amateur film critics they would give up trying to please as hopeless.

Carping criticism of acknowledged masterpieces by once-a-week picturegoers is rather like a maggot snapping at the sun.

One could find a flaw in every work of art in the world, by using a microscope; if a clock shown on the screen gives the time as ten minutes to ten, when it should have been eleven minutes to ten, the film, according to the "find-a-flaw" brigade, is ruined; blithely they overlook the other 99% perfection.

I have heard childish criticisms and grumbles about almost every masterpiece it has been my luck to see; how stupid and ungrateful it all is! —T. Winsome, c/o "Busy Bee" Stores, Silver Street, Bedford.

They Don't Mix

LAST week a local kinema announced that owing to the length of this week's programme there would be no stage performance, and one member of the audience nearly rose in his seat and cheered.

As the films offered this week were *Things to Come* and *Magnificent Obsession*, you can well understand why I almost forgot to be the traditional strong, silent Englishman.

Why, in order to see two fine films such as these, should I be forced to endure the ancient jokes of second-rate comedians or the spectacle of over-muscular females twisting themselves into unnatural poses?

I well remember, as a child, making myself unpleasantly ill on a mixture of tinned salmon and strawberry jam, and the current craze for kine-variety seems just as inevitably to result in mental indigestion.

Confine variety to its proper place in the music hall and preserve the kinema as a home fit for heroes and heroines to love in.—Edward E. Moddams, 14 Mandeville Road, Southgate, N.14

Better Value

Is it fair to compare—as a fellow-reader did—the comfort of the theatre's system of advance bookings, with the kinema's more rough and ready way of seating its audiences?

The booked theatre seat costs anything from five shillings to five guineas—the kinema from sixpence to five shillings.

Which is better value? There may be a little discomfort in getting your seat sometimes at the kinema, but you do get three hours' entrancing entertainment for a shilling, instead of paying five times as much for a tenth of the entertainment value.

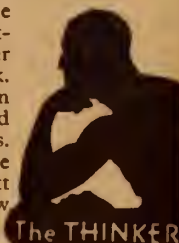
People who grumble at the kinema now, deserve the Magic Lantern.—H. Tupney, c/o C. B. Heath, Esq., 16 Belmont Hill, Lewisham, S.E.13.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 is. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.



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P.S. If you can't find
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Blondes, remember! Ravishingly natural gold blond hair fascinates almost any man — few can resist its attraction. But love and romance are often spoiled through carelessly letting light blond hair darken, become dull and brownish — you lose the youthful alluring charm that only a true blonde possesses and which alone makes you admired by men and envied by women.

Natural blond hair is far more delicate than ordinary hair. Give it the care it deserves and don't spoil your chances in life by neglecting the very source of your fascinating appeal. Use STA-BLOND, the beauty secret of millions of blondes — only one shampoo makes darkened, mousy, even brownish blond hair 2-4 shades lighter and prevents light blond hair from darkening. No dyes, henna or injurious bleaches. Makes permanent wave last longer, too. Your money back if you are not delighted.

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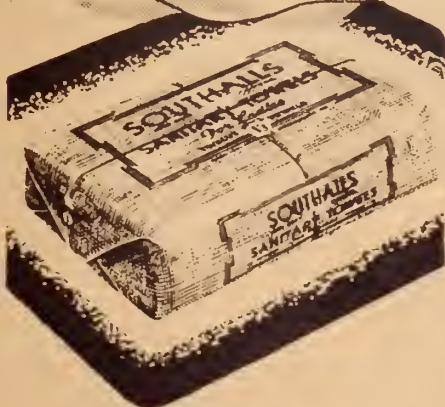
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FEARED SHE WOULD HAVE TO GIVE UP

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"I read about Dr. Williams' pink pills, and decided to try them. I soon felt much better, and within three weeks the boils had disappeared. I could sleep well, and had a splendid appetite. Now I am full of life and vitality: I have regained all my lost weight, and feel absolutely fit."

The only way to combat anaemia is to supply the system with new blood; that is exactly what Dr. Williams' brand pink pills do, and it is because these pills really do create new, rich blood that they are so successful in the treatment of anaemia, palpitation, loss of appetite and nerve troubles. Try these pills now and notice the quick improvement in your health; 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.) — but ask for Dr. Williams.

FREE.— Every girl in the country should read the booklet, "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to M.H. Dept., 36 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

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Is safe, sure and simple to use; one liquid; nothing injurious; permanent and washable; 40 years' reputation; sold in all natural tints; state colour. See Medical Certificate enclosed.

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THIS WRETCHED POLISH HAS CRACKED AGAIN



HERE, JILL — TRY THIS. IT'S L'ONGLEX — NEVER CRACKS

LATER

WHAT SMART NAILS, JILL DARLING. THEY MUST COST ME POUNDS

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Months of use in a 6d. bottle

Look how smoothly and evenly L'Onglex flows over your nails. Look what a smart, thrilling finish it gives . . . a subtle gleam like liquid coral . . . You can get L'Onglex everywhere in six attractive shades. And you need never worry about cracking, peeling or fading. Yet the 6d. bottle is just as big as the 1/- bottle of many other nail polishes, and it lasts *months*.



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Grow them to fashion's length—quickly. While you sleep Filter Rapid Nail Grower will bring you lovely long nails. Works wonders for nails shortened by typing. Try it! Just apply nightly —That's all! Testimonials daily. Month's supply 3/6 Post free.

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Let GEORGE Do It!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

D. M. E. (Newcastle).—John Mills at present making *O.H.M.S.* and is signed up to make a film for Alexander Korda. (2) Write to Ramon Novarro, c/o Mrs. Foss, 21 Endersleigh Gardens, London, S.W.5.

MAISIE (Penrith).—Details as follows: (1) Jane Wyatt, b. Aug. 12, 1912, Campgaw, N.J., 5 ft. 4 in., 118 lb., dark brown hair and grey eyes. (2) Henry Fonda, b. Grand Island, Labaska, age not known, mar. (a) Margaret Sullivan (mar. dis.). (b) Frances Brokaw. (3) Glenda Farrell, b. 1906, 5 ft. 3 in., blonde hair, dark eyes; she is divorced and has a son, George. (4) Mary Ellis, b. New York, June 15, 1899, mar. Basil Sydney (mar. dis.). (5) Anne Shirley, b. 1919, New York. (6) Diane Sinclair, born 24 years ago, Dutch Guinea.

HELEN (South Africa).—Addresses: Errol Flynn, Dick Powell, Anita Louise, c/o Warner Bros. Robert Donat, c/o London Films. Ginger Rogers, c/o Radio Studios. Joel McCrea, c/o United Artists. Jean Parker, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Bing Crosby, c/o Paramount Studios. Henry Fonda, c/o 20th Century-Fox.

SHEARER FAN (Dalston).—(1) Norma Shearer is scheduled for *Marie Antoinette* and *Pride and Prejudice*. (2) Grizelda Hervey, b. Plomesgate, Suffolk, 1901; films include *Up to the Neck*, *Becky Sharp* and *The Informer*.

F. T. Crazy.—(1) Write to Leonard Williams, Welsh Branch of the *International Club* at Lynwood, Wyndham Crescent, Bridgend, Glam., for details of a *Franchot Tone Club*. (2) We have no details of a *Herbert Marshall Club*.

M. D. (Herts).—Write to Maurice Chevalier, c/o Toepfritz Productions, and to Basil Rathbone, c/o London Films, where he is making *Love From a Stranger* with Ann Harding.

WENDY BARRIE FAN.—(1) Wendy Barrie b. April 18, 1912, Hongkong, 5 ft. 5 in., fair hair, green eyes. (2) Ginger Rogers b. July 16, 1911, Independence, U.S.A., 5 ft. 4 in., brown hair and eyes, married (1) Jack Pepper (mar. dis.). (2) Lew Ayres (sep.). (3) Michael Whalen, b. June 30, Pennsylvania, 6 ft. 2 in., latest films *White Fang* and *Poor Little Rich Girl*.

BLAKELEY'S FAN (Cairo).—(1) Directors as follows: *Island of Lost Souls*—Edward Venturini; *Lullaby*—Edgar Selwyn; *One Man's Journey*—John Robertson. (2) James Blakeley, b. London, Feb. 18, 1910, 6 ft., 152 lb., brown hair and blue eyes. Films include: *Mills of the Gods*, *Paris Love Song*, *Woman Tamer*, *Two for To-night*.

V. P.—(1) Hugh Williams, b. March 6, 1904, Bexhill-on-Sea, 5 ft. 10½ in., dark hair and brown eyes, married and has two children. Latest films *The Amateur Gentleman* and *The Happy Family*.

INTERESTED (Malvern).—Ross Alexander, b. July 27, 1908, New York, Brooklyn, brown hair, blue eyes, 6 ft. 1½ in., hobbies football, swimming and the theatre; is scheduled for *Kid Galahad* for Warner Bros.

BECKY SHARP (East Boldon).—Ross Alexander took the part of C. Richard Courtney in *We're in the Money* and Brian Lawrence that of Brian in *She Shall Have Music*.

C. K. (Brighton).—Chief players *Trail of the Lonesome Pine*—Sylvia Sydney, Henry Fonda, Fred MacMurray, Nigel Bruce and Fred Stone.

KING OF THE JUNGLE.—No release date yet fixed for the new *Tarzan* film with Johnnie Weismuller, Maureen O'Sullivan and Benita Hume. (2) We have not heard that Miss Gaynor intends to visit this country.

I. D. F. (Hull).—(1) Heights as follows—Irene Dunne, 5 ft. 4 in., Janet Gaynor, 5 ft., Carole Lombard, 5 ft., 4 in., Ann Harding, 5 ft. 2 in., George Brent, 6 ft. 1 in., Ian Hunter, 6 ft., John Loder, 6 ft. 3 in.

FILM FAN (London).—(1) Chief players, *Tudor Rose*—Cedric Hardwicke, John Mills, Nova Pilbeam, Sybil Thorndike. (2) Release date of *A Woman Alone* is not yet fixed.

CURIOUS (Portsmouth).—Yes, Boris Karloff played the piano himself in *The Walking Dead*. The pianoforte piece was "Kamenoi Ostrow," by Rubenstein.

BETTY (Whitstable).—(1) Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, and Ross Alexander took the chief rôles in *Captain Blood*.

DONAT FAN.—(1) Robert Donat is scheduled for *Knight Without Armour* with Marlene Dietrich for Alexander Korda. He may, however, through ill health have to give up his part to Laurence Olivier. (2) We published an article "I Knew Donat When—" by C. A. Lejeune in the Sept. 28, 1935 issue of this magazine, a copy of which can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catharine St., London, W.C.2. for 3d. each, post free.

REGULAR READER (Nottingham).—(1) Yes, John Mills is at present appearing in *O.H.M.S.*, and is scheduled to make a film for Alexander Korda. (2) We have no news of a film for Howard Marion-Crawford after *For Ever England*.

A JOHN HOWARD FAN (Bournemouth).—(1) R. E. Jeffries is the commentator in the Universal News Reel film. (2) Release dates: *Poppy*—Nov. 9, 36; *Border Flight*—Dec. 21, 36; *Yours for the Asking*—Dec. 7, 36; *Swing Time*, not fixed. (3) Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald are making *Maytime* together at present. (4) Music in *Showboat* of 1936: New Songs—"Ah, Still Suits me"; "I Have the Room Above Her"; "Gallivantin' Aroun"; and original songs—"Make Me Believe"; "Oi! Man River"; "Can't Help Lovin' That Man O' Mine"; "Why Do I Love You?"; "Bill." Composed by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II. (5) Nelson Eddy, 6 ft., b. June 29, 1901. John Howard, b. April 14, 1913, 5 ft. 10in. Eleanor Powell, b. Nov. 21, 1913. (6) John Howard to appear in *Internes Can't Take Money*.

B.P. (Burnley).—Centre spreads as follows: *Thirty Nine Steps*, June 15, 35; *Captain Blood*, Feb. 22, 36; *The Crusades*, Aug. 24, 35; *The Dark Angel*, Oct. 19, 35; *The Unguarded Hour*, Aug. 8, 36 (story).

W.N. (Nechells).—Walter Abel is married to Marietta Butters and has two children, Jonathan and Michael.

ASTAIRE-ROGERS FAN (Peckham).—(1) Release date *Swing Time* not yet fixed; first showing at Regal, Marble Arch, Oct. 16.

R. W. C. (Bridgwater).—Francis Lederer, b. Karlin, Prague, Nov. 6, 1906, 156 lbs., 6 ft., dark hair and eyes, married Ada Miedly (mar. dis.). Latest film *The Count of Arizona* and *Gentleman's Choice*.

A READER would very much like to obtain a copy of the *Smilin' Through* supplement which we published in our Nov. 5, 1932 issue. Unfortunately we are out of print of that issue. If anyone has this issue would they get in touch with J. Corke, Esq., The Kewrin, Garvagh, Co. Derry, N. Ireland, who would be willing to defray any expenses incurred.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

All admirers of FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW should co-operate with John Raymond to form a League of Admiration to the star. Write to Mr. Raymond at 129 Jerrey Street, New Cross, Manchester, for full particulars.

THE LESLIE BANKS FAN CLUB are holding a Grand Armistice Ball on November 12 at Chiltern Court, Baker Street Station, from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. The tickets price 2s. 6d. can be obtained from Miss Purr, 22 Trinity Road, Wood Green. Leslie Banks and many famous film and stage stars are appearing. All fan clubs are welcome.

All those interested in a HARRY ROY FAN CLUB should write to Cecil B. Cornelius, Burgoyne House, 172 Caxton Road, Strood, Kent, for full particulars of the club run for this star with his permission.

THE COSMOPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE CLUB has a few vacancies for new members.

The annual subscription is 5s., and there are members in all parts of the world. Write to Hazel Bailey, 29 Carlingford Road, N.W.3, for full particulars.

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October 24, 1936.

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Leave IT to ANNE

TWO heads are better than one. That is why you should send your beauty problems to me. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you would like a quick reply by post

LAST week we talked of the daily care of the hair. Now we come to the shampoo question, and the first point that arises is this: how often should you wash your hair?

If you belong to the "normals," once a fortnight is often enough, unless it is hot weather, or you have been exercising a lot so that the scalp has perspired.

A dry head should not be washed more frequently than that, and then it needs a little preparatory treatment before the shampoo. Oily hair should be shampooed regularly once a week.

Here is the routine for dry hair. Before the shampoo, give your hair oil treatment. This is a somewhat messy job and if you can afford it, it is better done by the hairdresser. Doing it at home, use olive oil, but if you go to the hairdresser, you can ask him to give you a special soapless oil shampoo. This is a new method whereby oiling and shampooing is done in one operation, and a thorough rinse with warm water immediately clears hair and scalp of every trace of oil. I can give you further particulars of this on receipt of a stamped envelope. It is also good for those who suffer with dry dandruff.

For home treatment, warm your oil by standing the bottle in hot water. Part the hair every inch or so as for the massage treatment, rub the oil in along the partings with a piece of clean rag, and when the entire scalp has been treated, massage with the finger tips for five minutes. Wring a small towel out of hot water, cover the hair. Allow it to cool, and repeat. Then shampoo.

You will need several applications of the shampoo, with thorough rinsings in running water in between to get rid of every trace of oil. If you have not one already, buy a rubber hose and spray attachment for the tap. You can buy them at any of the large stores quite cheaply.

The treatment for greasy hair is quite different. Obviously it does not need preliminary oiling as does dry hair. There are several special shampoos for greasy hair. One of the various makes of tar shampoo will be found beneficial, or you can use tincture of green soap, which may be bought by the ounce from the chemist.

A tar shampoo is used according to the maker's directions. Tincture of green soap is prepared as follows:—Put 2 ounces in a pan with a pint of cold water. Bring gently to the boil. Set aside till cool, when it will form a jelly. This gives you sufficient for two shampoos. Use in the ordinary way with warm water. Rinse with three separate waters, and afterwards use a special colour rinse to give your hair attractive lights. Colour rinses may be bought in a wide range of shades to suit all tints of hair.

By the way, never use very hot water for washing the hair. The water should be just comfortable when tested with the back of your hand.

Normal hair that is neither greasy nor dry has no special precautions other than this, which applies equally to all types: Brush and comb the hair first, so that it is quite free from tangles. Thoroughly wet scalp and hair, and run in the shampoo mixture. If you are using a jelly mixture, and you can persuade someone to help you, it is a good plan to massage the shampoo into the scalp with a rubber bristled nail brush that previously has been softened by soaking in hot soapy water.

Soap and rinse repeatedly, till the scalp feels clean and fresh. Rinse under running

water, with slightly cooler water than you have been using for the actual cleansing. It is wrong to use cold water. There is a fad for this, but the shock is too much for the scalp.

You must have a final rinse of some kind. One of the proprietary kinds is easiest and most effective, but if there isn't one in the house, use a couple of dessertspoons of strained lemon juice.

Or, if you are a blonde, and want your hair to look soft and shining you can make a yolk of egg rinse. Separate yolk and white of a new laid egg. Beat up the yolk only, add it to a cup of tepid water, pour over the hair and massage in for a few minutes. Rinse out with tepid water. This rinse is also good for hair that is falling.

Have ready a couple of warm Turkish towels, and rub the hair dry with these. Dry the scalp first and the ends afterwards. This gives you an extra opportunity for scalp massage. Place the towel right against the scalp under the hair, and press it firmly and rotate the finger tips. In good weather, you can complete the drying in the sun.

Sometimes readers write to ask me for the details of egg shampoos. They are often used for hair that is harsh from too much bleaching, and also for weak and falling hair. Take two eggs and separate whites and yolks. Beat them separately. Then mix and heat together. Pour the mixture into a breakfast cup of warm water. Massage into the scalp. Rinse and dry in the usual manner.

There are times when a shampoo is necessary, but a cold or some slight indisposition may make washing inadvisable. Then the dry shampoo is useful. If you use one, be sure to brush it out thoroughly, otherwise it gives the hair a dull appearance. Dry shampooing is not suitable for dry hair.

Or, there is another tip, if you are going out, want your hair to look attractive, but have neither time nor opportunity for shampooing it. Use a colour setting lotion. This is a new and useful invention.

You set your hair with a lotion that improves the colour at the same time. Half a dozen tints are available and the makers claim that the lotion will not interfere with any tinting or bleaching that may previously have been applied to the hair. This costs 1s. a bottle.

• • •

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Talky Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss R. WOODWARD, 42 College Road, Whitechurch, Glam., for:—

The Man I Want
Pursued
The Unknown Woman
I Hate Women

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:

V. KENT, 31 Adelaide Road, Silverhill, St. Leonards-on-Sea, for:—

I'll Fix It
The Keyhole
The Informer

D. ROBERTS, 58 Elmshouse Road, Stanley, Liverpool, 13, for:—

Carnival
False Faces
Mistaken Identity
Is My Face Red?

Miss R. OXNARD, 35 Coquet Avenue, Whitley Bay, Northumberland, for:—

Lady Be Good
For the Love of Mike
Stop Flirting
But the Flesh is Weak

Miss N. FLOWERDEW, 61 Princes Square, W.2, for:—

Marry Me
Now or Never
She Had to Choose
And So They Were Married

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

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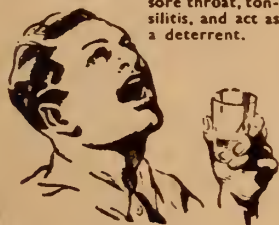
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The Picturegoer Weekly. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.
No. 284 (New Series), Vol. 6 October 31, 1936

Picturegoer

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You'll Also Enjoy the delightful plum pudding and mincemeat recipes . . . new designs for family woolies . . . home decoration ideas . . . November shopping . . . beauty hints . . . garden planning, etc., etc.



Above is a greatly reduced illustration of the beautiful coloured cover of No. 2 of "Mother." Right is a miniature illustration of the Presentation Scales which "Mother" invites you to accept—actual size of Scales 10½-ins. deep by 7½-ins. wide

HUNDREDS of thousands of women all over the land have welcomed "Mother," the great new three-in-one journal—homecraft, fiction and personal service. No. 1 was sold out in record time.

Now for No. 2 . . . Out Friday October 30. New stories, family fashions, cookery hints, home-making lore, beauty secrets, expert advice on child welfare—but see for yourself some of the delightful things No. 2 of "Mother" has in store for you . . . LOOK at the list on the left. And remember, inside every copy of "Mother" No. 2 are Reservation Forms for the **WONDERFUL CELEBRATION PRESENTATION** illustrated above—an entirely new idea in Household Scales—British made, superbly finished in brilliant, hard enamel and equipped with a patent spring-lever device that ensures accurate weighing. Get your copy of No. 2 of "Mother" from your nearest bookstall or newsagent—to-morrow (Friday) price sixpence, and be sure to turn to page 6 and see how to secure these unique new style Household Scales.

MOTHER

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6th Monthly

"What a mistake I was making about my powder shade!"



LADY MILLICENT TIARKS, auburn-haired Irish beauty, says, "I believed I was using a face powder that really suited my skin; for I always choose my shade of powder carefully. But the other day I discovered Pond's Rachel 2. It does more than blend with my complexion. A wonderfully glamorous shade."

Is your powder shade wrong after all?

HAVE you seen girls whose skin seemed brilliantly beautiful—while yours, in comparison, looked "mousy and dull"? And have you concluded that your skin was "just ordinary"—that no powder shade on earth could help?

A natural conclusion. For you know how carefully you have chosen your present powder. Yet beauty experts say that the face powder shade you use can either make your skin look sallow and old or give it sparkle.

Why has your search for the right shade been in vain? Simply because, till recently, face powder shades have been made *without a scientific knowledge of skin tones*. But now, in developing their five new powder shades, Pond's have analysed, under a colourscope, the skin of more than 200 girls. They have discovered exactly what hidden tints give each type of skin its special beauty.

These secret tints are blended in Pond's Powder. That's why this powder makes you lovelier.

There is only one way to find the powder shade that suits you—try all five shades of Pond's Powder. Send in the coupon below. The *Natural* shade makes blonde skin transparent. *Rachel 1* gives pearly clearness. *Rachel 2* gives a creamy tone. *Peach* brings a warm rich glow. *Dark Brunette* gives a creamy out-doors tone.

FREE—Pond's Powder: Write your name and address below, pin a 1d. stamp to this coupon. Post in sealed envelope to Dept P377-1, Pond's, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex, and we will send you **FREE SAMPLES** of all five shades of Pond's Face Powder—Natural, Peach, Dark Brunette (Suntan), Rachel 1 and Rachel 2.

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AMAZING FACTS

about the colours in lovely skin were revealed when over 200 girls were complexion-analysed under a colourscope. It showed that a note of bright blue gives blonde skin its transparency; a note of brilliant green gives brunette skin its creamy loveliness! With this knowledge Pond's have been able to blend in their new powder shades the exact tints of lovely skin.



UNDER TWO FLAGS

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Great Novel of Sweeping Adventure and Spectacle

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Picturegoer—The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

ALL THE GOSSIP

THE battle for the male sex appeal championship is on.

There was a time when the men merely stood by while the studios resounded with the conflict of the screen queens. Now, for a change, the film world is sitting back and watching the big clash at Culver City for the Great Lover title.

At the moment the honours are with Robert Taylor, that amazing young man who not so many months ago was an unknown college boy and who for some time past has been causing Clark Gable sleepless nights.

Bob, who recently moved to a Beverly Hills mansion and is running two luxury cars, has now supplanted Clark at the top of the studio's fan mail list.

In the meanwhile, Franchot Tone has hurled his hat into the ring.

According to the official story, Franchot took a comparatively small part in *Gorgeous Hussy* merely out of the greatness of his love for Joan Crawford.

Actually, it is whispered, however, he objected violently to playing a role so much less important than those of the spectacular Mr. Taylor and James Stewart and has let it be known that he wants bigger and better parts in future.

New Rival

And all the screen kings are likely to encounter some serious opposition from Don Ameche, the new "femme rave" at Twentieth Century-Fox.

Ameche scored a hit in *Sins of Man*, was chosen for the male lead in *Ramona* and as a result of his performance in that film, is to be given star billing immediately. He is already scheduled to appear in the remake of *Seventh Heaven*, for years one of filmland's potential "plum" roles.

Like Robert Taylor, Don got his start in college dramatics, but he made his name as a radio performer.

Somewhat ironically, he was tested for films a year ago by M.-G.-M.—and rejected.

He Discovered Taylor

Robert Taylor, by the way, has reached that exalted stage of screen fame where he has half Hollywood battling for the honour of having discovered him.

In point of fact and to save arguments (in these columns, at any rate) let us put it on record that it rightly belongs to Oliver Hindsell, the head of the Metro talent "nursery," who found Taylor playing Stanhope in a Pomona College dramatic society production of *Journey's End* and signed him on the dotted line.

Barrymore's Come-back

Amid all the tumult and the shouting over *Romeo and Juliet*, one item slips by almost unobserved.

The film's official billing announces:—
Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard

in
"Romeo and Juliet"
with
John Barrymore

It is the first time, as far as I can remember, that the fatal "with" and position *under* the title has been awarded to the head of the house of Barrymore—and in a Shakespearean film, too.

I fear that John's recent front-page antics, particularly in the affair of Elaine Barrie, have not exactly contributed to his prestige.

The critics' tributes to his brilliant Mercutio in the film, however, must compensate for a great deal. The screen needs its Barrymores. One

hopes that in future we will see John more often in the films and less often in the headlines.

Case of Mary Astor

Another artiste whose career is undergoing an attack of "bad publicity" at the moment is Mary Astor. Film circles are closely watching the public's reaction to her performance in *Dodsworth*.

The actress has a sympathetic role in the film, which she was making at the time of the recent court proceedings.

"Get me an actress," Sam Goldwyn had told his casting director, "who has not been associated with sex appeal parts, just an ordinary woman of the sort that will make the audience wonder what 'Dodsworth' saw to make him fall for her."

A week or two later Mary spread herself in
(Continued on page 6.)



Strawberries set the new fashion in dress fabric decoration, according to William Lambert, who designed this charming Empire style gown for Claire Trevor.

violet ink over the front pages of the world's newspapers.

And Bette Davis

One result of the Astor business has been a move to insert yet another clause in film contracts, banning the keeping of diaries by stars!

While they are about it they might go farther and prohibit legal actions in the industry altogether.

Law suits, even the most seemingly innocuous ones, are always bad for somebody concerned. One wonders, particularly, if the halo of glamour hitherto surrounding the blonde tresses of Bette Davis, will survive the recent unromantic High Court revelations of how stars are made.

The Screen Marches On

The vexed question of "cleavage"—polite phrase for too-low-cut gowns—is again exercising the minds of the censors.

One of the minor sensations of the week is the news that Czar Joe Breen has issued a special fiat decreeing that in future Margot Grahame's dresses must be higher at the neck.

America Criticises Our English

Variety contributes a smile for those of us who have been tortured (and who hasn't?) by American accents in Hollywood's historic epics.

The so-called Bible of the Show Business, attacks *Tudor Rose* (billed in the States as *Nine Days a Queen*) on the grounds that "the dialogue is clipped and muffled in that British manner so irritating to American audiences. Some of it is so slurred by the actors as not to be at all decipherable in the U.S."

Among the "offenders" cited by the reviewer is Sir Cedric Hardwicke!

No "Yorksheer"

The question of accent is always difficult.

Producer Walter Wanger has received letters from all over the world asking whether Yorkshire accent and dialogue will be used in the film version of Emily Brontë's novel, *Wuthering Heights*, to be made in Hollywood.

There seems to be very little likelihood of this, because, as Wanger points out, not even the rest of England would take kindly to broad Yorkshire dialect—and it is intended to make a film appealing to the whole English-speaking race.

Some people have become restive at the idea of the Frenchman, Charles Boyer, playing Heathcliff; but, as Wanger again points out, in the book Heathcliff is described as a gipsy from the Continent, and might easily have been French.

And what, I wonder, does that make Sylvia Sidney, who plays opposite him? I confess it's such a long time since I read the book that I'm very hazy about it.

One thing this "classical" cycle does is to make us brush up on our classics; or does it matter so much, when the company is already beginning to talk about "dramatic licence"?

Sessue Again

Here's some good news for the old-timers. The latest silent star to essay a come-back is Sessue Hayakawa.

It is something like ten years since Sessue was last seen on the screen. In the interval he has been producing pictures in Japan.

Hired Luxury

Making films is not the only profitable business carried on in filmland. For example, a certain Joe Wilharber makes thousands of pounds a year merely by supplying the film people with second-hand cars.

Recently, Samuel Goldwyn needed a very expensive car of not-too-recent design for his new production, *Love Under Fire*, in which the star, Merle Oberon, is supposed to ride down a

London street. Wilharber supplied the car. It was a stately Delage, purchased in Paris some years ago by Mary Pickford for £4,800. For years it was the wheeled wonder of Hollywood—now it is being hired out at £15 a day.

For Goldwyn's *Dodsworth*, it was necessary to get automobiles of various foreign manufacture.

One which figured prominently in the picture is a beautiful Isotta Fraschini which Rudolph Valentino purchased soon after he achieved his greatest fame. Another car seen in the film, a Fiat limousine, was once owned by Alexander Korda.

Not only does Wilharber do business with film companies, but on nights when there is an important première, nearly every car is rented. Small part players and extras, eager to make an impression, hire these foreign cars, and often the ermines to go with them, and drive in regal style to the theatre, hoping to catch the attention of a producer or director.

New Claim To Fame

The latest—and probably the most unique—claim to film fame is made on behalf of Angela Collet, a twelve-year-old girl who has a small part in Ann Harding's English picture, *Love From a Stranger*.

Angela, it is proudly pointed out, is the grand-niece of the late Sir John Halliday-Croom, the gynaecologist who attended Queen Mary when the present King was born.

Two "Juliets"

A notable absentee at the *Romeo and Juliet* première at His Majesty's, was Constance Collier, who scored a triumph as Juliet in the



Judith Barrett and William Gargan in "Flying Hostess." Judith apparently doesn't want to be taken for a ride in that aeroplane.

same theatre nearly a quarter of a century ago. A seat of honour had been reserved for her, but the actress was unable to get away from the *Murder In the City* set at Denham in time.

It is not generally known that Miss Collier, who is a close friend of Norma Shearer, helped her considerably in studying the role and, indeed, worked with her on it for two months. She discloses, incidentally, that until she came to make the picture, Norma had never read the play, though she had seen it once on the stage.



Things They Say

I don't want to marry Bill Powell because I can't convince myself that this is the time to give up my career.—*Jean Harlow.*

But I really *do* like panthers.—*Simone Simon.*

I don't know how movie actors manage to get swelled heads about themselves.—*James Stewart.*

We are all solitary little spirits until we find real love.—*Joan Crawford.*

I have no matrimonial plans.—*Loretta Young.*

Adele ought to be very good in films.—*Fred Astaire.*

Women Directors

The dearth of women directors in an entertainment that is largely patronised by women has always been one of the mysteries of the movies.

Now Dorothy Arzner, one of the few successful feminine meggers, offers an explanation and a word of encouragement to those interested in directing as a career.

And How to Become One

The great obstacle is temperament, Miss Arzner says.

"If women can overcome the tendency to become flustered under pressure," she adds, "they'll find that they are removing one of their greatest handicaps."

"Self-confidence and knowledge of the mechanics of picture-making are a necessity."



Marlene Dietrich, it is revealed in "The Garden of Allah," is even more beautiful in colour. Here is the star in a scene with Charles Boyer, Basil Rathbone and Aubrey Smith.

if one wants to become fortified with the poise that goes a long way toward rendering unimportant this so-called feminine trait."

Miss Arzner adds that: "One of the important lessons that must be learned by anyone who wants to be a director, is that motion picture directing is not just telling people how to act."

"The director must know the business of making motion pictures from the ground up. He must be thoroughly familiar with the mechanical phases of the studio, because motion pictures are based on mechanics."

"Shooting schedules and the reason for them, production costs, film cutting, the qualities that go to make up a good scenario—they must all be as familiar to the director as to the producer himself."

Unanimous

At the club the other night they were discussing a movie actor's recent marriage to a society girl.

"What could they possibly have in common?" someone asked.

"Well," was the retort, "they BOTH love him!"

2,000 Claimants

One of the most successful impersonations of celebrities in *The Great Ziegfeld* is that of A. A. Trimble, a New York stockbroker and amateur actor, who represents the immortal Will Rogers.

Mr. Trimble thus ranges himself in the queue of over two thousand claimants for the position for the position left vacant by the great cowboy-philosopher-comedian.

All kinds of qualifications are put forward

by the optimistic two thousand. Some look like Will, some can make up to look like him, some have his drawing manner, others his dry wit. And so it goes on, with only one in five hundred possessing the essential qualifications to make them even an acceptable substitute.

Of these, Irvin S. Cobb and Fred Stone are the favourites; myself I favour the latter's chances of a reasonable success—*provided he is not billed as a second Will Rogers.*

A Magic Camera

The latest wonder of cinematography mixes coloured lights as a painter mixes paint.

It's a complicated affair of metal discs, each containing transparent colour-filters. Placed before the camera-lens, the discs in the apparatus are whirled at varying speeds by an electric motor.

By different combinations of filter speeds, the apparatus can perform such wonders as turning the apparent complexion of a person from light to dark, creating cloudy effects in the brightest sunlight, making green vegetation appear dried, and *vice versa.*

This bit of kinematic magic is the invention of Karl Freund, the rotund and jovial German cameraman who photographed the immortal *Metropolis*.

He went to Hollywood to direct, but has returned to his old love, the camera, for the Paul Muni-Luise Rainer Chinese film, *The Good Earth*.

The Film Ball

The organisers of B.I.P.'s annual film ball are not superstitious; it is to be held at the Albert Hall this year on Friday, November 13.

As a matter of fact, they are looking forward, and with some justification, to this year's ball setting new records.

With the British studios crowded with visiting celebrities at the moment, the usually strong stellar attendance will be considerably strengthened.

Billy Cotton and his band have, I am told, been engaged to supply the music, and a spectacular cabaret has been planned for midnight.

Tickets for the ball are 6s. each.

How To Be Popular in Filmland

Frank Morgan weighs in with a new book of etiquette for newcomers to films. Here are his golden rules:—

1. Never tell an actor how impressive were his love scenes when his wife is standing near.
 2. Never bubble over in telling an actress how well she looks; that has become a method of insinuating a person is adding weight.
 3. Never admit to a star that you haven't seen his latest picture.
 4. Add to the above, never use the word "last" picture when you mean "latest," either.
 5. Always be nice to office boys; one of them may be your boss next year.
 6. Never go out twice in succession with the same escort unless you really want romantic rumours.
 7. Don't ever ask anyone if his contract is being renewed.
 8. Just don't talk at all about the stock market.
- Those, he says, are the eight most important rules to observe in the film colony, if you want to be popular.

Feast of Fiction

Filmgoers who enjoyed Warwick Deering's *Sorrell and Son* will appre-

ciate the famous author's story in "Christmas Pie," which is published on November 4.

Among other contributors to this magnificent 112-page feast of fiction and fun are Gilbert Frankau, Dale Collins, Phyllis Bottome, Dorothy L. Sayers, Lord Dunsany, Sir Philip Gibbs, S. L. Bensusan, A. P. Herbert and Cecil Roberts.

And the joke drawings and illustrations—they are irresistible. The artists include such favourites as Lawson Wood, George Whitelaw, H. M. Bateman, W. Heath Robinson, Bruce Bairnsfather and G. S. Sherwood.

You will be all the happier to get your "Christmas Pie" in the knowledge that the whole of the profits from its sale will be devoted to the King George's Jubilee Trust for the youth of Britain.

Short Shots

Elisabeth Bergner dances the rumba in *Dreaming Lips*.

Robert Taylor, who was shy when he met Garbo, had to go into a love scene with her on the first day on the *Camille* set.

Ginger Rogers and James Stewart in the current romance rumours.

Elissa Landi supports William Powell and Myrna Loy in *After the Thin Man*.

Dick Powell is in the navy again—in *The Singing Marine*.

Hal Mohr achieved a record in salaries for a cameraman when he photographed *Ladies In Love*.

Bing Crosby once worked in a pickle factory.

Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur are teamed again in *The Plainsman*, now being made by Cecil de Mille.

Cupid busy on the *Born to Dance* set—more than one third of the 100 chorus girls in the picture have become engaged during the first two months of filming.

Radio backs up a denial of split in Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers team with announcement that they will shortly start work on *Stepping Toes*.

Gene Raymond, Jeanette MacDonald's current soul mate, cast opposite rival screen prima donna Lily Pons.

M.D.P.

They laughed when Mae West sat down to play the piano for *Go West Young Man*, but Mae surprised them by her performance.

Cicely Courtneidge with Ernest Truex and Charles Reisner in "Everybody Dance."



Concluding "A PORTRAIT"

Keeping at the top means work—Fred practising a dance in the garden of his home.

FOR Fred Astaire, fame will never extend its despoiling hand and cast the spell of snobbery over his person. He is possessed of three attributes which would stave off the plague of swollen-headedness; generosity, humanitarianism, and diffidence.

Asked what he would do if he could choose the world's next great scientific discovery, Astaire declared that he would seek to ameliorate human physical suffering.

"I'd seek the means of curing some disease which is practically incurable now. At present it would look as if this would be an absolute cure for cancer. One reason why I would like to see this happen is that our scientists and medical men have been working for years on this, in some instances giving their whole lives and careers to it; and, so far, they have not reached their ultimate goal. I would like success to come to them."

Fred has always believed that the world would lose nothing if he stopped dancing. That is why he was so forward in helping his partners through life. He always pushed Adele forward, keeping himself in the background. When Adele left "The Band Waggon" to marry Lord Charles Cavendish, she was replaced by Vera Marsh. Naturally, Vera was retiring at the beginning of her professional appearances with the great Astaire. In her desire to make good, to match Astaire's dancing prowess, she committed a few errors. Regardless of who was the culprit, Fred took the blame. He encouraged Vera to a point where she developed into a fit and able partner for Astaire. The same applied to Ginger Rogers. He'd always neglect his own steps to further hers.

But perfection persists in the Astaire make-up, and the quality of his ability mounts in public acclamation despite these intentional oft-repeated deficiencies.

Fred Astaire has an unknown side—the side he refuses to reveal. It pictures his generosity, a charitable streak, a willingness to help others. He knows the shortcomings of life, the strife in the world, the inevitable ill-luck which befalls the unfortunate, and the breaks which accompany the lucky. He is sufficiently democratic to grin with equal enthusiasm when greeting the attendants at his lofty skyscraper-apartment house at 875 Park Avenue or his distinguished friends. And he'd greet these people with a wave from his automobile, driving through the streets of New York, Los Angeles, or wherever he may be.

Astaire's magnanimity is best illustrated by example. Fred's chauffeur, Tom Gisborn, aspired to be an aviator. But to become one, one must have money to pay for a training course as well as keep one's self going while devoting time to intensive aeronautical study. One day Fred got to talking to Tom like a pal, and soon the chauffeur confided his enthusiasm and ambition to his boss.

Now Fred could have given Tom a rise in salary, thinking that would solve Tom's problem. But not Fred. Instead, he advanced Tom the money for a training course and shifted his working hours in such a way that he would have sufficient leisure time to attend school and study. Obviously, Fred had to resort to taxicabs for transportation often, while his car stood idle in the garage.

Nor has Hollywood exerted any of the evil influence one hears about on Fred Astaire. Here's something which happened after Fred's talents were converted into Hollywood product and exported to all parts of the civilised world. Just before Fred married Phyllis Potter and went to the Pacific Coast, Charles Luthauser, a taxi-driver who drove Fred to and from theatres where he was appearing, went under the surgeon's knife for a major operation. The subsequent convalescent period was long and costly for Charlie's depleted coffers. Meanwhile, Fred had missed his genial driver and inquired about him. He learned about his plight after he had gone to Hollywood. He instantly dispatched an apologetic note, enclosing a substantial cheque, which read in part: "I'm so sorry I haven't done anything before. I've been so busy. You'll hear from me later."

Fred Astaire, World Dancer No. 1, Movie Big Shot, Idol of the World, thinks he's just a dancer, no better than the next man—except, perhaps, in dancing. While he played in New York shows he kept his apartment-house attendants generously supplied with tickets. "There wasn't a show in which he played that we didn't see. He'd give us orchestra seats, as many as we wanted," one of them said.

Back in 1932, the roller-skating craze hit New York town. Now it's cycling. Before that it was miniature golf. But roller-skating it was in '32. One of Fred's best friends sent him an unusual pair of roller skates, bearing two huge

THE king of screen dancers has not "gone Hollywood" and he never will. This final gripping instalment of his life story will tell you why.

wheels, one in the front and one at the back, instead of the conventional four small-sized steel ball-bearing wheels. Fred was an eager roller-skating fan at the time, and was dying to use them on the elite pavement of swanky Park Avenue. Fearing eagle-eyed reporters and hounding cameramen, he waited until after midnight, when no one would recognise him, donned

his skates, and sped away from his apartment for a spin up and down the thoroughfare. Incidentally, Mrs. Astaire, as ever concerned about her boy, pleaded with him continually once and for ever to divorce himself from this childish sport, fearing that he would turn or break an ankle, which would close a brilliant dancing career. At which Fred would look sympathetically at his mother, with a twinkle in his eye, and say: "Don't worry, Ma, I'll be all right."

Like Garbo, Fred wants to be alone. When he works he prefers solitude, with only his associates, the dance assistant and a pianist present. He compares this privacy with that of a surgeon who wouldn't like to have someone peering over his shoulder as he wields the knife. Fred will never reconcile himself to Hollywood fame. He wants to keep his private life to himself but give his dancing life to the public.

Recently Fred became a father. He and Mrs. Astaire named the boy Fred, jr.

Looked at closely, Fred Astaire is a personage of wide and diversified tastes, petty and gargantuan. He likes to toy with trick gadgets in hardware stores. Once he left his Rolls-Royce standing outside a Fifth Avenue five-and-dime Woolworth while he spent a half-hour inside. He finally emerged with a bag of sweets.

His pet superstition—and only one—is that on an opening night he must wear an old plaid bathrobe. This refers to his stage days. Now, when his pictures are publicly previewed, he stays at home and worries, believing his vehicles are flops. When one of his friends 'phones him after the preview and apprises Fred that the picture is a success, his face beams and Fred says: "No kidding?"

Next to acting, Fred likes horses best. He has his own stables and a string of ponies in England. Among the horses he owned are Nick the Greek (named after the famous gambler), High Hat, Mavis, Topsy Turvy and Objection. Fred himself gambles on the horses and his greatest thrill is to win a bet, even if it is only a few shillings. His racing colours are buff and blue. He is a fine horseman himself. His bedroom is voluminously decorated with photographs of outstanding equines of this and earlier days. Every night before Fred retires he scans the racing forms for the following days.

Fred has a pet name for each of his closest friends. He calls Adele "Funny Face," and she calls him "Sap."

He is very fussy about his clothes, which are made to order in London. They must be absolutely perfect before he accepts them from his tailor.

of FRED ASTAIRE "

BEHIND *the* MAKE-UP

by

H. M. GREEN

One of Astaire's ambitions was to write a hit song. He realised this in "I'm Building Up to an Awful Let-down." Now every time he hears it he smiles sheepishly. He will have another tune published soon: "I'll Never Let You Go."

For exercise he swims and plays tennis, often with his pal, Randolph Scott. He considers dancing work. At the moment he is building a house.

Comparable to his many neckties are his dozens of pullovers. He uses a tie for a belt and often, just as he is about to go out for the evening, he returns to the apartment to change his tie. He has his monogram on his shirts, underwear, pyjamas and dressing gowns.

His literature consists of true stories and detective stories. He is fascinated by prisons and often attends at Police Headquarters.

In the back of his head Fred has an idea to write a book on dancing, its evolution and its interpretation.

While he dresses, he stands in front of a mirror and makes faces at himself.

He is very fond of music and loves to sit for hours listening to a large orchestra.

Fred Astaire's present visit to Lady Charles Cavendish is being prophetically signalled by the legions of Astaire admirers as the consummation of plans which would rejoin Fred and Adele Astaire, the most brilliant dancing maestros in the footlight annals, in the medium in which Fred has enjoyed phenomenal fame—the kinema. Ever since Adele left her brother's side to become the wife of Lord Charles Cavendish, the Astaire enthusiasts have asked: When will Fred and Adele get together for a picture?



Above: Astaire as he is and as he appears in the "Bojangles of Harlem" number in "Swing Time." Left: The star, with Ginger Rogers, in another scene from his latest film.

LOVE

It's never been told before—the unusual story of two charming people so deeply in love.



A charming new portrait of the little star with William Powell in "Libelled Lady."



If we were Arthur Hornblow we'd be glad to eat anything Myrna cooks.

FOR the first time in her life Myrna Loy is in love.

For the first time—after making wives famous on the screen—she is married.

As everybody knows now when the day's work is done at the studio she is Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jun.

But what Hollywood doesn't know is the story behind that romance—what love has really done for Myrna Loy.

Valentino once said the screen would find its greatest actress when love came to Myrna. And so it happened. . . .

For eight years, ever since that miraculous day Valentino and his wife discovered her when she was sixteen, Myrna laboured at her job.

Laboured? She fought and struggled and slaved. I know. I watched her. There were no vacations. No parties.

At night when she left the old Warner Brothers' studio where she was under contract for so long, she drew a curtain down on her private life.

But those privileged to look behind it saw a clear-eyed, eager girl at work. Going over scripts. Devouring histories and biographies that would help her with her roles. Once I saw her at the Japanese temple off Main Street studying Oriental types.

"Do you ever take time off to play?" I asked her. She gave me an impish grin. "Certainly—in pictures!"

You see, Hollywood's idea of play and Myrna's idea of work simply didn't mix. She had a young brother to send through art school. A family she was determined to make financially secure. And with a concerted effort, she ruled love completely out of her life.

There were rumours, of course. Wasn't she engaged to Barry Norton? Hadn't she gone "absolutely mad, my dear," over John Barrymore after that *Don Juan* production? What about that childhood sweetheart, who spent hours tagging after her? Rumours. . . .

Myrna smiled and went serenely on her way. But there came a time when the last necessary

dollar had been put in the trust fund she'd established for her mother. She had seen her and the brother off to Paris where he was registered at the famous Ecole des Arts.

It wasn't the kind of day when you expect things to happen. A lid-less sun beat down unmercifully on sweltering people crossing Santa Monica boulevard. The road was gummy and soft with the heat. "United Artists would send for me on a day like this!" thought Myrna, parking the old coupé with a disgruntled air.

Slowly she walked into the outer office of the studio. "Mr. Goldwyn, please?"

"That door, miss."

"That door" opened swiftly as she went to it. A man came hurrying into her arms.

"Sorry. Terribly sorry," he apologised as he righted her. "Did I hurt you?"

"Not at all." He's nice, she thought. Not that he was handsome. But he had the unmistakable air of culture and good breeding that distinguishes a man.

Five minutes later Sam Goldwyn was introducing them. "Myrna, do you know Arthur Hornblow?"

Arthur Hornblow, Jun. Son of the famous playwright and producer who was responsible for such standbys of the theatre as *The Lion and the Mouse* and *Bought and Paid For*. So it was natural for Arthur to have a heritage of the best in American dramatic and literary life.

He came to Hollywood in 1926 and in short order he developed into one of the outstanding young producers in the industry.

"Mr. Hornblow," Goldwyn was saying, "is going to be associated with me in this production of *Arrowsmith*. Now your part, Myrna. . . ."

As the days went on she decided she liked

it better and better. Her dressing-room was perfect (it was exactly on a par with the one she occupied at Warners but she didn't stop to figure that out). The company was the pleasantest she'd ever worked with—had Ronald Colman always been so fascinating? And certainly Helen Hayes was the most charming woman on earth. She'd never been so happy. She didn't know why. . . .

It was the thirty-seventh time Myrna Loy had played the part of the Other Woman—and the first time she'd ever fallen deeply in love. But it took her two years to find out that she had!

She only knew that she was completely dismal when the picture was finished. And completely thrilled when Goldwyn called her back to make *Devil To Pay*. That her feeling was in any way connected with one Arthur Hornblow, Jun., she had not the vaguest notion.

"He seems to be friends with everybody, that Mr. Hornblow," she remarked to another girl on the set.

"Well, you can't help but like him, he's so decent to everyone. . . . Did you see that picture of his wife in yesterday's paper? She's an actress too, Juliette Crosby. . . ."

A cold wind blew on Myrna. "No," she said in a small voice, "I didn't see it."

"Oh, they're separated. People say they're going to get a divorce."

The wind suddenly was no longer cold. It must have been a draught.

During the months that followed she developed a casual business friendship with Hornblow such as she had with dozens of other men.

MADE

Myrna

LOY

a

STAR

by

Frances KELLUM



Have you ever seen Myrna so radiantly happy? The newly-weds at their Bel-Air Home.

It wasn't until that morning when Myrna stood, figuratively speaking, at the crossroads of her career that they began to understand the feeling that lay between them.

She had come into his office like a worried child, brushing off her hat with a characteristic gesture. "I don't now what to do, Arthur. I'm at a standstill, right back where I started from. My agent says that every casting director in every studio can't see me even yet as anything but a vampish Oriental. And I'm so tired, *tired*, TIRED of those roles! I tell you they haunt me! What do you think I should do—go to New York?"

Myrna, the self-reliant, the capable young careerist, was actually leaning on a man's strength. And loving it. . . .

"No, not New York. You're known here. Better stay and we'll work it out together somehow."

Together. It can be the most important word in the dictionary at times.

To Hollywood at large it was given out that Myrna was away on a vacation.

In reality she was at home studying the script of *The Woman in His House*, and it was Arthur Hornblow who coached her. Very adroitly—theatrical genius that he is—he brought to life the Myrna Loy of to-day.

For it is Hornblow who is chiefly responsible for the glamorous, amusingly clever Myrna, the most sensational screen "discovery" of the last two years. . . .

RKO officials when they saw her tests for that picture were a little stunned—then blazingly enthusiastic. M.-G.-M., who had her under contract, followed it up immediately by giving her the lead in *The Barbarian*.

Love can do anything for a woman. It made a star of Myrna Loy. . . .

"She's going to marry Ramon Novarro!" reported the news-gatherers. And proceeded to print five million words on their "romance." Hadn't he invited her to dine with his family—something he'd never asked any actress to do?

And hadn't she rented his house while he was in Europe? But filmdom never guessed that one of the most frequent visitors there was a certain Mr. Hornblow.

Even when they began to go to parties together no special import was given it. And he is the first man she has ever been seen in public with consistently. Hollywood, usually so keen in such matters, didn't lift a single eyebrow when Myrna, bright luminary of M.-G.-M., ducked over to Paramount for *Wings in the Dark*. They called it merely a "friendly interchange

of stars between the studios"! And no one thought it significant that Mr. Arthur Hornblow, Jun., was the producer of that picture.

He called her aside for script-reading just as he did other members of the cast. They sat apart from the others and occasionally his voice would float across the stage—"In this scene, Miss Loy, you'll need to give particular emphasis. . . ." And she would nod quietly just as if her heart was not pounding wildly.

Their social life was something else again. You'd see them at those brilliant small parties the Benjamin Glazers give, or at King Vidor's or at any of their other intimates, and the thought would come to you startlingly—"Why, they act like Nick and Nora in *The Thin Man*! The same casualness, that gay, sustaining nonsense of theirs. . . ."

Hornblow is a head taller than Myrna. In Hollywood if you want to describe an innate gentleman you say, "He's like Arthur Hornblow."

The first thing you notice about him is his voice. It has a quiet quality that somehow makes everything he says sound terribly important.

Small wonder that a year ago Myrna took the boat to Europe following his.

He had, you see, telephoned her one fine spring evening and said he was headed for England to submit the adaptation of *The Light That Failed* to Rudyard Kipling. Gary Cooper was to star in it. . . . He wanted to make it one of the most impressive productions on the Paramount schedule. . . . Myrna listened, feeling oddly stricken. And at the other end of the 'phone Arthur was wondering how soon he could catch a ship back.

He had been gone three days when Myrna did the most drastic act of her life. *She ran away from Hollywood.*

In New York they said she was there to discuss her contract with the studio. Back on her home lot Luise Rainer was rushed into the place she left vacant opposite William Powell in *Escapade*. Actually, Myrna was finding out the full meaning of loneliness.

Hornblow sailed on the *Champlain*. She sailed on the *Paris* with a companion-secretary. And one afternoon Mr. Hornblow looked up from his *London News* to find a young redhead standing in front of him. "Oh, please, sir, it's such a large city—and I think I'm lost!"

They smiled delightedly at each other. "Oh, no, not lost," he assured her. "*Not ever lost!*"

Shots with Our Candid Camera



Helen Wood's evening wrap is of spongy silk, printed in Persian designs in orange, yellow, pale green and white. We can take it!



Who says Bergner is "doing a Garbo"? A snap on the "Dreaming Lips" set with Raymond Massey and Romney Brent.



John Cromwell, director of "Banjo on My Knee" (left), Barbara Stanwyck and Madeleine Carroll entertain Admiral Best from H.M.S. "Apollo."



Wallace Ford turns the still-camera on John Mills in an interval of shooting "O.H.M.S."

Real Life BAD MEN

by
Leo Carrillo

ONE of the most successful of screen "bad men" tells you about some villains he has encountered—off the screen

The author of this article (right) with Nino Martini in "The Gay Desperado."



ENVIRONMENT does things to folks—man, woman, child alike. There was myself, for example, reared in the loving lap of a grandmother whose father had been, under mandate of the King of Spain, the first provisional governor of what is now the State of California.

When I was only eight years old, I was imbued with the idea of living in Mexico, because Mexico, then, was what California had been in the ears of my ancestors. A kid of eight has wild ideas a-plenty, and I was no exception.

Mainly, I wanted to meet the type of "long riders" that my grandmother had told me about—those dashing, gallant outlaws who were the bane of her parents' existence when she was my age—the bane of her existence, too. They had gone from California by the time the stork delivered me, yet they still were topics of conversation back in my boyhood.

As life's clock struck ten, eleven, twelve for me, I was obsessed with an idea. I wanted, above all else in the world, to meet up with one of these Spanish descent "night riders." I began saving the nickels, dimes and quarters that mother, father and grandmother frequently handed me for doing odd jobs about the ranch—a ranch that included all of the land that is now the city of Santa Monica—land acquired by the family through a grant from the Spanish king.

When I was fifteen, I was "heeled," ready to go—and I went! To conserve what was in my money-belt, I "rode the rods" as far as Tucson, Arizona, where I purchased a cow pony for 15 dollars, two pack burros for 5 dollars each, stocked with coffee, flour and canned goods, and set out for Nogales, one sector of which is on the American side of the line, the other half in old Mexico.

Once across the border, I struck trail directly south, for Hermosillo was my objective. To me, it was Hermosillo or die, because the then rebel chieftain, Francisco Madero, was headquartered there, and my goal was an acquaintanceship with Madero, living symbol of all the bandits who had provided thrills for my great, great grandparents.

Youth, though, is often disillusioned. A group of Carranza soldiers picked me up as I jogged along the trail through the Sonora desert. Because I wasn't in Carranza uniform, I must be a spy. Sans the courtesy of a court-martial, I

was sentenced to die before the firing squad at dawn.

That night, however, the Madero forces shot it out with the Carranza army. In the rout of the latter's troops, they forgot about me. Apparently, I was the prize of victory, for after corporals, sergeants, lieutenants, captains and what-have-you of the rebel army got through with a "third degree," I found myself face-to-face with my idol, General Francisco Madero.

We discussed the situation in Spanish. I told General Madero why I was in Mexico—merely to make his acquaintance.

"And you come all this distance just to meet me?" he wanted to know.

"Y-e-s!" I stammered.

"But why?" he asked.

"Because" . . . and I told him the legends of early California—legends as relayed to me by my grandmother. He threw his arms about my neck, said: "Sonny, we'll let you stay here twenty-four hours, then you've got to go home. We want no international complications. We'll give you an escort to the border!"

Then I met one, Col. Pancho Villa—a "bad egg" this Villa, I gathered from the whispered conversation that went on in Spanish around me. Villa, I surmised, was a "killer."

Madero was good to his word. He sent a corporal's guard to see that I crossed the border. We travelled by night because the area was infested with Carranza's federal troops.

Madero finally succeeded Carranza as President of the Federated States of Mexico. Meanwhile, I had become a newspaper cartoonist in San Francisco, had hoarded some cash resources, and I travelled by train to Mexico City to witness his inauguration.

In fact, Madero had never forgotten the brash American kid who was Leo Carrillo in that era. I was an honoured guest at the ceremonies that installed this brilliant, lovable, one-time rebel in the national palace.

I've known other Mexican outlaw leaders since. There was Villa, whom I first met through Madero and with whom I formed a real friendship after shaking his hand when he was merely an officer in Madero's army. I had turned actor about that time, yet I took off from a vaudeville tour to attend his inauguration as President of Mexico—a very, very, short-lived reign!

I knew Adolf de la Huerta, who fought Villa and later became President for a brief period. I knew Enrique Estrada, the kindly, scholarly, Americanised Mexican, who turned against President Obregon, whose war minister he had

been, and set out from San Diego with a flotilla of trucks laden with unassembled airplanes, machine guns, rifles and ammunition, and began a trek to the border with ten "generals" and hopeful of picking up an "army." After he had crossed the international line, he was arrested in the Arizona desert for violation of the American neutrality laws, and eventually sent to the federal prison on McNeil's Island.

When Villa died "in his boots," I travelled down to Chihuahua to attend his burial rites. I met his widow. She knew all about me. Pancho had told her. I lingered on for a few days in Chihuahua City and, just before I started back to United States, there came a huge box of clothing to me—Pancho's dress sombrero, mole-skin tight-legged trousers, and a real mole-skin jacket.

Time moved along for me, as it does for anyone. Through real effort, I finally won Broadway stardom, then the movies called me home. They gave me Italian, Spanish and American rôles. Always I had wanted to portray a Mexican. The chance came in *Viva Villa*, where I played an aide to Wallace Beery's Villa—a very cruel Villa. I had different ideas on this man Villa!

Then came the opportunity to realise a lifetime longing—to do "Braganza," the romantic, thrill-loving Mexican outlaw chieftain in the Pickford-Lasky production, *The Gay Desperado*. Would I accept the rôle? Could they keep me out of it!

"Braganza" was the type of bandit my grandmother had told me about—a killer when need be, but an idealist at heart.

I'm forty-six years old, and I'm a happy man—happy because I've realised a real ambition. Director Rouben Mamoulian has permitted me to carve upon the silver sheet the better qualities of all the Mexican outlaws I have met and admired. He allowed me to show you the lovable side of such chieftains as Carranza, Madero, De la Huerta and Estrada.

I sincerely believe that America will have a better understanding of these Mexican patriots after *The Gay Desperado*—which stars that silver-throated tenor, Nino Martini—is flashed on the screen!

At least, I hope that I have done my part towards picturing them in the proper light—bad men to start with, but in the end self-sacrificing heroes who have contributed to the real progress of a new Mexico!

BINNIE HALE

Confesses

THAT she is painfully shy of strangers—talks about the play she is writing and the country cottage she has just taken in Sussex—reveals how she developed her gift for impersonating people.

takes a delight in taking people off in a kindly, good-natured way. It appeals to her roguish sense of fun. Her impersonation of Elisabeth Bergner and other celebrities caused such a commotion in the studios that for a time everybody forgot the filming! Even director Sinclair Hill was carried away.

When Binnie did a scene from *Escape Me Never* with Guy Middleton there was an uproar. It was the *pièce de résistance*. Equally funny was Binnie's dialogue between Claude and Jack Hulbert. Even Claude, who was watching, shook with laughter. But when Binnie gave her impression of Claude disguised as a detective trying to track down the burglars who broke into his house not long ago, the latter decided he had had enough. He chased Binnie round the studio until Sinclair Hill decided it was time to put an end to the day's play.

According to Binnie her gift for impersonating people goes back to the days when, as a child at school, she used to mimic her history teacher. Before each class Binnie would jump on the dais and pull the sort of faces and do the sort of things that teacher did.

But teacher found out, and to make the punishment fit the crime she made Binnie stay after hours for two weeks and write in her copy-book "I must not make fun of my elders"!

But Binnie wasn't so easily cured. She went right on impersonating people, developing her gift to a pitch of perfection.

Now, without even the aid of wigs or make-up she can twist her face into a caricature of most celebrities. The people she likes impersonating best are Noel Coward, Jeanette MacDonald and Grace Moore.

It isn't generally known that in addition to acting in plays and films Binnie writes them too. Years ago she wrote a one-act comedy called *The Poor Fish*, dealing with the misadventures of a henpecked husband. It was performed by a village amateur dramatic society in aid of charity.

Now she is writing a full-length play—a satire on temperamental actresses and film producers.

It is called *Landslide*, and deals with a fiery motion picture star who is seeking a come-back in a new film. She causes such an upheaval at the studio during the making of the picture that the director, driven crazy, produces the wrong story.

The producer fires the director and the entire staff. Having put all his money in the show (it is his first film) he tries to drown his sorrows, for he believes the picture is a flop and that he is ruined. But eventually, after a great deal of comedy, everything turns out all right, and the film is hailed by the public as a true masterpiece.

Binnie says the character of the temperamental actress is drawn from real life. She wants to play the part herself if the play is ever produced, and she feels that Gregory Ratoff and Claude Hulbert would be ideal as the producer and director respectively.

Binnie reveals that she is spending most of

her week-ends down in Sussex, where she has bought a delightful little cottage by the sea. She has been doing a lot of the decorating and painting herself. "I just love pottering about the place," she says.

The cottage is well hidden from prying eyes, and Binnie absolutely refuses to tell anybody where it is. All her friends are "under oath" not to disclose its whereabouts.

When the cottage has been "done-up", Binnie says she is going to surround herself with horses and dogs. She admits she is a real animal lover. While making *Take a Chance* she had the time of her life helping to look after the horses they had at the studios. You see, it is a racing story, and twelve racehorses were brought up from Winchester for studio scenes.

Binnie wasn't the only member of the cast who fell for the horses, however. Gwen Farrar is also a horse enthusiast and has been training hunters at her country estate for years.

There was considerable rivalry between Binnie and Gwen for the affections of one particular horse who plays the title role in the picture. The horse's real name is "Eton" and he belongs to Geoffrey Gibley. He has won races, too! In the film, Eton, or rather *Take a Chance*, is the horse on which Binnie and Gwen, as a couple of bankrupt garage owners, draw a sweepstake ticket. The villain of the piece is Guy Middleton. He tries to work a lot of shady stuff, but of course in the end everything turns out all right, and Binnie and Gwen come out on top while Guy loses his shirt.

Binnie says she is delighted with her part—a straight comedy role—and is full of praise for the conditions under which she has worked.

"I have never worked in a happier atmosphere," she says. "The spirit of friendliness, sympathy and co-operation has been just grand. Sinclair Hill has the knack of making you feel really at home. You just can't help putting everything you've got into your work. I think you will find that I have put up my best show in a long time."

There is only one thing Binnie really regrets. She has no singing or dancing to do.

"I'm just longing to do a musical picture," she says. "My voice is in form, my legs are itching to step out, and my body aching to sway to the rhythm of a good, snappy score."

Perhaps some producer will take Binnie up on that.

NEXT WEEK

SPENCER TRACY, who brings such skill and understanding to the playing of "tough" roles that he has won two Screen Writers Guild awards, has been interviewed for the benefit of our readers by Jim Tully.

"A little girl I was always painfully shy; even today I experience acute nervousness and uneasiness when meeting people for the first time."

Coming from the star of a hundred stage shows and innumerable films this seems a strange confession. And yet Binnie Hale admits that she is one of the shyest stars in British pictures. Interviewers and strangers really scare the life out of her. Not until she knows people really well does she begin to feel at ease in their presence.

The first night of a new show is a trying experience for most players; but for Binnie it is nothing less than torture.

"There have been times," she says, "when literally they have had to drag me from the dressing-room to the stage. But once I actually step on the stage my nervousness vanishes like magic. I become completely unconscious of the fact that thousands of eyes are focused on me. Then, between acts, when I have time to think, I grow nervous again. Meeting people after the show is also difficult. If there is a reception I invariably feel like sneaking off home. But once I have joined the party I feel quite happy."

"It is the same in the film studio. When I begin a new picture I am always uneasy until I get to know the people with whom I am working. And do you know I always try to avoid meeting visitors at the studio? I don't know why I should be like that. It's all very silly, really. But there it is."

Despite these confessions, folk at the studio will tell you that whatever her real feelings may be on such occasions, Binnie certainly manages to conceal them. She never betrays embarrassment. On the stage or screen—well, it would be quite impossible to associate the quality of shyness with such a bright and scintillating personality.

As a matter of fact, on the production set Binnie is usually the very life and soul of the studio.

For instance, down at Ealing recently, where she has been starring with Claude Hulbert, Henry Kendall and Enid Stamp-Taylor in the Grosvenor racing film, *Take a Chance*, Binnie kept the production staff in fits of laughter between scenes with her impersonations of celebrities.

One of the cleverest mimics in the country (have you heard her on the radio?), Binnie



GERTRUDE MICHAEL

THIS charming young woman lately elevated to stardom, is one of the most intelligent of the younger players. She was to have come to Elstree to play in "The Dominant Sex," but illness has prevented her. However, better luck next time!

"That air of poise has a sense of fun to leaven it."



DESTE—and DESTINY

SIX years ago, in the course of my proper business as studio correspondent, I wandered into the Nettlefold Studios at Walton-on-Thames where a quota picture was being made.

It was the effort of two enterprising young men, Jerry Jackson (now a producer for Gaumont-British) and Michael Powell, who is at present directing the Joe Rock picture *Edge of the World*.

The style of the company was the Film Engineering Co., and the film was called *My Friend the King*.

Jerry Verno, the Drury Lane comedian, was in it, playing the leading role; Jerry, by the way, has just completed a role in the Tauber film *Pagliacci* at Elstree.

Just at that time there was one of the periodic outcries against the quality of quota pictures, and this one was singled out, rather unjustly, as the victim of a savage attack by a young lay journalist who had nothing to do with film criticism.

Other journalists rallied to the rescue, and there was a seven-day hubbub in a teacup, which fizzled out and was soon forgotten.

But I had seen a young woman on the set, named Luli von Hohenberg, who interested me very much; I had even tried to converse with her, but as my German at that time was limited to *ja, nein, bier, kaiser, kamerad* and *Kindergarten*, and as her English consisted almost exclusively of lines she had learned for the film, I didn't make much headway.

I learned she was an Austrian baroness and I knew she was attractive, and that was as far as we got.

She was playing the heroine in this film, and I thought it was a long time since I had met anyone who so pleasantly combined charm, intelligence, breeding, and audacity; an odd mixture; very rare and refreshing.

I was so taken with her, in fact, that I went to the extreme length of seeing the film; and I was not disappointed, for she was as intriguing "on" as "off."

Then she disappeared, and I heard she had gone back to Germany; but I have often thought of her, and wondered whether she would ever bring that gay, wise, poised personality of hers to our screens again.

So I remembered the name von Hohenberg, not a common one, even in our very cosmopolitan studios, and when, years later, a new star was announced, I recognised the name immediately—and apparently I was the only press-man who did.

Even the studio publicity department had not been aware of her previous incursion into British pictures; it was news to them.

In a convenient phrase, I "blew the gaff"; and, having surprised everybody, I was due for a surprise myself.

I got it—when I interviewed the Baroness at Denham, where she is playing opposite Edward G. Robinson in *Thunder in the City*.

I hardly recognised her; when I had seen her before, she was definitely plump; now I found her slim, and far, far more elegant.

In fact, she seemed definitely to have changed from German to Austrian, and you know what a difference that describes! That intriguing air of poise, of command, was still present, but there seemed to be more gaiety, more sense of fun to leaven it.

There is plenty of backing for that air of poise; Luli is not merely a commoner who married a Baron; she herself is the elder daughter of Baron and Baroness Bodenhausen.

She was obviously destined for show-business from a very early age, for she revealed to me that when she was four she had her own circus, and when she had grown old enough to ride, her parents gave her a pony to add to it, and she horrified the family by learning bareback tricks.

She must have horrified her governesses, too, for in the space of a single year she had had eleven of them—and a month's holiday.

Keeping clearly before her the "one increasing purpose" of going on the stage, she married Baron Godfried Hohenberg, an Austrian nobleman. I have a feeling that his promise to help her in every way possible to a theatre career had a good deal to do with her decision.

They went to Berlin together, and thence to

The story of the latest—and most charming—Continental importation to our studios is here graphically told

by E. G. COUSINS

Dresden, so that she might study dancing at the famous Wigemann School.

At last she attained every young German actress's ambition—an audition with Max Reinhardt; and he promised her a lead.

So she waited, and she waited . . . and at last she got bored with waiting, and grabbed at a chance to understudy Bergner.

Next she played in repertory for a while, and then, on a visit to Salzburg Festival, heard of a leading role to be filled in a neighbouring theatre . . . and was promised it provided that she could learn the part in twenty-four hours.

She did, and got it, and scored a success. There's a girl for you!

The same producer took her to Vienna, and she played a number of leads, including *The Beggar's Opera*.

Soon after that, in 1930, she divorced her Baron, and then came the English adventure. She played the lead in *Storm in a Teacup* in German at the Arts Theatre Club, and made her film at Walton-on-Thames—and became seriously ill, but this means no disrespect to the film.

The illness took all the money she had, and she had to have money; so she started a business, selling materials which she designed and manufactured back in Bavaria.

First of all she started in a small way with a couple of hand-loom, but the business grew, and grew, and she brought it to England and organised a factory.

However, you can't keep any actress away from her destiny; so she went back to Vienna to pursue her proper vocation, and was playing a lead in six weeks.

Films followed, including *In the Sunshine*, in which she played opposite Jan Kiepura. But England was where films were being made; so back to England she came on one of those "holiday" trips with which we have become so familiar.

Here she met Marion Gering, Hollywood director at present working at Denham for Atlantic Films, and he grabbed her and put her on personal contract, jointly with B. P. Schulberg, for whom she will next make a film in Hollywood.

I must admit I was somewhat surprised when she was chosen to play opposite Edward G. Robinson in *Thunder in the City*, because the whole plot of that turns upon the American financier coming up against the typical English Society girl; and, if I may say so without hurting the typical English Society girl, Luli von Hohenberg has far more life and warmth and vivacity than she will ever have.

Besides, although she is now thoroughly at home with our difficult and perilous language she still has, as she points out, an accent. . . .

"But they are putting in a line to say I have been educated on the Continent," she told me; now where have I heard that line before?

However, I have a feeling that any incongruity will be justified by her charming personality and undoubted dramatic powers.

You are not supposed to be able to pronounce or remember the name von Hohenberg; so the company went into a huddle for some weeks and produced the name Luli Deste, by which she will go down to posterity.

Personally, I don't think much of it, because the average picturegoer will not know whether to articulate the final "e" or not.

I gather it is to be pronounced "Desty."

However, it's her Destiny I'm interested in. I have a hunch—and that hunch tells me that this willowy, laughing scion of aristocracy is liable to go very long ways in the world of films.

In a couple of years from now I shall remind you that I said that.

HOLLYWOOD is puzzled over reports that Garbo has purchased a 1,000-acre estate near Stockholm, Sweden. The Swedish star was supposed to have purchased a castle in that country, but nothing came of it. She also was reported to have spoken yearningly of a haven in Tahiti, where Murnau, noted director, died.

Personally, I consider that Garbo is one of the smartest publicity stars that Hollywood has ever known. Her seclusion, her: "Ay tank ay go home," have done wonders for her as a star.

I believe she will retire to seclusion, in Sweden, Tahiti, or what have you, when the studio moguls decline to pay her a munificent salary!

An Air Holiday

Douglas Fairbanks, sen., recently invited a group of friends to a cocktail party held on a large transport plane, whilst the ship was circling over Los Angeles. Everyone liked the affair so much that Doug chartered the plane for a trip to San Francisco, which is about 500 miles from Hollywood. The party spent the night in San Francisco and returned the next day.

Among the guests were Kay Francis, Lady Warwick, Mrs. Howard Hawks (wife of the director, Howard Hawks), Mrs. Darryl Zanuck and Doug's wife, the former Lady Ashley. Twelve people were in the party.

Happy Newlyweds

The late Jack Gilbert's famous bed has been sold to an hotel in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, for the sum of £250.

One of the largest rooms in the hotel will be known as the "John Gilbert Honeymoon Room." Not only the bed, but other Gilbert furniture will be placed in the suite.

Every morning a drawing will be held, and the couple holding the lucky number will have the right to occupy the room for one day and night.

The hotel manager believes that he will do a fine business, particularly as no extra charge is to be made for the prize chamber.

He Met Garbo!

Few studio sets are as closely guarded as are Garbo's, but a ten-year-old boy hitch-hiked to Culver City, climbed the fence at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio and, with the canniness of the average small boy, eluded the studio policemen and slipped into the Garbo set. He did even more than that, entering the portable dressing-room of the star, where he sold her a magazine.

Garbo was amused, and permitted him to remain on the set during rehearsals. The businesslike youngster made every-one present buy his magazine. He departed happier and richer than when he entered the studio.

That boy will be a success when he grows up!

A Bored Animal

Shirley Temple is very proud of her Shetland pony, which was sent across the ocean on the *Queen Mary*, and shipped across the continent by train.

The little star proudly placed a floral wreath around the pony's neck. The little animal showed his appreciation by promptly devouring the flowers!

Seagoing Actor

Clarke Gable is in the market for a yacht, with a globe-circling cruise in mind. Hollywood rumour has it that he will purchase John Barrymore's *Infanta*, said to be up for sale.

From a reliable source, I hear that Gable's proposed trip will be for business, as well as pleasure, and that he will be accompanied by W. S. Van Dyke, adventuring director who filmed *Trader Horn* and other notable films.

Sad Studio

Traffic policemen at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios are having to learn new signals now that Joan Crawford is riding her bicycle instead of arriving in her black limousine.



This beautiful silver fox cape, worn by Sonja Henie, achieves its fan-like fullness by means of fourteen exceptional skins spaced on a foundation of black satin with strips of the satin showing between each skin. Sonja, whose artistry on ice skates is world-famous, will soon be seen in a story specially written for her.

The Hollywood NEWSREEL

SHOT BY PHIL LONERGAN

Joan has six different noisemakers on the handlebars of the bike, ranging from a toy siren, a toot-toot horn to an old-fashioned honk horn. When the star wants to pass someone else she starts down the line and sounds them all. When she turns a corner she uses the same signals as a motorist.

The actress is just another girl trying to retain that schoolgirl figure!

Home at Last

Betty Grable is not waiting until her marriage to Jackie Coogan to furnish and decorate her own home.

The little actress and her parents have leased a house in Westwood. She is buying furniture

and supervising the entire interior decorating scheme. Incidentally, it will be the first real home that Betty remembers. Since she was five years old, the family has lived in hotels and furnished apartments. Much of the time Betty was travelling in theatrical engagements.

The Westwood house is of Georgian colonial architecture, and furniture is being selected to harmonise.

A New Husband?

The Mary Pickford-Buddy Rogers marriage rumours continue to bob up in Hollywood, and are more emphatic than ever, so I would not be surprised if the noted couple took the fatal step in the near future.

In any event, after the world premiere of *The Gay Desperado* in New York, Mary, accompanied by her niece, Gwynne Pickford, and her secretary, will sail for Europe on her first Continental vocation in several years.

Jimmy Remembered!

James Dunn, known to his intimates as Jimmy, never forgets a friend.

Nearly three years ago, whilst touring through the state of Illinois, his car blew a tyre, an accident resulted, and the actor was knocked unconscious. A Boy Scout found him and rendered first aid, and, after applying a tourniquet, delivered him to a hospital.

After Jimmy recovered, he told the boy to look him up if he ever needed aid.

A few weeks ago the youth arrived in Hollywood. His parents had died, and he hitch-hiked to California.

Jimmie is looking after the boy until he finds him a well-paying position.

A Boy and a Dog!

Freddie Bartholomew is very fond of his Cocker spaniel, Conkol, and, as Freddie is a great Hollywood star, Conkol enjoys far more liberties than the average canine.

The dog accompanies Freddie on the sets where he is acting, and is also permitted in the school room at the studio, strange as it may seem!

Freddie, like other juvenile film actors, receives his schooling at the studio under the direction of teachers assigned by the Los Angeles Board of Education.

Odd Footage

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are considering the purchase of twenty acres in the San Fernando Valley for a ranch home.

William Shakespeare, noted American college football player, is working in the studios, and, like his famous namesake, is said to be a very good actor.

Gloria Stuart has an unusually comprehensive library on early Californian history. She is a native of California.

Dick Foran, "cowboy star," is a graduate of Princeton University, and, before appearing in pictures, never saw "the wild and woolly West"!

Marie Wilson rehearses her lines whilst relaxing in a hot bath each night before going to sleep.

MICKEY IN THE PYRAMIDS

Mickey Mouse and his merry gang have found the Pyramids. Don't miss their desert antics, in "Mickey Mouse Weekly," out to-morrow. Twelve big pages of fun and excitement—and all for twopence!

E. G. COUSINS COVERS

The BRITISH STUDIOS

A SHORT sequence of the African desert film starring Paul Robeson—occupying not more than about five minutes on the screen—will cost five miles of journeying for every foot shot.

Those of you with a taste for higher mathematics may now check up these figures and see whether I've given a faithful accounting.

The sequence is 500 feet in length. The Capitol unit will penetrate 2,500 miles into the Sahara desert to make it. Was I right, sir?

The chief reason for this jaunt is that in the studio (if they had been content to stay there) they would probably have been able to get together about fifteen camels, whereas they needed just about a thousand times that number.

Well, the only place in the world where camels are about as numerous as the sands of the desert is in the desert round Agadiz.

There the far-flung henchmen of Max Schach, headed by Walter Futter and director Thornton Freeland, have been gathering a huge fleet of ships of the desert (and if you've ever tried to ride one you'd know exactly why the brutes are so designated).

Paul Stays Home

This will be the fourth British film featuring Paul Robeson in an African setting in which he has avoided the irksome necessity of entering the Dark Continent, and has had Africa brought to the studio for his convenience.

First there was London Films' *Sanders of the River*, then British Lion's *Song of Freedom*, then Gaumont-British's *King Solomon's Mines* (which has recently got under way at Shepherd's Bush), and now this latest one for Capitol, which unfortunately hasn't been christened yet.

I wish they'd hurry up and give it a label, because according to modern usage it has to change its name at least twice during production, and the sooner it starts the better.

By the way, Thornton Freeland and Walter Futter are going farther into the Sahara than white men have gone before. There are apparently wide stretches of Africa which are yet unexplored—at any rate, by our all-conquering race.

This is about the only excuse for calling it a Dark Continent, because whenever I've been privileged to live in it it's been lit up by a sun bright enough to stand you on your ear if you dare go without a hat.

Hard on Hardwicke

Speaking of *King Solomon's Mines*, Cedric Hardwicke must be beginning to associate films with over-eating.

In *Laburnum Grove*, you remember, he had to consume a large number of bananas; now, as Allan Quatermain, he and Anna Lee have had to eat a fresh-cooked pancake in a certain scene.

By the time they had rehearsed the scene a number of times, and made one or two retakes, they found themselves having to eat half a dozen each.

I fancy Sir Cedric will be giving Shrove Tuesday a miss next time it comes round.

The scenery in which he has been working recently on this picture has reminded him irresistibly of his early days in the theatre.

"Years ago I toured South Africa playing



Shakespearean roles," he told me. "We used to carry our scenery and props in cape carts drawn by oxen, and sit round camp fires in the evening."

A look of reminiscent longing came into his eyes, and he added, "And, as far as I can remember, there were no pancakes."

A Drop of Irish

Aнна Lee is playing an Irish part in this picture—the role of a prospector's daughter has been specially written-in for her—and Tony Quin has been "larnin' her" the brogue.

Tony was a member for years of the famous Abbey Theatre company in Dublin, and is recognised as one of the foremost exponents of the Irish brogue in its many variations.

He taught Anna Lee a little too well. While she was preparing for *King Solomon's Mines*, she had to appear in one of the finishing shots of *O.H.M.S.*, in which she appears as a very English sergeant-major's daughter; and poor Anna came straight from an Irish lesson into a scene in which she had to remark that a certain soldier was in her father's regiment.

"Sure, he's wid me father in the Wessex!" she exclaimed in a rich Irish brogue, and broke up the party.

Certainly this film looks like a break for Anna; instead of the marvellous confections that G.-B.'s glamour girl usually wears, she is seen this time in a very patched and worn khaki shirt and riding breeches.

Jingle—and Jingo

London Melody has been finishing in a blaze of glory at Pinewood, where I found Herbert Wilcox directing the cabaret sequences.

Anna Neagle, who was a chorus girl in

Limelight and a circus trapeze artiste in *The Three Maxims*, has now turned cabaret star.

There's one scene in particular that will cause a bit of a stir when it comes on to the screen; it's a number called "The Jingle of the Jungle," in which Anna sings and dances with a background of dusky beauties in a set designed in black and white.

Now that Herbert Wilcox has got this melody off his chest and into the cutting-room, he is waltzing straight into *The Navy Eternal*; that title speaks for itself. It's a propaganda picture.

Our screens are allowed to show us the glories of our army and navy, but it isn't considered advisable to allow propaganda against war, because that would cancel-out the benefit of the recruiting propaganda.

It's all very logical, of course, but all the same. . . .

The Ship's Company

Well, anyway, there will be a dramatic story of British nationals rescued from an insurrection; and a naval lieutenant will be captured and placed on board a rebel battleship with the daughter of the British consul—and so you get the ingredients of a tender love story.

The love-birds are young Richard Cromwell—who, having gallantly represented the British Army in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, in which he betrayed his squadron to the enemy, is now transferring to the British Navy—and Hazel Terry.

So far I have only seen Hazel in *Marriage of Corbal*, in which she had the double disadvantage of having to cope with banal dialogue and masquerading as a boy—which only one actress in about five thousand is able to do with



An impressive ensemble in the Butcher-Malcolm production, "Variety Parade," featuring Mrs. Jack Hylton and her band.

conviction; so it's not surprising that she didn't exactly shine in that.

This one should give better scope for the famous Terry talent.

Young Cromwell has been brought specially from Hollywood to play the part of the hero, and it just shows how lamentably short we are of young players capable of being Naval officers on the screen.

H. B. Warner is coming from New York to play the consul; if you saw this fine actor recently as the judge in the court-room sequence in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, you'll need no telling that he has lost nothing of the old skill in character delineation.

Land, Sea and Air

Then there is Robert Douglas, who has stepped straight from *London Melody* to play in this; Noah Beery, who plays the part of the President of the State where the insurrection takes place; and Richard Ainley, son of the famous actor Henry Ainley. Hazel Terry, by the way, is now under contract to Herbert Wilcox.

Exteriors are to be done at Weymouth, with real naval ratings doing the crowd work; and, as in *O.H.M.S.*, some of them will get into fancy dress to represent the "enemy."

Most of the insurrection scenes and all the interiors will be shot at Pinewood; the whole thing should be chock-full of action, and I am rather looking forward to seeing it, because I do like a moving picture to move.

But I think Herbert Wilcox would be well advised to change the title; with the present one, you can smell propaganda a mile away.

Before this one gets as far as the studio, Herbert Wilcox will have finished most of the interior work on *Splinters in the Air*, in which Sydney Howard plays the part of a garage-proprietor who is mistaken for his brother, a dare-devil pilot in the R.A.F.

So now the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force are all accounted for, and the Salvation Army got a fair show in *The Thirty-nine Steps*, and the railways and the B.B.C. in about a hundred pictures—there only remains the Fire Brigade, the District Nursing Association, and the Holy Rollers to immortalise.

And after that we shall be able to get back to just ordinary people.

Dramatic

I was very much impressed with the performance I saw Sebastian Shaw giving the other day, as Othello in the stage-play sequence of *Men Are Not Gods*—previously called *Triangle*.

Gertrude Lawrence takes the part of his wife, the actress who plays Desdemona; but in the scene given from the Shakespearean play, all she had to do was to be asleep until she was strangled, and then to be dead.

However, there's plenty of dramatic acting for her in the rest of the film, when she sees her handsome young husband being attracted by Miriam Hopkins. . . .

And now for Bergner.

The Queen's Hall figured prominently in Elisabeth Bergner's phenomenally successful picture *Escape Me Never*; perhaps that's why they have reconstructed it again for scenes in *Dreaming Lips*, in which she is playing under the direction (as usual) of her husband, Dr. Paul Czinner.

In this film, Raymond Massey plays the part of a world-famous violinist.

The Queen's Hall sequence certainly provided a field-day (or field-week) for the extras, three hundred of whom have been sitting day after day, at a guinea a head, listening to an orchestra.

And while this has been going on, another Max Schach Trafalgar film, *Pagliacci*, is rapidly nearing completion at Elstree, with Richard Tauber in the leading role and Steffi Duna, Diana Napier, Esmond Knight, Arthur Margetson, and Jerry Verno aiding and abetting.

A Welcome Change

Me, I am by no means an opera fan; but my chief objection to opera is, not the music (I'm not quite such a barbarian as that!) but the way the thing pretends to tell a story, and every now and then advertises the fact that the story is only a flimsy pretext for the music.

This *Pagliacci*, which Karl Grüne is directing, interests me particularly for the reason that the singing is introduced naturally, falling into the plot as neatly as a lid fits a teapot.

Also, if I am to be privileged to hear Tauber sing at all, I would rather he sang real stuff like Leoncavallo's than the comparatively thin and uninspired music he has been given in some of his films.

Another Max Schach picture, *Love from a Stranger*, is in danger of being held up because Ann Harding is indisposed.

Just before she developed trouble with her throat, I watched her working on a scene with

Alistair Sim goes goofy in Oxford Films' "My Partner Mr. Davis."

Binnie Hale (as her friend) and Jean Cadell (as her Aunt Lou) in which they "crack a bottle" of champagne to celebrate Ann's good fortune in winning a big French lottery.

A Thriller

This is the incident upon which the whole story hinges, for the prize attracts the attention of a handsome and fascinating man (played by Basil Rathbone, and who, I ask you, is better qualified?) who sweeps the poor lady incontinently into marriage, and then. . . .

This is one of the most thrilling stories Agatha Christie ever wrote, and it certainly has lost nothing by its adaptation for the stage by Frank Vosper.

I'm inclined to think this is going to be a big success for producer Max Schach; so far his happiest effort has been another "non-costume" film, the Tom Walls starring picture *Dishonour Bright*.

Down Hammersmith way, Julius Hagen and Franco-London are jointly going very strong with the first bi-lingual talkie to be made there, and one of the very few in British studios—originally to be called *Widow's Island*, but now rechristened *No Return*.

More War

It has two directors, Maurice Elvey and Claude Heymann, who shoot respectively (and alternatively) the English and French versions; and Marcelle Chantalle, the French film star, is playing the lead in both versions.

In the English version there are also Paul Cavanagh, Olga Lindo, Garry Marsh, Evelyn Roberts, Bobbie Comber, Denier Warren, Frank Atkinson, and Alistair Sim; and a very impressive cast too, as I think you'll agree.

This story has a flash-back to war-time, and scenes in the French trenches have already been shot, with realistic dug-outs, barbed-wire fences, and tanks.

At Twickenham, his spiritual home, Julius Hagen has *Silver Blaze* on the floor, with Arthur Wontner as Sherlock Holmes, a role which has now become his by right of conquest.

Tom Bentley, directing, has been shooting the sequence in which the racehorse is missing from its stable, and its groom is lying murdered on the doorstep.

B-r-r-r!



DODSWORTH



Major Lockert (David Niven), easy ship flirtation, encounters in Fran Dodsworth (Ruth Chatterton) are alone in her stateroom. Tentatively, introduces the



The middle-aged Fran sees her world crumble as the doughty old Baroness (Mme. Maria Ouspenskaya) refuses to permit her young son to marry her.





Fran Dodsworth (Ruth Chatterton) tells her husband (Walter Huston) that she has determined to divorce him to marry a youth twenty years her junior.



Dodsworth himself finds Mrs. Cortright (Mary Astor) a charming deck companion.

THE £300,000 film adaptation of Sinclair Lewis' best-seller story of the final fling of a middle-aged wife obsessed with the fear of age gives Ruth Chatterton her finest role for years and brings Walter Huston back to the top of the screen world.

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een Mary."



Dodsworth, after many weary weeks alone in Europe, meets the charming Mrs. Cortright, whom he knows slightly, in a Naples tourist bureau.



Arnold Iselin (Paul Lukas), yet another lover, and an impassioned one, in the life of the age-haunted Fran Dodsworth.



"Perhaps mademoiselle would rather not kiss me; perhaps she would like better to kiss the horse," suggested Victor.

IT was only a kiss to a bottle of wine that his horse would win against hers, and he had won the bet. Sergeant Victor, of the Fourteenth Company of the Foreign Legion, looked down at the dark-eyed girl who professed to be a better judge of horses than Captain Menzies.

The North African sun burned down on the Arab town and on the arid desert beyond. Victor sensed in Cigarette no mere light o' love, but for her loyalty and comradeship, regarded as the mascot of the regiment, a reluctance to carry the understanding between them to a finish.

"Perhaps mademoiselle would rather not kiss me; perhaps she would like better to kiss the horse on which I was so lucky as to win the race," he suggested.

He was not prepared for her, instead of replying, to dig her spurs into her mount and head for the open desert. To the laughter of the Captain and the Arab onlookers, Victor gave chase. This time her horse refused to be outridden. He had to come abreast of her and drag her from her saddle to his.

"Leave me alone! Put me down!" she cried. Not until he had rolled her on to the sand, demanding to know whether she was hurt, did he again give her the chance to avoid payment of his due.

"Please forgive me," he said gently. "After all, you did say,

when you took me on in that race, it would kill you if I collected my kiss."

"Would it have killed you to have taken it?" she said very low.

"I should say not!" He accepted the offer of her lips, finding them sweet as any legionnaire, or perhaps, because of his appreciation of the gentler things of life, sweeter than many would have done. Nor did he grumble when, their horses having taken it into their heads to gallop off, he carried Cigarette back to camp.

Though accustomed to a life far different from that he now led, Victor had reason to be pleased. Commandant Major Doyle, disciplinarian, had promoted him to sergeant for success in saving a handful of ambushed men from Arab treachery. He had a friend in Rake, the cockney, who had to be schooled in avoiding calling Victor "Sir." Now, Cigarette, whose smile or frown was matter of moment to the legionnaires who frequented the café named after her was virtually at his feet.

With a slight swagger about his well-knit figure and keenly-alive face, with its dark eyes and toothbrush moustache, Victor reported that evening to the Commandant.

"Did you find out anything at the horse market?" the Major inquired, with added bluntness from the knowledge that no amount of superiority of rank could confer on him the breeding innate in the man before him.

"Nothing definite. I got the

impression that something was afoot."

Lucky for Victor that the Commandant's thoughts were likewise far from matters military.

"What—what did you say?" he inquired.

Victor repeated the vague statement.

"Did anything else of importance happen this afternoon?"

"No. . . . That is, nothing of a military nature, sir."

"Thank you, sergeant."

Whereat Victor, aware that news, even so trivial as in regard to horse-racing and bets, travelled fast in the Legion, might have taken warning. Not being remotely in love with Cigarette, however, he failed to detect his superior's jealousy. The company, after the Arab skirmish, had returned to the comparatively civilised French military headquarters at Abeshe.

Victor, therefore, was not surprised, though he might be startled, at seeing a feminine visitor being shown round the dormitory by Major Doyle. He was, in fact, startled, for the lady in question would have been considered striking at an English tea-party. Her elegant figure, set off by pin-spot beribboned muslin, the fashion of the turn of last century, was matched by the purity of her features and colouring beneath a flower-trimmed hat.

Gloved hands resting on her laced parasol, she made Victor supremely conscious of his shabby shorts, open shirt, and apology for a tie. Major Doyle, in be-medalled uniform, complete with sword, performed the introduction.

"Your work, sergeant?" Lady Venetia Cunningham inquired. "What a beautiful carving of an English thoroughbred hunter."

Victor bowed. "A lot he'd know about hunters. He sees nothing but Arab ponies in these parts," Major Doyle observed.

"Excuse me a minute, my lady." Blessing the opportunity given by the Major's horror at and subsequent removal of a pair of breeches hanging out to dry on a line opposite, Victor drew imperceptibly nearer the admirer of fine woodcarving.

"I'm glad you like my horse."

"I think it's lovely."

"I'll buy it for you," the Major

said. "Here, sergeant, a franc. A week's pay."

Desperately Victor sought her eyes. She saw and understood. "No, no, Major Doyle, I couldn't really," she protested. "I know the sergeant doesn't want to part with it."

"Seeing someone like that sort o' makes one homesick," was Rake's remark as the dormitory resumed its normal appearance. "I did hear there was to be a ball at the hotel to-night. Have you got a late pass, sir—I mean, sergeant?"

Though it meant gate-crashing, Victor decided to take the hint. Captain Menzies was twirling his long moustaches while in conversation on the hotel balcony, with Lady Venetia, lovelier than ever in shimmering silk with puffed sleeves, as Victor came up the steps.

"Important dispatches just arrived, sir, for Colonel Ferol," he said, repeating the phrase which had enabled him to pass the guard. He held his breath while the bait was taken. "Was there any such message?" Lady Venetia asked with a twinkle, as Captain Menzies, excusing himself, left the balcony.

"Yes; in that dispatches have arrived. But I didn't bring them."

"Then isn't it dangerous for you to be here?"

"Doubly. On one side, confinement to barracks; on the other, your eyes. No, don't call me daring. What I really came for is to bring you this. You were kind enough to admire it, but I couldn't sell it, and with a third party present it was impossible to give it. Please accept it."

Hours of practice in woodcarving were recompensed as her hand touched something of his for the first time. "It's the most exciting thing that's happened in all this monotonous country," she declared.

"Monotonous! But this isn't Africa," he reminded. "This is just an hotel. Did you ever climb when you were little? On the far side of the wall are the native towns, the Jewish bazaars, the cafés, the Kabyle dancers? Will you risk a scramble?"

With her beside him, Victor found a new fascination in watching

(Continued on page 24)

WHEN SUSAN ANN IS CHRISTENED...

*The Lovable Fragrance*

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Yardley Lavender can be worn with perfect taste at any time, and is fashion's chosen perfume for the informal and outdoor occasion. Its clean, fresh fragrance makes it the one perfume that never cloy.

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Of all Chemists, Coiffeurs and Stores.



BY APPOINTMENT

YARDLEY
LAVENDER

★ I fell for him straightaway, but he never seems to look at me. How can I attract him?



Miss Dorothy Dickson

has infinite understanding and sympathy for the troubles of a young girl's heart. Is there a message for you in the advice she gives here?

So many young people have asked me this question—and many I know would fight shy of even mentioning it, yet they wonder, and all the while love goes by!

Now let's be frank and open. What do men fall for? Personality?—up to a point. Brains?—well, they're important. Yet, unreasonable as it may be, it's Beauty, glamorous beauty that kindles the flame of love. And by beauty I don't mean a figure of Venus and classic perfection of features. No! What a man admires is a woman who is vibrant, alive, with the rosy blush of youth on her cheeks. It is colour—*natural*, radiant colour that gives a woman glamour, attractiveness, appeal! And you can have this beauty for your own.

Khasana Blush Cream is a soft fragrant cream which turns to a *natural* rosy blush the moment you apply it. No matter what your type of colouring is, dark or fair or redhead, Khasana Blush Cream is *your* colouring, your *natural* skin tone. So easy to apply, it is waterproof and kiss proof—one application lasts all day. Just try it and watch the transformation—you're younger, you're alive, so lovely and so lovable!

Louise Dubois

Khasana BLUSH CREAM

Khasana Blush Cream can be had in four colours: Blush Light for Blondes; Blush Dark for Brunettes; also Coral and Carmine for those who favour deeper colouring.

Trial size 6d.

★ Ask for Khasana Lipstick in matching colours



snake-charmers and drinking coffee in a purely Arab café. Not until Legionary Petain appeared, luckily allowing time for Venetia to pull back a door upon herself before hearing that she was the object of search, did Victor insist of hurrying the lady home. On the hotel steps she asked for the necklace he had been keeping for safety in his pocket.

"May the poor but honest soldier have his reward?" he asked. "Give me leave to fasten it."

In doing so, he would have kissed the exquisite nape the more attractive for the want of coquetry in its owner.

It was certainly no thought of Cigarette, even now fuming at the empty table Sergeant Victor had booked for the evening, that made him refrain. To lure Venetia to another meeting, by a promise of showing her an even more real Africa in the Maibou oasis, was the inevitable consequence of refusing to flirt with her.

He would have followed up that meeting, more than ever in love, but already at the Governor's palace the flames of war were threatening to annihilate romance. Following the return of the body of Ben Hamidou, partisan chieftain, to the palace steps with a knife through his heart, the Fourteenth Company received marching orders.

To stop the juncture of three hostile tribes under command of Sidi Ben Youssif, was the announced objective.

Rake, busying himself with Victor's kit, imparted more personal information which came as a shock. "You know as how the British are helping us in this show sergeant? Fighting under two flags, we are, as I might say. Lord Seraph's been in consultation with the Governor about supporting the French in suppressing the Arab revolt. I just seen 'is lordship going into the hotel. The Lady Venetia wot came here the other day is 'is lordship's niece."

"Then I've got to get my carving back. If Seraph sees it, he'll know who I am. Bring my kit. I'll meet you on parade in time for marching orders. Don't worry."

Hurrying through the narrow street, Victor was in no mood to be stopped by Cigarette, though her distress forced him to be gentle.

"I'm sorry you should have been looking for me at the café, my dear, but I was detained. Now I'm in a hurry."

"You'd leave Abeshe without saying goodbye?"

Aware that her tears were imminent, he excused himself, took her hand, and hurried on. He hated parting with her, seeing her gaiety ravaged as by an east wind, but never suspected that the damage would be lasting. Besides, urgency to secure the carving obliterated every other thought. He had gained the entrance of Venetia's room when she came by.

"Victor! I'm thankful to see you here. Otherwise I should have come to you. . . . Oh, the carving! . . . Certainly take it, if you'll give it me when you come back."

"You won't be here then. You'll be in England."

"No, I shall be here. I can't leave you, ever. When two people love as we do, why talk of parting?"

"But I can never live in England. If I did, it would be in gaol."

There was no time to add, even if he had wished, that the cause of his leaving a Guard's regiment and

THE STORY of the

burying himself in the Legion was his acceptance of the blame for the shortcoming of a younger brother. Lord Seraph, calling up the stairs for his niece, transformed the lover into the soldier. Ten minutes later the battalion in column of route with the Fourteenth Company at its head, marched out of Abeshe.

Drought, heat, forced marches, responsibility as leader of a mobile patrol, night and day, in danger of being shot down by Arab snipers—these Victor had expected as Legionary in the field. He was not prepared to find a traitor in the camp. Major Doyle, now promoted colonel, whom Venetia, in Victor's hearing, had once described as a bull in a china shop, showed an entire lack of finesse in dealing with the object of personal dislike.

Reporting to Colonel Doyle for the third time since marching orders, Victor noted the malice in the other's eye.

"Well, sergeant. . . ."

"Section patrolled as far as Ghardia. Six men lost, five killed, one captured."

"Fill up the gaps. Take twenty men and go back to Ghardia. Position must be held at the cost of the last man."

"So you're making sure of me this time? Quite apparent, isn't it. Three times you've sent me out, hoping I wouldn't come back. But, like the bad penny, I keep on turning up."

"Insubordination! You know what that means?"

"Death probably. Death one way or the other. Your orders shall be carried out, sir."

Having seen that Rake and three men, either young or with a tendency to "cafar," were not selected, Victor made up his patrol of twenty, aware that it was being sent against Arab strength of anything up to four thousand. He never thought to reach the post at Ghardia, consisting of a single fort, backed by sandhills.

Dog-tired, the men fell out while Victor wrote a report for the partisan, Ben Husson, to take to the Commandant.

"Post at Ghardia surrounded. Sidi Ben Yousiff has advanced main force to surrounding hills. Our casualties ten men. And you can tell the Commandant by word of mouth, Ben Husson, that this time the bad penny won't turn up. He'll understand," Victor added.

Knowing something of Colonel Doyle's temper, Victor hardly expected that even now the battalion would move out to give support. When, however, Ivan, the Muscovite corporal on the firing step, announced the sudden disappearance of snipers and cessation of Arab fire, Victor's first reaction was relief. While commenting to Ivan that the battalion must be on its way, commonsense dawned.

"That's the reason for the Arabs holding off. Of course, it's a trap. The battalion will get wiped out," he cried. Too late to get through a warning. Before sunset the battalion marching in column, appeared on the open approach to the fort. With the old battle cry "Il Allah!" three thousand Arabs slumped over their horses, galloped down from the hills.

"Can't we do anything?" Ivan demanded as he and Victor peered horrified from the fort at the

FILM—Continued

battalion, taking inadequate ground cover and firing steadily, being cut to pieces.

"Nothing; it'll be our turn next."

"They seem to be driving them off, sergeant."

"That's the Commandant's work. Order out of chaos. The only man in the Legion who could have done it. If they can hold out till dark they may have a chance."

Before night they carried the Commandant, wounded in the shoulder, into the fort. Victor, under orders, left immediately with a scouting party. Colonel Doyle, bandaged, smoking a cigarette, looked more human in the lamp-light as Victor came into the fort living-room.

"Sit down! So the bad penny's still in circulation," he said, having received Victor's report and ordered double sentries to be posted, pending a renewed Arab attack.

"Still, sir."

"Victor, why did you take Cigarette from me? She loves you. She said so. Lucky devil!"

"Cigarette! So that's why you wanted me out of the way. You're wrong, colonel. I'm in love, but not with Cigarette."

"You're lying."

"What difference does it make? We'll both be dead to-morrow."

"Unless the four squadrons of Chasseurs on the way get here before their scheduled time. They're due at noon."

"Then it's time we need. . . . Perhaps—perhaps I could give you that."

"How? We can't spare any men."

"I wouldn't need any. All I need is your permission, and if I don't come back your score is settled, anyway."

Within an hour, Victor, wearing a burnous, made his first acquaintance with Ben Youssiff's tent.

"A pleasure to renew a friendship, Sidi Ben Youssiff," he said, looking for possible treachery behind the reserve of the Arab chief. "You remember Ralph Brett, of Magdalen? We were up in the same year—'92. We met at one of Professor Yorke's teas."

"But, of course—this is most amusing—Balliol and Magdalen men meet in the desert as enemies. Sit

down. We will drink coffee and you shall tell my why you've done me this honour."

"To save my life and possibly yours. Recently a British Commissioner arrived at Abeshe, as no doubt your spies know, with a view of lending armed support to the French. It would be awkward if you were caught with British troops behind you."

"In French territory. Ridiculous!"

"The secret has been well kept. You have your scouts. Send them out."

Successfully avoiding thought of the future, Victor surrendered himself to Eastern hospitality as a change from hard tack, and was thus the better prepared to meet Ben Youssiff's morning greeting.

"You lied to me, my fine college friend. My scouts have been out all night. There are no British within five hundred miles, and you knew it."

"Quite. Now that I have been amused, how d'you propose to make fun of me?"

"You remember soccer? We play it now on horse back, and you shall be the ball; sport of both sides of the game. Guards, take him outside!"

Hustled from the tent with his arms tied, Victor could hardly believe the evidence of his eyes. The time was barely ten, yet already across the sand slopes rode a mounted company of men with penons and colours flying; the Chasseurs two hours ahead of schedule. At their head rode a single figure, slight, draped in the garments of an Arab, reminding Victor of someone he had witnessed riding before. A shot rang out from a sniper behind him, and the figure, rolling from its horse, fell to the sand.

"Victor—it's you—my love. I've seen so many men die. I know what this is. You can't do anything. Victor! I saw the English lady who loves you. She said if I loved you I would try and save you. I found Ben Youssiff's camp and told the Chasseurs the way. Tell her I tried, won't you?"

Overcome with humility, pity, and sadness, he drew the dark head of the dying girl to his breast. Two days later, with Venetia one of the many onlookers behind him, Victor stood at attention before the coffin containing the body of the Legion's darling to be buried with full honours and the bestowal of the Medaille Militaire—Mademoiselle Cigarette, who had staked her love against a man's jealousy and won.

The lady in question would have been considered striking at an English tea-party.

SOCIAL GOSSIP AND A TALE OF TROUBLE HAPPILY ENDED

By MOLLY MONTAGUE

THIS is a whirlwind world. You wake up one morning and customs which yesterday you thought had come to stay have vanished overnight. Take the large cocktail party for instance. In Mayfair it is now definitely OUT! In its place has come the very smart film first night. The notabilities at the opening night of *The Great Ziegfeld* were such that the stalls and grand circle positively glittered with jewels.

Country-house dances, so familiar in Edwardian times, have returned, and the most sophisticated of all entertainments has appeared; this consists of dining at tables in a theatre while a startling cabaret show is performed. All the rage on Broadway, this innovation to our night life is now to be found at the London Casino—the old Prince Edward Theatre.



My Gift for the week is a remedy for Rheumatism, one of the most prevalent of modern ills.

A DEVOTED COUPLE

I began this little chat by talking about changes. Let me continue it by talking about something which should be unchanging—love. This story of devotion concerns a young friend of mine who was happily married to a charming young wife.

Some few years ago his wife became troubled with Rheumatism, which, in spite of various treatments, steadily grew worse. All manner of ways of obtaining relief were tried unstintingly. The young couple's income was considerably reduced. The wife's condition grew worse, and gradually developed into a chronic stage of Rheumatoid Arthritis. What a blight had descended upon that so happy home! Although doctors and specialists strove hard, the heroic little woman who had borne her harrowing burden with such fortitude could obtain no alleviation even from their expert administrations.

Then a chance acquaintance recommended a simple form of treatment that had many remarkable cases to its merit. With fresh hope the young couple applied for a sample and a booklet describing the treatment, although it seemed that the simple little gelatine capsules which were contained in the sample could not possibly bring about results, when all other forms of treatment had failed.

SUCCESS

However, "as a drowning man clutches at a floating straw," the young wife, in desperation, commenced the treatment. After the first dose she was feeling better. In a fortnight there was a marked improvement in her condition. Within two months all sign of the supposed "incurable" complaint had entirely disappeared! Thus were the young husband's increasing financial sacrifices rewarded!

The treatment is marketed under the name of "Curicones," and has been available now for over 20 years. It has earned the praise of many eminent medical men, including Harley Street specialists, who had pronounced the capsules to be of inestimable value in the treatment of Rheumatic and Arthritic disorders.

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Now if you yourself suffer from a rheumatic or arthritic ill, or have a friend so afflicted, make use of my shopping coupon which I give below. Without delay, fill it in clearly with your name and address or the name and address of your friend and send it to me as directed on the coupon. Then I will arrange that you receive, free of all charge, and post free, a wonderful trial supply of "Curicones." I will also arrange that this generous gift shall be accompanied by a splendid little booklet explaining the cause of rheumatic and arthritic troubles. Act now, and bring relief, if not to yourself, at least to your friend. If you don't seal the envelope, a halfpenny stamp is enough for the coupon. Good-bye for the present.

MOLLY MONTAGUE.

To Molly Montague, P.B.4 Dept., 19 Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

Please send free of charge the "Curicones" sample you offer.

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Previews

CRITICISMS of the LATEST FILMS

ROMEO AND JULIET

IRVING THALBERG has left a memorial in this beautiful production which will ensure his name being handed down to posterity as one of the vital forces in the progress of the cinema.

It is not that he has brought Shakespeare to the screen, that has been done several times, not only in the last year or two but twenty years ago.

His genius lies in the fact that he has, more successfully than anyone hitherto, translated Shakespeare's work into a positive screen medium, with an artistry and sensitivity which brings out to the full the beauty of the poet's work.

He has introduced action and pictorial detail in a manner which does but enhance the beauty of the lines and accentuates the dramatic intensity of the immortal love story.

Thalberg's was the conception and the people he engaged to carry it out have not failed him.

From the opening fight between the Montagues and Capulets followed by the banquet given by Lord Capulet to the final tragic scene in the Capulet vault, George Cukor's direction is faultless.

His settings are on a vast scale but yet they are not obtrusive; they blend with the action and give life and colour to the whole proceedings.

Particularly noteworthy is the dance sequence at Capulet's house where Romeo first meets Juliet. The rhythm of the music and action is perfectly wedded.

Indeed a large meed of praise is due to Herbert Stothart for his exceptionally good musical score.

A happier choice than Leslie Howard for Romeo I could not imagine. He plays him with a restrained fervour and sincerity that is wholly admirable. His gestures, his fleeting and sensitive expressions all add to the charm of the words which he speaks with a naturalness and unaffected grace.

Here is a Romeo who believes in and feels his love and makes you believe in it and suffer with him. Norma Shearer's Juliet is also a thing of beauty. Any fear that her age might make the role too mature for its original conception is banished by the easy and childlike unsophistication she displays in her early scenes.

The character is an exceptionally difficult one to play since Juliet must grow, mentally, from a child to a woman in the course of the play. This Norma Shearer succeeds in doing with the utmost conviction and appeal.

John Barrymore plays Mercutio with all the robust tradition of the stage. He is inclined to rant but still I found his performance good. His death scene is a masterly piece of acting.

As the Nurse, Edna May Oliver is sound. She plays it rather too

"jumpily" but the strength of the character is there.

Basil Rathbone makes a fine figure of a man as Tybalt and Ralph Forbes dignifies the part of Paris.

I particularly liked Reginald Denny's Benvolio. He acts with an easy assurance and a naturalness that owes nothing to stage tradition.

Henry Koler too, is fine as Friar Laurence. C. Aubrey Smith looks the part of Lord Capulet and Violet Kemble Cooper is sound as his wife.

Robert Warwick is effective as Lord Montague as is Maurice Murphy as Balthasar and Conway Tearle as the Prince of Verona.

The one incongruous note is struck by Andy Devine as Peter, the dumb retainer of the Capulets. His strong American accent and muffled speech robs his lines of half their value.

The production is magnificently dressed and the original work has been cut with the same care and artistry that characterises the picture as a whole.

If this production is not appreciated, the chances of Shakespeare being appreciated at all are negligible.

LA KERMESSE HEROIQUE

One of the best comedies of the year, this French film is notable for the sheer beauty of its composition. It is piquant and subtle and deals with the Spanish occupation of Flanders in the early part of the seventeenth century. Direction is artistic and imaginative while the acting of the entire cast is superb. The sub-titles quite adequately explain the action of the plot for the benefit of those who have no French.

The Burgomaster of Boom has a daughter, Siska, whose hand he pledges in marriage to the local butcher but she is in love with an artist, who is painting the members of the town council, and in this she is supported by her mother. During the subsequent domestic upheaval the Burgomaster learns that the

Duc D'Olivares with his army intend to billet themselves in Boom. Terrified of the consequences, the Burgomaster feigns death—hoping the Spaniards will respect the town's sorrow.

His wife, however, with the women of the town having welcomed the invaders and failed to prevent them in their purpose start to entertain them. With her husband "dead" the Burgomaster's wife has an affair with the Duc and succeeds in getting him to assent to her daughter's wedding to the artist. Meantime the other women in the town are making cuckolds of their husbands and the Burgomaster finds it difficult to remain "dead."

Incidentally, the Duc by this time, has spotted his ruse. However, he and his troops move off next day leaving the Burgomaster's wife a beautiful pearl necklace—for her daughter's wedding, of course. She gives all the credit for the scheme to the Burgomaster who wears his horns with pleasure and modesty owing to the plaudits of the townsfolk!

Francoise Rosay is immense as the wife. Her common sense and countrified coquetry are admirable and she makes the character a very human and amusing one.

As the Duc, Jean Murat is excellent while Alerme's character study of the pompous Burgomaster who yet fears his wife is an outstanding performance.

Micheline Cheirel is most attractive and natural as the daughter while Bernard Lancet is well in character as the artist.

Every other player in the cast adds to the general air of conviction and polished artistry of the production.

This brilliant piece of work directed by Jacques Feyder deservedly won the French award as the best picture of the year and it was also honoured in Italy. The direction is subtle bringing out the full piquancy of the comedy.

It is typically French in its approach to sex and its humour is rapier like in its pointed wit.

But apart from direction the composition is a thing of extreme beauty. The atmosphere of the seventeenth-century Flemish town is Rembrandtesque in its pictorial quality. The groupings too are reminiscent of Flemish paintings of the period.

Altogether one rarely sees artistry and entertainment so happily blended.

THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN

Very conversational and somewhat confused story of an American who tries to smuggle money through China in order to bring about the downfall of a Chinese brigand who is bent on conquest.

There is not really enough action for the type of story and the dialogue is often high falutin' without being particularly clever.

As General Yang, who captures the American but is eventually accidentally killed, Akim Tamiroff is exceedingly good. It is a pity that his characterisation should be wasted on such an indifferent story.

Gary Cooper has not much more to do than walk through the part of a conventional adventurer who is tricked by a girl with whom he falls in love.

Madeleine Carroll is good as the girl in question and makes her role quite convincing.

Dudley Digges is frankly synthetic as a Chinaman to whom the American has to deliver the money.

A clever character study comes from Porter Hall as the heroine's father who is given charge of the money captured from the American by General Yang whom he tries to double-cross.

Lewis Milestone has not drawn the central character—General Yang—sufficiently vivid to account for the way his prisoners escape in the end. This is achieved by the American playing on his vanity while he lies dying in such a manner that he orders all his staff to shoot each other leaving his captives to inform the world what devotion he had inspired amongst his troops.

Settings are good and the hold-up of the train carrying the adventurer and the woman who betrayed him is well carried out and provides a thrill, otherwise action is lesirely and strikes a note of artificiality.

CHINA CLIPPER

Designed to glorify the American civil aviation this picture becomes rather irritating in its insistence on the ruthless driving power of the man who is supposed to start the first Trans-Pacific Airline.

The story is by the author of *Ceiling Zero*, Frank Wead, but it has neither the thrills nor the clever characterisation contained in that film.

Pat O'Brien plays the role of a war-time pilot who, enthused by Lindbergh's flight—incidentally, there is no mention in the picture of British air pioneers although the French are given an honourable mention!—dreams of aerial conquest.

After many rebuffs during which his wife leaves him, he succeeds with the aid of several war-time acquaintances in spanning the Pacific Ocean.

During this time he had become a changed man, a taskmaster, relentless and ruthless in the pursuit of his schemes.

However, the death of the designer of his 'planes and the return of his wife, make him human again.

Pat O'Brien is quite good but honours go rather to Ross Alexander and Humphrey Bogart as his friends and fellow pilots.

Beverley Roberts is fair as the wife. Aerial sequences are very well done and the camera work is excellent but there is a good deal of repetition and the element of thrill is missing.—Lionel Collier



The duel between Tybalt and Mercutio in "Romeo & Juliet."

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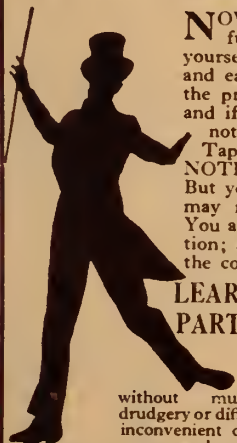
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REVIEWS

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

c***ROSE MARIE

***THE EX-MRS.
BRADFORD

***UNDER TWO FLAGS

**FATAL LADY

**DEVIL'S SQUADRON

**IN THE SOUP

**HIS BEST MAN

**NOT SO DUSTY

DEBT OF HONOUR

What the asterisks mean—

**** An outstanding feature.

*** Very good. ** Good.

* Average entertainment. c Also
suitable for children.

c***ROSE MARIE

M.-G.-M. American. "U" certificate.
Musical romance. Runs 100 minutes.

JEANETTE MACDONALD.....Marie de Flor
NELSON EDDY.....Sergeant Bruce
REGINALD OWEN.....Myerson
ALLAN JONES.....Romeo
JAMES STUART.....John Flower
ALAN MOWBRAY.....Premier
GILDA GRAY.....Belle
GEORGE REGAS.....Boniface
ROBERT GREIG.....Hotel Manager
UNA O'CONNOR.....Anna
LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD.....Storekeeper
DAVID NIVEN.....Teddy
HERMAN BING.....Mr. Daniells

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke, from the play
by Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein, Jun.
Music composed by Randolph Frihl and Herbert
Stothart. Previewed April 11, 1936.

This extremely good musical
romance with its picturesque
North-West Canadian settings is the
subject of the supplement given
away with this issue.

It is in effect a Western drama
set to music, and in both departments
it excels.

The music has been unmercifully
plugged since its success as a stage
play but the treatment accorded to
it by W. S. Van Dyke gives it a
freshness that makes it irresistibly
entertaining.

It owes a lot to the excellence of
the characterisation—a thing that
is too often neglected both in
musicals and Westerns.

For instance, Nelson Eddy not
only sings exceedingly well, but
manages to look and behave like a
North-West Mounted sergeant.

Jeanette MacDonald puts humour
and real dramatic feeling into her
role as the heroine; in fact she is
better than I have ever seen her
before.

As her manager, Reginald Owen
is excellent and James Stewart, a
young actor worth watching, is fine
as her scapegoat brother.

The story deals with Marie de
Flor, a prima donna who learns,
while at the height of her fame in
Montreal, that her brother, John
Flower, has escaped from gaol and is
hiding in the mountains. She rushes
to join him, but is robbed by her
guide and left stranded in the wilds.
Sergeant Bruce, a mountie detailed
to capture Flower, rescues her from

by Lionel COLLIER



William Powell in "The Ex-Mrs.
Bradford."

drowning, and the two eventually
fall in love.

Bruce, however, is forced to put
duty first when they contact Flower,
and this causes a break in their
romance. Marie goes back to the
stage, but her health gives out, and
she is forced to return to the
mountains to recuperate. Bruce
follows, and so does the happy
ending.

This is only a very brief outline
of a story which is full of good detail
touches and very varied in back-
ground.

There are two excellent opera
sequences handled by William von
Wymetal, and an Indian totem dance
gives a good excuse for some well
conceived spectacles.

***THE EX-MRS. BRADFORD

Radio. American. "A" certificate. Murder
mystery. Runs 51 minutes.

WILLIAM POWELL.....Lawrence Bradford
JEAN ARTHUR.....Paula Bradford
JAMES GLEASON.....Corrigan
ERIC BLORE.....Stokes
ROBERT ARMSTRONG.....Nick Martel
LILA LEE.....Miss Prentiss
GRANT MITCHELL.....Mr. Summers
ERIN O'BRIEN-MOORE.....Mrs. Summers
RALPH MORGAN.....Mr. Hutchins
LUCILLE GLEASON.....Mrs. Hutchins
FRANK M. THOMAS.....Mike North
FRANKIE DARRO.....Salsbury
FRANK REICHER.....Henry Strand
CHARLES RICHMAN.....Turf Club President
JOHN SHEEHAN.....Murphy
PAUL FIX.....A Racketeer

Directed by Stephen Roberts, from an original
screen play by Anthony Veiller. Previewed
June 20, 1936

There is more comedy than drama
in this "spot the murderer"
story which treats everything lightly
and is in much the same vein as *The
Thin Man*.

One is more entertained by the
humour than by the detective plot,
which is very liberally besprinkled
with "red herring" trails.

William Powell, suave and debon-
air as usual, plays the part of a
lawyer who has let his wife divorce
him because he got tired of her con-
tinual desire to poke her nose into
mysteries concerning other people.

She returns to him and imme-
diately involves him in a mystery
concerning the death of a jockey.
During the course of his investiga-
tions he even gets suspected of
murder himself!

I do not propose to go into the
details of the plot, which basically is
a "spot the murderer" affair, but
which is so amplified by amusing
detail that one is kept continually
chuckling by the ex-wife's sudden
flashes of genius and equally sudden
attacks of dumbness.

It is sufficient to indicate that
after three murders the doctor is able
to put his finger on the perpetrator.

One of the highlights of the picture
is the performance given by Jean
Arthur, who lends a wealth of human
feeling to the domestic squabbling
which ensues between herself and
her ex-husband.

It is a performance which fully
justifies the praise that is being
bestowed these days on that capable
young artiste.

Eric Blore is once again the perfect
butler and James Gleason the hawk-
eyed and energetic police inspector,
a rôle he always fits admirably.

Robert Armstrong is good as a
bookie, one of the suspects, as is
Grant Mitchell as another.

The picture ends with a thrilling
horse race, excellently pictured.
Stephen Roberts' direction, all
through is polished and effective
and one can forgive the fact that
some of the situations have obviously
been "borrowed" from films of a
similar type.

***UNDER TWO FLAGS

Fox. American. "A" certificate. Romantic
melodrama. Runs 100 minutes.

RONALD COLMAN.....Sergeant Victor
CLAUDETTE COLBERT.....Cigarette
VICTOR McLAGLEN.....Major Doyle
ROSALIND RUSSELL.....Lady Venetia Cunningham

GREGORY RATOFF.....Ivan
NIGEL BRUCE.....Captain Menzies
C. HENRY GORDON.....Lieutenant Petaine
HERBERT MUNDIN.....Rake
JOHN CARRADINE.....Cafard
LUMSDEN HARE.....Lord Seraph
J. EDWARD BROMBERG.....Colonel Ferol
ONSLOW STEVENS.....Sidi-Ben Youssef
FRITZ LEIBER.....French Governor
THOMAS BECK.....Pierre
WILLIAM RICCIARDI.....Cigarette's Father
FRANK REICHER.....French General
FRANCIS McDONALD.....Husson
TOR JOHNSON.....Bidou
GWENDOLEN LOGAN.....Lady Cairn
HARRY SEMELS.....Sergeant Malinas
GEORGE REGAS.....Keskedit
HANS VON MORHART.....Hans
JAMIEL HASSON.....Arab Liaison Officer
NICHOLAS SOUSSANIN.....Levine
JACK PENNICK.....Corporal Vaux
GASTON GLASS.....Adjutant
DOUGLAS GERRARD.....Colonel Farley
FRANK LACKTEEN.....Ben-Hamidoi

Directed by Frank Lloyd, from Ouida's novel.
Previewed August 15, 1936. For story freely
based on the film by Marjory Williams, see
page 22.

The odour of Victorianism still
clings to this highly-coloured
romance in which both the hero and
the villain were undergraduates at
Oxford. But in spite of this
there is plenty of colour and action
in it, and Frank Lloyd's direction
earns it the three stars I have
awarded it, although he is inclined
at times to be a little leisurely.

The acting honours go to Claudette
Colbert, who is vitally compelling
and wholly natural as Cigarette,
pride of the Foreign Legion, who is
loved by Major Doyle, the tough
Irish commandant, although her
heart is given to Sergeant Victor, an
aristocratic Englishman who had
left home under a cloud.

To complicate matters he falls
for the elegant Lady Venetia, a
visitor, and she for him. This starts
a wholesale campaign of love,
treachery, and revenge, and from
thence onwards the venue is shifted
to an isolated desert fortress, where
hostile Arabs are busy.

Later, Victor's conspicuous bravery
restores him to Doyle's good books,
and following this, Cigarette, finding
herself unable to stifle her love for
Victor, brings relief in the nick of

time. Her courage and self-sacrifice
cost her her life, but before she dies
she nobly hands over Victor to
Venetia. The story then ends with
Cigarette receiving posthumous
honours, and Victor learning that
his name has been cleared and that
he is free to return to England.

Ronald Colman plays the hero in
a "stout fellow" vein and brings
conviction to a somewhat artificial
character.

Rosalind Russell is sound as
Venetia and Herbert Mundin gives a
good Cockney study.

Of the minor characters, that
played by Nigel Bruce as an English-
man buying Arab horses, is out-
standing, while first-rate perform-
ances are given by Gregory Ratoff
as a Legionnaire and C. Henry
Gordon as an officer.

Onslow Stevens brings dignity to
the rôle of the rebel Arab leader, and
Victor McLaglen is suitably rough
and ready as Major Doyle.

The fight sequences, which reach
a high standard of technical excel-
lence, were directed by Otto Brewer,
who is deserving of praise for his
work.

**FATAL LADY

Paramount. American. "A" certificate.
Murder mystery melodrama. Runs 75 minutes.

MARY ELLIS.....(Marion Stuart
WALTER PIDGEON.....(Maria Delasano
JOHN HALLIDAY.....David Roberts
RUTH DONNELLY.....Martan Fontes
ALAN MOWBRAY.....Melba York
GUY BATES POST.....Feodor Glinka
SAMUEL HINDS.....Guili Ruffano
NORMAN FOSTER.....Phillip Roberts
EDGAR KENNEDY.....Rudolph Hochsetter
FRANK PUGLIA.....Filipe
JEAN ROUVERAL.....Anita

Directed by Edward Ludwig, from a story by
Harry Segall. Previewed August 1, 1936.

Mary Ellis sings several operatic
excerpts very well in this
artificial murder story, which suffers
from poor continuity and the usual
"red herring" trails which are even
more palpable than usual.

She is cast as Marion Stuart, a



Mary Ellis and Walter Pidgeon in
"Fatal Lady."

singer, who, on the night of her
New York debut in opera, breaks
down because the death of a man
who loved her, and interrogation by
the police, made her lose her voice
through nervousness.

We next see her in a touring
company. She is persistently fol-
lowed by Phillip Roberts, a wealthy
South American coffee planter, who

(Continued on page 30)

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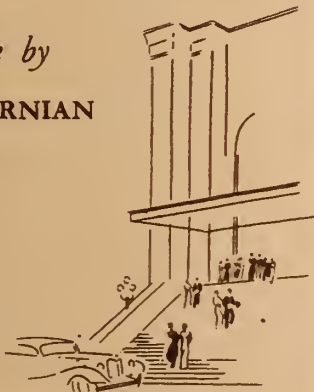
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REVIEWS—Continued

loves her and whom she consistently refuses.

She meets in a small South American town, Umberto Malla and Martan Fontes, who both become her suitors. Umberto is mysteriously murdered and once again Marion is under suspicion and flees to Paris, followed by the faithful Phillip.

She appears in a café chantant and later Phillip is mysteriously murdered.

Fontes had also arrived in Paris and is suspected of both crimes by David Roberts, Phillip's elder brother, who believes Marion is ruining his brother and has been trying hard to get him to leave her.

Finally, the real murderer is discovered and a romance develops between David and Marion.

The big crab in the plot is the fact that the least likely man commits the murders and successfully covers his tracks like a hardened criminal.

On the other hand, some of the acting is worth noting. Alan Mowbray is excellent as Umberto and John Halliday suave and polished enough to lead you into the belief that he is the criminal.

Guy Bates Post as the maestro whose sole object in life is to see Marion an operatic star, is also clever.

Light relief is afforded by Samuel Hinds as the producer of a touring company and Ruth Donnelly as his wife.

Walter Pidgeon is inclined to over-draw the character of David and make his pigheadedness too incredible.

**NOT SO DUSTY

Radio. British. "U" certificate. Comedy
Runs 60 minutes.

WALLY PATCH.....Dusty Grey
GUS McNAUGHTON.....Nobby Clark
PHIL RAY.....Dan Stevens
MURIEL GEORGE.....Mrs. Clark
JOHN SINGER.....Johnny Clark
ISOBEL SCAIFE.....Mary
H. F. MALTY.....Mr. Armstrong
ETHEL GRIFFIES.....Miss Miller
RAYMOND LOVELL.....Mr. Holding
NANCY PAWLEY.....Mrs. Holding
HEATHER WHITE.....Margery
LEONARD BULLEN.....Edward
AUBREY MALLALIEU.....Bookseller

Directed by P. MacLean Rogers, from an original story by Walter Patch and Kathleen Butler.

A new team which shows considerable promise is the mainstay of this bright comedy of working-class life. It consists of our old friend Wally Patch and Gus McNaughton.

They give sterling performances and "feed" each other most effectively.

They are cast as Dusty Grey and Nobby Clark, two dustmen, and while at work, the former finds a brooch and is rewarded by its owner, Miss Miller, with a few pence and an old book. A rumour soon gets round that the book is of value, but by this time Nobby's son has sold it to a dealer.

Dusty and Nobby, however, retrieve it by unconventional methods, and others interested are Miss Miller's worthless nephew and his scheming wife, Dan Stevens, a porter, and Mr. Armstrong, a genuine collector.

The fight for possession covers a good deal of ground included in which are high jinks at the Dustman's Annual Dinner, and it is accompanied by plenty of fun until a surprise ending sees romance and easy money come Dusty's way.

The plot is quite a good one and it gets sound treatment from the direction of P. MacClean Rogers.

The gags, which are generally original, are well timed and the dialogue is bright.

The supporting cast is a strong one and the characterisations generally are as amusing as well as convincing.

**DEVIL'S SQUADRON

Columbia. American. "A" certificate.
Aviation melodrama. Runs 78 minutes.

RICHARD DIX.....Paul Redmond
KAREN MORLEY.....Martha Dawson
LLOYD NOLAN.....Dana Kirk
SHIRLEY ROSS.....Eunice
HENRY MOLLISON.....Forrester
GENE MORGAN.....Barlow
GORDON JONES.....Tex
WILLIAM STERLING.....Ritchie
THURSTON HALL.....Major Metcalf
GERTRUDE GREEN.....Lulu
BOYD IRWIN.....Colonel Dawson
BILLY BARRUD.....Butch
CORA SUE COLLINS.....Mary

Directed by Erle C. Henton, from a story by Richard V. Grace.

Good hearty melodrama rendered more intriguing by the clever detail work and the spectacular aerial sequences which are admirably executed.

The theme of the plot emphasises the call for speed and shows the endurance required in test pilots in their efforts to attain it.

It is exaggerated at times, but is logically developed and full of stirring action.

Martha Dawson and her brother, Ritchie, take over an aeroplane works when their father is killed testing a 'plane designed to secure a War Office contract.

Then another pilot is killed and one cruelly injured in tests, and the chapter of accidents strains Martha's spirit almost to breaking-point. Later, when Ritchie loses his nerve and commits suicide, Paul Redman, an ace flyer, who had been discharged from the Service under a cloud, takes up the dead man's body, sets the 'plane alight and then bails out, thereby making Ritchie's death appear to be an accident.



Ralph Lynn in "In the Soup."

Paul's great deed, however, is misconstrued, and he loses his licence, but he, nevertheless, subsequently straightens matters out with Martha and the authorities by putting a new 'plane through its paces and winning a government contract.

Richard Dix as Paul is not much in evidence at the beginning, but he does sterling work in the concluding reels.

Karen Morley makes a sympathetic and womanly character of

Martha, while Gene Morgan, Gordon James and Henry Mollison all show to advantage as test pilots.

The remainder of the supporting cast also comes in for praise.

**IN THE SOUP

Twickenham Film Distributors. British.
"U" certificate. Farce. Runs 71 minutes.

RALPH LYNN.....Horace
JUDY GUNN.....Kitty
MORTON SELTEN.....Abernethy Ruppershaw
MICHAEL SHEPLEY.....Paul Hemming
OLIVE MELVILLE.....Delphine
NELSON KEYS.....Emile Moppert
BERTHA BELMORE.....Madame Moppert



Geraldine Fitzgerald in "Debt of Honour."

MORRIS HARVEY.....Bates
MARGARET YARDE.....Mrs. Bates
Directed by Henry Edwards, from a farce by the late Ralph Lunsley.

Typically English humour characterises this new Ralph Lynn vehicle, which belongs to the same category as *The Private Secretary* and presents a wildly involved plot with rather more dialogue than action.

The king of "asininity" is cast as Horace Gillibrand, a briefless barrister, who is forced, through lack of funds, to sub-let his flat. His friend, Paul Hemming, finds him tenants in his prospective in-laws, while Horace's wife, Kitty, ignorant of the deal, lets the flat to his peppery uncle, Abernethy Ruppershaw.

Complications start when the tenants overlap, and Horace, now acting with Kitty as butler and servant respectively, has to keep his marriage a secret from Uncle Abernethy, trustee to his father's will, which states that he must not marry until he is over forty.

To smooth temporarily the troubled waters, Kitty puts a sleeping draught in the soup, but the results are unexpected and lead to Uncle Abernethy being compromised. At this juncture, Horace does his stuff, and in getting Uncle Abernethy out of a jam, he has his marriage to Kitty condoned.

It is all quite unsophisticated material, but it is very funny at times and the star is definitely in his element.

Morton Selten turns in a good study as Abernethy and Judy Gunn makes an appealing Kitty.

The supporting cast, most of whom have wide stage experience, use it to advantage and enter fully into the fun of the familiar farce formula.

**HIS BEST MAN

First National. American. "A" certificate.
Social Comedy. Runs 62 minutes.

WARREN WILLIAM.....Vic Arnold
JUNE TRAVIS.....Beth Calhoun
BARTON MACLANE.....Casey
GENE LOCKHART.....P. H. Bancroft
KATHLEEN LOCKHART.....Lottie Bancroft
DICK PURCELL.....Wally Calhoun
CRAIG REYNOLDS.....Joe Roberts
GRANVILLE BATES.....Mr. Calhoun
DOROTHY VAUGHAN.....Mrs. Calhoun

Directed by William McCann, from the play "The Home Towners," by George M. Cohan.
Music and lyrics by M. K. Jerome and Joan Jasmyn.

A conversation piece which points out the trouble that can be caused by suspicion and mistrust, in a humorous and human manner.

Warren William, always dependable in light or heavy roles gives a sound performance as Vic Arnold, a successful middle-aged financier who is engaged to be married to Beth Calhoun, an actress, and brings Bancroft, his boyhood chum, from the country to act as best man.

When Bancroft finds that Beth, her brother, father and mother have to thank Vic for their prosperity, his narrow small-town mind immediately become suspicious and he finishes up by branding them all as gold-diggers.

He soon, however, has painful evidence of his mistake, but by this time Vic and Beth are estranged and it is only by subterfuge that he is able to hand out wholesale apologies and so right a grievous wrong.

June Travis is capable and attractive as Beth, but the acting honours go to Gene Lockhart, who plays Bancroft.

It is a part with opportunities and the artiste makes the most of them.

The dialogue is good and helps to conceal the paucity of action, while there are several ingenious twists in the plot which sustain interest in the characters.

DEBT OF HONOUR

General F.D. British. "A" certificate.
Regimental melodrama. Runs 82 minutes.

LESLIE BANKS
Major Jimmy Staunton, D.S.O., M.C.
GERALDINE FITZGERALD.....Peggy Mayhew
DAVID HORNE
Lt.-Col. Mayhew, C.M.G., D.S.O.
STEWART ROME.....Major Purvis, M.C.
NIAL McGINNIS.....Lt. Peter Stretton
PHYLLIS DARE.....Mrs. Stretton
GARRY MARSH.....Bill, the Barman
REGINALD PURDELL.....Pedro Salvat
ERIC COWLEY.....Richard Denman
JOYCE KENNEDY.....Lady Bracebury
WILLIAM KENDALL.....Paul Martin
RANDOLPH AYRTON.....Captain Turner
KATHLEEN DAVIS.....Kamara
WILL FYFFE.....Fergus McAndrews
Directed by Norman Walker, from an original story by "Sapper."

Leslie Banks strives his utmost, and occasionally succeeds, in enlisting sympathy as a self-sacrificing major in this unsophisticated and extremely naive story built on a too hearty "stout fellow" tradition.

In order to save Peggy, the Colonel's daughter, from the clutches of a slick society crook, Feter, a young subaltern in love with her, discharges her gambling debts with regimental funds. Major Staunton's name is on the cheque, and when he is acquainted with the facts, he nobly takes the blame.

After sending in his papers he goes to Africa, but some time later, Peggy, who really is in love with him and he with her, learns of his sacrifice, and sets out to join him. A half-caste, nursing a hatred against Staunton, kidnaps her, but Staunton saves her at the cost of a fatal wound. He persuades her to return to Peter, however, before he dies.

There are several unintentional laughs owing to the out-moded nature of plot and treatment, but Will Fyffe does manage to provide some genuine light relief at times as an African trader.

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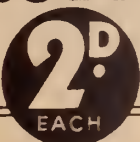
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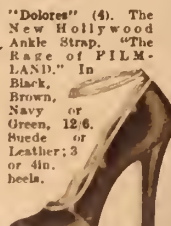
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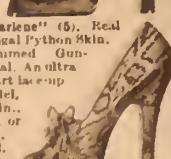
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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

GIVE US RAMON!

But Not in Ruritanian Prince Roles

WHY do we hear so little about a certain very versatile and good-looking young man? Meaning, of course, the inimitable Ramon Novarro.

Here we have a person of indomitable courage, a keen sense of duty, and great acting ability. But what happens? He is well cast in his early pictures and then the public is swamped with him in the role of a prince.

Whenever a Ramon Novarro picture is announced we know that it will be the usual story with him as a prince in a nice gaudy uniform and an ethereal looking beauty as leading lady.

The sooner those "in the know" realise that the public is sick of this sort of thing and give Mr. Novarro a role that he can make use of and not have to be a silly prince, the better.

We have seen far too little of Mr. Novarro in roles that are worthy of him, and too much of him in those that do not do him justice.—(Miss) Winnie F. Johnson, 64 Gill Street, Benwell, Newcastle-on-Tyne.



Ramon Novarro

"Improving" Shakespeare

Of late, there has been a large amount of controversy about the filming of Shakespeare. People of prominence in the theatrical world have voiced their various opinions through the medium of the press. Unfortunately, none of them seem to have considered it from the entertainment angle.

The trouble is that the average stage actor or actress has put Shakespeare on a pedestal as something that should be untouched.

To any person whose knowledge of Shakespeare consists of a few hazy fragments he has learnt at school, the fact that certain liberties have been taken worries him not in the least. If it entertains that is sufficient for him.

So please, why bother if a certain speech has been cut, or that the actress has a German accent, whereas all we have heard before have spoken in such beautiful English? If it gives us some pleasurable hours of relaxation, is that not enough?—A. D. Vincent, "Rozel," Gates Green Road, West Wickham, Kent, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

A Lesson from Loy

The shortage of young acting talent in British films is always blamed on the producers, who are accused of neglecting promising young players, letting Hollywood snap them up, etc.

The real reason is merely that the actors are tempted away by the bigger money offered by American studios. Admittedly, many of the roles assigned them by British producers are unworthy of them, but what about those terrible parts Myrna Loy used to play?

Had Britain held the world supremacy America holds now, Myrna would undoubtedly have come over here to get a break. Instead, however, it meant staying in Hollywood or leaving films, so she stayed, and was eventually rewarded with stardom.

I contend that if some of our younger players

remained here, they would be similarly rewarded.

How can we keep them? We must, by our support, put British films on top, and show that it pays to stay here.—J. Pertwee, "Camden Lodge," 5 Woolwich Road, Belvedere, Kent, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Keep Babies Out!

Children in arms should not be allowed in cinemas—for the child's sake, the mother's sake, and for the sake of other people.

The smoke-laden atmosphere cannot be good for a young baby; it becomes uncomfortable, and naturally protests—loudly. The mother will not take it out until she has tried everything to quieten it—sometimes not at all—and by that time the film has been spoiled for many. Mothers have as much right to enjoy the pictures as anybody else, but they have no right to spoil them for others in the process.

Surely they could get a friend once a week to mind baby for the few hours they will be away from home.—C. Heath, 16 Belmont Hill, Lewis-ham, S.E.13.

Let Babies In!

To me, who cannot possibly get to the pictures without taking my baby, the letters suggesting babies should not be allowed in cinemas seem cruelly, unthinkingly selfish.

As a rule my baby sleeps peacefully all through the programme, but if she cries I take her out—that is my misfortune, interfering with nobody's pleasure but my own.

To talk of the "smoky atmosphere" being injurious to baby is, in these days of perfectly ventilated cinemas, nonsense.

To try and bar every mother who cannot or will not trouble other people to look after her baby is utterly selfish and unjust; who needs or deserves a change more than the mother of young children?—Mrs. Keen, c/o Mrs. Todd, 9 Wellington Square, Hastings.

Dare We?

Why are so many stars labelled "beautiful" when they are not? Not only is it underrating our intelligence, but is no compliment to the stars themselves.

They have "arrived" through sheer ability, charm, perseverance, brains, or personality, and it is surely depriving them of some of the kudos of their success to imply that beauty had anything to do with it.

Let each star be described truthfully, and if one should be so rare and unusual that no known word applies to her, let us pay her the compliment she deserves and coin one specially for her.

I conclude with the words of George Meredith—"She does not rank among beautiful women. She has her moments for outshining them."—(Mrs.) M. Broadbent, Lynwood, Hillcrest Rise, Cookridge, Nr. Leeds.

Learning Appreciation

It is said that discussing and criticising the finer points of film technique is not the picturegoer's province. I, too, was once of the same opinion, but I have since changed my mind. After all, is not the static art of the painter admired as much for technical reasons as for the thematic or emotional content of his work? Why should not the more mobile canvas of the cinema be enjoyed from similar viewpoints?

I do not mean that the technique of a film is expression—its lighting, its cutting, the variations of its tempo, and the manner in which sound effects and music have been employed to heighten the dramatic effect—should be exaggeratedly apparent to the spectator, for that would be absurd.



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BLOCK LETTERS

P.R.

WHO'S WHO

Constance Cummings

THE girl who made British studios safe for Hollywood stars to play in (she started the big trek) was born in Seattle, May 15, 1910. After playing in musical comedy Connie was discovered by Sam Goldwyn, but her early career in films was not distinguished. Created a hit, however, in *Criminal Code* and has never looked back since. Height, 5 ft. 4 in.; she is proud of wearing size 6 shoes. Her latest film is *The Northing Tramp*, made at Shepherd's Bush.

Bebe Daniels

HAS lasted longer than almost any other star in films. She is back here again and has just completed *Murder in the Stalls* at Beaconsfield. Bebe has been in films since she was seven, which is twenty-six years ago. Was Harold Lloyd's leading lady at thirteen. By the time she was twenty was one of the half dozen most popular stars on the screen. Height, 5 ft. 3 in. Brown eyes and black hair.

Lili Damita

BORN in Paris. Educated in convents. Took up dancing and eventually became première danseuse at the "Folies Bergere." Lili made her film debut in Continental pictures. Went to Hollywood in 1929 and has since appeared successfully in *Bridge of San Luis Rey*, *Madame Julie*, *The Match King* and recently *'Frisco Kid*. The star is married to Errol Flynn.

Marion Davies

BORN January 3, 1900, in New York. Graduated to films from the chorus, after having been a mannequin, and was an immediate success. She has the rare distinction of having been a star from the very start of her career. Marion is one of Hollywood's shrewdest business women and is one of the wealthiest actresses in films. Her recent pictures include *Page Miss Glory*, *Hearts Divided* and the latest *Cain and Mabel*. Marion is 5 ft. 5 in. tall. Weighs 8st. 8lb., and has blonde hair and blue eyes.

What Do You Think? Cont.

I do say, however, that if filmgoers would school themselves into a keener appreciation of these five qualities a double purpose would be served in that they would derive deeper satisfaction from films, and better films would be made.—Geoffrey P. Wheeler, 10 Fallow Court Mansions, North Finchley, N.12.

Novel "Shorts"

I would like to suggest that the pick of musical items from big films be shown again as "shorts"—I am sure this would find favour with the public. For instance, may I suggest a few? Jessie Matthews in her "Dancing on the Ceiling" number from *Evergreen* and "Half and Half" from *First a Girl*; Gracie Fields in any of her song numbers, particularly "I'm a Failure" from *Love, Life and Laughter*; and "Sally," "Petting in the Park" and "The Words Are in My Heart" from two *Gold Diggers* films; Bing Crosby and Marion Davies singing "We'll Make Hay While the Sun Shines" from *Going Hollywood*; Florence Desmond's impressions from the film she made with Sophie Tucker; the Boswell Sisters in "Rock and Roll" from *Transatlantic Merry-go-round*; and several other song numbers sung in the films of Maurice Chevalier, Grace Moore, Whitenian's *King of Jazz*, etc.

I wonder if any readers agree with me?—A. D., Hitchin.

Just Suggestions

In a recent article you stated that you considered it "rash" to publish a "fourteen-year-old's" letter. I cannot see why, as countless numbers of ardent filmgoers are schoolchildren of that age.

As I have just left school, I hope you will, at least, read this. Some years ago much criticism was levelled at the amount of lip-stick used by "La Crawford"—the result was a vastly improved star to-day. With this result in view may I suggest that:

- Hepburn removes most of her lip-stick.
- Dietrich draws her eyebrows in a reasonable line.
- Claudette Colbert and many others cease to wear those ridiculous spider-like eyelashes.
- Ann Sothern cuts her finger-nails much shorter?—Just Sixteen, Clonmore, Maybury Hill, Woking, Surrey.

Where Honour is Due

In a recent PICTUREGOER, Mr. Robert Locke, of Exmouth, Devon, suggested that it was time someone made a film dealing with the real London—Soho, Limehouse, etc.

Perhaps Mr. Locke is not aware that three years ago John Baxter made a film at Twickenham Film Studios, called *Say It With Flowers*. It was set entirely in the Cockney flower market of Berwick Street, in the heart of Soho, and every character was a Cockney.

After this John Baxter made a film dealing with Thames bargemen. He called it *Flood Tide*, and it followed the flow of the Thames from Teddington to Leigh-on-Sea, embracing the Pool of London.

Since then John Baxter has put Sussex on the screen map with *Song of the Plough*, and has made another Cockney film, *A Real Bloke*, which was dedicated entirely to the British navy.

Baxter has always studied Cockney types, and London backgrounds, and if no one else has helped to make London films, he has.—John Montgomery, Publicity Manager for Sound City Film Studios, and U. K. Films, Ltd.

Too Many Stars

How much longer are films to be submerged beneath a surfeit of stars?

Grand Hotel, the first of the "all-star" productions, was an experiment which succeeded because of the unusual theme, where an all-star cast was necessary.

As usual, because of success in something new, the industry launched a deluge of pictures, the sole object of which seemed to be to make a parade of all the respective company's stars.

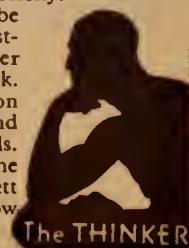
The most important part of a film, the story, now takes secondary importance, and instead of being held by a gripping plot, the filmgoer is bored by a battle between stars for acting honours.

Producers should take heed before it is too late and return to the old regime which was infinitely more palatable and interesting; one star, accomplished supporting players—and a good plot.—James W. Kenyon, 14 Delverton Road, Manor Place, London, S.E.17.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 is. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.



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Let GEORGE DO IT!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

D. P. (High Wycombe).—(1) Chief players *The Scarlet Pimpernel*—Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon, Ramond Massey, Anthony Bushell and Joan Gardner. *Magnificent Obsession*—Irene Dunne, Robert Taylor, Charles Butterworth and Betty Furness. (2) Clark Gable, b. Feb. 1, 1901, Cadiz, Ohio, 6 ft. 1 in., 190 lbs., brown hair, grey eyes, mar. (1) Josephine Dillon (mar. dis.); (2) Rhea Langham (sep.). Latest film: *Love on the Run*. (3) Leslie Howard, b. April 3, 1893, London, 5 ft. 11 in., fair hair and brown eyes, mar. Ruth Evelyn Martin, son Ronald and daughter Leslie. (4) Franchot Tone, b. Feb. 27, 1906, Niagara Falls, light brown hair and hazel eyes, 6 ft., 11½ st., married Joan Crawford. Latest films: *The Gorgeous Hussey*, *Love on the Run*.

R. G. (Bucks).—(1) Ronald Colman mar. Thelma Raye (sep.). (2) Robert Donat is to commence work on *Knight Without Armour* very shortly. (3) Robert T. Cochrane took the part of Bill Stoker in *The Man Who Could Work Miracles*.

NINA (Edgware).—(1) Tom Mix, b. Jan. 6, 1880. (2) Joan Barry played opposite Harold Huth in *Sally Bishop* and *The Outsider*. She has not made any films recently.

J. P. (Gloucester).—Lionel Stander, b. Jan. 10 (no year given), New York, Films include: *Soak the Rich*, *The Milky Way*, *The Music Goes Round*, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* and *Meet Nero Wolfe*. (2) We have no details of a fan club for Joseph Calleia.

ALL STAR FAN (Essex).—(1) Yes, Johnnie Weismuller and Maureen O'Sullivan are making another *Tarzan* film, release date not yet fixed. (2) Eric Linden, b. 1911, fair hair and blue eyes. (3) Chief players in *Shock* as follows: Ralph Forbes, Gwenillian Gill, Monroe Owsley, Douglass Walton and Alex Courtney.

SALLY (Middx.).—Phil Regan, b. May 28, 1908, Brooklyn, New York, Irish American, 5 ft. 10 in., black hair and hazel eyes. Latest film: *Happy Go Lucky*.

TWO WESTCOUNTRY ADMIRERS (Lelant).—(1) Ronald Colman, b. Feb. 9, 1891, Richmond, Surrey, 6 ft., black hair, brown eyes, 160 lb., married Thelma Raye, (sep.). Latest film: *Lost Horizon*. (2) Janet Gaynor, b. Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A., Oct. 6, 1907, 5 ft., 100 lbs., golden brown hair, brown eyes, married Lyndell Peck (sep.). Latest film: *Ladies in Love*. (3) Jessie Matthews b. March 11, 1907, London, 5 ft. 5 in., dark hair and eyes, married (1) Henry Lytton, jun. (mar. dis.); (2) Sonnie Hale. Latest film: *Head Over Heels*. (4) Sonnie Hale, b. May 1, 1902, London, 5 ft. 9 in., dark hair, blue eyes, married (1) Evelyn Laye (mar. dis.); (2) Jessie Matthews. (5) Katherine Hepburn, mar. Ludlow Smith (mar. dis.). (5) Griffith Jones took the part of Robert in *First a Girl*.

F. G. M. (Dublin).—Gracie Fields' latest film is *Queen of Hearts* for Association Talking Pictures.

H. W. (Birmingham).—Latest films—Basil Rathbone: *Love from a Stranger* for Capitol. Freddie Bartholomew—*The Devil is a Softy* for Twentieth Century-Fox. (3) Robert Donat is to make *Knight Without Armour* for London Films.

A. N. C. (Rochdale).—Fred Astaire sang from "Cheek to Cheek" in *Top Hat*.

CORTEZ FAN (Twickenham).—Ricardo Cortez's birthday is July 7, and not Sept. 19 as you suggest.

FILM FAN (Durham).—Anna Neagle is making *London Melody* with Tullio Carminati for British & Dominions Studios.

L. C. (Chelmsford).—Thelma Todd died early this year.

M. B. B. (Ceylon).—Marlene Dietrich will be returning to America to make *Angel* for Paramount when she has finished *Knight Without Armour* for London Films.

PICTUREGOER FAN (Bradford).—Asterisks as follows: *Alice Adams*, *Clive Of India* and *Scrooge*—three. *The Old Curiosity Shop*—two. *Great Expectations*—one. (2) We published a centre spread of *Great Expectations* in the Dec. 29, 1934 issue and of *Scrooge* in the Dec. 21, 1935 issue. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., 6, Catherine Street, London, W.C.2 for 3d. each, post free.

J. D. E. H. (Liverpool).—John Mills is at present making *O.H.M.S.* and is scheduled to make a film for Alexander Korda. The early films you mention of Mr. Mills are old now, and I do not think it likely that they will be released again.

G. J. W.—You can obtain photographs of Nelson Eddy, Madge Evans, Robert Young, Eleanor Powell and Fred Astaire from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2 for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.

J. C. (Southgate).—Herbert Marshall received an injury to his leg during the war. He is married to Edna Best.

J. L. (Surrey).—(1) Ginger Rogers, b. July 16, 1911, Independence, U.S.A., 5 ft. 4 in., brown hair and eyes, married Jack Pepper (mar. dis.), Lew Ayres (sep.). (2) Fred Astaire, b. May 10, 1900, Omaha, Nebraska, married Mrs. Phyllis Potter and has a son. (3) Photographs of both these stars obtainable from Postcard Salon, address above.

DOG LOVER (Kent).—(1) Ages as follows: Marlene Dietrich, Dec. 27, 1906; Grace Moore, Dec. 5, 1901; Madeleine Carroll, Feb. 26, 1906. (2) I am sorry but the film company have no information on the name or breed of the dog in *Captain Bill*.

D. V. H. (Southend).—Music in *The Song of the Plough* and publishers as follows: "Country Gardens" and "Shepherd, Hey!" published by Shott; "B.I.N.G.O.", published by Novello; "Baby's Sweetheart", "The Tavern Song", "Boosey and Hawkes"; "Passing By"; "Come to the Fair", "Ashdown"; "The Village Band", "United Music Pubs."; "To a Wild Rose", "Elkin"; "Little Dolly Day Dream", "She Was One of the Early Birds", "Man Who Broke the Bank", "Francis Day & Hunter", "Blaze Away", "Feldman"; "Farmer's Boy", "Come, Landlord Fill the Flowing Bowl", "The Old Sow", "The Washington Post", "Public Domain".

BRIGHT EYES (Birmingham).—John Wood's latest film *To Catch a Thief*. We have not published an art plate of this actor and his photograph is not obtainable from the Postcard Salon. (2) Desmond Tester has not made a film since *The Beloved Vagabond*.

FILM FAN (Barnsley).—Arlene Judge played the part of the girl in the beauty parlour in *Here Comes Trouble*. (2) Lu Anne Meredith and Fred Conyngham were the dancers in *Ball at the Savoy*. (3) We have not a photograph of Miss Evelyn Dall in the postcard salon and she has not made a film since *Soft Lights and Sweet Music*.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

THE NEIL HAMILTON FAN CLUB needs more members, especially from the Midlands. This club has members in England, Scotland, Ireland and Australia to whom, all new members are invited to write if they care to do so. "Hamil-Tones," the club magazine, is issued regularly and contains articles of interest to all filmgoers; competitions are held and special prizes are awarded by Neil Hamilton himself. The membership fee is only 2s., which includes a personally autographed photograph of Neil, the magazine (sent post free), membership card and pen pals lists, etc. Write to Miss Betty Breakwell, 165 Horsley Fields, Wolverhampton, Staffs., for full particulars.

THE NATIONAL FILM AND THEATRE CLUB of England has been formed to unite all interested in the cinema and theatre. Many applications for membership have been received. All interested should apply at once for full particulars to B. H. Kilvert, 5 Selbourne Road, Dudley, Worcs., enclosing stamped addressed envelope.

THE RALPH BELLAMY CLUB has now commenced a British branch, of which the agent is Miss Keene Montana, 30 William Street, Lozells, Birmingham, 19, to whom all those interested should write for full particulars.

It is always advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope when writing to fan clubs to ensure a reply.

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October 31, 1936.

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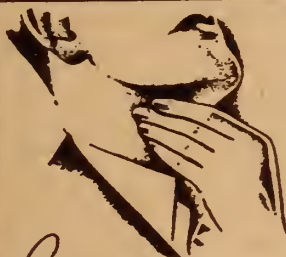
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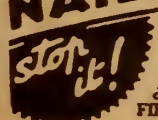
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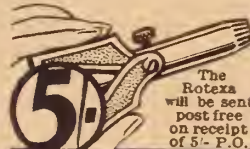
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P.12

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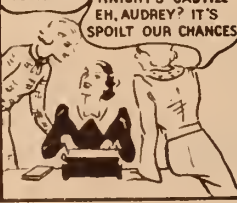
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LATELY?



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OUT WITH
THE CHIEF
TONIGHT?



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Leave IT to ANNE

READERS who have a query on a beauty subject to which they desire a quick reply, should enclose a stamped addressed envelope with their letter. Address it to "Anne," c/o THE PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

ILL-KEPT hands and unlvely fingernails are drawbacks to any woman, and winter weather and winter work is hard on the hands.

Be careful about the soap you use. Only what is good enough for your face is good enough for your hands. If you are a housewife, choose your household soap carefully, too. If the scrubbing soap contains a lot of free soda, it is good-bye to smooth skin. Both these and cheap toilet soaps irritate the skin. This makes it coarse and scaly and ready to absorb dirt and grime.

Rubber gloves save the hands a lot, but it isn't always possible to wear them, and many women find they cannot work so well in gloves. In that case, the best thing to do is to give the hands protection beforehand. Keep a bottle of olive oil on a shelf near the sink. Before starting work, massage some into the hands. Rub it well in till the skin will absorb no more. Then wash your hands with warm water and a good lather of soap.

If your nails suffer from housework, keep a pot of cold cream handy and rub some in around the cuticles first thing in the morning. Fill the tips of the nails with some soap or a little cornflour. This will keep out the dirt and prevent the underside of the nails from becoming scratched.

It is also a good plan to keep a cut lemon near the sink. A quick dab with that at the moment will remove stains that afterwards become obstinate. If you use lemon regularly, be sure to counteract its drying effects with daily cream massage.

Here is a routine treatment by means of which anyone can keep hands white and soft through the winter. This is, of course, in addition to such special measures as outlined above.

Lay in stock a jar of special hand cream, a bottle of almond oil, a tin of Fuller's earth cream, and some ventilated sleeping gloves. You can buy these for about a shilling a pair.

Once a day at a time most convenient to yourself, give five minutes massage to each hand with the almond oil. Rub it well in on backs and palms and then work on each finger separately. Wring them, twist them and stroke them, paying particular attention to the knuckles. This will prevent them from becoming nobbly. To prevent the palm from hardening, rub the oil in with the ball of the thumb and then with the pad of the other hand. Lastly, stroke the backs firmly from the knuckles towards the wrists. Then twist and knead the wrists. In this routine you have done two things, oiled the skin for softness and exercised the hands and fingers for suppleness. Finish by playing five-finger exercises in the air.

Twice a week, in addition to the oil massage, give an extra massage with Fuller's earth cream. You can buy 6d. worth and as it is used for keeping a baby's skin soft, you may be sure it will do your hands some good.

At night time, before going to bed, use special hand cream, rub well in and sleep in gloves.

Many people like to use the old fashioned remedy of glycerine for the winter treatment of hands. Glycerine is all right if used properly in conjunction with other ingredients. It must never be used undiluted. It is not an emollient, and further dries out dry skins by taking all moisture from them. If you use a home made preparation, dilute with an equal quantity of rosewater. In whichever

form it is used, whether home prepared or in a proprietary hand lotion, apply it to the skin while the hands are still damp.

Hands that perspire are uncomfortable to the sufferers and unpleasant for others. There is a special soap which may be used to help control this trouble, and here is a recipe for a special powder, to be dusted in the palms or in gloves before wearing them. Powdered starch, 2 ozs.; powdered talc, 1 oz.; powdered alum, 15 grains.

Wrists and knuckles that have become knobby and misshapen beyond cure by the simple massage suggested here, may be improved by the use of a new pack specially devised for this purpose. The treatment takes but a quarter of an hour. The pores are first opened with warm wet towels. After, this, a massage with lemon cream is given to whiten and soften the skin. The pack material is moistened with milk and then spread thickly on knuckles and wrists.

As it dries it is possible to feel the blood coming to the surface of the skin. This quickened blood supply carries away with it the acidity and impurities which are the cause of the unshapely knuckles. When the pack is hard and dry, it is washed off with tepid water, and cream massaged in.

If you would like to know further particulars of the articles mentioned here, please drop me a line.

By the way, glancing through the current issue of "Woman's Fair" I came across an article which I feel would give many useful hints to my readers. It concerns the girl who, arriving back hurriedly from the office some time after six, has to keep an appointment at eight. Under the title of "To-night She's Stepping Out," it tells you how to effect the transformation from "Tired Business Girl" to "Soignée Young Person" in just under the hour. The magazine also contains several interesting articles on beauty as well as fiction and a free gift to its readers.

Your Personality Colour

EVERY woman has a personality colour—one that is definitely related to skin and hair, that is influenced by factors of heredity, and that never changes—the colour of the eyes. Richard Hudnut has a range of make-up essentials that are keyed to the colour of the eyes. You can obtain a booklet on the art of make-up by writing to Richard Hudnut, Ltd., 302, Grays Inn Road, London, W.C.1. This firm are offering a special introductory box of Eye-Matched Make-up which is a generous and attractive trial box, being sold for 3/6, but which contains 5/- worth of goods.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to W. Bamford, "Rosemont," Gwynedd Avenue, Sketty, Swansea, for:—

Big Business
King Solomon of Broadway
Only Yesterday
The Wandering Jew

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to W. H. Toogood, Lennoxlove, Haddington Scotland, for:—

The Last of Mrs. Cheney
The Last of the Duanes
The Last of the Mohicans
The Party's Over

Mrs. Cooper, 128 Revelstoke Road, Southfields, S.W.18, for:—
The Bride Comes Home
House Wife
Dirty Work
Now and Forever

Mrs. G. Bowden, 18 Cromford Road, Wandsworth, S.W.18, for:—
Village Tale
Mark of the Vampire
Cheer Up
It Can't Happen Here

Miss K. Brough, 24 Westbourne Avenue, Walker, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for:—
The White Angel
The Blue Angel
The Dark Angel
Strike Me Pink

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no other rules, except that I must insist that your "titles" are submitted on a postcard and only one attempt on each card.

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- "Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
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All the Gossip

Gladys Swarthout sets the winter evening gown fashion in this glamorous creation of silver grey organdy designed by Travis Barton.

Mr. Zanuck considers that Simone Simon is actually the only new personality brought to the screen since Fred Astaire. "By this I mean the only *real* star attraction," he goes on to explain.

"True, many companies have developed, and are developing, junior talent and featured personalities, but actually exhibitors are compelled to depend upon the same stars that were popular from anywhere to five and eight years ago.

One Star in Two Years

"The fact that in the last couple of years the industry has managed to dig up Luise Rainer, Errol Flynn, The Yacht Club Boys, Don Ameche, Olivia de Havilland, The Ritz Bros., does not contradict my statement.

"There is no doubt but that these people, with proper development and proper exhibitor exploitation, will go places, but it is easy to see that our system is wrong when it takes more than a thousand pictures to bring out a mere handful of prospective personalities and only one actual star who, instantly, in *Girls' Dormitory*, established herself as a drawing box-office magnet."

Exhibitors to Blame, Too

The producer apparently overlooks Robert Taylor and Eleanor Powell, but we can let that pass.

Zanuck blames the exhibitors as well as the producers for the position.

"We are," he says, "paying to-day fabulous salaries for 'name attractions' which are actually not attractions at all. They are Hollywood stars receiving hundreds of thousands of dollars for three reasons *Number One*: The shortage of personalities; *Number Two*: The constant clamour of exhibitors for 'names'; *Number Three*: The hesitancy on the part of producers to use anyone who has not already an established reputation."

The Truth About Colour

With the arrival in town of *Ramona*, *Dancing Pirate*, and *The Garden of Allah*, colour is again in the film news, but don't take too much notice of

the optimistic speculation their presence has occasioned.

All three represent a distinct advance on such earlier efforts as *Becky Sharp* and even *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*. *Dancing Pirate*, indeed, suggests that colour may eventually be the solution to the problem of movie musical comedy.

I am convinced, however, that until the experts can achieve something more nearly approaching natural colour than anything they have so far given us, the new medium will be useless for screen drama.

(Continued on page 6)

I WONDER if Metro's talent scouting unit, which is to tour England, Scotland and Ireland, will discover any new Garbos and Gables?

The unit will use the travelling studio caravan which has lately been trailing likely picture prospects in the United States.

They have already made arrangements for one screen test. It will be in Dublin and the subject is Sheila O'Sullivan, Maureen's fifteen-year-old sister.

The present shortage of screen talent is, as a matter of fact, becoming critical.

It has come to the point, according to Darryl Zanuck, where it will have to be remedied if the screen is to survive.

"There has never been such a star shortage in our business as now," he adds. "When you realise that over 2,000 moving pictures have been produced in the last two years and there has not been one actual star personality brought to the foreground, then it is easy to see that there is something wrong with our system."



Irene Hervey and Bernadine
Hayes in a spot of bother in
"Love and Laughter."

(Continued from page 5)

The great strength of screen drama lies in the sense of intimacy established between characters and audience. One cannot get on terms of intimacy with people whose faces alternate alarmingly between screaming scarlet and palpitating pink against backgrounds whose violence distracts the attention and affects one in time with optic indigestion.

New Shirley Temple Rival

Yet another rival to Shirley Temple rises in *Three Smart Girls*. Her name is Deanna Darbin and she was discovered by Eddie Cantor, with whom she now appears on the air, at a Hollywood party.

Deanna's chief claim to fame is a singing voice which, it is claimed, is far superior to that of any infant prodigy yet.

"Romeo" Controversy

Romeo and Juliet is likely to be a source of controversy for a long time to come, with the performances of Leslie Howard and John Barrymore as the main bones of contention.

Personally, I thought that Howard's restrained and delicate approach to Romeo was not merely the ideal method, but the only possible one for screen purposes, but there is a large and important school of thought which condemns his performance on the grounds that it lacks fire.

Barrymore, on the other hand, is accused of ranting as Mercutio.

Performers of Shakespeare have always been legitimate game, and the film interpreters are at least in good company.

Even the great Irving was potted at and severely wounded on occasion. W. S. Gilbert,

commenting on the tragedian's *Hamlet*, declared: "Now at last we can tell who really wrote this play; all we have to do is disinter Shakespeare and Francis Bacon and see which one of them has turned in his grave."

He Won't Dance?

Leading man Number One among the glamour queens at the moment is Charles Boyer.

He plays opposite Marlene Dietrich in *The Garden of Allah*, and he is to make love to Greta Garbo in *Beloved*, which is the title chosen for the screen version of the romance of Napoleon and Marie Walewska.

Then Charles is to play opposite Ginger Rogers. He hopes that he won't have to dance.

Norma Shearer's Future

Now that the first edge of grief over the death of Irving Thalberg has worn off and the actress is recovering from her own serious illness, it seems fairly certain that Norma Shearer will resume her screen career.

The latest advance production schedules list two Shearer pictures, *Pride and Prejudice* and *Marie Antoinette*.

One reason why Norma may continue in films is revealed in Thalberg's will. Most of her money is invested in the M.-G.-M. company. Her retirement might affect the value of the stock in the market.

Paramount shares once jumped two points on Wall Street, merely because Rudolph Valentino got a divorce.

And Janet Gaynor's

Another actress whose future has been the subject of speculation is Janet Gaynor, whose name until a year or so ago meant more at the box-office than that of any other feminine star.

Janet has been talking of retirement lately. She did not like having to share starring honours in *Ladies in Love*, in which she appeared with Constance Bennett and Loretta Young, and in the course of "words" with Darryl Zanuck on the subject, is understood to have refused to repeat the experiment.

Her immediate plans, however, are settled by the announcement that she is to co-star with Fredric March in *A Star is Born*. She will thus also join Marlene Dietrich, Loretta Young, Sylvia Sydney and Miriam Hopkins among the feminine pioneers of colour.

The Quins Get Temperamental

The Quins have, I hear, been showing signs of stellar temperament.

They were shooting scenes in the playground of their nursery in Callander, Ontario, the other day when Norman Taurog, the director, reached for his copy of the script only to find that it was gone.

He glanced across the lawn and saw Cecile scurrying towards Marie, Yvonne, Emilie and Annette. All five grabbed the scenario and before Taurog could reach them, a dozen pages had been torn out.

They had, he found, destroyed none of the pages listing their own scenes, just those of Jean Hersholt, Dorothy Peterson, Rochelle Hudson, and Robert Kent.

"Ponies" and Show Girls

Film chorus girls, Dave Gould, the famous director, reveals, are divided into three classes.

"Out of the hundred girls in *Born to Dance*, the new Eleanor Powell starring picture, twelve are 'ponies,' twenty are show girls and the remainder are dancing girls."

Gould explains that the "ponies" average from four feet eleven inches to five feet two inches in height, and weigh from 90 to 106 pounds. He said they were better formation dancers, because they could move around quickly. Their usual use is a background formation for a dancer like Buddy Ebsen, in order to bring out his exceptional height.

The Same Salary

"My regular dancers are from five feet two to five feet five and a half inches in height, and generally weigh from 106 to 115 pounds," Mr. Gould adds. "I really consider them the backbone of the entire chorus, for they are the best dancers along the lines of tap, kicking and acrobatic work. Their legs are much longer than those of the 'pony' class and therefore they are more graceful."

"Ziegfeld was responsible for adding one of the most attractive sections of the present day musicals in the form of 'show girls.' Being tall girls, starting at five feet six inches and stopping on the six-foot line, they are not called upon to dance, but are experts at walking in perfect rhythm with the music. They generally weigh from 115 to 125 pounds and must have perfect figures. They are the perfect combinations of the beauty of clothes and the beauty of woman," he claims.

Gould states that the ages of the three groups are about the same, averaging from eighteen to twenty-two years. Regardless of rank they all receive the same salary.

Wanted: Inventions

There's a fortune waiting in the film world for inventors.

For instance, nobody has ever perfected a totally silent camera. It would be a boon, doing away with the heavy sound-proof bungalows; eliminating the cumbersome tripods and cranes and "rotamblers" that have been developed solely because of the weight of camera equipment in sound-proof housings.

Another great need is a perfectly directional microphone, which can be focused on this or that sound and exclude others. So far, microphones have been made that are partly directional.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios worked out a large parabolic sound reflector with a microphone at its focal point; a principle in sound exactly like the principle of the reflecting telescope in light. It picked out certain voices in the babel of a crowd of 1,200 in *The Good*

Earth, and in the Bastille scene in *A Tale of Two Cities*. But it is practical only under certain conditions.

A Use for Razor Blades

An automatic test maker would be a boon, if it could be worked out into some kind of camera and set-up in which players could be "run through the mill" with speed. Under present conditions, filming a test is as elaborate a task as filming an actual scene in a picture.

Cutters long for film splicers that would eliminate the use of safety razor blades to scrape film. Thousands of blades are used in the industry.

Other needed inventions are direct-photographing colour process without filters or "jump motion"; portable sound equipment so even in action that elaborate musical numbers can be perfectly recorded in any location; mascara that won't hurt when it gets in the eyes; and make-up paint that will withstand heat and consequent perspiration.

Cast Writes Story

Having worked in two films together, the cast of a musical motion picture decided that they would be well suited to write a story about a troupe of players making a motion picture.

Sometimes as many as four or five writers have joined to write a story, but in this case there will be seven co-authors, Eleanor Powell, Virginia Bruce, James Stewart, Frances Langford, Buddy Ebsen, Una Merkel, and Sid Silvers, all of whom are appearing in *Born to Dance*.

Most of them were also together in *Broadway Melody of 1936*, and will also be joined in the new *Melody*.

They submitted their story idea to executives at M.-G.-M., who liked it so well that they told them to go ahead and write a treatment, after which the seven will do the screen play.

They are not sure about the title as yet, but say the choice at the moment lies between *Troubles of a Trouper* and *Musical Madness*.

By Yak-Back

Where do films not penetrate nowadays?

It really seems as if the last

stronghold of ancient civilisation has fallen before the onslaughts of the Hollywood legions.

Lhasa—the Buddhist sacred city which is the capital of Tibet—has succumbed to the lure of the screen.

United Artists have just completed negotiations to show pictures in this land of mystery and age-old tradition; and apparently the Tibetans are just as curious about the rest of the world as the world has been about them, for the first two pictures they will see are Doug. Fairbanks senior's *Around the World in 80 Minutes* and *Samarang*, Ward Wing's adventure film of the Singapore jungle.

Prints of the pictures and portable equipment will be transported from Bombay to Lhasa on the backs of mules and yaks—the only means of transport through the mountains.

The Tibetans are a cheerful, pleasure-loving people, who should take to movies like a yak to clouds.

Yes, Brains Help

A popular saying in Hollywood some time ago was "You don't have to be crazy to be in motion pictures—but it helps a lot."

Times have changed, however. Nowadays it's a case of "You don't have to have brains to be in motion pictures—but it helps a lot."

For proof of this, look at some of the people who have succeeded—and in a remarkably short space of time.

Take Frances Farmer, for instance. In a single year the screen has made her famous—and there's certainly nothing crazy about Frances, though thousands of her fans are!

She is a highly educated girl, who attended the University of Washington, specialising in sociology, philosophy, drama, and literature.

Her father, whose name also is Farmer (an unusual thing in itself) is a prominent lawyer of Seattle, and could well afford to pay for his daughter's studies, but Francis had other views.

Working Her Way

She thought she would get more out of her college life if she "worked her way"; so she did—as kinema usherette, waitress, radio artiste, tutor, and dramatic coach.

After she had graduated, she left for a trip to Europe to study the theatre in Leningrad, Moscow, Kiev, Germany, Poland, France, and

England, returning to New York with the idea of going on the stage.

However, she didn't get as far as that. Her agent arranged a test for her at Paramount's headquarters in New York, and the result of the test brought her a long-term contract.

Accomplished in many of the arts, Frances has a clear soprano voice, plays the piano, and has written a number of articles and poems, some of which have appeared in national magazines.

But if you put it to Frances that her education has been of very great value to her in her profession, she would probably say carelessly, "Oh, I've been around," as if that explained everything.

Jack-of-All-Trades

It certainly does explain a good deal. Having "been around"—worked in several jobs, and taken the rough with the smooth—rubs the corners off a young person; and that's certainly a great help in the film world.

In fact, Eddie Buzzell, one-time comedian who is now directing, considers it the most important thing.

"The motion picture business is one industry where the jack-of-all-trades comes into his own,"

Buzzell declares, adding hastily, "of course, provided he's managed to pick up something of those trades."

"Writer, comedian, stooge, dancer, and singer—I've taken a crack at them all; now I'm swinging at this producing and directing business. That's what I call getting your education from the ground up."

"Give a chap a background of contact with everyday people and let him learn what they do, what they like, and where they go, and he's cleared the first hurdle towards a picture career."

"I'm a rubberneck. I like to go slumming. When I take a night off, do I go to a night-club? No, sir—I make for a night-court, and study drama at first hand."

Correction

Owing to a transposition of pictures in our review pages in the issue of October 7, a portrait of Polly Ward appeared over the caption "Jean Adrienne."

M.D.P.



(Below) Ann Sothorn and Gene Raymond rehearse a scene for "Walking on Air."



(Above) Anne Shirley's best friend is Phyllis Fraser, Ginger Rogers' blonde cousin and a rising young actress in her own right.

HERE is the real story behind the success of Spencer Tracy, a tough guy on the screen, but one of the most human and most popular men in Hollywood.

HE is the only actor in Hollywood ever to win the Award of the Screen Writer's Guild twice in succession. For his work as Joe Wilson in *Fury* he was given the Award, and followed it by being presented with the coveted trophy for his fine characterisation as Father Tim Mullin, the priest in *San Francisco*.

Spencer Tracy is Irish on his father's side; on his mother's, Yankee. His mother is a direct descendant of the founder of Brown University.

One aunt is a nun, who recently celebrated her sixtieth anniversary in the Franciscan Order at Buffalo, New York.

Spencer was born in Milwaukee, from whence also came Alfred Lunt, Pat O'Brien, Lenore Ulric, and Gilda Gray. His parents were in modest circumstances. He attended various schools in Milwaukee. During his third year in high school he joined the United States Navy. "I fought the war on this side."

After being mustered out, he finished high school and then attended North-Western Military Academy. "where I soon became glad I didn't join the infantry."

From there he went to Ripon College, where he became a member of the debating team.

Soon bitten by the "theatrical bug" he did not recover.

Finding it difficult to continue his studies, he returned to Milwaukee and held a conference with his father. He wanted to study to be an actor.

"Is that necessary?" asked the bewildered father.

Yes, there was an academy of dramatic art in New York.

After his father had sold a Liberty Bond, Spencer was on his way East, where Pat O'Brien, a neighbour boy, had preceded him. Both had been in the Navy, and had gone through boyish escapades.

After several months in the Academy, Pat said to Spencer, "Maybe I shouldn't tell you this—but I heard from home to-day. They told me to keep it quiet—your father's lost about everything, but they won't tell you. I think it's best to let you know."

A plan was hit upon.

He withdrew from the school. Part of his tuition fee kindly refunded, he sent it to his father with a glowing letter of his success.

Within a month he was given a part at £3 per week as a robot in *R. W. R.* Eventually the play went on tour and he was given £5. During all this time his letters home were full of high hopes of the future. Then the show closed.

He returned to New York and accepted £4 per week with the White Plains Stock Company of Leonard Wood, jun.

After some months he was given a role in the Royal Pundango Company of Ethel Barrymore. He thought he was on his way. He was—but not far. One caustic critic said that he acted like a fellow picked up by the property man.

He next "played stock" in Pittsburgh, Brooklyn, and Grand Rapids.

After these wanderings he returned to New York and engaged a room with Pat O'Brien. "The landlady was Mrs. Cornelius Muldowney and her heart was as big as all out doors."

The two soldiers of impecunious fortune pooled their resources. There was one dress



TOUGH GUY, Huh?

by

Jim TULLY



Pat O'Brien owns the dress suit he is wearing here, but there was a time when he had to share one with Spencer Tracy, seen above in "*Fury*."



suit between them—and sixty dollars. Even in New York the suit lasted much longer than the money.

They were the same size.

One evening, after three weeks of waiting, Spencer received a call for a stage engagement immediately as "a man about town." He would appear in a dress suit.

He hurried to the closet.

Pat had the dress suit.

But where was Pat? He went to all the places in New York where Mr. O'Brien dallied. No one had seen Patrick.

Disconsolate, he wandered about the streets, trying to curb the vengeance in his heart for his carefree room-mate.

By some impulse he decided to go to the theatre where he had lost his big chance.

More numerous were his woes than those of all Ireland as he watched the troupers emerge from the theatre.

All had apparently gone their different ways. He started to walk away when he heard a

familiar voice. Turning, it was Patrick O'Brien, resplendent in the dress suit.

Words choked in the Tracy throat.

"What a pal!" he finally said sneeringly.

"What do you mean, 'What a pal!'" the astonished Mr. O'Brien ejaculated. "We get twenty bucks a day for the next week."

"Who do you mean, 'we'—?" was Spencer's sneering question.

"Who do I mean, 'we'—why, me and the dress suit—look at me, Spencer—like a lumber yard before a fire."

"You mean——" said Spencer.

"You know what I mean." He pointed at the theatre. "I'm working, dress suit and all, in this super-production."

"But how d'you get the job?" asked Spencer.

"Well," answered Patrick, "I was promenading Broadway looking hungry at a restaurant, when who comes along but Mr. Jack Oakie—he told me they needed sex appeal over'n his show; so I went right over and they signed me presto. You know, Jack's a chorus boy there, doing good too—you should hear him sing 'Love Me and the World is Mine'."

That night Mrs. Cornelius Muldowney heard of Patrick's good fortune. She advanced fifteen dollars. Her wandering roomers must eat.

At the end of the seven days a commotion was heard on the street.

Mrs. Muldowney rushed outside with Spencer.

Pat stepped out of a small automobile. Before Mrs. Muldowney or Spencer could speak, Pat said, "A dandy, eh—only a hundred and twenty down—here's your fifteen, Mrs. Muldowney. Everything's okay now."

When they were alone Spencer asked, "How much you got left?"

"Oh, a couple of dollars—but isn't she a pip—we've got our transportation now."

"But what'll we do for food?" asked Spencer.

"Food!" exclaimed Pat, "Don't worry—I've got a job playin' Shylock in Wilmington."

The star's latest is "Libelled Lady," with Jean Harlow and William Powell.

"Shylock?"

"Yeah—I've got to have a car, don't I?"

Pat looked at Spencer's forlorn expression and whistled—

"Health and long life to you—

The lady of your choice to you—

A room without rent to you—

And death in Erin."

Unmoved by Patrick's song, his comrade sneered, "You mean in New York—the starvation route."

"Why, Spence, why all this heat?—didn't I have a right to the dress suit—I was up first and I needed it. Cheer up—we're goin' places."

"Shylock!!!" drawled the contemptuous Spencer, and left the room.

"What do you mean by that last crack?" Pat shouted after him.



Tracy played host to his mother at the studio during the filming of "San Francisco."

The months passed slowly like terribly wounded soldiers in a seemingly useless battle.

Spencer was more solemn than the gay O'Brien.

"It's the Yankee in him," was Patrick's explanation.

Mrs. Muldowney did not lose faith. "Ye're well brung up Irish boys—ye may hang each other—but not yere old landlady."

"There's not enough rope," laughed Spencer.

Mrs. Muldowney's immense body wobbled with laughter as she looked at him. "Indade ye'd have yere little joke," she said, "ye with yere wild tongue that's too long fer yere head." She became pensive. "It was me own Cornelius that always said to me, 'Ah, Millie—ye kin see a race-horse before it comes around the corner—indade, ye and that Patrick kin talk a bird out of a tree—and all me money's on ye both.'"

Spencer did not realise then that it was the Mrs. Muldowneys who make the burden lighter and the way less long.

While Patrick was still in the interior, he secured a role in *Yellow*. "It did me some good. Mrs. Muldowney liked me in it."

His next role of importance was in George M. Cohan's *Whispering Friends*. It opened in Brooklyn. After a week there it was to move to Milwaukee.

The kindly Cohan was giving Spencer first billing for his home town. "That's the kind of guy he is," explained Spencer.

The actor's father was ill in New York.

A half-hour before the curtain went up, Spencer received word that he was dead.

Cohan met him in the wings. There was a moment of mute sympathy, born of understanding. His arm went around the young actor. "It was a farce-comedy and I went on."

An understudy stepped into Spencer's role, while he journeyed west with the body of his father.

He again joined the company and appeared in Milwaukee.

In the city whose citizens had long loved father and son, he was given a great ovation.

Cohan's mother died soon after.

He who had never withheld sympathy from others was not forgotten by Tracy.

He next stepped from farce comedy to the role of 'Killer' Mears in that most tragic of prison plays, *The Last Mile*. Another young actor was to vault into fame from the role. His name was Clark Gable.

John Ford, famous later as the director of *The Informer*, Patrick O'Brien, an actor who had just signed a Hollywood film contract, and Mrs. Cornelius Muldowney were in the audience.

"I want you to see this Tracy," said Pat to the director. "He's a very great actor. He'll tear the roof off in that third act."

Never, at least in the memory of this generation, was there such a scene. Neither Robert Emmett nor John Brown was more impressive than the vehement and vital Tracy while the state collected the tawdry debt of death from one to whom it owed much more. Convicts banged at the bars of their cells while the lights became dim to indicate that another blotch of red was on the ledger of society.

A fearful silence came over the audience.

It was broken with the piercing words of "Thataboy, Spence!" from Pat O'Brien.

Unashamed of her wet eyes, Mrs. Cornelius Muldowney pointed to the stage, "It's not the smoke that brought the tears—it's that bye."

John Ford brought Spencer Tracy to Hollywood.

The rest is one of the most vivid pages in the book of the films. Spencer Tracy is not only one of the great actors of the cinema—he is the most human, sincere, and popular fellow in the celluloid town.



Sally as a Liverpool waitress in "Kathleen Mavourneen," which the Irish-American actress is making at Welwyn.

Sally O'NEIL'S HEART

by Max BREEN

MUSHA now, that heart of Sally O'Neil's! It's caused a power o' trouble, ochone!

As you would expect in an Irish colleen, she's got more heart than there's convenient room for in her little body, which weighs a bare 6 st. 11 lbs. She's all engine and no ship, as the sailor said when he first saw a mowing-machine.

Sally O'Neil's in Welwyn now, playing in *Kathleen Mavourneen*, and devil a bit could I rest till I'd sought her out and eased the two eyes of me with a sight of her swate face; and as for the darlin' Irish voice of her, 'twas like music in my ears, and that's no lie!

The discerning will gather from the foregoing that Sally O'Neil has made a hit with Max Breen. Well, she isn't the first and she won't be the last, for the Breens have mighty receptive hearts, too. But the hit Sally made was an outsize in hits, just as her heart is an outsize in hearts.

The whole story practically began with Sally's heart.

The darling of the Noonans—and sure that's a blood name, now, and why she changed it to O'Neil has got me bated—was a little tiny delicate slip of a thing, the way you wouldn't dare breathe for fear she'd waft through a window; and when she was a wee girleen she had a kind of stroke, and was paralysed, and we nearly lost a film actress in embryo.

They'd given her the Last Sacrament, and all was practically over barrin' the buryin', when May, that's her eldest sister, second eldest of the whole ten kids of Judge Noonan of the New Jersey Supreme Court, and very nearly grown up, swooped in and said, "Whoops! Out o' this for Sally!" and took her off to Toronto where her poor, overworked heart could get a fair chance to tick.

She was there for a year, and then the family wanted to move to California; and by that time Sally's heart had become quite a family institution.

All they had to say was "It's better for Sally's heart that we should all go to California"—and they went.

All this time they were getting nearer and nearer (but without knowing it) to Sally being a film actress.

One day Harold Lloyd was working on

IT'S some time since you saw Sally, but she's just come over to play in British films, and here is an appreciation of the soft Irish eyes and brogue and the soft Irish heart of her.

location near the Noonan home, and that gave Sally a kind of an inspiration.

"I will be," she said, "a film actress," and that Irish heart rose in her like a lion, and she went to beard the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lion in his den for a job—and she got it, be jabers!

What's more, on the very first day she walked on a studio floor, she was clapped under long contract.

They gave her the lead in *Mike*—her, a kid of sixteen who had spent most of her young life being an invalid, and who had never seen a movie-camera from its front end in all her life.

It was kind of cruel.

"I had no idea what a lot there was to learn," Sally told me. "I'd been the star performer in the plays at the Toronto convent where I went to school, and, I thought I was a genius myself; and when I first realised how little I knew it was like plunging into ice-cold water."

"However, I was lucky. Eddie Goulding was my director, and he was for me—perhaps all the more for me because Louis B. Mayer, head of the company, was against me."

"I'll give you this chance, Sally," Mr. Mayer told me, "but I don't think you'll be able to do it."

"Well, luckily, Mr. Goulding did; and he did everything he possibly could to help me."

"I felt awful, with everybody knowing so

much more about it than I did; of course, Mr. Goulding knew I felt awful, and what do you think he did? He paid an extra double wages to take a bawling-out. Before each shot he'd give this poor fellow a most terrific bawling-out for something he hadn't done.

"After a while I began to think, 'Why, the poor prune, he can't do a thing right!' and I began to feel better about my own work; and so when it came round to my scene I was able to play it with full confidence."

"I didn't find out about this until years afterwards. Do you suppose any other director ever acted that way to make things easier for a scared kid?"

As she said it, a look came into her enormous eyes that made me sorry for a moment that I wasn't Eddie Goulding.

"Indirectly, he made me do some genuine acting in that film."

"I had a crying scene. I'd never cried to order in my life, and was it tough? I sat there in the middle of the floor in front of the cameras, and tried thinking of all the unhappy things I could."

"I thought of my dear father who had died, and that didn't do any good; and then I thought of the poor little slip of a delicate girl from the convent who had ventured bravely amongst all these strangers to be a film star for the sake of her family, and wasn't any use either."

"Then I caught sight of poor Mr. Goulding's face, and suddenly I felt so sorry for him, putting all his faith in a dumb cluck like me, that I wept buckets."

Mike was a great success; but to her regret she never had Eddie Goulding to direct her again.

After a while Sally's Irish heart (Granddad Noonan and Granddad Kelly, I'd have you know, were both born in Ireland) began to be obstreperous again.

This time it blew up.

It happened that M.-G.-M. had three young contract players with starring potentialities, and it was considered a bright idea to put them all together in one film and launch the whole bunch at once.

They were Sally O'Neil, Constance Bennett, and a girl named Lucille Le Sueur, whose name was changed to Joan Crawford, and the film was called *Sally, Irene and Mary*.

Connie was a blonde, but the other two were brunettes (and, incidentally, very much alike in every respect except size), so it became a contest between those two.

If your memory is as good as mine you will remember that Sally O'Neil shone brightly in that picture; and from her showing then I should certainly have expected her to go straight to stardom.

But the studio, when her six months' option expired (during which time she had been kept idle to cool her ardour) wanted her to take a cut. They realised she was far too young to be making . . . all the money she was making.

And the Irish heart of Sally O'Neil swelled with indignation in her little bosom, and she—well, she blew up.

"If I'd been a little older I might have had more sense, and consulted somebody before flying off the handle," she told me; "but—oh well, there it is. I wasn't, and I hadn't, and I didn't."

It would be idle to pretend that that difference of opinion with Louis B. Mayer (who was already, as I have shown, hostile) did not have a detrimental effect on her career.

Like many another player who has not always been content to "toe the line," she has had some ups and downs. For a couple of years she has been away from the screen—worse luck for the screen and for us all.

Until you've seen this vivacious, dark-haired, dark-eyed Irish beauty, either in person or on the screen, and heard her soft Irish voice and seen the great heart of her shining out of her large eyes, you can't appreciate by what a narrow margin she has missed world stardom.

I hope British studios will manage to get something of that personality on to the screen. It's a peach!

THE production of *Romeo and Juliet* as a talking picture brings back vivid memories of its making as a silent picture in 1916, exactly twenty years ago, when it was produced in New York by the Metro Company.

Francis X. Bushman, the Gable of the time, was cast for Romeo and Beverley Bayne was our Juliet. Fritz Leiber played Mercutio and Lawson Butt was Tybalt.

Incidentally, Theda Bara was acting Juliet in a rival production at the same time.

It was the first Shakespeare play filmed in America and the conditions under which it was made are in striking contrast with those prevailing to-day, when experts in every department are not only engaged but are also listened to.

The Manager of the Studio had been a violinist who had played in the Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra in New York. Whether, during his time there, Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet* had been in the programme, I never knew. If it had been he had not watched it for he frankly confessed he knew nothing about it. More than that, he added as frankly that no one in the studio knew anything about the play and he went to the length of declaring that there was no one in New York who knew anything more about it than he did.

There were, of course, a great many actors who had appeared in the play but the close association which now exists between the screen and the stage had hardly begun, although for the special purpose of this picture some actors were engaged.

In anticipation of the production, a working continuity had been made but even the ignorant recognised that it was hopelessly bad.

The studio manager then hit on the odd idea that the best way to get a good continuity of the story was to engage six scenario writers, as ignorant as the first, to produce, each, his own idea of the way the play should go, collate them, taking what was regarded as the best from each and make the picture on that final draft.

Assured by a friend that nothing but chaos could result from that method and that the best thing to do was to find a man who knew the play and its stage traditions to do the work and supervise the production generally, he engaged me as he was furnished with evidence that not only had I played several parts in the play in London but also that I knew the text by heart as I had prepared it for reciting.

The existing continuity was given me to read and I was then asked to attend a series of conferences with the director, his assistant and some of the actors to see if it could be altered rapidly to be of use.

The scenarists, I found, had written a number of sequences "improving" Shakespeare and bringing him into line with the somewhat banal ideas of the kinema of that day. Only a threat of resignation won me the opportunity to re-write the script myself. But, the director told me, "For Heaven's sake, don't be high-brow. Remember the man on the water-cart in Iowa. He is the man we have to think of."

With the aid of three shorthand writers the continuity was written in three days so that the picture could be started on the appointed date. In order to keep the actors in the spirit of their parts, instead of letting them speak any words that came into their heads, I prepared an acting version for the picture, retaining merely the essential dialogue for each part.

These were distributed to the respective players with the earnest request that they should learn the words. Some of them did; others thought it unnecessary.

In the scene in Friar Laurence's cell in which Juliet meets Paris, the actor playing the last-named part, instead of speaking the few words he had been asked to learn turned to the Friar as Juliet entered and said, "Friar Laurence, this is Juliet. She's my little sweetheart. We are going to be married on Thursday!"

It was in vain to point out that Friar Laurence

TWENTY Years AFTER

RUDOLPH de CORDOVA, who supervised the first screen "Romeo and Juliet," looks back.

had already been informed of the intended wedding; that he was Juliet's confessor and did not need to be introduced to her, the more so as he had probably christened her if, indeed, he had not officiated at her parents' wedding. Furthermore, that actor's words and the action they involved made nonsense of the scene.

With that worst of all forms of obstinacy, the refusal to learn from anyone who knows better, the actor repeated the words during many rehearsals, as he did during the even more numerous takings of the scene, every protest being overruled by the Director who argued, "the words can't be heard, so it doesn't matter what the actor says."

Next morning, however, when he saw on the screen in the projection-room, the work to which he had devoted nearly the whole of the previous afternoon he arrived in the studio metaphorically tearing his hair and lamenting that "the scene was all wrong and looked rotten."

It was only then that he consented to make the actor speak the few words which had been retained of his part, as written by Shakespeare. The scene did not require to be retaken.

It was lucky that the spoken word could not be heard for there were some curious pronunciations of the text. In the balcony scene Juliet's "Tasselled gentle" became "Torselled gentle" and instead of "Ssst Romeo" as a call to bring him back, the actress exclaimed, "Hist Romeo, hist," to elicit the audible comment from some one standing near. "May be he will be, but it's a little premature, I think."

In another scene, when an actor was waiting to make his entrance he asked in a loud voice, "Who has got my élan?" Asked to explain what he meant, he picked up a copy of the continuity and pointed to the words, "He enters with élan." He thought it meant some kind of "property" which he had to carry on to the stage.

When the ball-room scene was being prepared, I was informed that a picture by a French artist had been found which showed a regular ballet being danced in the Capulet home. After I had pointed out that there is only one dance in the scene—that in which Juliet dances—and on which the whole action hinges, the matter was not mentioned again.

The filming of that episode was arranged for nine or ten o'clock one night.

When the actors had assembled on the studio floor for the scene to be rehearsed, conspicuous in the foreground was a group in ballet costume.

Protest against this innovation to the director, who had by this time realised that I knew what I was talking about, elicited this statement, "Please don't say anything. If you do, it will only lead to an argument and we shall be here



The old, and the new,
Romeo—Francis X.
Bushman and Leslie
Howard.

all night. We shan't get away for three or four hours anyway so let me do the scene, and, as you will have to cut the picture, you can easily take out the ballet."

Next morning after the scene had been run off in the projection-room the manager of the studio came to me and said, "That was a fine cabaret scene you took last night; I didn't know there was one in *Romeo and Juliet*."

"No more did I until it was made last night," I replied; "but don't worry, it won't be in the picture when it is finished." It wasn't.

"Pity it's in costume," he rejoined, "or I could use it in another picture we are making, instead of wasting the money it cost."

There were several other similar effects (?) introduced into the taking of the picture by people who followed Hamlet's advice to his mother to "assume a virtue if you have it not," the virtue in this case being knowledge. Happily, a pair of sharp scissors removed them without difficulty or loss of time.

A glaring example of this kind occurred in the potion scene in which, it will be remembered, Juliet conjures up the vision of her dead kith and kin. To suggest the skeletons, certain actors were dressed in a suit of black tights with the bones painted in white. It was crudely done, the costumes having no hint of anatomical accuracy for they were those used in burlesques. The actors looked absurd.

In striking opposition to such credulity was the street in Verona through which Juliet's funeral procession passed on its way to the Churchyard. The artist made elaborate sketches from drawings and paintings of the actual houses of the period and the buildings were constructed with such loving regard for accuracy that many people who saw the picture were under the impression that the scene had been taken in that city.

Later, these houses were altered to represent a scene in Mexico and were set on fire by a mob. "To such base uses" buildings came in the moving picture industry in those "brave days of old."

Incidentally in Juliet's funeral procession was a youth. His name is Richard Barthelmess.

"Picturegoer's" camera-man reveals the off-screen Dietrich Hollywood has never shown you. (Left) Marlene keenly scrutinizes rushes of "Knight Without Armour" which she is making at Denham.



The star discusses her next scene with Jacques Feyder, the director and her assistant. Such informal shots were rarely obtained in Hollywood.

Shots with Our Candid Camera



(Above) Time for make-up repairs at the Dietrich's portable out-door mirror.

Just a final touch to the make-up while studio workers flutter round. On the left her secretary and confidante Nellie Manley.



AT LAST— Society Girls who can ACT

by

Paul HARRISON



BLUE-BLOODS willing to be starved, if it is not too much trouble, show up often enough—but Hollywood is getting a few with talent, training, and a real aptitude for hard work.

HERE'S a distinct trace of blue in the Hollywood bloodstream these days. Society seems to have decided that it's smart to be in the kinema.

From time to time quite a number of socialites, almost all of them women, have walked right up to the front gates of the studios, rapped imperatively and announced that they would be willing to consider a job of acting if the remuneration were adequate—say, a thousand a week.

Some other orchid-and-ermine gals have displayed a good deal more subtlety by leasing 18-room cottages in Coldwater Canyon, staffing them with stooges, stocking them with potables and *pâté de foie gras*, and giving parties. If one gives enough big parties in Hollywood one can meet not only the best people, but the right people. If one bides one's time, one can be sure to find Mr. Blatherstein in pleasant mood for some such confidence as this:

"Oh, Mr. Blatherstein—or may I call you Henry?—surely you can find some nice part in your great big studio for a girl who, ever since she was the sensational star of the dramatic club at Miss Witherspoon's School, has been eating her heart out to become an actress!"

Blue-book aspirants make good publicity copy and pictures, but Hollywood practice is to give such people a few walk-on roles and then ease them out of the side gate into obscurity.

To mention a few, there were Janet Snowden and Merry Fahney, and blonde Rosamond Pinchot (Gaston). The latter had a creditable background, including several productions of Max Reinhardt's repertory company in Germany. But she hasn't gone far on the screen.

Also there was the pouty-lipped and ultra swanky Mary Taylor, a choice of the socially-minded Hecht and MacArthur. She played creditably in *Soak the Rich*, but there is no record that Hollywood producers flew east with contracts for Miss Taylor.

Indeed, so few genuine society people have met any true success in Hollywood that their scarcity is not only conspicuous but significant. Katharine Hepburn was a Junior Leaguer. Margaret Sullavan came from an uppity environment, with an impressive list of private schools. Jane Wyatt and Rosalind Russell complete the list.

The Misses Wyatt and Russell, though, are members of a new order, and perhaps are the vanguard of a whole procession of former young society people who seem genuinely serious about earning screen careers.

Of these newcomers there are Polly (Mary Elizabeth) Rowles, Pittsburg socialite; Patricia Havens-Monteagle of San Francisco; Patricia's husband, Richard Palmer Smart; and Lynn Gilbert of Chicago.

Jane Wyatt was dropped from the social register when she was indiscreet enough to marry a man who wasn't in it, and to choose acting for a vocation.

What Jane Wyatt, a socialite herself, thinks of society in the movies cannot be printed—because she won't talk.

What Miss Wyatt thinks of society in the movies appeared in our issue of September 26. She won't say much, however, because she has been bedeviled by her social connections ever since she joined the apprentice school of the Berkshire Playhouse in Massachusetts. She is good and tired of being pointed out as a socialite, because she wants no truck with the blue-bloods and can't help it if she happened to be born with a silver spoon in her oatmeal.

Miss Wyatt applied herself diligently to the drama, understudied some important stars on Broadway, acted in some pretty good plays, and succeeded Margaret Sullavan in *Dinner at Eight*. She has appeared in a number of pictures, and was chosen by the discerning Frank Capra for the feminine lead in *Lost Horizon*. Universal—a new régime with an eye for fresh young talent—has her under contract and is starring her.

Miss Russell is more communicative. She is even willing to venture some ideas about why so few society girls have been successful on the screen or behind the footlights. Most of them, she believes, are spoiled and/or lazy.

"The odds are against her from the start," she said. "Almost every society girl who has not been trained to really work for success wants to become a star the first day."

"Here's an example of how débutantes begin their acting careers: On Broadway I belonged to the cast of a show that needed money. There was a stage-struck society girl who had tired of trips abroad, teas and penthouse parties. Her rich father became the angel of the play, and that amounted to buying her one of the principal roles. While we sat around for a week, the director rehearsed her on how to make entrances, exits and other routines which she should have learned through years of experience in playing minor roles.

"It was the old story of the rich boy starting as president and working his way down to office boy. Few society girls are really serious about their 'careers.' They lose interest if they don't get their names in lights within a week. I don't care what you say about acting; it's something that takes patient training. Money, position, and knowing the right people have nothing to do with it."

Miss Russell's father was a wealthy man who sent her travelling and to private schools. Her mother, incidentally, was the

editor of *Vogue*. Rosalind decided in 1930 that she wanted to be an actress. To become an actress she selected the toughest job she could find—a place in a stock company that played under canvas. She graduated into better

companies, into summer theatres, into Broadway plays.

She now is one of the busiest actresses in Hollywood and has played major roles in about ten pictures. Recently you've seen her in *Under Two Flags* and in *Craig's Wife*.

Polly Rowles is the daughter of a steel man, Ralph T. Rowles. His name is as well known as any in Pittsburg, but his wife's side of the family is more truly social. For instance, Mrs. Rowles' mother, Mrs. Lewis Dick, regularly appears on every list of The Ten Most Charming Women of Philadelphia.

Polly Rowles went to the Carnegie Institute of Technology. Carnegie Tech. usually is thought of as an institution of science, but it also offers one of the two toughest courses of dramatic training in America. It provides instruction by Broadway directors, and produces plays from everything from Shakespeare to A. A. Milne. Miss Rowles graduated with honours and a degree. She had never seen a sound stage until she reported for work at Universal—to which a talent scout had sent her. But the studio thought enough of her training and screen test to assign her the lead in her first picture.

Lynn Gilbert—who is Mrs. Gilbert E. Keebler, who was Lynn McHale—has had no training of any sort. Her picture frequently appears on Chicago society pages, but the only cameras she has faced were those of commercial photographers. She is the one individual in perhaps a hundred thousand who has succeeded in winning a contract by submitting photographs to a studio.

Patricia Havens-Monteagle, daughter of a San Francisco financier, struck an especially compatible match when she eloped a few months ago with Richard Palmer Smart, heir to a tremendous fortune in Hawaii. They're both crazy about acting. In fact they met at the Bliss-Hayden Miniature Theatre.

She's a statuesque brunette with a torch-singing voice. Having appeared in Little Theatre plays around San Francisco, she was singing in some of the most uppity hotels along the coast—when a M.-G.-M. studio representative glimpsed her and promised a screen test.

The test won a six-months' contract. She played a few small roles, quit and joined the Bliss-Hayden Theatre for further training.

Dick Smart, a member of the company, has had more experience. His father was Henry Smart, the pineapple multi-millionaire. Dick went to college in California, tired of being a rich man's son, assumed the name of Broderick Dean and supported himself for nearly two years by acting with stock companies. What drove him to resume his real identity was an overpowering distaste for the name of "Broderick Dean."

Smart played on Broadway; as one of the sub-principals he sang in that enduring spectacle, *The Great Waltz*. After five months, with the waltz giving every indication of going on for ever he quitted and returned to Hawaii. Then he came back to Hollywood for serious dramatic training.



Frank Lawton

WHO is back in Britain to star in "Mill on the Floss," after completing "The Devil Doll" in Hollywood. Lawton's big screen successes have been in the works of Dickens, Galsworthy and Coward. His interpretation of George Eliot's hero will be watched with interest.

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

SHOT BY PHIL LONERGAN

CLARK GABLE and Mae West are not included in "Who's Who", the American publication issued yearly, which lists what it considers are the important people of the United States. Clark and Mae have millions of admirers but they still are unable to be mentioned in the pages of this noted book.

It is good news to learn that Garbo, Joan Crawford, Janet Gaynor and Nelson Eddy all figure in the precious volume!

Traffic Dangers

Claudette Colbert, darling of the movies, has discovered that peril lurks on the open roads.

The star was driving with her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, when her car was struck by another automobile. The star was badly shaken, but was not seriously injured.

Police officers arrested the driver of the other car half an hour later. He was a studio carpenter, and may be out of a job by this time.

A Mysterious Admirer

Robert Taylor is the "big moment" of many feminine film fans, and this tale tends to prove it.

Not long ago the young star received a letter from a lady, asking him to walk into the Brown Derby on a certain night between the hours of eight and ten o'clock, so she could take a good look at him! The writer said he would not know who she was, and that she would not talk to him, but might walk past his table to get a better look!

Taylor was at the restaurant on the evening designated, but he does not know whether the lady passed his table. Many ladies scrutinised Bob that night so it was impossible for him to identify the letter writer.

Muffled Romance

At the Santa Fe Station in Pasadena, when Nino Martini, singing star, boarded the train for New York, Elissa Landi was there to see him off. Both merely smiled and refused to comment on prevalent reports that they will be married this winter in New York or in Italy.

The singer, under personal contract to Jesse L. Lasky, returns to Hollywood in April for another motion picture which Lasky will produce.

Auto Vengeance

Robert Taylor has a shabby old car—fifteen years of age—which has disconcerted owners of large, new automobiles. The new cars are supposed to travel far faster than old relics of the road, but Bob, in his antique, speeds away from them.

The reason for this miracle is that the star has had the car completely overhauled and equipped with a supercharged motor capable of doing 110 miles per hour. Bob dislikes owners of large new cars, who laugh at shabby flivvers and often force them off the road, so he has decided to teach these haughty motorists a much needed lesson.

A New American

England has yielded another favourite son to the States—Freddie Bartholomew. His

aunt and grandparents will make their permanent residence in Los Angeles, having purchased a home in California.

In January, Freddie's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bartholomew, sen., will return to Warminster, Wiltshire, to dispose of the Bartholomew home and other property there.

Tennis Fans

Autograph hunters find the tennis matches to be a fertile field, and flock to the games with their trusty pads and pencils.

Stars who watch the contests include Fredric March, Herbert Marshall, Kay Francis, Gene Raymond, Jeannette MacDonald, Errol Flynn, Clark Gable, Carole Lombard, Pat O'Brien, Dick Arlen and Lili Damita.

Mary and the Indian

About two months ago Mary Brian received a beautiful Navajo blanket from a redskin resident of Oklahoma. Pleased with the gift, Mary wrote a cordial letter of thanks to the aborigine, who immediately answered her missive, saying it was the custom of his tribe not to give things but to exchange them!

So the little actress hurriedly purchased all the wampum in the studio property department and shipped it to him by air mail.

A Real Cowgirl

Josie Sedgwick is a native of Texas, a state larger in area than Germany before the World War. Whilst there are many cowboys and ranches in the state, Josie lived in a large Texas city and never saw a cowboy or a ranch, except in the movies, until she was signed by Universal.

The studio immediately cast Josie as a cowgirl, although she knew little about riding at the time. Because she came from Texas the directors figured she must be from the wide-open spaces!

Kindly Ponies

Jack Haley and Johnny Downs, who need no introduction to film fans, recently attended the races, and, strange to say, made a "killing".

The two actors sent half of their winnings to a worthy charitable organisation in New York, which aids actors in distress.

The Children's Hour

Darrylin and Susan Zanuck, small daughters of Darryl Zanuck, famous film producer, gave a circus party at the home of their parents which was attended by offspring of other celebrities.

Among those present were Shirley Temple, Harry Joe Brown, jun., Stuart Erwin, jun., Harold Lloyd, jun., Peggy and Gloria Lloyd,



Our Hollywood cameraman gives you a glimpse of Claudette Colbert as she will appear in "Maid of Salem."

Penny and Tony March, Wesley Ruggles, jun., Manny Robinson, Dionne Stanwyck, Richard Darryl Zanuck, Diana and Melinda Markey.

Entertainers were present and the orchestra was in clown costumes. The little celebrities had the time of their young lives.

Odd Footage

Clarke Gable is an expert mechanic and does all repairs on his cars himself.

Elissa Landi has travelled in Austria, Turkey, Switzerland, France, Sweden, the British Isles, Canada and the United States.

Joan Crawford was a dancer, salesgirl and telephone girl before she entered the movies.

Rosalind Russell is a vegetarian.

Franchot Tone is Hollywood's ace badminton player.

Buddy Ebsen gained fifteen pounds in the last three months by taking a boxing lesson every day.

Jean Rogers "crashed the movies" when she won a beauty contest.

Luise Rainer was an art student.



E. G. COUSINS COVERS

The BRITISH STUDIOS

ONE man's poison, as I've often remarked, is sauce for the goose. Which is merely a circumlocutionary way of saying that Diana Churchill is playing in *The Dominant Sex* for B.I.P., in place of Gertrude Michael.

Gertie, poor lamb, is still ill in New York, and is unable to come over for a while yet; so Diana, who contributed so very much to the phenomenal success of the stage-play, has by a kind of belated and vicarious (not to say fortuitous) reward been cast for the same role in the film.

Which, my friends and admirers, is as it should be.

This raises, of course, the interesting question, "Is it more important to have a star, or near-star, name in the cast, or to have a player who created the part, knows it backwards, and has proved herself capable of interpreting the character?"

And this gives rise to the question, "Will Diana Churchill, though certainly she has established herself as one of our most interesting younger stage players, acquit herself as well on the screen, in an onerous leading role like this?"

And also "Will the part have been so altered that it doesn't matter whether Diana Churchill or Sophie Tucker plays it?"

Such things have been known to happen, you know. To take a very recent and apposite case, *Someone at the Door*, made also by B.I.P., though quite recognisable as the stage success, fell below it in quality.

A Week in Bed

So you see the whole question is a very complex one, which can only be satisfactorily answered by the finished production.

Phillips Holmes has arrived from America to play in *The Dominant Sex*—I understand in the role created by Richard Bird on the stage. Romney Brent, Carol Goodner, Billy Milton, and W. H. Berry have the other leading roles, and Herbert Brenon, who directed *Someone at the Door*, is doing this one, too.

I was telling you last week about the illnesses that have tied knots in so many production-schedules; well, Romney Brent is the latest prominent player to have a week in bed, but he enjoyed it; and it didn't hold up production at all, but rather furthered it.

He was playing in *Dreaming Lips* at Denham, in which he and Raymond Massey are joint leading men to Elisabeth Bergner; and his week in bed took place on the set, for the purposes of the story.

Never did invalid have less privacy.

Delicate Attention

I must remember to ask Brent whether the prop-men paid him the same delicate attention as they did to Luli Deste when she

Skipper Will Hay, obviously all at sea, does his navigation with the aid of a tape-measure, a globe, a ready reckoner, Moore Marriott and Graham Moffat—in "Windbag the Sailor."

had to appear in a bedroom scene in *Thunder in the City*.

It was a very chilly day, and a sound-stage before the lights are turned on and the doors closed can be a very clammy place indeed.

Clad in a diaphanous nightgown, she was not at all looking forward to getting between those clean, cold linen sheets; but when she did, she found the prop-men had put a hot-water-bottle in for her.

Luli nearly cried when she told me this; I really must discover the effect on Mr. Brent.

When Gertrude Michael does turn up, by the way, she will probably be co-starred with John Lodge in *Bulldog Drummond at Bay*. Lodge is the best choice for "Drummond" that I have yet seen; he looks the part, and that's about three quarters of the battle—in film-making.

On the stage it's more important to be able to act; and Lodge can do that too, in the right role.

Hero into Villain

By the way, he is well away in *Sensation*, in which he is playing the reporter hero, with Francis Lister as a suspected murderer.

This husband of Margot Grahame, a clever actor, seems to play nothing but villainous parts these days; it isn't so long since he was always the handsome young hero.

Diana Churchill is in this, by the way; presumably she will walk from one sound-stage to another, changing her character as she goes.

This is being directed by Brian Desmond Hurst, director of *Ourselves Alone*; it's from a play *Murder Gang*, by George Munro (a newspaperman) and Basil Dean.

It's a study of murder from a crime-reporter's angle; Munro actually covered for his paper the

crime on which the play is based, so it should at least bear some semblance to life, which not all our newspaper stories do.

Incidentally, I wonder whether there is a superstition about the use of the word "gang" in a film title. *Crime Over London* (featuring Margot Grahame aforesaid) was originally called *Gang*, and now *Murder Gang* has been changed. Memo on shirtcuff; must investigate this.

Good Title

Crime Over London, by the way, was made by Criterion, Doug. Fairbanks jun.'s unit. I hope they won't go and change the name of their new picture which Raoul Walsh is directing at Worton Hall—*Jump for Glory*. Such a good title!

Doug. jun. himself will play the lead in this, the role of a cat-burglar; and the main supporting part will be played by Alan Hale, a famous Hollywood character actor who came over to play in the Scottish Border historical film which Tay Garnett was to have directed for Criterion.

This film, which has been provisionally entitled *High Treason*, has a great bulk of its scenes actually on the border, and unfortunately our freak summer prevented the necessary location-work being carried out, so the production has been postponed till the spring, and Doug. jun. is getting on with a little burglary instead.

Tay Garnett has returned to Hollywood, but will be back when the primroses bloom.

Raoul Walsh, by the way, is the American director who recently completed *O.H.M.S.* for Gaumont-British; he is a picturesque figure, with a black patch over one eye.

Colourful

Another director who has gone home to Hollywood is Harold Schuster, who came over to edit *Wings of the Morning* for New World, and stayed to direct Henry Fonda and Annabella in that picture when Glen Tryon bowed out.

He has taken with him in round tin cans the result of his labours, to see it through the final laboratory processes (Technicolor in this country is not yet ready to do the whole thing) and the final titling and scoring.

He'll be back in a few weeks with the whole picture complete, and then will remain to direct another picture for New World.

To revert for a moment to Bergner, whose screen husband Romney Brent we left in bed with or without hot-water bottle.

This picture, *Dreaming Lips*, is described as "a study of a wife's conflict between loyalty and fierce womanly passion."

In the effort to be fierce and womanly both at once, Bergner dances a rumba in the fashionable London night club "the Four Hundred," which has been reconstructed in detail in the studio.

Personally I've never profaned the Four Hundred's classic portals, but I know several London night clubs where four hundred try to dance in a space designed for six couples and two passing waiters.

There is hardly room to do the Static Shuffle, much less the rumba.

Contrast

On another stage, Dietrich, to whose arms her current screen lover, Bob Donat, has now been happily restored, has been appearing in Russian peasant dress, looking singularly like Anna Sten.

These scenes, in which with torn blouse and mud-caked boots she seeks refuge with the White Army, were in great contrast to the ones she had appeared in earlier in the week, which represent the street outside the Russian Embassy in London in 1914.

Among the horse traffic and all the leisurely bustle which we greybeards remember so well, Dietrich in a beautiful white summer frock and picture hat looked entrancing; but there is enough drama in the later scenes to compensate for their lack of glamour.

Pinewood is going very strong at the moment; no fewer than three different production companies are working there, including British and Dominions (making *A Man with Your Voice*, which I hope will be known by some other name before long), Herbert Wilcox Productions (making *Splinters in the Air*, the Sydney Howard

picture about the R.A.F.), and Paramount British, who all but succeeded in keeping from me the fact that they were making something called *The Scarab Murder Mystery*.

My well-known detective powers even go so far as guessing what the film is all about.

Snapshot

A Man with Your Voice is the shipping story in which Ricardo Cortez and Sally Eilers are teamed, and of which the director, Carol Reed, is co-author with Anthony Kimmins.

Amateur photographers visiting the set I saw last week would be green with envy, for there is a photograph of a shipyard, measuring 24 feet by 16.

This enormous affair, which is used as background outside a boardroom window, was enlarged from a 10 in. by 8 in. negative, and is much more convincing than the old-fashioned painted backing.

And, by the way, photographers are in the news down there.

It happens that there is a still-man in the studio of Russian origin, named Boris Picrovsky, known to his intimates as "Popsky."

Fred Culley was cast for a part in this film, which included a long speech in Russian; presumably he was given this part because he speaks French and German fluently, and English is his native language.

Well, they were up against a snag here, for although 999 members of the audience wouldn't know whether it was Russian or Gaelic the man was talking, there is always the 1000th man who does. However, Mr. Picrovsky came to the rescue, and coached Mr. Culley every moment of his spare time for three days; and when he was ready to play the scene, he was word-perfect, and one "take" was sufficient.

There is certainly an advantage in having these cosmopolitan units, after all!

Caught Red-handed

Paramount-British are not the only people who have endeavoured to hide their light under a bushel—and failed.

Fox-British, who also suffer from a secrecy

Ralph Lynn telling the tale to Gina Malo in a scene from the comedian's new picture "All In."



complex about their product, have been detected by me in the very act of making two Quota films—*Full Steam Ahead* and *Strange Experiment*, and both at Wembley.

Now, I don't pretend to attach a great deal of general importance to these Quota films from the point of view of entertainment; but they do very often prove a good trying-out ground for new directors, new authors, and new players; and therefore I am interested to find that the leading players in *Strange Experiment* are Robert Gray and Ann Wemyss (which kindly pronounce "Weems"), neither of whom I have been previously privileged to encounter.

Let's hope the experiment, though strange, will prove successful.

They certainly have four very experienced players to support them, in Mary Newcombe, Ronald Ward, and Alistair Sim, and James Carew. And Albert Parker is directing.

Modest

The other one, *Full Steam Ahead*, is being directed by Lawrence Buntingdon, and they've built a ship in the studio; but these meagre details are all I've been able to glean.

Maybe it's modesty that keeps these Quota companies so secretive; but I for one should feel more confidence in their activities if they would take us a little into their confidence.

And now for a little more illness, just to cheer you up. Nita Harvey has had appendicitis.

Maybe that means little to you; but it means a whole heap to producer Jimmy Marchant, who had cast her in the leading role in the first production of his brand-new company, Burlison Wood Productions, entitled *Nyanza*.

Mr. Marchant, who has been an Art Director for British International at Elstree for about as long as I've known B.I.P.—a matter of ten years or so—has now blossomed out as a producer and an author, for he wrote the story of his first film.

Frank Miller will direct it, as soon as Nita gets all through with having her "appendectomy," as they call an appendicitis operation in America.

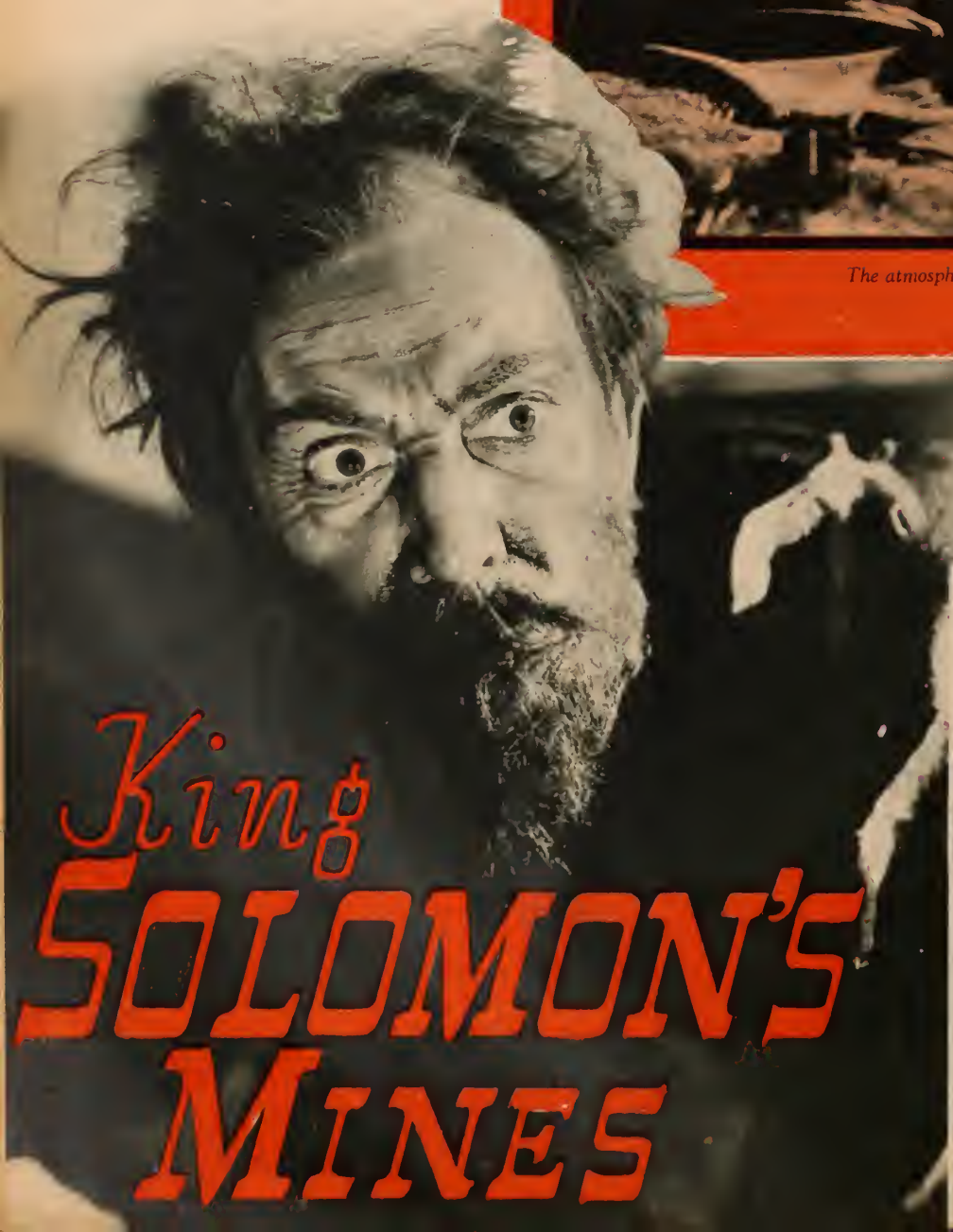


Allan Quatermain (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), Curtis (John Loder), and Good (Roland Young) prepare to set off on an African hunting trip.

Rider Haggard's great adventure story comes to the screen with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Paul Robeson and Roland Young bringing the famous characters to life.



The atmosphere of the veldt is finely captured in this typical exterior. Much of the footage was shot in Africa.



(Left) Arthur Goullett as Sylvestra, the Spaniard who has discovered the legend of King Solomon's treasure.

Kathie O'Brien (Ann started with Umbopa the mines and her mother meets Quatermain's party go together



King SOLOMON'S MINES

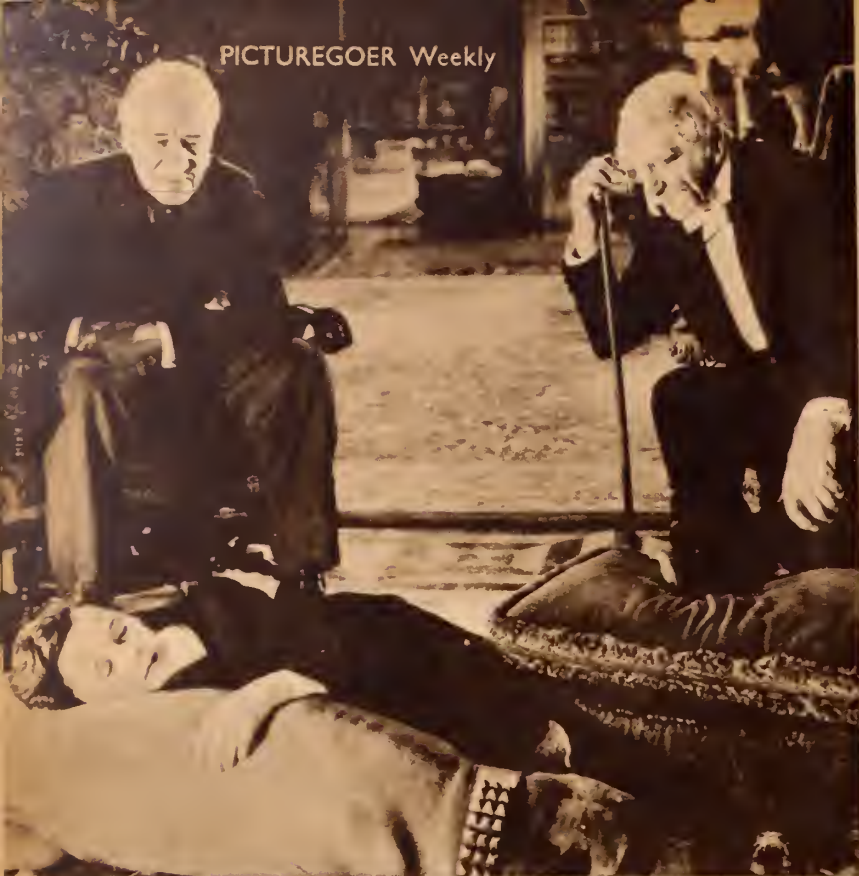


Paul Robeson makes a striking figure of Umbopa the exiled King of the Kukuanos.

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Allan Quatermain learns the secret of the treasure from Sylvestra.



Mr. Havisham was happy to find that Ceddie had made friends with both his grandfather and the huge dog.

The Story of the Film

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

by
Marjory Williams

Freely based on the film, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," by permission of United Artists Ltd. See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 26, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this Film.

cloth and crystal goblets (Mrs. Errol, though ostracised by the Earl for being an American, was better bred than Mr. Havisham had suspected), Ceddie experienced his first pleasure in being Lord Fauntleroy. He was talking about Bridget and Michael, Mary's sister and brother-in-law, not being able to pay their rent, when Mr. Havisham's hand went into his pocket and brought out five five-dollar bills.

"The Earl instructed me, if Lord Fauntleroy wanted money I was to give it to him," he said.

Ceddie's delight was plain as a summer's day. "May I take it now? They're in the kitchen. Bridget will be so pleased!" he cried. It was the first of a most exciting series of gifts made possible by the Earl's money. The apple-woman on the street corner, who never failed, since Ceddie inquired daily after her rheumatism, to give him the pick of her basket, became the recipient of a tent to keep off the rain.

Dick, the young shoe-black, rejoiced in an entirely new outfit of chairs and brushes complete with painted sign.

An early visit was paid to Mr. Hobbs, for Ceddie thought it only fair that his friend should hear of the extraordinary (especially in reference to their conversation) events that had been taking place. Slow to believe the facts Ceddie put before him, Mr. Hobbs was almost too dazed for speech.

"Well! I'll—I'll be jiggered!" he said at length.

"England's a long way off, isn't it?" Ceddie asked.

"It's across the Atlantic Ocean."

"That's the worst of it. Perhaps I shall not see you again for a very long time."

"The best of friends must part," solemnly affirmed Mr. Hobbs. "You think there's no getting out of this earl business?"

"I'm afraid not. Dearest says my father would have wished it. But if I have to be an earl, there's one thing I can do: I can try to be a good one. I'm not going to be a tyrant. And if there is ever to be another war with America, I shall try and stop it."

All of which was solemn, but not quite so sad as the time of saying good-bye to Dick, who gave Ceddie, for use on the voyage, a purple silk handkerchief ornamented with red

horseshoes, and finally to Mr. Hobbs himself.

"When this you see, remember me," Ceddie read out, showing the inscription on the back of the gold watch, his parting present, which Mr. Hobbs took and thereafter found it necessary to blow his nose an unwonted number of times.

The pleasures of the long journey, of seeing Dorincourt Park, and the old-world lodge where Ceddie stayed his first night in England with Dearest were suddenly dwarfed at hearing she was not coming to Dorincourt Castle. He must meet his grandfather alone. Mr. Havisham took him down the pillared shining hall, past the menservants in their silk stockings, scarlet coats, and white silk wigs, to the drawing-room door, and left him.

Ceddie, wearing his first "Etons," saw, at an immeasurably long distance by a roaring fire, a very tall chair. In it was seated a very old gentleman in black evening clothes, with a high white collar, above which jutted long, white moustaches and a long, straight nose. One foot was bandaged and rested on a stool. A Great Dane dog, which had risen from the hearth at Ceddie's entrance, ambled up to him. Ceddie didn't see his grandfather's eagle eyes turned towards him, eager to detect a sign of fear in the grandson he was pre-intentioned to dislike.

Ceddie had never feared dogs. Putting his hand under Dougal's collar, he strayed forward to the big chair. "Are you the Earl?" he inquired as his august relative did not speak. "I'm your grandson that Mr. Havisham brought. I hope you are very well."

"Humph! So you're glad to see me, are you?"

"Very. Any boy would want to see his grandfather, especially one who has been so kind as you have been."

A queer look came into the old nobleman's eyes. Half an hour since, the Reverend Mordaunt, rector of the parish, had left the stately room almost disposed to hate his lordship for insisting on eviction of such of his tenants as were behindhand with their rent.

"And what have I been kind about?" the Earl inquired. Ceddie launched forth into a

(Continued on page 22)

"**E**ARLS and Marquesses," observed Mr. Hobbs with intense conviction, "are a bad lot."

There was, perhaps, nothing new in the sentiment which, voiced in a thousand different ways, at all times, all the world over, has been the cause of aristocracy's downfall. Yet the utterance of Mr. Hobbs, standing behind the counter of his grocer's shop in Brooklyn in the year 1885, contained nothing likely to incite rebellion. To begin with, Mr. Hobbs, having a florid face, bald head, side-whiskers, and fancy waistcoat showing above his white apron, looked and was the epitome of good nature. Moreover, the customer seated opposite him on a round biscuit barrel appeared the very reverse of a political agitator.

There were times, however, and in defending his right of ownership against a score of street urchins to a new bicycle, eight-year-old Ceddie Errol had just proved it, when he could be called a pugilist.

Still a little heated from the foregoing tussle, which had eventually landed him at the shop door, Ceddie from his side of the counter, took note of the picture of the court function in the pages of the *Illustrated London Weekly*, which had been the source of the amiable grocer's information.

"Did you ever know any earls or marquesses, Mr. Hobbs?" he inquired, with polite attack on what appeared to be the weak point in his friend's contention.

"No, I guess not. I'd like to catch one of them inside 'ere, that's all. I'd have no grasping tyrants sitting round on my cracker barrels."

"Perhaps they wouldn't be earls if they knew any better."

"Wouldn't they? They just glory in it. It's in 'em. That's what. See." Saying which, Mr. Hobbs passed a large bandanna handkerchief over his bald head. He was

feeling all the more strongly on the subject of tyrants, on account of Dick, the young shoe-black's brother Ben having left for England that afternoon in search of his missing wife and child. Mr. Hobbs was unmarried and considered wives in general most unsatisfactory. Meanwhile, Ceddie saw in Mary—the Irish maid who entered the little shop at the moment, hatless and panting—no tyrant, although she had come to take him home.

"There's nothing wrong with Dearest, is there?" he inquired, sliding down from the biscuit-barrel.

"Faith, the mistress is as right as rain, but there's strange things happening to us. Come, me darlint."

All the way home, Mary's manner was equally puzzling; puzzling also the smart couple with its single horse standing in front of the door. Ceddie listened to voices in the parlour underneath as Mary hurried him into his Sunday suit and combed his thick, short curls. Of all his mother's possible visitors, Ceddie least expected to see the thin, elderly strange gentleman who sat in the armchair by the parlour window. Nor could Ceddie ever imagine he would say what he did.

"So this," said the elderly gentleman, rising, "is Little Lord Fauntleroy!" The situation took a great deal of explaining. Between them, Mr. Havisham, the Earl of Dorincourt's solicitor, and Dearest made things clear. Ceddie's father, Captain Errol, who had died two years before, was the Earl of Dorincourt's youngest son. Owing to the death of the Earl's third son, Bevis, Ceddie had become heir to the Dorincourt estates. Moreover, Mr. Havisham had come to bring him to England to live with the Earl at Dorincourt Castle. At this point Ceddie turned pale.

"Dearest," he pleaded, "I should rather not be an earl. None of the boys are. Can't I not be one?"

The point, however, seemed already settled. Later, sitting with Dearest and Mr. Havisham at the round dining-table, with its white

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description of Dick and the apple-woman until dinner was announced. "Is your gout hurting badly to-night? If so, just lean on me. I'll take you in," Ceddie promised. He did not realise how far the dining-room was, any more than how much the footman, who had to bear the brunt of his lordship's temper as well as his weight on such occasions, was being spared. But though the old gentleman, not without intention, leaned less on his ebony stick and harder on his grandson, Ceddie stood the test.

"It's really very warm. A person will get hot on such an evening," was his comment on attaining the armchair at the bottom of the vast table and mopping his brow with Dick's gorgeous handkerchief. "Fauntleroy, what are you thinking of?" the Earl inquired after dinner as the boy's voice, with its remarkably clear enunciation of words, ceased for several minutes.

"Dearest. I was thinking about her. She's my mother," Ceddie answered. Here's her picture." Confidingly he rested the open velvet case from his pocket on his grandfather's knee. Little did he guess the astonishment of the Earl, who had described his son's wife to Mr. Havisham as a mercenary sharp-voiced American, on meeting the likeness of a particularly charming young woman.

Ceddie indeed, to whom those gentle eyes, sweet mouth and fair, soft curls represented all that he loved best in the world, had much ado to keep from crying. Perhaps the Earl, tyrannical and selfish, had never admired courage as he did in the youngster of eight, who after asking permission, walked up and down the room to steady himself. For the first time in years, the Earl's arm went out with kindly intention towards a human being. "What are you thinking of doing when you grow up, Fauntleroy?" he inquired.

"I did think of going into the grocery business with Mr. Hobbs," Ceddie answered, brightening. "But I should rather like to be president."

"We'll send you to the House of Lords instead," the Earl promised.

The following day the Reverend Mordaunt called and found, to his amazement, the Earl on his knees on the floor, playing marbles with a small boy.

"My grandson, Lord Fauntleroy," the Earl announced, further astounding the cleric by shaking hands with him. Ceddie, having jumped up to say "How d'you do?" listened all the more interestedly to the ensuing conversation when he found that it concerned one of the Dorincourt tenants. Presently his grandfather turned bushy eyebrows towards him.

"What would you do with this Mr. Higgins, who can't pay his rent, Fauntleroy? I must mention that his wife and children are very low, as Mr. Mordaunt says, after fever."

"If I were rich," Ceddie exclaimed, "I should let him stay on his farm and give him the things he needs for his children, but—oh, I forgot! You're rich, grandfather. You can do what you want."

"Humph! So that's our opinion! Well, you can write a letter now to that effect to Newick. He's my agent. Some of my tenants are not over-fond of him. . . . No, never mind the spelling. I'm not the philanthropist; you are."

Considering the weighty occasion, Ceddie tried hard to mind his spelling; the result, after some moments, being this rather curious epistle:

LITTLE LORD

"Dear mr newick if you please mr. higgins is not to be inturfeard with for the present and oblige
"yours respecferly
"Fauntleroy."

"I think you must be the best person in the world. I shall write and tell Mr. Hobbs," Ceddie enthused, and, on being questioned about Mr. Hobbs' views on the aristocracy, was forced to admit their shortcomings. "I'm sure, if he'd known you, he would have felt quite differently," Ceddie concluded. He was feeling happy because he had been promised to spend the afternoon with Dearest.

"There's something for you, if you'd like to see it, this afternoon," the Earl said, after the midday meal.

"Something for me! A present! Why, I haven't looked at half the wonderful things upstairs yet."

"But this isn't a toy or a game. It's in the stables."

"Then it's alive! Is it—is it a pony?"

"All your own. Wilkins shall teach you to ride. Would you like to go and see it?" The offer was tempting but he thought of someone waiting at the lodge and said decidedly: "I think, if you don't mind, grandfather, I'll wait till to-morrow to see the pony. You see, I'm looking forward to being with Dearest. She expects me."

Sitting beside the Earl in the barouche, Ceddie, with every clip-clop of the high-stepping horses, felt more pleased with his choice. Arrived at the lodge entrance, he jumped out. "Aren't you coming?" he inquired eagerly as the old gentleman did not move. "Not to see Dearest?"

"Dearest will excuse me," the Earl said dryly. She was at the open front door. Church next day occupied all Ceddie's attention. The box-pew seemed as quaint as the stone effigies and wall-tablets inscribed in old-fashioned lettering with the names of the first Earls of Dorincourt. In the middle of a hymn, Ceddie drew his grandfather's attention to the last-named.

"Are those my ancestors?" he whispered and, on the old gentleman's ceasing singing, albeit not in tune, to answer in the affirmative, added: "Perhaps I get my spelling from them."

Life at the castle continued happily, with the only flaw in that Dearest stayed alone at the lodge, until, out of the blue, trouble fell. On the night of a party, at which Ceddie made a conquest of the acknowledged belle of the evening, the pretty Miss Herbert, Mr. Havisham arrived and was closeted for a long while with the Earl. Next day Ceddie learned that a woman, who called herself Uncle Bevis' widow, was staying at the Dorincourt Arms claiming that her boy Tom was heir to the Dorincourt property.

The evening of the day grandfather went to town, to hear the Lord Chief Justice's statement on the matter, Ceddie was nearly asleep when someone entered his room.

"Grandfather, you've had bad news, haven't you?" Ceddie asked, as the tall figure drew back into the shadows.

"The very worst. She—that woman's beaten me."

"Then I'm not Lord Fauntleroy any more. Grandfather, then the other boy'll have to be your boy now."

FAUNTLEROY—Contd.

"No." The old gentleman spoke vehemently. Ceddie sat up. There was no mistaking his expression as he said: "Then I shall be your boy, even if I'm not going to be an earl, just as I was before."

"My boy—yes, as long as I live. Sometimes I feel as if you were the only boy I'd ever had. They shall take nothing from you that I can hold for you, and I've been talking to Dearest. She's promised to come and live with us." His voice grew husky and the hands that drew up Ceddie's covers trembled.

Meanwhile, in Brooklyn, Mr. Hobbs and Dick, who for the past six weeks had been lodging with the confirmed bachelor, were at the very moment staring at a picture in the *Illustrated London Weekly* containing the caption "Lady Fauntleroy, Mother of Claimant."

The result of which picture-gazing, causing Dick as it did to exclaim: "Holy Mackerel. She ain't no 'ristocrat. That's Ben's Minna," sent him in the company of Mr. Hobbs to interview Alderman Murphy. Thus it came about that on an auspicious day a few weeks later the boot-black, his brother Ben, and the grocer followed the Earl of Dorincourt and Mr. Havisham into the sitting-room of the Dorincourt Arms.

"Hello, Minna!" grinned Dick at the dark acid-looking woman on the sofa. "Hello, Dick!" she gasped; then saw Ben. "Why, where have you been all this time?" she asked.

"Do you know this woman, Ben?" Mr. Havisham inquired.

"Funny if he didn't," Minna thrust in, "seeing he's my second husband."

"Where's our boy Tom?" Ben persisted.

"What boy? Don't you remember he died from pneumonia?"

While Minna hedged, Dick gained the communicating door and flung it open. A boy a little older than Ceddie fell across the threshold. "Uncle, you knocked me over!" he whined.

"This is my son—Bevis' son—Lord Fauntleroy!" Minna screamed. Her words were drowned in her husband's snort of protest and adjurations as to whether Tom didn't remember his own father, to which the boy replied as was expected.

"I'll have the law on you for this—hounding a poor weak woman!" Minna vituperated.

"The sooner you and your son leave the country, the better," his lordship calmly declared, whereupon Mr. Hobbs, realising that what he called the bit of "hocus-pocus" had been properly dragged to light, remarked that he would be jiggered.

With Ceddie's position assured, largely, as he felt, due to him, Mr. Hobbs accepted with satisfaction an invitation to stay at the castle over his little friend's birthday celebrations. A tour, personally conducted by his lordship, of the gallery containing portraits of the Dorincourt ancestors, more than anything, caused the genial grocer to revise his views of the nobility.

"You know," he remarked to the distinguished figure beside him, "I used to have a very poor opinion of your kind, but I've changed. You're a pretty good sort, even if you are an earl."

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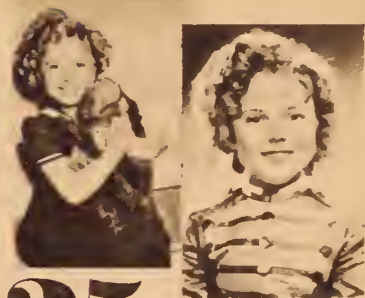
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Previews

CRITICISMS of the LATEST FILMS

DODSWORTH

INCLAIR LEWIS' novel has been exceedingly well adapted for the screen by William Wyler, whose polished direction is one of the main features of a very well acted and highly entertaining picture.

Basically it is a triangle drama, but its approach to the theme is novel and it deals with very human and easily recognisable characters.

Mr. Dodsworth, brilliantly played by Walter Huston, is an elderly business man who, after twenty years of marriage and hard work, decides to retire and travel abroad.

His wife, Fran, has a fear of growing old and consistently dramatises herself. She has a grown-up married daughter.

In this role Ruth Chatterton gives one of the best performances of her career—not as "the first lady of the screen," but a compelling and singularly subtle character study.

During their travels Fran flirts first with an Englishman she meets on the *Queen Mary*, then with a Frenchman in Paris. The first affair frightens her and in the second she goes too far, and her husband, who has returned to America, gets suspicious and comes back.

He asks Fran whether she wants to marry her lover and finding she does not, decides to wipe the slate clean and return home.

Several months later the Dodsworths are still abroad and Fran has captured the affections of a young Austrian and, making a final break with Dodsworth, announces her intention of marrying him.

Dodsworth travels on alone, awaiting a divorce, and in Naples meets Edith Cortright, an American divorcee to whom he had been introduced when he first came to Europe.

She puts him up in her house and for the first time for months he begins to feel normal and happy.

Meanwhile Fran has discovered that her Austrian lover's mother had no intention of letting her son marry her, so she gets in touch with Dodsworth, asking him to meet her on the *Rex*, bound for America.

Although he has almost unconsciously fallen in love with Edith, he decides to go, but when he meets and sees her he realises what a selfish woman she really is and returns to Edith.

Mary Astor is wholly sympathetic as Edith, and contrasts vividly with Ruth Chatterton's subtle rendering of Fran.

The three diverse lovers are excellently characterised by David Niven, as the Englishman who only seeks a good time, Paul Lukas as the Frenchman who wants Fran's money, and Gregory Gaye as the young Austrian who really falls for the lady's mature charm.

A fine cameo study comes from Maria Ouspenskaya as the old mother of the Austrian who practically upbraids Fran for "baby-snatching."

The dialogue is both witty and forceful and the characterisations are some of the most interesting I have seen for some time.

It is one of those pictures of real merit which you cannot afford to miss.

THE DEVIL TAKES THE COUNT

This story of American boyhood is highly sentimentalised and propounds the moral that to be "really" tough you must do what is right.

The so-called "toughness" of the gangster is easily acquired.

It is a somewhat rambling affair, amusing in parts and well characterised, but it is wholly American in feeling and the sentiment is laid on too heavily for conviction.

Freddie Bartholomew, very precise and high-minded, plays the part of Claude Pierce, the child of an American mother and English father.

His parents are divorced and when the story opens we see him with his father, a poor architect who is given custody of him for six months of the year. The remaining six months are spent with his wealthy mother.

Pierce does not want his son to be a "gentleman" and encourages him to rough it with the poor boys of the neighbourhood. Claude makes friends with Buck Murphy and Gig Stevens, the son of a murderer who has met his death in the chair.

Their main escapade consists in trying to steal motor tyres to raise money to buy a memorial for Gig's father.

For this purpose Claude decides to raid his own house and take his toys and sell them. He does not tell his fellow conspirators that the house is his mother's and the toys his.

They are later brought before a children's court and put on probation, but Gig and Buck, disgusted with what they consider Claude's trick, decide not to report to the officer.

However, Claude develops a timely bout of pneumonia following a hectic effort to persuade his friends to do their duty, during the

course of which they are taken by gangsters and manage to escape from them.

He nearly dies and the result is that the other two reform and become upholders of law and order—we might even say "gentlemen," except that in America that would appear to be a term of reproach.

Jackie Cooper is good as Buck, as is Mickey Rooney as Gig.

The youngsters hold the stage most of the time, but their elders are well characterised by Ian Hunter as Pierce, Gene Lockhart as Mr. Murphy, Dorothy Peterson as Mrs. Stevens and Peggy Conklin as Rose, Gig's aunt who lives in guilty splendour but decides to lead a new life, having met the fascinating Mr. Pierce and been treated chivalrously by him.

DANCING PIRATE

A really entertaining musical comedy in the true sense of the word. There is no attempt to make it a dramatic story with musical interludes—you are not asked to be convinced but to be amused and you will be hard to please if you are not.

The whole thing is in Technicolor, some of it crude, but a great deal, particularly the dance sequences, really beautiful in effect. The blendings of blues, yellows and reds in the rhythm of the dances are exceptionally good.

The picture which was directed by Lloyd Corrigan introduces a newcomer to the screen in Charles Collins, a New York stage star and dancer.

He makes a good impression, more particularly as a dancer in the title role, and does some highly ingenious routines, both solo and with Steffi Duna, whose rather exotic charm is enhanced by colour.

The story deals with a young dancing master, Jonathan Pride, who is shanghaied by pirates and finally makes his escape at a port in Southern California where the ship puts in for water. The townspeople take him for a pirate and the Alcade prepares to hang him, but his daughter, Serafina, learning he knows how to teach the waltz, gets his sentence remitted. He stays in the town, teaching dancing and falling in love with Serafina until the arrival of Don Baltazar with his soldiers. He demands the pirate be sent to Monterey for execution but Serafina pretends to fall for him and delays her lover's departure.

Finally, Don Baltazar demands the hand of Serafina in marriage and

she agrees if he will let the pirate go.

The wedding day arrives and the pirate departs only to return with a band of Indians who completely discomfort the troops.

It then turns out that Don Baltazar is a renegade and the wedding bells ring for Jonathan and Serafina.

Steffi Duna is both graceful and talented as the heroine but the acting honours go to Frank Morgan for his highly amusing characterisation of the ineffectual Alcade.

Victor Varconi is very good as Don Baltazar and Luis Alberni amusing as a man who befriends Jonathan.

Jonathan, by the way, looks much more a dancing master than a pirate and persists in carrying his aunt's umbrella which he had with him when he was shanghaied and this adds to the underlying note of satire which contributes spice to the proceedings.

The Californian settings are very picturesque and form a glamorous background both for action and dancing ensembles.

SWING TIME

There are four brilliant dance routines in this latest Astaire-Rogers vehicle and the acting is good, but the story lacks plot and the humour is not on a very high level.

While it does not weigh up to some of the team's previous successes it will doubtless please the stars' large following.

Fred Astaire's personality comes over as freshly as ever and Ginger Rogers exhibits that attractive charm which characterises all her work, but the pair are unable to add much to the somewhat nebulous characters of a slow-moving love romance.

Victor Moore is fair as Pop, a comedy role, as is Helen Broderick as a friend.

Eric Blore is starved of material as the proprietor of a dancing class establishment who becomes manager to Fred and Ginger when they are given a try-out at a smart cabaret. Fred's rival in love, the café's conductor, is played by Georges Metaxa.

The settings are extremely good and the dance numbers very well staged. A shadow effect in the "Bojangles of Harlem" number is particularly noteworthy.

THE GOLDEN ARROW

Pleasantly amusing little story of a presumably wealthy young girl who marries a reporter in order to avoid the attentions of her too ardent gold-digging suitors and who turns out in the end to be a "fake"—an ex-waitress put up by a famous firm of beauty cream manufacturers as the heiress to its millions in order to advertise its wares in society.

Bette Davis is exceedingly good as the supposed heiress who falls in love with Johnny Jones, the reporter, but finds it hard to make him forget her money.

George Brent does well as Johnny who marries the girl solely to protect her from the foreign counts and lesser nobility, who are seeking her hand in marriage and who only really declares his love when he discovers she is not a heiress and that he is not expected to live on her money.

There is some novelty in the idea and the snobbery of the smart set is well satirised as are the ingenious schemes of a publicity manager.—*Lionel Collier.*



Mickey Rooney, Peggy Conklin, Freddie Bartholomew and Jackie Cooper temporarily harmonise in "The Devil Takes the Count"



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REVIEWS

The PICTUREGOER'S
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to films just released

c***LITTLE LORD
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CHANGED HIS MIND

*STEPPING IN SOCIETY

*THE REVOLT OF THE

ZOMBIES

*I MARRIED A DOCTOR

What the asterisks mean—

**** An outstanding feature.

*** Very good. ** Good.

* Average entertainment. c suitable for children.

c***LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

United Artists. American. "U" certificate. Domestic comedy-drama. Runs 103 minutes.

C. AUBREY SMITH.....Earl of Dorincourt
FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW.....Ceddie
DOLORES COSTELLO BARRYMORE

Dearest (Mrs. Errol)

HENRY STEPHENSON.....Havisham

GUY KIBBEE.....Mr. Hobbs

MICKEY ROONEY.....Dick

ERIC ALDEN.....Ben

JACKIE SEARLE.....The Claimant

REGINALD BARLOW.....Newick

IVAN SIMPSON.....Rev. Mordaunt

E. E. CLIVE.....Sir Harry Lorrindaile

UNA O'CONNOR.....Mary

MAY BEATTY.....Mrs. Mellon

JOAN STANDING.....Dawson

JESSIE RALPH.....Applewoman

LIONEL BELMORE.....Higgins

GILBERT EMERY.....Purvis

JOSEPH TOZEK.....Thomas

MARY McLAREN.....Maid

RENEE SHEARING.....Maid

ALEX POLLARD.....Footman

AGNES STEELE.....Cook

DAISY BELMORE.....Mrs. Baines

DAVE DUNBAR.....Jeffries

JACK CAMERON.....Charles

WALTER KINGSFORD.....Mr. Snade

Directed by John Cromwell, from Frances

Hodgson Burnett's novel. Previewed, May 16,

1936. For story freely based on the film by

Marjory Williams, see page 20.

Quietly and sincerely emotional

this adaptation of Frances

Hodgson Burnett's book provides

an excellent vehicle for the acting

of Freddie Bartholomew who rises

admirably to the occasion.

I dealt with it very fully in our

issue of May 16 to which I would

refer readers who require more

details than I have space for here.

Briefly, it is not a one artiste

show. Everyone concerned helps

to bring the famous story vividly

to the screen and John Cromwell, the

director, has seen to it that the

sentiment is so tempered to avoid a

saccharine effect—a quality which,

if I remember rightly, characterised

the original.

There are no velvetene suits for

Bartholomew and he is given a

sound rough and tumble fight to

show he is not "sissy."

As his stern grandfather, C. Aubrey

Smith is excellent and Dolores

Costello Barrymore makes a welcome

come-back in the role of Dearest,

Ceddie's mother.

Henry Stephenson presents a perfect

little cameo as the Earl's lawyer

and Guy Kibbee is great as Ceddie's

American friend, Mr. Hobbs, the

grocer who is continually "jiggered."

by Lionel COLLIER

Other notable performances from Mickey Rooney as an American bootblack; Jackie Searle as the false claimant to the earldom, and Una O'Connor as Dearest's personal maid.

The atmosphere of both the American and British sequences is exceedingly good and there is strong pictorial value in the latter.

Sentimental scenes are unfortunately accompanied by soft music, a practice which I abhor. It always strikes an artificial note and robs the scene it accompanies of conviction.

c***POPPY

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy. Runs 70 minutes.

W. C. FIELDS.....Prof. Eustace McGargle
ROCHELLE HUDSON.....Poppy
RICHARD CROMWELL.....Billy Farnsworth
CATHARINE DOUCET

Countess Maggi Tubbs DePuizzi

LYNNE OVERMAN.....Attorney Whiffen

GRANVILLE BATES.....Mayor Farnsworth

MAUDE EBURNE.....Sarah Tucker

BILL WOLFE.....Egmont

ADRIAN MORRIS.....Constable Bowman

ROSALIND KEITH.....Frances Parker

RALPH ROMLEY.....Carnival Manager

Directed by A. Edward Sutherland from the

story, "Sally of the Sawdust." Previewed,

July 25, 1936.

That W. C. Fields still retains his

claim to being one of the

funniest and cleverest comedians on

the screen is evidenced in this

talkie version of an old silent

success, *Sally of the Sawdust*, which

was directed by D. W. Griffith and

in which W. C. Fields also

starred.

Incidentally, he also made his

stage debut in the original musical

comedy of the same title.

As usual the star succeeds in

making his character human as well

as comic.

He is cast as Professor Eustace

McGargle, a fair-ground charlatan

who, through forging a marriage

certificate with the help of a crook

lawyer, succeeds in getting his

daughter, Poppy, accepted as heiress

to a big country estate.

The lawyer double-crosses him,

but it turns out in the end that the

Professor is not Poppy's father, and

that she really is the rightful heiress.

That is a very brief synopsis of

the plot which introduces "turns"

for W. C. Fields but does it in a

logical and polished manner.

As Poppy, Rochelle Hudson is

delightfully unsophisticated and she

and Richard Cromwell give delicacy

and charm to the youthful love

passages.

A very good study comes from

Lynne Overman as a crook lawyer,

and Catharine Doucet is also excel-

lent as the woman who hopes to

inherit the fortune.

Maud Eburne merits attention as

a kindly spinster who turns out to

be Poppy's aunt and substantiates

her claim to the estate.

The rural and small town settings

are exceedingly picturesque and

the picture as a whole represents

very good entertainment.

c***MEMORY LANE

First National. "U" certificate. Documentary film. Runs 44 minutes.

Arranged by Vernon J. Clancy in co-operation

with the Imperial War Museum.

Good camera work and a running

commentary well delivered by

Hay Petrie adds greatly to the

sincerity and vividness of this

interesting documentary film.

It seeks to show the way in which

Great Britain has commemorated

the sacrifice of those who were killed in the Great War and it succeeds in being both poignant and impressive.

Monuments, cenotaphs, halls and cottage homes erected all over the country by various societies and councils are shown in detail and the way they came into being is explained.

**MARY OF SCOTLAND

Radio. American. "U" certificate. Historical drama. Runs 120 minutes.

KATHARINE HEPBURN.....Mary Stuart

FREDRIC MARCH.....Lord Bothwell

FLORENCE ELDRIDGE.....Elizabeth Tudor

DOUGLAS WALTON.....Lord Darnley

JOHN CARRADINE.....Rizzio

IAN KEITH.....James Stuart (Moray)

ALAN MOWBRAY.....Throckmorton

PAUL McALLISTER.....DuCroche

FRIEDA INESCOURT.....Mary Beaton

MOLLY LAMONT.....Mary Livingston

ANITA COLBY.....Mary Fleming

JEAN FENWICK.....Mary Seton

MORONI OLSEN.....John Knox

ROBERT BARRATT.....Morton

DONALD CRISP.....Huntley

WILLIAM STACK.....Ruthven

LEONARD MUDIE.....Maitland

DAVID TORRENCE.....Lindsay

WILFRED LUCAS.....Lefangton

BRANDON HURST.....Arian

D'ARCY CORRIGAN.....Kirkcaldy

FRANK BAKER.....Douglas

CYRIL MCLAGLEN.....Faudonide

NEIL FITZGERALD.....An English Noble

ROBERT WARWICK.....Sir Francos Knellys

WALTER BYRON.....Walsingham

ALEX CRAIG.....Donal

RALPH FORBES.....Randolph

GAVIN MUIR.....Leicester

EARLE FOXE.....Earl of Kent

IVAN SIMPSON.....English Judges at Trial

LAWRENCE GRANT.....of Mary Stuart

NIGEL DE BRULIER

BARLOWE BORLAND

LIONEL PAFE

MURRAY KINNELL

WYNDHAM STANDING

English Sergeant-At-Arms

LIONEL BELMORE.....An English Fisherman

DORIS LLOYD.....His Wife

BOBBY WATSON.....Fisherman's Son

MARY GORDON.....Nurse

GASTON GLASS.....Chatelard

MONTE BLUE.....A Messenger

Directed by John Ford from the play by Dudley

Nichols. Previewed September 12, 1936.

Quantity rather than quality is the

predominating note of this

picture which plays ducks-and-

drakes with history while at the

same time presenting it in the most

lavish manner. The story of the

dark-starred Queen who was brought

from France to Scotland in order to

challenge the supremacy of Eliza-

beth is full of colourful spectacle

but is sadly marred by the fact that

the majority of the players fail to

adapt themselves to the sixteenth

century atmosphere.

Katharine Hepburn emotes with

vigour but fails to convey the

impression of a woman who from

earliest childhood has been con-

demned to tread the hard and tor-

turous path of sovereignty. Rather

does she suggest a modern woman

struggling with the minor problems

of everyday domestic life.

Fredric March as the impetuous

Bothwell whose love for the luckless

Mary brings tragedy to both, acts

with a fire and sympathy that are

fully in keeping with the spirit of

the man and the times. His per-

formance does much to save the

picture from banality. John Carra-

dine as Rizzio, the Queen's favourite,

gives a sensitive and well-balanced

performance, Moroni Olsen thunders

majestically as the reformer Knox,

and Florence Eldridge is convincing

as the intriguing Queen Elizabeth.

Apart from these, the cast fails to

capture anything approaching the

right atmosphere.

Here is History with Tears—and

not even authentic history.

*THE OLD SCHOOL TIE

M.G.M. American. "A" certificate. Broad comedy. Runs 68 minutes.

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH.....Glen Harvey

WALTER ABEL.....Phil Talbot

HUGH HERBERT.....Professor Standish

UNA MERKEL.....Susan Standish

EDITH ATWATER.....Nina Talbot

WALTER CATLETT.....Senator Budger

CHARLES TROWBRIDGE.....President Tomlin
TOM TICKETTS....."Pop"
Directed by Joseph Santley from a story by
George Oppenheimer and Pinley Peter Dunne,
jun.

In spite of a strong comedy team and an extremely attractive new artiste, Edith Atwater, there is not a great deal of entertainment in this farce, which deals with a reunion of the old boys at a school.

The main high-lights are a burlesque football match and a serio-comic rendering of Desdemona's death scene from *Othello*.

Walter Abel is good as Phil, but Charles Butterworth and Hugh Herbert are so starved of material that they do not shine to any extent.

Una Merkel, too, is miscast as Susan.

*HALF ANGEL

Fox. American. "A" certificate. Murder mystery drama. Runs 63 minutes.

FRANCES DEE.....Allison Lang

BRIAN DONLEVY.....Duffy Giles

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH.....Felix

HELEN WESTLEY.....Mrs. Hargraves

exchanging one man's soul for another.

He gets a young doctor, Clare Wyatt, who had known him in Genoa before his claims had been ridiculed, to work with him.

Her lover, Dick Haslewood, a reporter and son of Lord Haslewood, a prominent newspaper proprietor, follows her to the eerie house where Laurie works.

He gets a story in the papers and his father who boasts of his contributions to science persuades Laurie to come and take charge of the famous Haslewood Institute for scientific research. When finally Laurie addresses a body of noted scientists on his discoveries, he is laughed at and later is asked by Haslewood to leave.

However, he seizes his opportunities and changes Haslewood's soul with that of a hopeless cripple, Clayton, who is his only friend. During this experiment Haslewood, in the person of Clayton, dies and Clayton carries on in Haslewood's body.

He reinstates Laurie who has decided to marry Clare, since she will have nothing to do with his black magic.

He decides to project his own soul into the body of Dick Haslewood and makes plans to trap his victim; the scheme fortunately miscarries.

The most interesting sequence and the one which suggests how amusing the picture could have been played humorously, is that when Clayton, having been projected into Haslewood's body, takes over that unfortunate gentleman's duties as a newspaper proprietor.

The acting generally is good. Honours go to Frank Cellier as Haslewood, but Donald Calthrop as Clayton and Boris Karloff as Laurie both turn in well-acted characterisations.

Anna Lee has charm, even if she hardly suggests an earnest young scientist, while John Loder makes a personable hero.

*STEPPING IN SOCIETY

A.B.F.D. American. "U" certificate. Social farce. Runs 72 minutes.

LOUISE FAZENDA.....Mom Flannagan
MAUDE EBURNE.....Belle Dugan
ANN RUTHERFORD.....Joan Dugan
EDDIE NUGENT.....Jerry Flannagan
CLAUDELL KAYE.....Miss Bradley
FRANKLIN PANGBORN.....Benson
HEDDA HOPPER.....Mrs. Murray Hill
RAFAEL CORIO....."Count" Ivan Petroff
HAROLD MINJIR.....Mr. Hoyt
OLAF HYTTEN.....Mr. Wellington
SMILEY BURNETTE.....The Carter
ROBERT LIGHT.....Bill
Directed by Lewis D. Collins. Screen play and original story by Karen de Wolf, Robert St. Clair and Wallace Macdonald.

Farce, which sometimes becomes sheer slapstick, gives Louise Fazenda a chance to show how effectively she can depict a social climber.

She gives a good performance and is ably seconded by Maude Eburne as her friend who also aspires socially when she comes into money.

The pair are cast as Mom Flannagan and Belle Dugan, who are the presiding geniuses of a wayside café. Belle has dreams of mixing with the great, and one day she receives news that a mine she had invested in has suddenly become valuable. She is given £10,000 and the promise of royalties.

She hires instructors to tell her how to go on, and is just making a big success when Mom Flannagan, who has been invited to one of Belle's parties, puts her foot in it and lowers Belle's prestige.

After this Mom also gets rich by running a super-garage, and, desiring to be as important as her old pal, she gives a party to which Belle is invited. Then occurs contre-

temps number two, for, as the result of practising archery in the garden, Belle starts up a water main and nearly drowns all the guests.

The couple are now at daggers-drawn, when they both hear that they are poor again, the mine and the garage having "bust." Adversity brings them together once more and also has the pleasing effect of uniting their offsprings.

*THE REVOLT OF THE ZOMBIES

Pathé. American. "A" certificate. Spectacular romantic drama. Runs 68 minutes.

DOROTHY STONE.....Claire Duval
DEAN JAGGER.....Armand Louque
ROY D'ARCEY.....Col. Mazovia
ROBERT NOLAND.....Clifford Grayson
GEORGE CLEVELAND.....General Duval
FRED WARREN.....Dr. Trevisant
CARL STOCKDALE.....Ignacio McDonald
TERU SHIMADA.....Buna
WILLIAM CROWELL.....Hsiang

Directed by Victor Halperin from a story by Howard Higgin, Rollo Lloyd and Victor Halperin.

Condensed serial type of production, fantastic in design and spectacular in execution. Basically it is a triangle drama with the theme that love cannot be bought.

As a whole it is very highly coloured hokum but not badly done of its kind.

Following the war, a party of Allied representatives, which include Armand Louque, a student of dead languages, Clifford Grayson, an Englishman, and Claire, daughter of a French general, sets foot in Cambodia in the hope of discovering a secret formula known to have the power to turn men into automatons.

There is rivalry between Armand and Clifford for Claire's love, and when Armand unearths the formula he exploits it to possess Claire.

Naturally villainy does not succeed and true love triumphs!

Dean Jagger gives a good performance as Armand, and Robert Noland is quite effective as Clifford.

Dorothy Stone is somewhat weak as the heroine, but the support is generally sound.

*I MARRIED A DOCTOR

Warner. American. "A" certificate. Small-town drama. Runs 83 minutes.

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON.....Carol Kennicott
PAT O'BRIEN.....Dr. Wm. P. Kennicott
ROSS ALEXANDER.....Erik Valberg
FRANK RHODES.....Ezra Stowbody
MARGARET IRVING.....Maude Dyer
HEDWIGA REICHER.....Ma. Valborg (Bessie)
HARRY HAYDEN.....Prof. Mott
LOUISE FAZENDA.....Bea Sorenson
EDITH ELLIOTT.....Mrs. Clark
ALMA LLOYD.....Fern Winters
WILLARD ROBERTSON.....Guy Pollock
DORA CLEMENT.....Mrs. Jackson Elder
GUY KIBBEE.....Samuel Clark
JANET YOUNG.....Dolly Perry
ROBERT BARRAT.....Nels Valborg
GABY FAY.....Ella Stowbody
OLIN HOWLAND.....Dave Dyer
RAY MAVER.....Miles Bvornstam
GRACE STAFFORD.....Vera Sherwin
SAM WREN....."Chet" Dashaway
THOMAS POGUE.....Rev. Champ Perry
Directed by Archie L. Mayo. Adapted from Sinclair Lewis's novel, "Main Street."

Somewhat dull story of American small town life slowly developed and rather prosaic in outlook.

The characterisations are quite good and are efficiently interpreted by a strong cast.

Josephine Hutchinson is intelligent as Carol, the wife of William P. Kennicott, a successful Middle West doctor who arouses the jealousy of the entire feminine community.

Ross Alexander too is good as Erik, a susceptible young man whose friendship with Carol is misconstrued by the townsfolk, and leads to tragedy.

Pat O'Brien has not a lot to do as Kennicott, but he is efficient, while well-drawn supporting characters are played by Guy Kibbee, Louise Fazenda, Robert Barrat, Olin Howland and Hedwiga Reicher.

Small town atmosphere is authentic and the dialogue is intelligent.

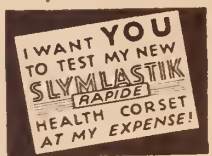


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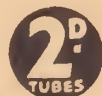
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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

TRY OUR OWN PLAYERS

Why All the Fuss About Dietrich?



ONE would imagine, from the ridiculously overdone press publicity, that the Millenium of British film production had arrived with the visit of La Dietrich to these shores. Let's wait for the finished film before shouting hosannas from the house-tops! I believe in the international exchange of acting talent, but cannot see that Marlene's willingness to play in a British film is an altogether epoch-making event.

Viewed sanely, what has Marlene achieved to be graded as a front-rank star?

Despite her years in Hollywood, she has only one better-than-average performance—in *Desire*—to her credit, and, histrionically, remains more of a "photographic illusion" than an actress.

Personally, I should be more interested (not to say surprised!) if an announcement appeared that Peggy Ashcroft, Margaretta Scott and René Ray were at last being given important screen roles of some dramatic significance, such as their talent and individuality undoubtedly merit.—D. D. Jolly, 27 Queen Street, Forfar, Angus.



Margaretta Scott

They Scream too Much

I believe at last I have put my finger on the main difference between British and American films—and then put both fingers hastily in my ears!

In the same programme I recently saw *Trail of a Lonesome Pine* and *Someone at the Door*. In the former, when the characters spoke in a whisper, they whispered; in the latter, Billy Milton and Aileen Marson shouted confidences at each other within a few feet of passers-by, utterly destroying the illusion.

Max Breen has told us that the British sound-engineers are able to cope successfully with Marlene Dietrich's murmured tones. Can't they do the same for our own players? Must we be condemned in perpetuity to a clumsy stage convention?

Or is this the British producer's idea of keeping the "bawl" rolling?—M. Torres, 4 Bloomsbury Court, Silver Street, W.C.1, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

Stage v. Screen

I have just seen Komisarjevsky's production of *Antony and Cleopatra* in Glasgow, and am struck afresh by what the screen can do that the stage cannot. Here it seems to me is a play that should be a film produced with the splendour that the theme demands.

Shakespeare would have adapted it for the screen if he was alive to-day, I feel sure. The stage is too dull for it: the effect is dull and the attention is not held. It is too long.

If this had been a film we should have seen the River Nile, with barges on it. When the scene changed to Rome it would really have changed, instead of our having to imagine it changing.

There would have been armies, instead of

half-a-dozen soldiers passing each other on a small stage. It is an excellent screen story—a most unsatisfactory stage production.—(Miss) C. M. Smith, 43 Sandy Road, Renfrew, Scotland, who is awarded the second prize of 10s.6d.

Bad Usherettes—

I think it would further the enjoyment of patrons if the management of some kinemas employed *dumb* lady ushers.

I visited the local kinema this week and had a seat in the back row behind which three lady ushers stood. Throughout the whole of the programme, with the exception of the few moments spent showing people to their seats, they talked, and not in whispers either.

They must have been telling one another funny stories, I think, as there was a great deal of laughing going on.

Then the chocolate girl's boy friend came in, and a special seat had to be found for him, where she could stand and talk to him under the pretence of selling cigarettes or something.

Nothing is more annoying than to hear someone talk, talk, talk all the time. And more annoying still is the fact that one has to grin and bear it, as a complaint to the manager might cost the girl her job.—(Miss) A. Bullock, 12 Burghley Road, Kentish Town, London, N.W.5.

—And Good Ones

A great deal is said about the directors and stars of pictures, but little mention is made of those who help to show the films.

For example, no one thinks of praising the operator, apparently considering him just a machine. But an unskilful operator could spoil even a Garbo film.

Then again, the attendants help just as much towards a pleasant evening's entertainment. Yet some folk treat the attendants disgracefully. They grumble if they are not immediately shown to seats, accuse the attendant of saving the best seats for her friends, and generally behave like spoilt children.

Personally, I have never had reason to complain, having always found the usherettes courteous and efficient, and I am a regular movie-goer.—C. E. Taylor, 60 Revelon Road, Brockley, S.E.14.

Show us Royalty

I am just one of the millions of people who saw and enjoyed the film of Prince Edward of Kent with his parents. Could it possibly be arranged to give us more of this type of film? The Royal Family is rarely seen unless its members are opening hospitals or reviewing troops. Judging by the popularity of the above film (many kinemas showed it for a second week) it appears that many people are of the same opinion as myself.

I should love to see a film of Princess Elizabeth and her sister playing in the grounds of White Lodge. It would give the public an opportunity of seeing the real children instead of the smiling handwaving little ladies of ceremonial drives.

I wish, through the PICTUREGOER, to express my thanks to the Gaumont-British Company for the lovely film they have given us, and hope to see another soon.—(Miss) A. Moira Brady, Kingsholme School, Conyngham Road, Victoria Park.

Escape from Reality

I see that several people are advocating "working-class films for working-class people". I do not agree. I go to the films to be "taken out of myself", and live in somebody else's world for sixty-odd minutes. What better

(Continued on page 30)



*I was ashamed
to be seen . . .*

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AMBROSE WILSON LTD.
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Film Star
Appeal**

The "loveliness" of a film star is not solely a question of beauty. No one is moved by mere appearance, or an inanimate doll or statue would give just as much of a thrill. It is the radiant glow of warm vitality—the ceaseless expression of pulsating life within—shown in the rich curves of living flesh and the swift-streaming blood which animates it, the sparkling eyes and living lustre of the hair—that is where the film star's alluring charm comes from.

Do you ever wish for this irresistible appeal? For the power to attract, for that something which will make men vie with each other to be near you. A course of Clotabs will soon effect a big transformation.



Clotabs are pleasant little sugar-coated tablets which contain the valuable active vitamins of Halibut Liver Oil. They are the most effective aid known to science for the building of a healthy body and a shapely figure. They restore your strength and energy, and put "sparkle" into your living. They are as easy to take as sweets, and do not upset the most delicate stomach. Start taking Clotabs to-day. Of all chemists, 1/3 or 3 ..

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**NO MORE UNDERARM
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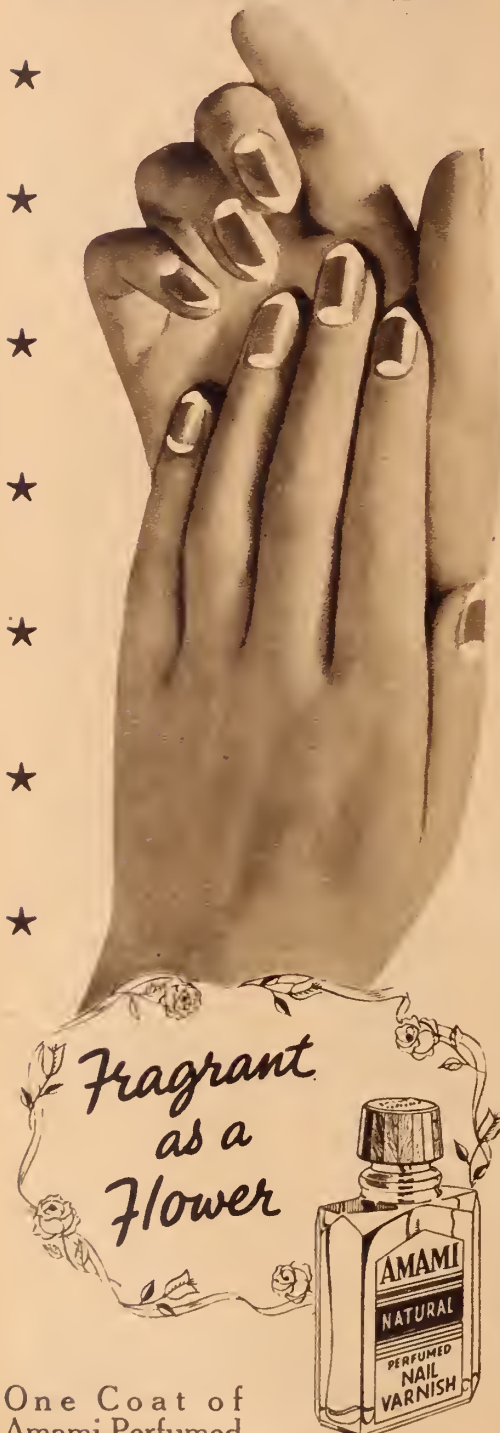
You can forget uncomfortable, clumsy and unsatisfactory "Dress-shields," yet get complete protection for your dresses. "SUDOL" is the new LIQUID DRESS-PRESERVER. You just dab it round the underarm of your dress . . . it is quite harmless to even the most delicate fabrics and is not noticeable . . . the material is immediately moisture- and acid-proof. "SUDOL" will ensure that your dresses will keep their freshness indefinitely. A 1/6 bottle is sufficient for ten dresses. Get a bottle to-day from your Chemist, Timothy Whites, at all London Stores, or 1/6 post free from (Dept. B), Sudol Products Ltd., 7 Bruton St., London, W.1.

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Trade enquiries invited.

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PERFUMED NAIL VARNISH



One Coat of Amami Perfumed Nail Varnish will give you gleaming, sparkling nails—a smooth and even brilliance that lasts unspoiled for a week. You will find that a 6d. Bottle will last for months.

6^d IN 5 FASHIONABLE SHADES

Colourless	Natural
Coral	Rose
	Ruby

To prepare your nails for the most perfect manicure, use Amami Nail Varnish Remover—oily and richly perfumed, in new large 6d. bottle. Also Amami Cuticle Remover, 6d.

WHO'S WHO

Bette Davis

THE girl who, according to the disclosures in the recent high court case, now earns £600 a week, once worked as a waitress and as a theatre usherette. That was in the days when she was struggling to get a dramatic training.

The turning point came when, after a few small parts on Broadway, Bette got a role with Richard Bennett. He recommended her to Universal in Hollywood. They put her in one picture, *Bad Sister*, and then dropped her on the grounds that she lacked "screen personality". Then came the now embattled Warner contract and the new sophisticated, honey-coloured blonde Bette Davis of *The Silent Voice* and finally that big chance in *Of Human Bondage*, which nearly won her the Academy acting award. They gave it to her instead the next year for her performance in *Dangerous*. The star was born on April 5, 1908, is 5 ft. 3 in. tall, weighs 7 stone 6 lb. Pronounces her name "Betty".

Frances Day

AN American who has become a naturalised British subject, Frances came to England in 1928 to play in cabaret. The actress made a reputation on the West End musical comedy stage in *Out of the Bottle*, but her film debut shortly after was inauspicious. She appeared, almost unnoticed, in a cabaret scene in *The First Mrs. Fraser*. Since then she has in *Girl*

From *Maxims*, *Two Hearts in Waltz Time*, *Oh Daddy* and *Public Nuisance No. 1*, become one of our most popular feminine stars.

Frances Dee

SUCCESS came easily to the second Frances on our list this week. Entering pictures "just for fun" while still at college, she was precipitated into fame when she was chosen as Maurice Chevalier's leading lady in *Playboy of Paris*. Then followed leads in, among other successes, *An American Tragedy*, *The Silver Cord*, *Little Women*, *Of Human Bondage*, *Becky Sharp*, *The Gay Deception* and *Holy Angel*.

Frances was born in Los Angeles on November 26, 1911, is 5 ft. 3 in. tall, weighs 7 st. 6 lb. Mrs. Joel McCrea in private life.

Katherine De Mille

KATHERINE is the adopted daughter of the famous "Cecil B." and must be one of the busiest actresses in pictures to-day. She learned about films in small parts and, for a while, acted as her father's script girl. She got her first big screen chance in *Viva Villa*, and roles in *Belle of the Nineties*, *Call of the Wild*, *All the King's Horses*, *The Crusades*, *Sky Parade* and *Ramona* followed. Probably her most ambitious part is Rosaline in *Romeo and Juliet*. Miss de Mille is 5 ft. 4 in. tall, and weighs 8 stone 3 lbs.

What Do You Think? Cont.

medium could I choose than a film of the *Forsaking All Others* calibre?

Granted that a working-class film can be, and usually is, most interesting, I would sooner see a light-hearted comedy or musical.

The trials and triumphs quoted by Miss Jenkins may be all very well on celluloid, but I have too many trials and too few triumphs of my own to want to see them on the screen.—J. H. Whiting, 27 Avon Road, Greenford, Middlesex.

"H" for Humour

I wonder if you have noticed that the names of most of our British comedians and comedienne begin with "h".

We have Jack Hulbert, Claude Hulbert, Gordon Harker, Leslie Henson, Will Hay, Bobbie Howes, Sonnie Hale, Binnie Hale, Peter Haddon, Robertson Hare, Sydney Howard, Renee Houston, and there are others who are not quite so famous, such as Roddy Hughes, Richard Hearne, Robert Hale, Stanley Holloway, Georgie Harris and Jimmy Hanley.

Evidently H stands for humour.—(Miss) E. Brooks, 33 William Road, Sutton, Surrey.

A Bouquet for Marjory

A few words of gratitude are due to Marjory Williams from the many deaf kinemagoers who, since the arrival of the talkies, have to rely solely on their eyesight to follow the story of a picture.

Perhaps to some who are fortunate enough to possess good hearing, it may not always be an advantage to know "the end of the story" before entering the theatre.

But to those handicapped like myself, the opportunity of previously reading a short fictionalised version such as PICTUREGOER gives us each week, makes all the difference between muddled misunderstanding and complete enjoyment.—Annie Newnham, 11 Shrubby Gardens, Winchmore Hill, N.21.

All At Sea

Nobody but those who travel by sea can imagine what a great joy to the passengers on board the liners and cruising vessels the

kinema is. What joy the afternoon or evening talkies give to men, women and children on the five, seven, or ten-day trips across the Atlantic and even more so on longer voyages. How eagerly and appreciatively at meals, on the deck at all times the film actresses and actors and the scenarios are discussed.

A voyage to-day without an up-to-date talkie two or three times a week would be impossible to think of.—(Mrs.) E. Phillips (Stewardess), c/o M.V. Georgic, Southampton.

Film Boxing

A professional boxer tells me that the conventional film "scrap" makes him see red. Can you wonder? Queensbury Rules may do for the ordinary man. Many producers prefer the:

FILMSBERRY BOXING RULES

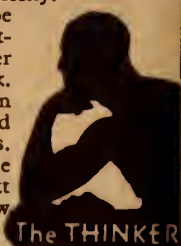
1. Be taken completely by surprise. Never avoid what's coming to you.
2. Receive opponent's blow squarely on jaw, and crumple up in approved fashion.
3. Rise promptly and return the compliment. Your antagonist likewise will be entirely unprepared.
4. Repeat several times, varying with chairs, lampstands, and other furnishings. Alternate action throughout; "vantage server—vantage striker."
5. All blows to be aimed at jaw. Boxers never hit elsewhere. They've never heard of the mark or solar plexus, nor do they clinch, duck, side-step or counter.
6. Go ahead, and may the best-dressed man win!

Isn't it time these ridiculous exhibitions were "scrapped"?—George Tremaine, 42 Stirling Place, Hove, Sussex.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 is. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.



12,000,000 WOMEN FROM 16 TO 60

suffer from skin
starvation and do not
know it—How to tell.

Try this to-night and
telegraph results.



In England alone 12 million women—mothers, wives, girls—let their skins starve. Wrinkles, bad complexions, blackheads, enlarged pores, sagging muscles are the skin's cry for food. Let your skin eat! Give it nourishing Biocel, a skinfood obtained from deep skin cells of young animals. Instantly absorbed by pores, and digested, because Biocel is "kin to your own skin." It is now blended with Creme Tokalon, rose colour, in just the right proportions to make your skin firm, fresh and young. Try it to-night. Next morning, feel your face—your real face! Look at it! Food did it—Tokalon Cream, rose colour, at night, white colour in the morning—Creme Tokalon White Colour, non-greasy, also contains oxygen white—a magical substance that will make your skin three shades whiter in a few days. Success guaranteed when both creams are used or your money refunded. By special arrangement with the manufacturers any reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon skinfood creams (rose for the evening, white for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: N.Walon Ltd. (Dept. 529A), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

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Now the Quintuplets use only **PALMOLIVE** *The Olive Oil Soap*



July 2, 1936

At the time of the birth of the Dionne Quintuplets and for some time afterwards they were bathed in olive oil. When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we selected Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily use in bathing these world-famous babies.

Allan Roy Dafoe

Read this message from Dr. Dafoe, the "Quins" own doctor, about the important question of a soap for baby skins.

What could the specialists find that was gentle enough for washing the skins of the world-famous Quintuplets? First—during the critical early months—just pure Olive Oil. And afterwards? Simply a pure olive oil soap—Palmolive . . . exactly the same Palmolive soap you yourself can buy anywhere for 3d. a tablet!

"What a natural choice!" women everywhere will say. For they know how gently but thoroughly Palmolive cleanses. Safeguard your Schoolgirl Complexion—and your children's—with Palmolive like the "Quins" do!

THE AMAZING STORY OF THE DIONNE 'QUINS'

- 1 There was less than one chance in fifty-million that they would be born alive.
- 2 When all five of them had lived for more than an hour they had established a record in the history of the world!
- 3 All told, they weighed at birth no more than 13 lbs. 11 ozs.!
- 4 Yet before they were 18 months old they weighed nearly 20 lbs. each!
- 5 Today there are not five more healthy, happy, bonny little girls living than Cecile, Yvonne, Emilie, Annette and Marie Dionne!



WHAT TO DO FOR A HEADACHE

It used to be the custom whenever one had a headache to retire for rest and quiet. But life is much too strenuous for that nowadays. The thing to do is to get rid of the headache quickly and carry on as usual.

Getting rid of a headache is a simple matter. ZOX, the well-known specific, charms it away as if by magic, as millions of sufferers have proved. It is equally effective for Neuralgia and for reducing the high temperature in a feverish cold.

ZOX Powders are sold by Chemists and Stores at 2d. each or 1/6 and 3/- per box; or the proprietors, The Zox Manufacturing Co. (Dept. 6), 11 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1, will send Two Free Samples to any reader enclosing 1½d. stamp for return postage.

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Amazing NEW DISCOVERY
makes broken nails strong, long
and beautiful in 5 days!!!

End embarrassing, split, brittle nails! Simply apply KERIFORT Cream, which hardens nails amazingly and then promotes nail growth at the root. KERIFORT is actually absorbed by the nail and replaces the natural oils removed by nail varnishes, thus preventing dryness, brittleness, and cracking. Do not confuse with oily polishes and creams which cannot counteract brittleness—KERIFORT is a new discovery containing special secret ingredients guaranteed to cure brittle nails or money back. All good chemists and branches of Boots can obtain Kerifort Brittle Nail Cream for you; if any difficulty send P.O. 2/9 to Towzer Products Corp., Suite C.1, Balfour House, London, E.C.2.

KERIFORT ends BRITTLE NAILS

★ He calls me a "good pal" but I wish I were more than that. What can I do?



Miss Dorothy Dickson

has a wealth of worldly wisdom and the truest sympathy for all human problems. Her answer to this problem may solve your difficulties.

How to make friendship ripen into love is a problem many girls face. Now here is my advice to you and all women who want to win and hold love—make yourself more vitally attractive. How? Well, imagine your face with the soft rosy blush of youth on your cheeks—natural, vibrant colour—wouldn't it make a difference? Khasana Blush Cream is a soft, fragrant cream which brings a delicate, rosy natural blush to your cheeks the moment you apply it—natural, vibrant colour that spells youthful attractiveness. No matter what your type of colouring is, dark or fair or redhead, Khasana Blush Cream is your colouring—your natural skin tone. So easy to apply, it is waterproof and kiss proof—one application lasts all day. Dare to be your loveliest self—that vital you! It is natural colour that brings you this beauty.'

Dorothy Dickson

Khasana BLUSH CREAM

Khasana Blush Cream can be had in four colours: Blush Light for Blondes; Blush Dark for Brunettes; also Coral and Carmine for those who favour deeper colouring.

Trial size 6d.

★ Ask for Khasana Lipstick in matching colours



Let GEORGE Do It!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

LION HUNTRESS (Sussex).—The following books by John Galsworthy have been filmed: *Over the River*, *Loyalties*, *Old English*, *Escape*, *The Skin Game*, and *The Apple Tree* and *The First and the Last* have been made but have not yet been released. (2) You must write to Fox Films about a re-issue of *Cavalcade*.

M. C. (Surrey).—Write to James Stewart, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where he is shortly to make *The Foundry* with Wallace Beery, Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy.

N. and E. (Coventry).—Ruth Chatterton mar. Ralph Forbes (English) (mar. dis.) and George Brent (Irish) (mar. dis.).

TWO READERS.—James Mason, b. May 15, 1909, Huddersfield, dark brown hair and eyes, 11 st., 5 ft. 11 in., ed. Marlborough College and Peterhouse. Films include *Late Extra*, *Twice Branded*, *Troubled Waters*, *Jack of All Trades* and *Blind Man's Buff*.

FILM STRUCK.—Ross Alexander, b. New York, Brooklyn, July 27, 1908, brown hair, blue eyes, 6 ft. 1½ in., hobbies—football, swimming and the theatre. Latest films—*China Clipper*, *Kid Galahad*.

J. H. (S.W.17).—Douglass Montgomery recently made *Everything is Thunder* for Gaumont British Studios.

J. C. (Bangor).—(1) Release dates: *Modern Times*, Oct. 19, 36; *Fame*, Nov. 30, 36; *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, Nov. 9, 36; *Showboat* of 1936, Jan. 25, 37; *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, Oct. 12, 36; *Queen of Hearts*, Oct. 5, 36; *Rainbow End*, Sept., 1935.

DARKIE.—Stanley Morner took the role of Tommy in *I Conquer the Sea*. He was born Dec. 20, 24 years ago, Prentice, Wisconsin. Latest films, *The Great Ziegfeld* and *Maytime*, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, to whom he is under contract.

M. H. (Portsmouth).—Yes, Hartley Power took the leading role in *Jury's Evidence* with Margaret Lockwood, Nora Swinburne and Sebastian Shaw.

NELSON EDDY FAN (London).—Nelson Eddy at present making *Maytime* with Jeanette MacDonald for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. His photograph is obtainable from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.

M. M. (Wolverhampton).—(1) Latest films: Leslie Howard—*Romeo and Juliet*; Bette Davis—*The Petrified Forest*; Katharine Hepburn—*A Woman Rebels*. Errol Flynn—*The Green Light*. (2) We published a centre spread of *Captain Blood* in our Feb. 22, 1936 issue. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catharine Street, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, post free.

I. N. H. (Sussex).—I am sorry, but we do not seem to have published a photograph of Margaret Bannerman in *Invitation to the Waltz*, in her Madame Pompadour costume. I suggest you write to the film company, British International Pictures, asking them if they can supply you with one.

A. G. W. (N.W.).—Latest films: Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow—*Libelled Lady* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Jessie Matthews—*Head Over Heels* for Gaumont British; Shirley Temple—*The Bowery Princess* for Twentieth Century-Fox; Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire—*Swing Time* for Radio;

Robert Young—*Maiden Voyage*, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Robert Taylor—*Camille* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; and James Stewart—*The Foundry* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

BUNTY (Harrowgate).—*The Maid of the Mountains* was in production about April to August, 1932. The chief players were Harry Welchman, Nancy Brown, Betty Stockfield. (2) Nat Gonella, b. London, March 7, 1908, married Betty Godecharle. Mr. Gonella's Georgians are: Albert Torrance, George Evans, Don Barrigo, Harold Hood, Arthur Baker, Will Hemmings and Bob Dryden.

ERROL FLYNN FAN (Heaton Chapel).—(1) Errol Flynn appeared in *Murder at Monte Carlo* before going to America. His first American film was *Captain Blood*. (2) *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, released Feb. 8, 1937.

A. H. (S. Africa).—Kenneth Howell is nineteen years old, son of a doctor, born Los Angeles, 5 ft. 9 in., fair hair and dark blue eyes. Made many shorts at Educational Studios, etc. First full length film *Every Saturday Night* for Twentieth Century-Fox studios.

GREEN-EYED GABLE FAN (Co. Durham).—(1) A letter to America costs 1½d., but an English stamp is of no use for a reply, so you must enclose an International Money Order, obtainable from your local Post Office, for the return postage, the amount of which they will tell you. (2) Photographs of Claudette Colbert, Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and James Dunn can be obtained from the Postcard Salon, address above. (3) Claudette Colbert's latest film is *Maid of Salem* for Twentieth Century-Fox and Clark Gable—*Love On the Run* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

JOANNE (Middlesex).—Phil Regan, b. May 28, 1908, Brooklyn, New York; 5 ft. 10 in., black hair and hazel eyes, Irish-American. Latest film *Laughing Irish Eyes*.

N. L. (London).—I am sorry, but we have no information on the music in the film, *The Dark Angel*.

R. E. Y. (Pittlewell).—As this film is old now, the only tune we have been able to discover in *The Melody Man* is "Broken Dreams," obtainable from Keith Prowse.

P. J. D. (Middlesex).—(1) June Clyde, b. Dec. 2, 1909, St. Joseph Missouri, 5 ft. 2 in., blonde hair, brown eyes, 98 lb., married Thornton Freeland. (2) Anna Neagle, b. Oct. 20, 1908, Essex; 5 ft. 4½ in., blonde, blue eyes; real name Marjorie Robertson. (3) Jean Gillie b. Oct. 14, 1915, London; dark ash hair, grey eyes, 5 ft. 4½ in., 8 st. 4 lb. (4) Patricia Ellis, b. 1915; blonde hair and blue eyes. (5) Shirley Temple, b. April 23, 1929, Santa Monica, California; fair hair, blue eyes. (6) Ralph Lynn, b. March 18, 1882, Manchester; 5 ft. 10 in., light hair and eyes. (7) Miriam Hopkins making *Men Are Not Gods*, for London Films. Gail Patrick to make *By Night*, with Bing Crosby.

I. (Glasgow).—(1) Chief players: *Robin Hood of Eldorado*—Warner Baxter, Ann Loring, Bruce Cabot and Margo. *A Message to Garcia*—Wallace Beery, Barbara Stanwyck and John Boles.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

THE MYRNA LOY CLUB welcomes new members. Readers should write to Syd Briggs, c/o International Club, 29 Belgrave Road, Blackpool, for full particulars.

New members are welcome to join the JAMES STEWART FAN CLUB. Each member will receive bi-monthly club news, *James Stewart's Review*, membership list, an autographed photo of James Stewart and club privileges. For full information write to the British Representative, William E. Robinson, 9 Duckett Road, Harringay, London, N.4.

THE STAR CLUB FOR RADIO, STAGE AND SCREEN FANS invites you to write for information. This is a club full of novel and interesting ideas with a very nominal subscription. This club was formed two years ago, but it is now being reorganised. Write to Miss G. Crowe, Secretary, 836 Spring Bank West, Hull, for full particulars.

Write to Douglas Graf, Hon. Secretary, THE NAT GONELLA FAN CLUB, 22 Cardross Street, Hammersmith, London, W.6, for

full particulars of this club, which has about 400 members and publishes an interesting magazine every month.

Please remember to enclose a stamped-addressed envelope with your letter to Fan Clubs to ensure a reply.

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In the modern manner too, if your mood demands flowers, are Aziadé's Compact Flower Perfumes. There are the loveliest flowers to choose from... Gardenia, Spring Flowers, Jasmine, Lilac or a dozen others. The most perfect perfumes—in the most convenient form. Make them yours.



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HOW TO TREAT A STOMACH PAIN

When your stomach is healthy and well, you never think of its existence. But when it is out of sorts for any reason you know all about it. Pain sets in—sometimes very severe, nagging pain.

What are you to do? You certainly must do something. In nine cases out of ten the remedy is simple enough—a dose or two of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. You must have read of case after case, many of them much worse than yours, where blessed relief has come almost in a twinkling. Flatulence, heartburn, dyspepsia, even gastric and duodenal ulcers, have had to yield to the soothing and healing properties of this modern miracle worker.

It will be strange indeed if your pain does not disappear as all the others have done. Anyway, you can confidently turn to MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder—you can easily tell it by the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. Thankful you will be that you took such a simple, short cut to lasting stomach peace. 1/3, 2/- and 5/- per bottle, powder or tablets.

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31/10/36

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Many letters of appreciation received from famous film stars

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HAIR WAYER**

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A PERFECT NOSE FOR YOU

TRADOS, The Genuine NOSE ADJUSTER (Patented). If your nose is ill-shaped, you can make it perfect with Trados Model 25 Nose Adjuster. In a few weeks, in the privacy of your own room and without interfering with your daily occupation, you can remedy your nasal irregularity. Trados Model 25 Nose Adjuster can shape whilst you sleep, quickly, painlessly, permanently and inexpensively. Model 25 is highly recommended by physicians for fractured or misshapen noses. Gentle, porous, firm, and perfectly comfortable.

Write for free booklet and testimonials.

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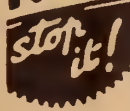
**When you wake with
"MORNING MOUTH"
there's something wrong!**

A foul-tasting mouth when you wake in the morning means that your system contains poisonous decayed food waste matter which has no right to be there! "Morning mouth"—along with bad breath and coated tongue—is a sure sign of stomach, disorder or constipation, causing not only bad skin, headaches loss of vitality and depression, but eventually serious illness and disease. Let Feen-a-mint cleanse your system and banish stomach troubles and constipation. Let Feen-a-mint give you a clear complexion, bright eyes and "sweet" breath. Feen-a-mint works naturally and easily, and its fresh mint flavour makes it a family favourite. 15 million people all over the world depend on Feen-a-mint. Sold in 1/3 packets by chemists and stores everywhere, or for a free sample, send your name and address and 1d. in stamps (to cover postage) to White's Laboratories Ltd., 448 Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1.

YOU MUST SEND FOR SAMPLE of these Wonderful Creams

Buty-Tone Foundation and Cleansing Creams have a magical effect on the skin, making it flawless and soft. Send 3d. in stamps (mentioning "Picturegoer") to Beauty Proprietaries Ltd., Eagle House, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1. for a generous sample of either Foundation or Cleansing Cream.

NAIL BITING



Free booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, secretly and permanently cure yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit. No aloe, no auto-suggestion. New discovery. Send 1d. stamp for postage. **FILTEX LTD.** (Dept. P.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London N.8.

SIXPENCE A WEEK

Is that a big price to be
SURE of your Hair?



A simple way to keep your hair as
you've arranged it—without using any
sticky dressing

That's all it costs—sixpence a week at the most—to be sure of your hair every day and all day long. To have the satisfaction of knowing that it is not only clean but that it *looks* clean. To know it will stay as you arranged it. And to know no dandruff will appear.

After you've had your hair shampooed, 'Danderine' will keep it from getting out of place. When you pay good money for a wave, 'Danderine' will help you to retain it. Unlike sticky dressings, it is delightful to use. Its delicate fragrance is appealing and it creates a marvellous effect of freshness and cleanliness!

It's a pity not to know this little secret that means so much in the way your hair will look. It's *no* trouble. Yet you can hardly believe anything so mild and pleasant as 'Danderine' could bring such a change in the condition and appearance of your hair and scalp. Just try it. You can buy 'Danderine' at all Chemists and Stores 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

'Danderine'
FOR THE HAIR

"SHALL I PUT IT IN THE
METER OR GET SOME
MORE 'PALM' TOFFEE?"

"PALM" Toffee!



The Best that mummy can buy!

The Flavour they Favour



Everyone will notice the improvement in richness and flavour in your stews, soups and meat dishes generally if you add Oxo Cubes.

For Oxo makes good cooking even better. It provides the essential food-substances of prime beef in concentrated form—it increases nutrition—aids digestion—makes the meal more appetising and attractive.



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OXO

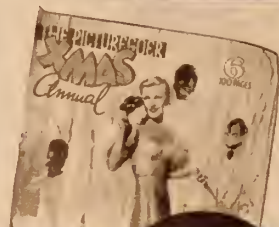
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IT'S NEARLY HERE!

Great 100-page Film-fan Thrill

A film sensation! . . . to thrill every film-fan, is ON ITS WAY! Out next Wednesday, November 11, "The Picturegoer" CHRISTMAS ANNUAL will set the whole country talking—100 glorious all-photogravure pages crammed with lovely pictures of screenland's most glamorous stars. Then you will know Myrna Loy's romance secret—the price stars pay for stardom—the girls Robert Taylor falls for—you'll read Fredric March's letter to a movie-struck girl—all this and much more in the magnificent CHRISTMAS ANNUAL of "The Picturegoer." Remember—Wednesday, November 11—sixpence only—There'll be a huge demand.



Out
Wednesday
Nov. 11

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW!

THE PICTUREGOER XMAS ANNUAL

100
PAGES
6^D.



"They shall grow not old, as we that
are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the
years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in
the morning
We will remember them."

We can best remember them by offering the hand of friendship to their comrades who survived, so many thousands of whom, because of sickness or because they are growing old, are today in dire need of help.

Please help the British Legion to help these men and their families by giving as generously as you can for the Poppies you will wear on

POPPY DAY Nov. 11

DONATIONS will be welcomed, and these should be addressed to the local Poppy Day Committee, or to: Captain W. G. Willcox, M.B.E., Organising Secretary, Earl Haig's British Legion Appeal Fund, 29, Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7.
LADIES willing to act as Poppy Sellers are asked to apply to their local Poppy Day Committees or to the above address

Leave IT to ANNE

PLEASE accept the invitation to "leave it to me." I am sure that I can help you over your own pet problem. Send a stamped addressed envelope if you wish for a quick reply.

NOWADAYS your nails must be conspicuous, not by reason of their blood red colour—that fashion has given place to softer more delicate tints—but by reason of the care you give them.

Modern manicure does more than groom the outer nail. It is devised to give nourishment and care to the embryo nail as well. "Soft" manicure is what they call it, and not only does it care for the new nail to be, but it also sets out to eliminate ridges, horniness and brittleness, caused mainly by acidity in the blood, and secondly by the use of cheap manicure preparations.

Here is the way to go about a soft manicure.

First of all wash your hands with warm water and good soap, and then scrub the nails with a soft rubber bristled nail brush. Next file them with an emery board, shaping the nail to follow the outline of the finger tip. Excessively pointed nails are in bad taste and quite impracticable if you work for your living.

Take your orange stick and having wound a wisp of cotton wool about it, dip it in a good cuticle remover, working patiently and gently around the base and sides of the nail. Now cleanse the nail tip with the orange stick, and when each one is clean, repeat the process with a piece of dry cotton wool on the stick. Never use the points of the scissors or a metal file for this purpose. It roughens and scratches the under surface and so make it ready to pick up dirt again.

Rinse the hands in clear water, dry with a soft huckaback towel, gently pushing back the cuticle and rubbing away any bits of dead loose skin.

Now is the time to remove the old nail polish. Take a scrap of cotton wool and apply the polish remover. It must be an oily remover. The old fashioned acetone removers deprive your nails of all natural oil and make them brittle. A good oily remover nourishes the nail at the same time, but (and this but is important) when its work is done, it does not leave a film of oil there to spoil the next application of polish.

If a nail is the slightest bit greasy or damp, nail polish will not spread itself easily and smoothly. It is bound to crack and peel.

Apply the polish, leaving the tips and the half moons unpolished if your nails are a good tapering shape. But if Nature has given you broad and squarish nails, you can give them a better appearance by taking the polish to the edges.

Nowadays there is a lovely new range of delicate tones. Smoky shades are the vogue. There are several from which to choose, and they blend well with the autumn's most fashionable tints. Here again see that you buy the best for it is cheapest in the long run.

Cheap nail polish goes glaucy in the bottom of the bottle and you must throw it away before the bottle is half empty. The good one lasts to the end.

There are many older women who are conservative about this matter of tinted nails, and, perhaps quite rightly, they prefer nails which appear to glow with nothing but pinky health. For such as these there are paste, powder and cake polishes. These just give the nails a lovely lustre.

The nail tips should be accentuated with a touch of nail white. A pencil is the easiest method of applying this, though some still prefer the tube variety.

When the polish is quite dry, the final touch must be given. Both nail and cuticle should be annointed with uticle oil, or if you prefer it, cuticle cream.

In addition this should be a nightly routine. If you have a tendency to brittleness or ridges, it will help to improve the condition of the nails.

A complete set of the necessities mentioned in this article may be bought in a trial size for 2s. 6d. So it would not be an extravagance to try out this new soft manicure idea. In

the preparations there is every ingredient to help your nails, and nothing to make them hard and brittle.

Where nails have been neglected over a period, it is perhaps best to let the first manicure be a professional one. You can still ask for a "soft" manicure. If once you see a professional manicurist at work, it gives you a very good idea how to proceed on your own account. After she has begun the good work, it is fairly simple to carry on with the daily care yourself.

Personally, I am all for removing the polish at night time, and going to bed with nails *au naturel*. I think it is not only good for their health, but it also forces you to give the nails their due measure of daily care.

You must make preparation for renewing the polish, and that is all to the good.

★ ★ ★

Answers to Correspondents

H. I. (Exeter).—Most of us realise what a difference really attractive hair makes to our appearance, but somehow our hair, in spite of all we do to it, never seems to acquire the soft, silky finish we admire in our favourite film stars. Well, here is something which will make your hair equally soft and silky—a new shampoo. It is called Drene, and only costs 6d. for a bottle containing enough for two shampoos.

I. M. (Hertford).—Phul-Nana is quite unlike any other perfume you have ever used. It has that rare quality of fascination. A whole suite of beauty aids, including powder, cream, soap, bath crystals, talcum, brillantane and cachous, share Phul-Nana's mystery—a mystery you must discover for yourself.

Erica (Liverpool).—There is a new wave setting lotion which is also a colour rinse. It is useful for brightening up the hair between shampoos. It is available in half a dozen shades. There is one for platinum blondes. It costs 1s. a bottle. Let me have your address.

Pam (Liverpool).—Massage your legs with a reducing cream. You can also use a reducing lotion. Make it by adding to a pint of surgical spirit, two finely shaved squares of camphor. Bottle and leave for 48 hours before use. Do not use on the face nor the bust. Dab on the parts two or three times a day.

Ginger.—"Puppy fat" is not unusual at 16 years of age. You will probably lose it in a year or so. Don't worry about it. Continue with your exercise. Do not eat sweets or snacks between meals. Take wholemeal bread, omit fattening fish such as salmon, herrings, sardines, roes, etc. Eat the lean only of meat, and cut out bacon. Give up pastries and cakes.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to G. Cummings, 5 Cook Street, New Seaham, Co. Durham, for:—

Wanted
A Son of a Sailor
Just My Luck
My Old Man's a Fireman

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to: Miss I. ASHTON, 10 Clifton Road, Harlesden N.10, for:—

Who Killed Cock Robin?
A Woman Accused
Circumstantial Evidence
A Feather in Her Hat

Jos. S. PARKER, 40 Tame Street, Hill Top, West Bromwich, Staffs, for:—

Madam Satan
The Devil's Sister
Up Pops the Devil
The Unholy Three

Mrs. GLADYS C. HARRINGHAM, 79 Robsart Street, Brixton, S.W.9, for:—

The Temptress
Take Me Home
A Very Honourable Guy
A Woman Alone

Miss F. MILLER, 8 Edward Road, East Croydon, for:—

Two on a Doorstep
Night After Night
After Office Hours
Maybe It's Love

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no other rules, except that I must insist that your "titles" are submitted on a postcard and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.

ACTORS' MAKE-UP OUTFIT

Materials exactly the same as used by Film Stars. Contains everything you want—Grease Paint, Nose Putty, Burnt Cork, Cream, Spirit Gum, Lines, Hair, Moustache, etc. **WARRANTED PERFECTLY HARMLESS TO THE SKIN.** Prices 6d., 1/-, 2/6, 5/-, 7/6. Postage 3d. and 6d.

MIDGET BIBLE—Great Curiosity

Smallest Bible in the World! Size of a postage stamp. Wonderfully clear printing. 224 pages. Weight under half an ounce. A genuine work of art. Must be seen to be appreciated. Postage 2d.

PLATE LIFTER (Palpator)

A startling practical joke. Extra long tubing. Place it under the tablecloth then press the bulb, or under your vest and ask them to feel your heart! Great fun. Full directions sent. Price 1/- (post free).

LUMINOUS PAINT

Makes your watches, clocks, etc., visible at night. Luminous effect is permanent. EMITS RAYS OF WHITE LIGHT perfectly visible in the dark. The darker it is the more brilliant it shines. Price 1/-, Postage 3d.

MAGIC BOTTLE

The owner can lay the bottle down on a table and it will lie flat, but ask a friend to do it and it is impossible; you can do it every time! Price 6d. Postage 1d.

DANCING SKELETON

A figure of a skeleton, 14 inches high. Dances and performs various gyrations at your will. Post 1d.

SEEBACKROSCOPE

This instrument is beautifully finished. Holds itself in the eye as magnifying glasses used by jewellers, etc. Placed to the eye you can see what is taking place back of you and in front of you at the same time. You can have lots of fun with this instrument. 9d. Postage 2d.

MAGIC NOSE FLUTE

A unique and novel musical instrument that is played with nose and mouth combined. Produces very sweet music that somewhat resembles a flute. Anyone can play it. Nothing to learn. No knowledge of music required. Price 1/-.

THROW YOUR VOICE

into a trunk, under the bed, or anywhere. Lots of fun fooling teacher, policeman, or friends.

THE VENTRILO

A little instrument fits in the mouth out of the eye as magnifying glasses used by jewellers, etc. Placed to the eye you can see what is taking place back of you and in front of you at the same time. You can have lots of fun with this instrument. 9d. Postage 2d.

"G" MAN AUTOMATIC

A replica of the automatic carried by the famous "G" men of America. Nickel plated. Measures 4 inches long. Finger-tip control. The slightest touch of the finger operates it. Works as fast as you can move your fingers. Sparks fly from the muzzle, and a noise just like a real automatic is heard. No ammunition to buy. Price 2/6. Postage 2d.

WHOOPEE CUSHION

Made of rubber. Blown up like a balloon and placed on a chair, couch, seat, etc. When the victim unsuspectingly sits on the cushion it gives forth noises which can be better imagined than described. Price 1/-, Postage 2d.

LEARN TO DRAW

Just Like a Professional!

With the aid of the GRAPHOSCOPE anyone can learn easily how to draw freehand perfectly. The GRAPHOSCOPE reflects the picture of a model on to the drawing book or sheet and the artist traces over the reflection. The result is an exact copy. Thus the artist gains valuable knowledge of the rudiments of drawing and after a while finds himself able to draw well freehand. A really valuable and efficient educational article. Complete with pad, pencil, picture models, and illustrated instructions. 2/6. Postage 6d.

WINDOW SMASHING JOKE OR WHO BROKE THE CROCKERY?

A Most Extraordinary Novelty. The apparatus for this great joke consists of specially made tuned plates which can be carried in coat pocket. When dropped on the floor it sounds exactly like a window being broken or crockery being smashed. There is no limit to the fun you can have. Price 1/-, Post 3d.

BLACK FACES SOAP**SURPRISE JOKE**

Just an ordinary-looking piece of toilet soap, but when your friend washes, his face becomes all black. A great joke. Price 6d. Postage 2d.

PARISIAN BEAUTIES

If you want to test the curiosity of your friends, and have a good chuckle, you should have this album of "Parisian Beauties." What they expect to see and what they will "receive" is quite different. The more the book is handled the more genuine it looks. Price 6d. Postage 2d.

SNEEZING POWDER

Place a very small amount of this powder on the back of your hand and blow it into the air, and everyone in the room will begin to sneeze without knowing the reason why. 3d. box. Postage 1d.

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ISN'T MY HAIR A
SIGHT! IT'S THIS
DREADFUL
HARD WATER

I USE
"SHAMPETTE"
HARD WATER
DOESN'T MAKE
ANY
DIFFERENCE THEN

★ SHAMPETTE

Your hair will never look at its best if you live in a "hard-water" district—that is unless you use Shampette for shampooing. For hard water in conjunction with soap leaves a sticky deposit in your hair which spoils its natural sheen and makes it difficult to manage. Shampette, on the other hand, since it contains no soap, leaves your hair full of life and colour and ready to take the most bewitching wave you ever saw. Try this new beauty treatment to-morrow and see what a difference it makes! No. 1 for Fair and Medium hair. No. 2 for Dark hair.

SHAMPETTE

Fourpence per packet

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Anne Reed's three amazing herbal creams work wonders on the worst skin.

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BEAUTY CREAM—As a refining, brightening tonic and powder foundation

2/6 each for generous pot. Post free. Send to-day to:—
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Grow them to fashion's length—quickly. While you sleep Filtex Rapid Nail Grower will bring you lovely long nails. Works wonders for nails shortened by trying. Try it! Just apply nightly—That's all! Testimonials daily. Month's supply 3/6 Post free.
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ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE
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Rounded Ends for complete concealment

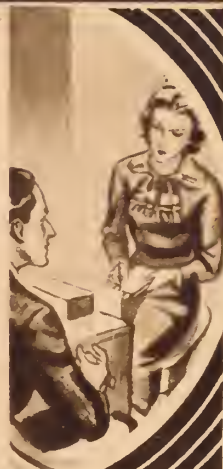
YOUR FAVOURITE PERFUME IN A COMPACT

Lilac, Jasmin, Gardenia, Muguet, Lavender, Violet—highly concentrated semi-solid perfumes magically blended from real flowers—make AVA Compact Perfume unbelievably

I'm glad I got **GLYMIEL**

I was terrified
when the
manager
called me in

When I started taking down, I saw his eyes positively glued to my hands. Horribly embarrassing—they were hopelessly red and rough. Made me so nery I couldn't keep up with him. I was in despair.



Yet now I'm
his private
secretary

I bought some Glymiel Jelly, the one thing I hadn't tried. My dears! Overnight it made my hands smoother and whiter. He noticed them, too. My confidence rose—I zipped through the work. Hands are so noticeable—take my tip—get Glymiel yourselves.

Be sure you get Glymiel Jelly always. Avoid imitations. Glymiel Jelly is made by a private process impossible to copy. Glymiel sinks in immediately, without a

trace of stickiness or grease; it feeds the underlying tissues, thus building true beauty for your hands. Get a tube of Glymiel Jelly today and notice the difference in your hands to-morrow.

Tubes... 3d. 6d. 1/-
Decorative Jars 2/6



Glymiel JELLY

Just as Glymiel Jelly gives your hands charm and beauty, so GLYMIEL FACE CREAM gives charm and beauty to your complexion. 6d. a tube.

Natural WAVES FOR YOU

No matter how straight your hair is now, Vosemar, a hair specialist's wonderful discovery, will give you lustrous natural waves. No curling irons or heat to ruin the hair! Guaranteed pure and harmless. 1/6 tube lasts 2 weeks. (For Baby's hair Curly Top is equally effective at 1/3 per tube.) Sold by most good chemists including Boots, or post free from:—
THE VOSEMAR CO. (Dept. T)
11 Parsons Lane, Bury, Lancs.

VOSEMAR

delightful. Just a touch is sufficient. Nothing to break, spill, or evaporate.

SEND 1/- (P.O. or stamps) for each perfume required, to AVA Ltd. (Dept. P.2), 9, Park Hill, London, S.W.4.

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The Picturegoer Weekly.
No. 286 (New Series), Vol. 6
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.
November 14, 1936

Picturegoer

The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

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WEEKLY



Frances Langford

The BIGGEST FILM THRILL of the YEAR *IS HERE!*

"PICTUREGOER XMAS ANNUAL" JUST OUT

100-PAGE PAGEANT of SCREEN
GLAMOUR and GLORIOUS ROMANCE

"Picturegoer" readers—here's a Christmas TREAT indeed! The most exciting film thrill of the whole year—"Picturegoer" CHRISTMAS ANNUAL—JUST OUT, on sale everywhere, price 6d. only.

It's brilliant . . . sparkling . . . fascinating . . . immense! A hundred big, glowing photogravure pages crammed with breathless thrills, secrets that will make you gasp, intimate revelations . . . all the marvels and wonders of filmland paraded before you in a glittering pageant of glamour and romance.

On the left you have a glimpse of the entertainment that's packed between the coloured covers of "Picturegoer" CHRISTMAS ANNUAL—but that's only a fraction of its lavish contents. Over 100 lovely pictures—a review of the highlights of 1936 and a prophetic peep at 1937—brilliant criticisms of new films, reviews of current releases, etc., etc.

"Picturegoer" CHRISTMAS ANNUAL is selling fast. If you postpone getting it until later, you may miss this thrill of a lifetime. Don't waste a second. Hurry to your Newsagent now and make sure of your copy AT ONCE.

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★ 24 Full-Page Art
Portrait Plates

of favourite film stars.
Permanent souvenirs that
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Here's something nobody's
ever dared to offer you
before. Intimate letters
written by Fredric
March to a movie-struck
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★ Robert Taylor
Loves...

Who? Read the screen's
greatest lover's description
of some of the tender
moments in his own life.

★ Two Floors didn't
Floor Merle.

How did two floors play
an important part in
Merle Oberon's life? How
did she and Norma
Shearer get Norma's
"Rolls" full of dirt?

★ Pagliacci and the
Policeman.

How did the Police
Commissioner use a per-
formance of Pagliacci to
teach his faithless wife a
lesson?

★ £s.d. of ...

What does it cost to be a
famous star? If you
earned £32,000 a year
for five years in Holly-
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you save?

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For the very first time
Myrna Loy's own love
story is told—and it's
as romantic as anything
she has ever played on
the screen.

★ Anna Sten Says
"Wish" ...

And tells you how to
make your wishes come
true. She's made a few
come true herself, so she
ought to know.

★ What Does His
Wife Think of Him?

He's the screen's most
frightful fiend—he's made
more flesh creep than all
the ghosts in history—
but what does his wife
think about him?

★ Don't Wait!

You'll never forgive your-
self if you miss "Picture-
goer" CHRISTMAS
ANNUAL, so hurry to
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your copy now!

THE PICTUREGOER
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Sylvia used to cut sandwiches . . . now she's too busy dancing



A pretty face usually helps a girl to popularity—and 'Tired Skin' usually holds her back. But don't be worried if your skin isn't as lovely as you'd like it to be; even if you work in the grimy city atmosphere all day long you can still have a fresh and lovely complexion. It's so very simple to counteract the effects of the stale city air. Use Knight's Castile—the soap that is specially made for the face. Long years of experience have shown Knights the exact blend of oils that will stimulate the skin to

loveliness—Knight's Castile refreshes your complexion just as country air does, and gives it a new, vivid beauty. You can buy Knight's Castile Soap for only 4d a tablet, so start this wonderful complexion treatment to-day.



Knight's Castile

SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE



AN 'OXYGEN' BATH is a beauty treatment

Imagine it! Your bath a veritable beauty treatment, fragrant as a flower garden, luxuriously soft, super-charged with beautifying oxygen—simply by crumbling a Reudel Bath Cube in the water. Oxygenated water dissolves away secretions and stimulates your skin to radiant velvety health; holds soap and dirt in solution so that it cannot wash back into the pores. Thus you get new life and springlike daintiness!

Reudel Bath Cube

Oxygenates your bath

2^d each.

NEW! Reudel Pine Cubes and Reudel Lavender Cubes are now available—2d. each—or 6 cubes in dainty box 1/- (including Bath Temperature Chart and Reudel Beauty Exercises).

You can't wash the wear out of

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underwear!

You enjoy having a variety of frocks. Why not enjoy the same variety in your lingerie and slumberwear? The range of Conlowe styles and shades is one of its chief charms. And the embroidery work is a marvel of delicacy. Wear Conlowe, and you will feel thoroughly luxurious but not extravagant!

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cigarettes, but not quite so large; big enough, however,
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MINORS

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FOR THAT LEISURED ¼ HOUR — DE RESZKE MAJORS, 20 for 1/-

Picturegoer-The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

All the GOSSIP

SHOULD the public talk back at the talkies? The question of film audience demonstrations is raised again in serious form because of the rapidly growing development of the *Young England* fashion among the fans.

Young England, you will recall, was the play that became a theatrical joke and gave the West End a new indoor sport; it ran for months because it was so bad that people paid good money to go in and "rag" it.

Now filmgoers have discovered the idea and are enthusiastically searching for screen *Young Englands*, buying tickets simply for the sheer joy of "razzing" them.

Not the least ironical feature is that the outbreak has been worse in the "neighbourhood houses" of Hollywood than anywhere else. It has replaced Handies and Knock Knock as the game of the hour.

Movie Kings Worried

The procedure consists of "talking back" to the actors, anticipating their lines, singing with them, hissing the villain, cat-calling, jeering and feet stamping.

It's great fun and a good time is had by all, even the exhibitor concerned, because the worse the picture the bigger the box-office receipts.

The film world, however, is seriously worried over the possibility of the idea spreading until demonstrations, hitherto rare among movie audiences, become a habit.

If the development is not checked, it is feared, ridicule will not be limited to bad pictures but will extend into the realm of the average picture and even the super.

The remedy lies with the industry itself. We know that all pictures cannot be good, but it would pay the producers in the long run to cut their losses and junk those talkies that are obviously bad.

Nobody wants hooliganism in the kinema, but the film public has as much right as the theatre public to express its disapproval of inferior entertainment.

The Garbo Jinx Again

Now they are talking again in film circles about the Garbo leading man jinx, and shaking their heads over the fate of Robert Taylor because he is co-starring with her in *Camille*.

The legend started years ago when the eclipse of Jack Gilbert followed his silent screen partnership with the Swedish glamour queen.

The superstitious recalled then that Ricardo

Cortez had never achieved his outstanding promise of greatness after Greta was his leading lady in *The Torrent*.

Her countryman, Lars Hanson, Nils Asther, and Gavin Gordon loved Garbo on the screen; all were nearly as great as Taylor is to-day, and all subsequently and almost unaccountably faded out.

Gable Survived

The superstition gained strength when Charles Bickford, to whom the endearments of the Voice the World has Waited For were directed in *Anna Christie*, afterwards failed to fulfil his expected screen destiny. Robert Montgomery, it is claimed, has never been the same since *Inspiration*.

Clark Gable broke the hoodoo in *The Rise of*

Judith Barrett is one of Hollywood's up and coming ingenues. You will see her in "Flying Hostess."

Helga, but Ramon Novarro started on the well-known toboggan after *Mata Hari*, his last really big hit.

One has, however, noticed no decline in the careers of Herbert Marshall and Fredric March, who survived the jinx in *The Painted Veil* and *Anna Karenina*.

A New Screen "Sleeper"

In films the customer is always right and the producer is often wrong. The latest picture to turn out to be what is known in the trade as a "sleeper" is *The Gay Desperado*.

"Sleepers" are presumably so-called because they catch the movie kings napping. They are those movies, like *The Thin Man*, which, produced without any great hope, expense or ballyhoo, are unexpectedly hailed by the public as epics.

"Sleepers" are not new, of course. When James Cruze made *The Covered Wagon*, executives were so disheartened about the rushes he sent daily from location that they ordered him back. He refused to return, and the picture was recognised on release (and has been ever since for that matter) as one of the great achievements of the kinema.

Caught England Unawares

More recent examples have been *Disraeli*, *Lady for a Day*, *The Informer*, and *One Night of Love*.

(Continued on page 6)



(Continued from page 5)

Nobody in Hollywood, least of all Columbia, its sponsors, attached much importance to *It Happened One Night* until it reached the screen (PICTUREGOER, incidentally, discovered it for you here), and *Flying Down to Rio* attracted practically no interest until the fans picked out the dancing of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire for themselves.

Little was heard even about *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* until the public adopted the picture as a hit.

Similarly, *The Private Life of Henry VIII* caught the English industry unawares. Nobody would look at the idea.

A Masculine Grace Moore

In the case of *The Gay Desperado*, the picture's possibilities were never suspected in Hollywood.

Immediately on its completion its producers, Mary Pickford and Jesse Lasky (who were known to be disappointed with their earlier effort *One Rainy Afternoon*), announced with a sigh that they were folding up their tents for good.

Then *The Gay Desperado* reached the screen and was accorded raves wherever it was shown.

Now it is expected to do for Nino Martini what *One Night of Love* did for Grace Moore.

Cruelty to Animals

Allegations of cruelty to animals in the production of motion pictures are again causing a scandal, which should be cleared up right away.

Strong moves are afoot at the moment to tighten the existing restrictions. The Humane Society, for instance, has demanded the privilege of checking scripts and stories of films using animals before they go into production, in the same way as they are checked for breaches of the morality codes.

Trip-rope Trick

The present situation has been brought about through charges of cruelty in connection with the charge scenes of *The Charge of the Light Brigade*.

I know that sounds like a lot of charges; anyway, what happened was that the animals charged the guns and then the animal lovers charged some of the company officials—at the Sonora court.

The allegation was that three horses had had to be killed as a result of the injuries they

received through the old trip-rope trick.

Three officials, including the assistant director, were fined.

Frank McHugh's Big Break

I wonder if *Three Men on a Horse* will make a front rank comedy star of Frank McHugh. Frank has for a long time been turning in a fine job of work on the screen, as one of the studio's stock company, playing small parts, providing comedy relief in the Warner musicals, and saving big pictures for the stars.

For years he has been the Directors' Friend at Burbank. "This opening is a bit flat," or "the film is not shaping up too well," they'd yell in frantic S.O.S. messages to the front

office, "write in a bit for McHugh." And McHugh never let them down.

Now they have given him what virtually amounts to a stellar lead, one of the few big comedy roles written in years. Eddie Cantor himself, I know, wanted to play it.

Well, here is one filmgoer who will be crossing fingers for Frank when the picture reaches the screen. I like Frank McHugh, and the talkies, heaven knows, need new front-rank comedy stars.

McHugh, by the way, had applied for one of the small roles in the film and had been disappointed when he was turned down.

The assignment to the lead was a complete surprise to him.

The comedian is one of the most modest of film actors. He still lives in a small house, which hasn't even a swimming pool.

Dearth of Comedy Stars

One of the most serious screen problems of the moment, as a matter of fact, is the shortage of good funny men. The position will be even more critical if, as appears likely, Laurel and Hardy part company, though I have never considered either Oliver or Stan a genius.

Chaplin offers his precious wares too infrequently these days to be considered a factor as a laughter-maker and most of the others have, through sheer lack of ingenuity, become stereotyped or have ceased to be funny at all.

Fortune dealt both him and us an unkind blow in the matter of W. C. Fields. The health of Fields, the one great comedy discovery since talkies, broke down just when he had the world at his feet.

He is now, I am glad to be able to report, progressing well. He has been in a sanatorium in Pasadena, is looking better and is writing a book. It's called, he says, *Murder In a Hospital* and is alleged to be a running account of how they tried to kill him during the cure!

Oh! Mona

Talking of swimming baths (we were just now, weren't we?) Mona Barrie has set up a record of some sort or another.





Above: Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor in "Camille." They are talking again of the "Garbo jinx on leading men (see page 5)

Mona has bought her pool first and is adding the house afterwards.

The pool is on a mountain top and was to have been part of a sanatorium but the funds ran out. The new owner is now building a kitchen, living, and sleeping-room, on to it.

Five Bobs' Worth of Dietrich

So they are going to charge 5/- a time to look at Dietrich in the flesh. Marlene's first-night mobbing parties have brought a heap of criticism down on her carefully coiffured head.

Now, it is announced, the star is to attend the Red Cross Ball at Grosvenor House, on November 25, and special balcony accommodation affording a close-up view of her will be available to the public for the nimble "dollar."

I do not know whether genuine fans will regard the innovation as worthy of the dignity of an actress who is one of the first ladies of the screen.

A more dreadful possibility is that the muster of the faithful may not come up to expectations. One imagines that the fact that Marlene is to be put up as a public peep show at a hospital ball will not be widely advertised.

I advertise it here for the same reason (presumably) as Miss Dietrich consented to the stunt—because it is in a good cause.

A Tale of a Cameraman

While there is still no news of special Coronation Year films, the news-reel companies are already busy with their plans for the day.

Variety tells a story of how a Paramount cameraman "knocked over the Dean of Westminster Abbey while news-reel units were discussing with him the possibilities of filming the ceremony."

"Cameraman," the tale goes on, "casting an appraising eye round the Abbey to seek out camera positions, spied two priceless stained glass windows, which are among the most jealously guarded treasures of the ancient pile.

"That's one thing we'll want, Dean," he said. "These two windows will have to come out for the time being."

"The Dean, they say, has not yet recovered." Well, it's a good story. . . .

Fatty Grows Up

Do you remember Joe Cob, who played the fat boy in the "Our Gang" comedies for years?

Joe has grown up now—he is 19—and is seeking a come-back as an adult actor. He is



Hollywood's mystery couple—a charming and intriguing informal shot of Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard.

going to work again on the Hal Roach lot.

With the exception of Madge Evans, the later fate in films of the infant prodigies has been a melancholy one.

Mary Kornmann, another grown-up, former member of the "Gang," has played a few ingenues, mostly in quickies, without causing the reigning queens any loss of beauty sleep.

Jackie Coogan, who started it all, has done nothing apart from appearing with fair regularity in the Hollywood night-life gossip and production forecasts.

Wesley Barry, a big star in his youth, has had a few juvenile leads, but has so far failed to give any signs of re-making his name.

And when last I heard of Baby Marie Osborne, who was a Shirley Temple in her day, she was rather proud of working as a stand-in for Ginger Rogers.

Successor to Cagney

The firm of Warner has found a likely successor to their Mr. James (Cave Man) Cagney, but his name is Archie!—Archie Roberts, in full.

Archie is a newcomer to pictures from a little-theatre group and is described as being of the "rough and ready" type.

He is to be groomed almost immediately for Cagney roles.

First of all, however, they are going to change that first name.

Pugilistic Heroines Now

What with the deliberate introduction of a Cagney successor and Gary Cooper having to land a punch on our Madeleine Carroll in *The General Dies at Dawn* the "sock the lady" era lingers on in films.

But Mae West is out to reverse the roles. *Go West Young Man* may introduce a vogue for pugilistic hero-hitting heroines.

Mae, as a temperamental movie star, lands a haymaker on Warren William, as her press agent, and knocks him down.

The star packs a punch, too, according to Mr. William. She is, of course, the daughter of a prize fighter and is one of the most enthusiastic and regular patrons of the Hollywood boxing matches.

Another Impending Revolt?

The Warners seem to be unfortunate with their players and at the moment another revolt, that of Pat O'Brien, is impending.

That zealous Irish-American is registering vigorous protest over the type of role assigned him and he is attempting to convince the studio that he should portray characters other than those of Irish cops or prize fighters.

To lend force to his argument, he has purchased for himself an unproduced play on the life of Robert Emmet, in which he is trying, with indifferent success, to interest the firm.

O'Brien has taken the attitude that with the number of good Irish stories being made, he should be allowed something worth while. He wanted to join the casts of *The Informer* and *Parnell*, but couldn't, and RKO sought him for *The Plough and the Stars*, but Warners declined.

More War Films

There are signs of another minor cycle of war pictures. Universal is to make *The Road Back*, Eric Remarque's sequel to *All Quiet on the Western Front*. James Whale is to direct it, but I am inclined to think that the publicity department is in error in describing

him as the genius behind the previous Remarque screen epic. It was Lewis Milestone who got the credit at the time.

At any rate, *The Road Back* is expected to result in the discovery of several stars of the future. *All Quiet*, you remember, made a star of Lew Ayres and brought into screen prominence Ben Alexander, Russell Gleason, Slim Summerville and several others. Whale is at present looking for six likely young men.

Any Woman Can be Beautiful

I suppose the statisticians will get round to it some time, but at a rough estimate I should say that the films have increased the general standard of feminine beauty by about forty per cent.

Wally Westmore, one of the famous English Westmore brothers, head of the make-up department at Paramount, declares that if a woman is ugly to-day it is her own fault.

"Give me any woman with a personality and fairly regular features," he says, "and I will make her beautiful." The art of making oneself beautiful, he considers, ought to be taught in high schools.

Katie Breaks a Record

Katharine Hepburn may have a reputation for childish exhibitionism off the screen, but on the set she is one of the most hard-working of troupers.

She has set up a record for consecutive shooting in one film in *A Woman Rebels*.

When the picture was completed, it was found that Miss Hepburn had worked continuously for fifty-three days with only Sundays off. The production had a fifty-four-day schedule and Katie was on the set every day but one.

In addition, the red-haired star had to wear twenty-two different gowns, changing them back and forth approximately three times each for lapping scenes.

As the action of the picture covers a period of twenty years, she also had to change make-up and coiffeur more than fifty times.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS

The last Bette Davis picture before the big revolt was "The Golden Arrow." She is seen here with George Brent during production.



I Love my HUSBAND because—

He Doesn't Treat
Me as a
Star

Says
Bette Davis
in this interview

PRODUCERS may quail before her very decided ideas on what is best for Bette Davis, the actress. Interviewers may gasp over the vivid ideas of this bright young modern with the big blue eyes and the provocative lips.

But there's one man in Hollywood who isn't at all impressed by the fame and importance of Bette Davis, Academy prize-winner.

That's Harmon O. Nelson, her husband!

Bette told me, "Both Ham and I have always believed that it's possible for a couple to live in Hollywood without going in for the artificiality and show so often associated with stardom. With the help of Ham's sanity and good commonsense, I've proved this to myself—*actresses can live like people!*"

"I couldn't be temperamental and movie-starrish at home even if I wanted to. Ham wouldn't stand for it. He'd walk out on me. If I ever feel like throwing dishes—and I guess every woman does, once in a while—I have to throw them at synthetic husbands in my pictures.

"Maybe that in itself," she observed impishly, "is good for my art. I *have* to save my acting for the screen!"

"Someone once asked me," she added, "if stars should try to create glamour and excitement by living up to the exotic ideas some fans have of Hollywood. I wouldn't know the answer. I've never had a chance to find out!"

And the story of how Ham and Bette have

kept Bette Davis, the Star, out of their marriage, making it one of Hollywood's gayest and most delightful unions, is a fascinating story that has never been published before.

Once she puts foot inside the rambling, New England-type home that is furnished with lovely antiques, bowls of flowers, and small "throw" rugs, Bette completely forgets the girl whose sharp personality captured a world audience in a series of startling roles.

She receives friends, on late summer afternoons, out on a shaded front porch with only a green stretch of lawn and a white picket fence protecting her privacy from a busy boulevard in one of Hollywood's not-too-fashionable districts.

NO movie-star seclusion here! Small boys ride by on bicycles and call out, "Hi, Bette Davis!" as they pass. Conversation is sometimes made difficult by a roar of traffic. Being human, Bette threatens to move. It's significant that she pleads with Ham—"aren't you getting just a *little* tired of all this racket?"

"We can't move," he shouts back across the porch. "Not yet." And that settles it, for Mr. Nelson is very much the master of his own house. As Bette wants it.

They still live under the unique arrangement they worked out back in the days when Ham was just a struggling young orchestra leader instead of one of the town's most popular bandmasters, as he is to-day. He pays half the expenses, she pays half. And even Hollywood,

sceptical at first, admits now that the plan is a smashing success.

Their friends are not influential people, but writers, young business-folk—intelligent rather than professionally intellectual.

When Bette goes shopping, she will actually bring home bundles under her own arms. If you call her on the telephone, she's likely to answer herself, not barricading behind a battalion of butlers and secretaries. She isn't surrounded, as stars sometimes are, by an army of "stooges"—toadies who know how to



Above: Bette shuts the studios out of her home life. Right: Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Nelson—their marriage is one of the gayest in Hollywood.

"a sleepy look, and when they weren't looking, I rubbed off the make-up.

"Actresses should *look* like people, too!"

Just then Ham came up the front walk with a school friend of his and Bette's at Cushing Academy, which they both attended back East. Only it turned out that he hadn't gone there *with* them. He had arrived as a freshman just as Bette graduated. "I can't bear it," she shrieked. "You're making me feel like an old woman!"

Immediately, reminiscences of Cushing Academy began. The teacher who had always been so severe but who was, they realized now, a fine influence, and a gentleman. Bette had just sent a telegram to the winner of the "Bette Davis Cup," presented each year for excellence in sports. She confided in an aside: "Some girls hate their school days. I adored mine. Perhaps I'd have disliked the usual, correct and formal girls' school, but Cushing is co-educational and sometimes I think I was happy just because Ham was there.

"I was 'his girl,' then, and I can still remember one day when he had a terrific battle with a fellow who'd been his enemy all through school. They fought in the gym, which was right under the room where I was attempting to have my dancing lesson. I'd wave my arms and kick

my legs and smile prettily, and all the time I kept hearing these awful *sloshing* noises and tremendous thumps and bangs."

"He just about killed me," Ham admitted.

Bette looked at him fondly. "I bet you could beat him now."

"And don't think I won't try," Ham said, "if ever I see him again!"

Bette refuses to dramatise the fact of their having been school sweethearts—or that they waited for each other while she struggled toward success in Hollywood and he tried to get a start in New York.

"I'd have married somebody else," she insists, "if I'd met anyone nice enough."

She won't dramatise the success of her marriage, either. Ham wouldn't let her even if she tried it. When she had a vacation recently, she may have expected considerable breaking-up of his usual routine on the part of her husband, so he could be with her. Other stars' husbands have done this, and found themselves, before long, playing glorified attendants.

Ham kept right on with his daily golf games, with his orchestra practice, with his orchestra work each night in a popular Hollywood café. The golf games bothered Bette most, because she had always hated the game. "That's one sport I'll *never* be interested in!" she has said with her usual emphasis. "It's a ridiculous game for a woman, anyway."

Now she's taking golf lessons—and loving them!—so she can go around the course with Ham some day.

Even in her public career of Bette Davis, this amazing girl doesn't live up to the standards the feminine stars have set for themselves. Just the other day she sought to play the role of Queen Elizabeth in Katharine Hepburn's new picture, *Mary of Scotland*.

It was so unprecedented that no one knew what to say—an Academy award winner begging for a supporting role in another star's picture! Bette even got herself a costume as Elizabeth and had portraits specially taken, but another assignment kept her from playing the part.

She's one star who can say, "I'd rather play a good part no matter how small, than a big meaningless one!" and really prove she means it.

But if she should ever attempt to bring it home with her, if she ever confuses the two roles, Mrs. Harmon Nelson and Bette Davis, Ham will bring forth a pet, ego-deflating nickname he reserves for these occasions, when he says, "Now, Bess——!"

MARK DOWLING



laugh at her quips and to applaud her enthusiasms.

All this—the simplicity of her home and marriage—is part of Bette's own definite plan. "After all, we're called on to play simple human beings on the screen. How can we hope to do it successfully if we isolate ourselves in a Hollywood atmosphere, meeting only other actors and actresses in a make-believe world where good parts, top billing, and the latest bits of scandal are all that count?

"People made fun of me when I lived in a roadside auto camp one vacation and cooked, swept, cleaned, and kept house for my husband just as women do all over the world. I needed that experience, and because of the demands of my work, I had never been able to have it in Hollywood. I wanted it," she added definitely, "not only for my own good but also to prove to Ham that I could be a real wife in every sense of the word, not just a part-time wife whose job is pretty important to her, too.

"I travel by car as I did in Britain, instead of by train or aeroplane, because it's fun to meet people all over the country—small-town hotel keepers, petrol station men, and others. To be a good actress you *have* to know people. To be a happy person, I'd have to anyway!

"I go to little outlying theatres instead of the big ones, because I want to know what the average audiences like, what they clap for, what stupid artificialities they laugh at!

"I've learned too—I've argued for days with make-up men and technicians over little points in my pictures. There was a scene where I was supposed to be awakened in the middle of the night. They wanted me to wear a lovely make-up and look fresh as the dawn. I insisted upon tousled hair and a—" she demonstrated this—



The star takes a lot of trouble in dealing with her fan mail and devotes a certain time each day to its perusal.

Shots with our Candid Camera



A hectic day with Katharine Hepburn on the "A Woman Rebels" set. First (above), a session with the hairdresser, Jean Woodall, then (right) with Director Mark Sandrich.

Above: Entertaining the baby—Marilyn French, who plays the star's child in the film. Below: With Assistant Director Eddie Donahue and Edward Killy, one of her oldest friends.

The hair stylist again. Jean Woodall supervises the difficult problem of a period hat.

Walter Forde's dog, "Chum," takes a look through the camera while his master is directing. On the right is Richard Tauber.

MY film career started at the age of six months, in defiance of the law existing in this country forbidding those of tender age to take an active part in the making of motion pictures. Until then I was leading a quiet country life in some Lincolnshire kennels. I should perhaps state here that I am a wire-haired terrier by birth (and by this I mean, without any desire to appear snobbish about it, that my parents and theirs before them were also wire-haired terriers), and having been born into circumstances in which my life should have passed peacefully huntin', shootin' and fishin', little did I dream in my childhood days that I should soon be cast into the hurly-burly of film production.

It so happened that Walter Forde (a film director—as our kennel-maid informed us with a certain amount of awe in her voice), visiting the kennels one day with Mrs. Forde, took a fancy to me, and I was told to say good-bye to my parents. My mother, a gentle pious creature, warned me against the perils of the film studios. My father said he thought I could well look after myself, and winked broadly at me behind her back. And so my film career started.

I was fortunate in getting my schooling with so experienced a hand at the game as Walter Forde. He has been directing films now for eighteen years, both here and in Hollywood, and was—as you know—the director of the film which really started this current boom in British films, namely *Rome Express*.

That was before my time, of course, and I will say he made a pretty good job of it in spite of the fact that I wasn't there to supervise everything. But I have worked with him on the Jack Hulbert film, *Bulldog Jack* (heavens how I resented that title, but nothing would persuade him to change it to "Wire Haired Jack"), and also on the Conrad Veidt-Helen Vinson film *King of the Damned*, so by the time he got his contract from Max Schach of Capitol Films and was assigned to direct *Land Without Music*, with Richard Tauber, "Schnozzle" Durante, Diana Napier, June Clyde, Derrick de Marney, and Esme Percy heading the cast, I really felt that I was now in the position to take the reins of government—so to speak—and do a bit of directing myself.

I don't want you to misunderstand me; I have a very high opinion of Walter Forde. As far as human beings go, he is as efficient and imaginative as they make them, but the qualification is still there—as far as human beings go. Sometimes I feel that he resents my showing him the way; for instance when he all but kicked me the other day for (so he said) spoiling a "take," just because I barked while Richard Tauber sang one of the Oscar Straus songs that are a feature of the film, I knew it was merely jealousy on his part.

He must have realised that I was merely barking to ensure that there would be perfect quiet on the set. But there you are, these humans can be so unreasonable.

My day at the studios begins before nine o' clock in the morning, when I go round our set (and sometimes round the other sets as well, just to be helpful) and see that the carpenters, electricians, painters, etc., are all doing their jobs.

Then perhaps there's a script conference to attend, or a chat with Richard Tauber in his dressing-room. Tauber I may say is a very great friend of mine; not many people can claim the

CHUM who, as his master, Walter Forde, puts it, has been collaborating with him in directing films for the last two years, here gives his impression of a film in the making, as told to our contributor, Roma Nelson.

privilege of having Tauber sing for their sole benefit, but this has happened to me time and again in his dressing-room, where he has a piano. And we have frequently been photographed together.

Next Diana Napier, or "Schnozzle" Durante or June Clyde had to be visited, to make sure they knew their lines for the day, and had got their right costumes and so on.

Whilst on this subject and without wishing to appear boastful there can be few dogs who have made the acquaintance of so many celebrities as I have. I have met Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, and the Maharajah of Mysore on the *Land Without Music* set, and walking through the corridors I have frequently stopped for an informal chat with most of the famous personalities who frequent the studios.

Then again when Walter Forde takes me to lunch in the executives' own restaurant in the studios, there's no end to the famous people to whom I say "How do you do?"

I have frequently heard the Guv'nor (as I call Walter Forde) complain that being a film director is a dog's life; I wonder if he realises how right he is? Certainly I feel absolutely in my element in a film studio—there's always such a variety of things to do and such a variety of things to see.

Take for instance that day when Marlene Dietrich came on to our set to see Tauber, whom she used to know so well in Germany long before she became famous.

I had no less than eight hundred people acting on the set that day—and as I wanted to impress this fair visitor from Hollywood with the efficiency of our British productions, you can imagine what a busy time I had keeping those eight hundred people in order, rounding them up for their scenes and so on.

I still can't forgive "The Guv'nor" for getting me locked in his office that day; he said I was getting in the way again—there's gratitude for you!

Then there are all the "shops" to visit daily, where they make the scenery, do the plaster-work and all that sort of thing. The scenery in *Land Without Music* is one of the important features of the film, and it needed a lot of

supervising on my part, as you can well imagine.

There's only one thing which I admit I find it impossible to direct in a film and that is a fight scene. Time and again I've tried to be calm and collected while one of such scenes were being taken, but my breeding and heritage have always got the better of me, and I've never been able to prevent myself from joining in the fight with great gusto at the critical moment.

Well, you can't fight against nature, they say, and when these scenes have to occur I make the big gesture and leave it to "The Guv'nor", who (curiously enough) never seems to have the slightest desire to join in the fight himself. I don't like not being present when any shooting is being done, but there are some things that just have to be done, and that's one of them, and I always hope that somehow or other they'll manage without me.

Johnny Boyle, who's in charge of the cameras, tells me that I have a habit of getting into some shots, so if you see a wire-haired terrier wandering about one of the Italian streets depicted in *Land Without Music* you will know that they just didn't spot it. But give me a hand, if you do happen to see me, because for some time I've nursed an ambition to get into the acting side of the business and show Clark Gable and John Barrymore where they get off, and your encouragement might draw some producer's attention to me. You never know.

But whatever side of the business I'm in, films are the life for me. The other fox terriers can keep their huntin' and their shootin'. Give me the 'arc lights, the bustle in the studios, the glamour of film-making—and I'm happy!

NEXT WEEK

If you have regarded Ann Harding as a wan, long-suffering creature, you have a surprise coming next week, when Max Breen reveals the truth about the blonde star.



Above, with Sally Eilers in a heart-to-heart scene in "A Man With Your Voice." (Right) A new portrait of the star.



In this illuminating interview Max Breen solves a problem that has puzzled picturegoers for years—why is Ricardo Cortez not a star?

YOU all know Ricardo Cortez—tall and dark and handsome, one of the most accomplished actors in the Hollywood studios, virile and versatile.

You've probably seen him dozens of times—as a gangster, a crook attorney (he's a wow of a crook attorney!), a detective, a dancer—always turning in a faultless performance.

And it may have occurred to you some dozens of times to wonder why this man, having everything it takes, has never reached the pinnacle of stardom.

I confess it has puzzled me for years—until I met him the other day, and he told me the reason.

I called on him in his suite in a West End hotel, where he was having a "day off" between shots of his first British film.

I was surprised to find him looking so young; having been accustomed to seeing him in pictures since 1921, I had begun to imagine he had always been there.

"Sure, I started young," he agreed. "And maybe there was a time, before I really knew the game, when it would have seemed good to be plastered all over the front of the house, with my name in neon lights over a thousand marquees.

"I suppose every youngster in films dreams of that, and then as he begins to get to know the ropes, he gets a different view."

"Not all of them," I murmured.

"Oh, sure, sure! Some go right on, and some go right out. I chose the middle way."

The fact of the matter is that Ricardo Cortez has never allowed himself to get mixed up in the game of politics that constitutes a star's life in Hollywood.

"Getting on" . . . what is it? Perhaps thirty per cent. good looks, twenty per cent. acting ability, fifty per cent. string-pulling and back-scratching and log-rolling.

That has never appealed to Cortez. Although living in Hollywood, he is not, in any literal sense, of it. His friends are not necessarily "motion picture" people, and he certainly does not go out of his way to forgo with people merely because they have influence in the film world.

That is the means whereby he avoids being a star; and now for the reason *why* he does.

"Take as an example this film I'm playing in at Pinewood for British and Dominions," he said. "It's a good story, and very unusual; a fellow who is an adept at imitating voices is tricked by the villain into swindling his brother, head of a ship-building firm.

"The role of the swindler is being played by Basil Sidney; Randle Ayrton is the ship-builder, and this is a grand part; absolutely the cream of the picture.

"The part I play is the hero, pleasant enough but not very much to it.

"Well, here's the point; I'm billed together

with Sally Eilers as playing the two leads in the picture. Supposing I'd arrived from Hollywood, a way-up, big-shot, front-rank star, and they'd handed me that script, what would I have said?"

"That the part wasn't big enough," I suggested.

"Exactly! And you couldn't have blamed me, because I'd have my reputation to think of, and a star's reputation goes with big, meaty roles. He may survive two, even three comparatively small parts . . . but not four.

"All right, I'd have beefed about the part, and because I had the glamour of Hollywood about me they would probably have altered it—made it longer and fatter and thrown the whole story completely off balance.

"That might have paid me as a star; but it certainly wouldn't pay me as an actor, for in that capacity my chief interest lies in getting a good film."

"If that's the way you feel, Mr. Cortez," I pointed out, "it seems a pity to me that you're not a star; we could do with a few stars with that point of view."

"Ah, but maybe stardom would affect my

view," he laughed. "It frequently does, I've noticed. No, I prefer to go along on an even keel—neither starring nor starving. In Hollywood studios I'm known as a 'gold bond.' That's worth a lot more to me than my name in lights."

"Now, let's see, you were born in Vienna," I began.

"Pardon—New York," he smiled.

"But all the writers of publicity matter say Vienna," I protested.

"They weren't there—I was," Ricardo pointed out, and I had to admit the truth of that.

"And you started as a commissionaire, and then progressed to a job behind the scenes," I went on.

"Sorry to spoil your story," he said regretfully, "but I was never a doorman and never a scene-shifter.

"My parents intended me for a business career, and I went into a broker's office; but I got excited about the theatre—you know it gets hold of a youngster's imagination—and did a lot of amateur acting; and then I gradually eased into the profession.

"I can't pretend I got very far. In fact, I kept on my job in the broker's office, because even an actor has to eat.

"When I went round the theatrical agents' offices hunting the elusive job from nine till three, the agents were surprised at my taking the word 'No' so philosophically.

"They didn't know I had what we call an 'ace in the hole'—a nice cosy job to go back into when work was scarce.

"Then one day a friend introduced me into Fort Lee, which was the old Selznick studio up the Hudson River. The proprietor was Myron Selznick, father of David, who is now head of Selznick International Pictures and producer of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*; David was quite a kid then.

"The director was Rex Ingram, and he was making a film called *The Imp*, featuring Elsie Jans. I was engaged to play her brother.

"That was back in 1918. But it didn't cut any ice to speak of, and I went back into the theatre and played some good parts, some bad, at intervals, for another year or two.

"Then in 1921 I went out to California on

business, not even remotely connected with motion pictures, and there I met the late Irving Thalberg, who at that time was a big noise at Universal City.

"Naturally, he didn't know me as an actor; why should he? My name wasn't well-known on Broadway. But he evidently thought I looked like one, for he offered me a part in *The Gentleman from America*, in which I had to play a Spaniard with Hoot Gibson.

"That was really the start of my picture career—and it's had some pretty interesting ups and downs since then."

The "ups," at any rate, have certainly been very impressive; two of them in particular have stuck in my memory.

Do you, for example, realise that Ricardo Cortez is the only player in Hollywood to have been billed above Greta Garbo?

The Swedish girl—who had been accepted by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, because without her they could not have her friend and "discoverer," Mauritz Stiller—was playing in her first Hollywood picture, *The Torrent*; and the star of that picture was Ricardo Cortez.

Do you remember also that in 1932—only four little short years ago—in the PICTUREGOER Gold Medal voting, he was placed second only to Ronald Colman, for his brilliant performance in *Melody of Life*?

Just before the introduction of sound films, Cortez was experiencing something of a slump; but talkies sent him booming again (his first talking picture was, as far as I can remember, *The Lost Zeppelin* with Conway Tearle and Virginia Valli—and very good he was), and since then he has hardly wavered.

"Every now and again, when I get a more important part than usual," he told me, "you see the caption 'Ricardo Cortez Makes a Come-Back.' But I don't make any come-backs. I just haven't been away!"

Despite his romantic appearance, there is plenty of quiet commonsense about him that enables him to extract a good deal of amusement from some of the stories that have been written concerning him.

That famous fable, for instance, about his replacing Rudolf Valentino is a pure flight of fancy.

The story goes that Valentino had had a first-class row with Paramount, and walked out; whereupon the producer shouted "I'll take an extra and build him up bigger than you!"—and the extra he chose was Jack Kranz, who was given the Latin name of Ricardo Cortez.

"It's a swell story," said "Ric" with his usual apologetic smile when I recounted it to him. "Pity it isn't true... I was a featured

player at Warners at the time Rudy had his blow-up with Paramount, and I never worked as an extra.

"There was an attempt to nominate me as a successor to Valentino at his death; and they also tried to get me to take George Raft's place when he had a bust-up with his producers.

"But you can't fool the public. There's no such thing as a 'second Valentino' or 'another George Raft,' any more than, I hope, you would find another Ricardo Cortez.

"Why, the public takes a world-famous player like Rudolf Valentino and puts him in a shrine; and when he dies, that shrine isn't left empty. It's still full, and they still worship at it.

"I've seen too many first-rate players suffer failure through being billed as 'a second Will Rogers,' 'a second Marie Dressler,' 'a second Lon Chaney.' There just aren't any second ones, and it's fatal to attempt to be.

"I'm not having any of that."

Cortez has always kept extremely individual in every one of his films; some added touch of characterisation, some peculiar mannerism has always underlined the character.

For instance, in *Bad Company*, a Pathe film directed by Tay Garnett, in which he played the very first "gangster heavy" role, opposite Helen Twelvetrees, Cortez had a habit of spinning a twenty-dollar gold piece into the air and catching it, during conversations.

And afterwards, when George Raft appeared in *Scarface*, he paid Ricardo the "sincerest form of flattery" by imitating this action.

Again, in *Special Agent*, Cortez conceived the bright idea of wearing gloves all through his role as a "big shot" gangster—even to the extent of having grey silk gloves with evening dress—and this gave such a sinister air to the characterisation that no less a person than J. Edgar Hoover, chief of America's Scotland Yard, complimented him on it.

This flair for character-etching will serve him in good stead when he gets round to directing films himself, which he intends to do before long.

Meanwhile, I hope he may continue to play in British pictures for a while; Alexander Korda knows his work, for he appeared in Korda's *Private Life of Helen of Troy* (about the only successful film Alex ever made in Hollywood), and Korda's studios at Denham are only three-and-a-half miles away from Pinewood, where Cortez is now playing.

So we shall see what we shall see.



They tried to get Cortez to take George Raft's place; here they are together—and they don't look like deadly rivals either! On the left Ricardo is wearing the famous gloves, in a scene in "Special Agent" with Bette Davis.

DORIS NOLAN

KEEP your eye on this girl (it won't be hard at that). She is hailed as a big discovery at Universal, where she is being "built-up" for stardom in "Top of the Town," "St. Moritz" and "Dancing for Love." Doris, a former artist's model and stage actress, made her screen debut in "The Man I Marry."



THE vivacious young person whose baptismal title was Joanna Boniface Winnifrith, better known to her public as Anna Lee, the twenty-one-year old Gaumont-British star, in addition to keeping the end of her first name, has definitely justified her second.

She was making-up that every attractive face of hers when I found her in one of the make-up rooms at the Gaumont-British studios. In her own words, "I've been in the restaurant and I always have to put my mouth on again after eating!" This remark was said with a candour which is characteristic of Anna.

What she feels, she feels strongly and with conviction. What she thinks, she says with a sound bluntness and what she believes in she'll stick to through thick and thin. Take the story, told in her own words, of how she came to go on the stage, and see if you don't agree with me about her ability to stick.

"I never really thought of going on to the stage. Ever since I was very tiny I'd just taken it for granted. You see, my father, although a Kentish vicar, was a very good actor and very fond of theatricals. But my mother flatly refused to let me go to a dramatic school until I was what she called 'properly educated.' So I made a bargain with her. 'All right, but if I pass the Senior Oxford will you let me go?'"

"Yes," she agreed, thinking she was perfectly safe as I was then very young. After that I set to and swotted as hard as I could, and passed my Senior Oxford at the age of fourteen. Then I demanded to go to a dramatic school and mother had to let me! She couldn't do anything about it—she'd promised.

"I'm convinced that you cannot learn acting in a school. You have to have the stage experience and learn from that," she said. So I left the school and went on tour. But after some time I got a bad foot—poisoned from a riding boot, the doctor thought. I had an operation on it and was told, when I left hospital, that I would be slightly lame for a year and then all right again—that was a blow! It meant I couldn't take up my stage work, so, as I was rather broke by that time and also wanted to see the world, I joined up as a companion to a woman who was making a world tour. I had to get the tickets and look after the luggage, and I only lost one trunk in the whole trip, so that wasn't too bad, was it?" she asked with a chuckle.

"And what about China? Didn't you have a few adventures out there?" I prompted.

"Well," she continued, "I was engaged at the time to a man in the Navy, out East, so, of course, I was frightfully keen to go."

"And didn't you get captured?"

"Yes—but it's quite a common thing to be captured by bandits. Just as the pirates were coming aboard and I was really excited and thought something thrilling was going to happen, up came the Navy and off scuttled the pirates! It was most disappointing—I'm afraid all my adventures have fizzled out at the critical moment."

"When we got out there it was at the time of all that trouble between China and Japan, and when we were in Shanghai the Argyles were sent up—that's when I became engaged to a man in the Army, having broken it off with the Navy!" she added with a smile. "But I wasn't to marry either, as it happens! But to go back to China once again, the trouble with bandits died down, for as soon as the Argyles came up the Chinese ran away again and so I'm afraid nothing really exciting happened to me in China."

"And what did you do when you came home?"

"I found I'd lost all my stage connections, so I began to try and make new ones for myself and finally took up screen work and worked in Quota films for a bit. Then Al Parker saw me and took me for an American—that was while I was working for Fox Films. He it was who picked me out for bigger parts. I might have gone to Hollywood, but while I was out in Egypt on location with *The Camels are Coming* unit, I met my husband."

And that, of course, explains Anna Lee's

liking for England and her lovely old-world home on Bankside, where she becomes Mrs. Robert Stevenson and rejoices in every nook and cranny, in each window box and the living flowers with which she fills them. "We go to very few parties, my husband and I, not because we are unsociable really, but there are so many other things to do. Perhaps it's partly laziness, also we enjoy one another's company and I love my home!" she smiled as she spoke.

Anna's gaiety is in her smile; when she speaks of something which gives her great pleasure an intent look comes into the blue eyes. Her very early days as the only little girl in her father's small school for boys has given her a delightful poise and a quiet straight-forwardness underlying her characteristic feminine impetuosity.

It is this combination that makes her what she is, very English and very charming.

"I'm not fond of going on location because it means leaving my house behind!" she said, and then added, "I'm working now in *King Solomon's Mines*."

This is a new Gaumont-British picture with Anna as Kathy O'Brien. When I asked about her future she was full of the same purposeful enthusiasm which has placed her where she is to-day.

"I don't want a starring part for at least one or two years. I don't want to run before I can walk, and there is so much to learn. I, personally, don't believe that any actor or actress, however great, or however fine, can really afford to say they know everything—there is always something more to know—and someone else who can take your place if you fail."

She looked apprehensively at the clock.

"I shall have to go and get dressed soon," she said, tightening the belt of her natty green and white dressing-gown, cut on tailored lines, very neat and gay.

Before she had to go, however, we had time to discuss several subjects.

"My husband and I want to build up together—he to write and direct me and I to act for him. We have been gaining experience lately—we might not have hit it off at all on the set! As it happens we do; we find we can work together, which is a great blessing. We wanted to be sure of that—first!"

Of her horse Tip-Toes she spoke affectionately. "My poor old horse! I haven't had time to ride him much this year."

Tip-Toes, in the earlier days of Anna's career, when necessity demanded it, was either hired out or sold, but when the bad times were over he was always brought back, and now that his money-making capacity is no longer needed, he is settled for life.

And after her horse, what of her house? It is without doubt one of the most interesting in London. It is a Queen Anne and was built in

Next Week

FEW journalists know the stars better than Jim Tully, who has interviewed most of them and numbers many amongst his personal friends. Next week he writes intimately about Edward G. Robinson, who, while he has gained his greatest reputation by the portrayal of gangster roles, is, actually, one of the screen's most versatile artists.



The star as Kathy O'Brien in "*King Solomon's Mines*."

The little British star who is rapidly coming to the front tells Kathleen Portlock all about her career and her aspirations.

1712. Its cellars are built into the remains of the Roman Embankment of the Thames where it flows past Bankside. On this site, in Elizabethan days, stood the tavern known as "The Cardinal's Hat," renowned for its wine and undoubtedly associated with Shakespeare who, at one time, lived nearby.

England's heart seems to pulse past her door in the tides of the great Thames. The sunsets come and go and ever-hungry gulls cry and quarrel as they used to do when, perchance, the Poet's eye watched them from the windows of "The Cardinal's Hat." And Anna Lee loves it all, when her hard day's work—which usually begins at 6 a.m.—is done.



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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

SHOT BY PHIL LONERGAN

I RECENTLY had the pleasure of luncheon with Shirley Temple and her mother at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio in Fox Hills.

As I realised at several other interviews with the child star, she is all her seven years, and not a bit more than that, although she is exceedingly intelligent.

All those who have seen Shirley in pictures, if they had the opportunity, would say that she was the same way in real life. The same curls, the same quaint little voice. And her mother, Mrs. Temple, a young, good-looking brunette, is proud of her child, as all mothers should be!

But Mrs. Temple is rather conservative in her praises of Shirley, evidently having profited by the experiences of other mothers of child stars, who talked loud and often. I have been told by officials on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot that Mrs. Temple has had much to do with the success of her clever little daughter.

She Won't Eat Crusts

Sad to say, to the dismay of her mother, Shirley does *not* eat crusts. She has excellent table manners, but crusts are taboo with her!

While we were eating, in a private dining-room on the Fox lot, a bird flew along outside the window. Shirley immediately darted to the window and watched the bird's flight.

The pony, sent to her from a friend in England, received so many gifts of sugar from California admirers that he became sick and had to be sent to an animal's hospital!

Shirley is a marvel! In the days of the silents all she would have to do would be to look pretty, but now that sound has arrived she is far greater. All the studio executives ask of her is that she appear pretty before the cameras, show emotion in dramatic scenes, dance better than women old enough to be her mother, and sing better than the average musical comedy actress.

And Shirley does all that and more.

So, you mothers of clever little daughters, if you wish them to be movie stars, follow the example of Mrs. Temple, Shirley's mother, who has guided her child to film success.

Marriage in June

Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald, who fulfilled the prophecies of Hollywood romance observers by announcing their betrothal several weeks ago, will be married next June, according to their present plans. They have not decided upon the exact date.

So definitely is the date set for *some* time in June, however, that Gene is already negotiating with the RKO-Radio studio for a two months' honeymoon leave of absence. Indications are that the request will be granted.

The actor and Jeanette are now looking for a



home in the San Fernando Valley. They hope to have one ready to move into when they return from their honeymoon following the June wedding.

Stars on the Air

Gloria Swanson, evidently determined to win back her niche in the Hollywood firmament, invited a number of film celebrities to speak with her to South America over a radio broadcast.

Among those who spoke with Gloria to the fans of Latin-America were Carole Lombard, Clark Gable, Lily Pons, Cary Grant, Boris Karloff, Merle Oberon, Olivia De Havilland, Frank Morgan and Alice Faye.

Alas Romance!

Ruth Chatterton says—she said it to me—that she will never take another husband. This clever actress has been wed to such fascinating men as Ralph Forbes and George Brent, but she insists that she never will journey again to the marriage altar.

The lady declares that marriage is "such a boring business." So that's that!

An Odd Accent

Herbert Mundin, clever little English comedian, known to his intimates as "Tommy," told me an amusing story.

An executive of a major studio asked him to take a test for a Scottish role. Tommy said he could tell a Scots story with the proper accent, but was positive that he could not do it in dialect for sound. However, under urgent persuasion he took the test.

The executive phoned him the next day, saying:

"Your test was half Scotch and half Bourbon!"

Tommy did not get the part, and was very happy.

Saving Time

Otto Kruger knows how to handle the autograph hunters. When they bear down upon him at a preview or premiere, he does not flinch. Instead, he draws a pad out of his pocket, upon which he has written his name scores of times, and smilingly hands them out!

The fans are satisfied, and Otto gets through the ordeal far more quickly than other players, who have to laboriously sign their names in a crowded theatre lobby.

A strikingly-posed new portrait of Gail Patrick, who is nearly due for stardom.

E. G. Cousins covers the BRITISH Studios

WELL, I never like a week to pass without being able to cheer you up by telling you of someone else's misfortunes.

This week Will Hay has obliged. The wig he was to wear for his role as the schoolmaster in Gainsborough's *Good Morning, Boys* was too big. So they did what your hatter or milliner seldom does to you when the hat he or she wishes to sell you is too big.

They soaked it in water and put it on his head to shrink to the right size.

The result, as might reasonably have been expected, is a frightful cold, which has put Will out of the way for the moment.

This new film of his is a deliberate attempt to capitalise on the success of his previous "Narkover" picture, *Boys Will be Boys*.

This time he has with him his son, Will Hay, jun., who has appeared with him in his stage sketches, but is now, I understand, making his film debut.

They have Hay fever pretty badly down Islington way, rightly regarding this clever comedian as one of their biggest, brightest, and best bets.

An Able Crew

When he started to get into his wig for his new Narkover knockout, he had hardly come off the ship on which he has been strenuously pursuing the life of a sailor bold in *Windbag the Sailor*.

In that he had a strong team—Norma Varden, Graham Moffat, Moore Marriott, Kenneth Warrington, Denis Wyndham, and Amy Veness.

Only one of these is in *Good-morning, Boys*—to wit, Graham Moffat; but the rest of the assembly is equally hand-picked, comprising (as the auctioneers say) Will Hay jun. aforesaid, Lilli Palmer, Martita Hunt, Peter Gawthorne, and Fewlass Lewellyn.

By way of a change, Hay has not William Beaudine (American) to direct him in this new one; Bill did *Windbag*; Marcel Varnel (French) is "megging" on *Good-morning Boys*.

By the way, that megaphone is now chiefly used by temperamental directors for throwing at dunderheaded stars; but Beaudine and Varnel do not come into the category of "temperamental." In fact, they are two of the most popular, as well as most successful, foreign directors who have worked in our studios.

Patchwork

And, having fired off that double-barrelled bouquet, I am carried by the recoil to Shepherd's Bush, where *King Solomon's Mines* is about the most important thing on the floor.

And in that film is John Loder; and on that actor is a dressing-gown which must be just about unique, even in film-land, where odd dressing-gowns abound.

It is patchwork, and consists of bits snipped from the costumes of famous stars with whom

Our candid cameraman catches three delightful views of Ann Harding in conversation with her director, Rowland V. Lee, in her dressing-room in a pause in production of "Love from a Stranger," at Denham. Binnie Hale is on the left.

he has appeared. There is a bit from Constance Bennett, in *Rich People*; a morsel of Ann Harding, from *Private Affairs*; a scrap of Ruth Chatterton in *The Doctor's Secret*.

One bit is from an evening dress Loretta Young wore in *Second Floor Murder*; two are from Gracie Fields's dress in *Sing As We Go*, and Merle Oberon's kimono in *The Battle*; Elizabeth Allan and Anna May Wong, with whom John played in *Java Head*, are both represented in the collection; and so on.

He is in something of a quandary over Anna Lee, because she has offered him a chunk of the incredibly coarse canvas trousers she wears throughout most of *King Solomon's Mines*, and he hardly likes to decline.

John calls this composite garment "a portable historical souvenir of my career"; pity he couldn't have thought of a long name for it, such as "a transportable synthetic habiliment commemorative of the histrionic associations incidental to the pursuit of my cinematographic Thespian vocation."

But perhaps it would take rather a long time to ask his dresser to hand it off the peg to him.

Savvy Efik?

Just by way of a change, Gaumont-British are making, not an epic, but an Efik.

Efik, as far as my limited intelligence allows me to grasp, is a language spoken in Nigeria; and this is the lingo that Paul Robeson speaks in *King Solomon's Mines*, so he has to be coached by Mr. E. I. Ekpenyon, who is an authority on it.

Mind you, I don't suppose you and I would be any the wiser if Paul Robeson spoke in Tewfik, Bifteik, or Burmese; but there would be sure to be some Efikian over here on a loin-cloth-buying trip who would see the film and write to the papers about it.

Hence the ebony Mr. Ekpenyon.

Paul Robeson says the tonal notes of Efik are almost exactly like those of Chinese; but then Robeson happens to be a particularly brainy cove, who is far gone in philology.



(Right) Steffi Duna enjoys a quiet cigarette between shots on "Pagliacci," in which she plays opposite Richard Tauber.

Geoffrey Barbas has already gone off to Africa to shoot exteriors for this film, with which the interiors will be "matched-up."

Mr. Barbas was responsible for the fine location shots we saw in *Rhodes of Africa*; although a young man, he is an "old campaigner," and an expert at this kind of thing.

Crazy Six

One of the forthcoming films to be made at Shepherd's Bush is *Brave and Beautiful*, in which Anna Lee will star, directed by her young and properly adoring husband, Robert Stevenson.

Well, Anna's beautiful enough to make any fellow brave. . . .

And, while I'm on the subject of new films, Gainsborough are to make a screen version of the Palladium Theatre success *Okay for Sound*, which includes three sets of twin souls—Ivana and Allen, Nervo and Knox, and Naughton and Gold.

I'm sorry Clapham and Dwyer, Scott and Whaley, and Swan and Edgar can't be there too, because I like a film to be an epic while it's about it. But I imagine the director (when



because in the studios one seldom sees more than a two-minutes' scene before the director says "Cut it!"—just as you're getting worked up about it.

But nevertheless, one does sometimes see a piece of acting in the studios that stirs the old glands into action.

Particularly do I enjoy seeing two fine actors playing a scene together; their timing and their give-and-take (reciprocity to you) are a joy to watch.

I experienced this at Pinewood recently where two experts, one American and one British, gave a practical demonstration of the difficult art of acting.

On my right, Ricardo Cortez, the Hollywood Stand-by; on my left, Battling Basil Sydney of Shepherd's Bush (you probably remember his fine performance as Dr. Jameson in *Rhodes of Africa*).

Seconds out of the ring.

Modest

Sydney is the double-dyed villain; for once in a way Cortez is the hero; and this was a scene between the two when Sally Eilers, heroine, with whom they are both in love, has disappeared.

When they had finished that scene (which gripped me, even with "grips" and electricians standing around), Sydney was through

an inventor of helicopters who finds himself in an R.A.F. depot. Through all the ordered bustle of Air Force life Sydney blunders with a complete and bland ignorance of routine and discipline and only an implicit faith in his own invention to sustain him.

They Faw Down!

Ellen Pollock, one of the cleverest comediennes whom our stage has bestowed upon our screen, is the vivacious French wife of the commanding officer, played by Franklin Bellamy.

She is keen to fly, and persuades Sydney to take her up in his own aeroplane—and perhaps you don't know how persuasive Ellen can be when she tries.

Anyway, he falls for the idea completely, but as it turns out there is more falling to be done before they finally come to earth—in a fearfully literal sense—in one of the depot flowerbeds.

This sounds like perfect Sydney Howard material, and the few scenes I have seen on the floor justify a hope that this will be the best Howard effort we have had.

So much for the Air Force; but Herbert Wilcox Productions are also immortalising the British Navy, in *The Navy Eternal*.

Here Herbert Wilcox is following the lead set by Darryl Zanuck, of Hollywood, who believes in cashing-in on topical subjects while they are worth cash.

Battle

The particular topicality is the Spanish rebellion; the H.M.S. *Royal Oak*, disguised as the *El-Mirante*, a foreign battleship of unspecified nationality, has mutinied and is shelling the British consulate in a foreign port; and H.M.S. *Curacoa* has become (for the sweet sake of Kinema) "H.M.S. *Audacious*," a British cruiser which goes into action to protect the British nationals in the port. I devoutly hope they will reproduce an incident which took place recently when the captain of a British battleship went ashore in a Spanish port, to evacuate the British residents, armed with a walking-stick!

A terrific running fight between the two ships has been secured, with salvoes popping off in all directions. In fact, one popped off in the wrong direction, and burned a cameraman about the face and hands.

He is one of those who will not be influenced by this film to dash to the nearest naval recruiting office and join up.

Join the Navy . . .

Scenes between decks, as well as the fighting, will be shown, to prove what a jolly carefree life a Jack Tar leads. This ought to go some distance towards counteracting that song of Fred Astaire's in—was it *Follow the Fleet*?

We joined the Navy to see the World,

And what did we see? We saw the sea!

That must have caused a nasty dip in the Navy's enlistment-chart.

We certainly ought to become navy-conscious this season. At Denham also there has been a sea-fight, and I don't mind hazarding a guess that this will prove to be one of the most realistic ever filmed in, about, or near a British studio.

It's the sequence in *Dark Journey* in which Conrad Veidt, as a German U-Boat commander, is captured by a British Q-Ship. And I defy any ordinary layman (that is, member of the audience not connected with

film-production) to distinguish between the shots actually secured at sea and those made in the studio.

Ned Mann has done some uncannily realistic model-work; I'm not going to tell you about it, because it wouldn't be fair to blow the gaff; all I will say is that no better "art-direction" has ever been done in any studio than we are getting at Denham to-day.

Veidt fans (whose name is legion, to judge by the letters I receive about him) will be better pleased with him in this role than in any he has had since *I Was a Spy*.

That's a tip straight from the stable!

found) will have his hands quite full enough with this half-dozen assorted.

And, before I finally leave the Gaumont-British-cum-Gainsborough territory, let me tell you the name the Shepherd's Bush carpenters have conferred on the dome-shaped straw huts which they have constructed for the African village in *King Solomon's Mines*.

They call them "G.-B.-hives."

Experts

I confess to being a devotee of good acting.

That is why I occasionally take a busman's holiday from the films and buzz off to a theatre,

for the day; but to my surprise he didn't go to his dressing-room to "clean-off," but stayed to watch Cortez playing his next scene.

"You're not wanted any more, are you?" I asked in surprise.

"No," he replied, "but I want to watch Cortez. I can learn a great deal from him. He's an expert. I've only been at this film business for a year or so."

And this from a man with a stage record like Basil Sydney's! I ask you!

Another Sydney is laying up trouble for your ribs in this same studio. Sydney Howard. He has a lovely part in *Splinters in the Air*, as

The dawning
reared Ramon
the

RAMONA



(Left) Helen Hunt Jackson's story of the tragic love of Ramona and Alessandro has all its old tenderness in the portrayals of Loretta Young and Don Ameche.

Ramona
her t

nce of the aristocratically
etta Young) and Allesandro
n (Don Ameche).

ONE of the most famous of the silent star-jerkers comes to the talkie screen in Technicolor, with Loretta Young in the old Dolores del Rio role and Don Ameche, one of Hollywood's most promising newcomers, as Allesandro.

The tragic romance of Ramona and her Indian lover has lost none of its old poignancy in the new version. Pauline Frederick and Kent Taylor support the stars.



The loyal and understanding Felipe (Kent Taylor), Ramona's foster-brother, helps the lovers.

The picturesque early Californian settings provide some of the best colour the movies have yet given us



at (Pauline Frederick), who has brought
ly of noble birth, exposes her as a part-
Indian.



Don Ameche is expected to achieve stardom as a result of his fine work in this picture.

OTTO KRUGER in an interview with Wilson D'Arne tells of the unseen perils which lurk in Hollywood ready to wreck an artiste's career and his life.

Living DANGEROUSLY

THE stars of Hollywood are facing a terrific danger, all the more menacing because it cannot be warded off as they keep out kidnappers—with tangible, external guards.

This peril attacks from within—and menaces, especially, the very stars on whom Hollywood's future depends—the Robert Taylors, Henry Fondas, and Olivia de Havillands.

Otto Kruger told me, "The danger is no less real because it is intangible, an insidious thing we may not be aware of until one moment before it strikes.

"Then it may rob us of our happiness, our careers, our futures, our very livelihood itself, because it strikes at the one thing on which we all depend."

He paused thoughtfully, no hopeful newcomer attempting to startle and amaze for the sake of publicity, but a thoughtful, intelligent veteran of the stage and screen whose words bear the weight and value of his extensive past experience.

He said quietly, "Have you ever stopped to consider that almost every successful star endured hard knocks before reaching his or her present position in Hollywood? I mean, now, real stars who have proved their worth over a period of years—Joan Crawford, Ronald Colman, and many others. *Those hard knocks were vital to success*—and part of Hollywood's danger lies in forgetting that important fact. Suffering is absolutely vital to successful acting!"

He paused for a moment, smudging out a cigarette in the ash-tray on his dressing-room table. You will soon be seeing his most recent picture, *Dracula's Daughter*, which he made immediately after returning from England, where he appeared in an important picture for a British company. Deluged now with offers from both Hollywood and London producers, swamped with invitations to appear on the stage in New York, London, and Los Angeles, Otto Kruger is truly an international favourite.

He said thoughtfully: "It takes suffering, you see, to make a man or woman sensitive enough to portray emotions—realistically. I can remember my first hard years upon the stage. For possibly five years I drifted along as do many newcomers. I could *act* things but I didn't *feel* them. Consequently I wasn't convincing.

"Then I left the stage temporarily, and had a number of experiences that gave me that sensitiveness. What were they?" He shrugged and smiled. "I starved—went hungry—spent day after day hunting jobs—that never materialised. And I had one unforgettable experience which in itself would have enabled me ever afterward to play real tragedy. . . .

"I still hate to think about it," he said quietly. "I've never talked about it before. But it serves as a perfect illustration of my point. I was working for a telephone company as a linesman. My best friend was also my roommate, a chap I had known and lived with for over two months. I knew his family, his mother. . . .

"One day we were working together on a special job. I was on a pole, with my spurs on, splicing cable. He was sitting in one of those little trolleys that swing along over the wires. It was a precarious job because we were handling 'hot stuff'—electric wires with a voltage of over 22,000 volts.

"Suddenly he reached one hand upward to adjust himself, and touched, by mistake, the 'hot stuff.' Immediately I heard a strange half-sigh and half-scream—I can still remember that awful, agonising moment. I was strapped to the pole, and I couldn't move to help him—couldn't even turn my head away from watching him as this friend of mine *burned*—burned and his clothes smoked and charred and finally, after what seemed fifty hours, he fell to the ground."

Kruger paused, shaken with the story he had told. He went on, a moment later, "I needed that shock, that terrific emotion, to make me an actor. Afterward, playing lesser emotions was easy for me. I went back to the stage a few months afterward, and felt in myself a new ease and ability to handle dramatic scenes that would have been completely beyond my powers before.

"If you looked into the past of every successful

actor, you would find a record of such an experience! I doubt if there are more than one or two exceptions to this rule. And Hollywood's danger lies in becoming so smug and sure, with success, that such experiences are forgotten—just as if they'd never been felt."

We thought of Joan Crawford, struggling for her "break" as a shopgirl, hearing the mockery of those who said she could never succeed in her great ambitions. We thought of Edward Arnold who tasted failure for years before Hollywood brought him world fame. Of Barbara Stanwyck to-day, rising to greater heights than ever before after the domestic smash-up of her marriage to Frank Fay. The lives of Hollywood's greatest stars prove all too truly Otto Kruger's words!

Even among the newcomers, tragedy has made them conscious of the other side of life—has made them *feel*. Jean Parker, a domestic helper in a Pasadena household, struggling to acquire a schooling and an education. Errol Flynn, tasting high moments—and low ones—in his colourful career as an adventurer and soldier of fortune.

Kruger told me, "Living dangerously is the only way an actor can be a *good* actor. The very qualities we prize, in Hollywood, are fatal to artistry. Trust funds, bank accounts, riches, big estates, domesticity, happy marriages—these things are Hollywood's real danger!"

"They are the very opposite of irresponsibility, for which actors," he smiled, "have sometimes been noted. And rightly—for you cannot have abandon without irresponsibility. And you cannot portray a keen emotion greatly without abandon!"

And in explaining how he keeps this quality of abandon in his own life—despite a happy marriage which has lasted for 16 years—Otto Kruger told me an amazing thing.

"I'm afraid of a happy domestic life . . . afraid of what it might do to me. I run away from it. Five times a year, or more, I leave my wife and daughter and go off by myself. Hunting, or fishing, or riding. I never take my wife along when I go away for pictures—I went alone on my last trip to London, for instance. I am planning to go over there again, soon, and I'll go by myself.

"The very loneliness I feel at the separation is good for me. It wakes me up—keeps me from sinking into a happy rut of comfortable living."

He added, "I don't believe a good actor should even play chess—for chess makes for routine, for method, and method makes for technique instead of spontaneity. And in the history of the stage and the screen, no three actors who depended on technique alone have ever been lasting successes!"

That's why Hollywood's greatest danger lies in the very things the stars prize most dearly. The sure, steady pay cheques, the safe, comfortable homes, the regular hours.

Indeed, these factors, which to the outside world represent the chief advantage of being a Hollywood success, are the very things which have caused a number of well-known New York actors and writers to flee from the Californian coast as though it were a place accursed.

There is, they say, a devitalising influence about so much safety and luxury; and one famous star, who has consistently suffered from bad roles, once complained to me that he was shackled to Hollywood by golden chains—by the high salary, the climate, the pleasant companionship.

He would have broken away if he could, because he is a man who takes his profession seriously; but for the sake of his wife and children he felt obliged to stay . . . and, as he put it, "rot."

And because wealth and luxury are handed so lavishly to the newcomers who have only tasted briefly of the other side of life—the tragedy and sorrow and heartache—this danger is attacking most vitally the very newcomers who are springing into prominence. Can Hollywood ward off this peril?

It isn't *easy* to ward it off. Dolores Costello Barrymore emerged from domestic tragedy as a greater actress. So has Joan Blondell. After a broken romance, with Mervyn Le Roy, Ginger Rogers attained greater prominence than ever before. Will the newer stars find the same heart-break—and success?

Otto Kruger as Dr. Norton in his first British film "Living Dangerously" directed by Herbert Brenon.

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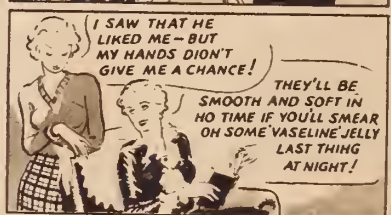
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The Story of the Film

TO Joe Wilson, law-abiding citizen of Chicago seeing Katherine off by the west-bound express was like cutting off one's right arm to send through the post. For all Joe's tough physique, a hundred per cent. masculinity, and the broad forehead of the thinker, there was an obstinate streak in his nature, a proneness to carry revenge to a finish. Lucky for him that, out of Chicago's millions, he had found Katherine as his intended, seeing that united to alluring physical charm she had the womanly capacity to subdue these fiery qualities.

Of the two, she was the more composed as she found her compartment and insisted on sewing up the flap of Joe's coat pocket, which had been ripped on an iron railing.

"Aw, this is dreadful!" he stuttered. "I'm coming for you soon as I get that bank balance up to the third floor and a kitchenette. Why can't you stay with your job here? It wouldn't take—"

"We've been through all that, darling. There's a better job there, and I'll be saving for us, too."

"I know." He left her to buy candy and peanuts, and came back, in addition, with a fragrant parcel.

"Scent! For me? How lovely!"

"I thought I'd get you a little momentum."

"Memento, darling! 'To'—not 'tum.' I've told you plenty. Well, I've got you a little 'momentum,' too. My mother's wedding ring. You can see the inscription, 'Henry to Katherine,' and on the other side, 'Katherine to Joe.' I'm glad you like it, darling. Try it on."

"Guess I'll have to wear it on my little finger. All the better if it's tight. I shan't lose it."

Five minutes later, thinking of Katherine's "goodbye" kisses, he left the station munching peanuts

Of the two, Katherine was the more composed, as she insisted on sewing up the flap of Joe's pocket, which had been ripped on an iron railing.

roused in Joe a sickening sense of annoyance.

"Straight ahead, Tom. Come on! You're walking backwards," Charlie urged as he opened the living-room door.

"Gosh! I feel awful, Joe," his younger brother confessed, steadying himself against the jamb.

"We only had a coupla drinks after the show," Charlie put in. "The kid's got to have some fun. He just can't take it, that's all."

"Who says I can't take it?" Tom blustered. "Even Mr. Donelli said I was all right."

"Donelli!" Joe's blood was up. "You're waiting for the undertaker or the cops running errands for that racketeer. You leave Tom out of the gangster business if you can't quit yourself. It's a mercy Mom and Dad aren't here to see what sort of life you two are leading."

"Can that Sunday-school talk! D'you think I'm going to ride to heaven in some sweat-shop at thirty dollars a week. Times have changed, my Reverend Okay."

Indeed, the scene had all the makings of a first-class family quarrel; but, for once, Joe, by virtue of the hundred-per-cent. masculinity aforesaid, became a dictator.

mas, and if there's enough cash I'll hire a flivver and come and get you, so's we can be married. All my love. Your Joe."

Forecasted hopes being realised, Joe one raw January morning actually did run his flivver out of the garage and drove off to the farewell of "kiss Katherine for me" and "Happy landings, fella" from Charlie and Tom respectively.

Glad to be off again, he was doing a comfortable thirty when a car, issuing from a side road, shot across his bows. Jamming on brakes, he found himself looking at the barrel of a shot-gun while a plain-clothesman ordered: "Stop your motor, buddy! Hands up on that wheel!"

"What's the matter? I wasn't speeding."

"No? Well, you wasn't letting grass grow under the tyres. You got Illinois number plates—Chicago Hmm! What's in that bag on the seat?"

"Salted peanuts. Why?"

"I ain't answering questions, buddy. You are. Come on."

Within ten minutes, Joe discovered that his personal liberty was at an end. Escorted to the sheriff's office, he was subjected to a rigorous questioning as to his actions during the past forty-eight hours. The fact that peanuts had been found in the car was mentioned by the Sheriff as highly significant.

"Of what? What am I accused of?" Joe demanded, not for the first time. A police circular was pushed towards him. "Wanted for the kidnapping of Helen Peabody. Three men and a young woman. Ten thousand dollars reward," Joe read. Followed a description of one of the men and the statement that peanut husks had been found in the envelope containing the ransom money.

"Craziest thing I ever heard of. Those details might fit anyone," Joe challenged. "Am I the only man in the world who eats peanuts? Very well, Sheriff, if you want to see what I got in my pockets." He turned them out, disclosing a few dollar bills. Again he was destined to be unlucky. The serial number on one was found to tally with that on one of the ransom banknotes.

"Man, this is going to be a sensation!" the plain-clothesman said with juicy satisfaction.

"Let me 'phone Chicago?" Joe pleaded. "Better still, 'phone straight to my brothers."

"Brothers, eh? Tom and Charlie Wilson. . . . Let's see. . . . Temporarily under suspicion of being involved with Donelli gang. . . . Not likely. If you're mixed up with it, too, it wouldn't be very smart of me to let you 'phone," the Sheriff snapped.

Incarcerated in the town gaol pending investigations, Joe caught, like a rat in a trap, had not the slightest inkling of the forces at work against him.

To appreciate them he would have needed to be an expert on mass psychology, to have read the minds of the leading politicians of Strand. Mass swollen head was the first impetus towards an outrage for which the citizens of Strand were heading.

No sooner had news leaked out from the Sheriff's office of the arrest of a possible child-kidnapper, than the word "possible" was excluded from town talk. In the bars, across kitchen tables, in the barbers' shops, pride in the publicity afforded to

(Continued on page 26)

Freely based on the film, "Fury," by permission of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures Ltd. See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 30, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

for consolation, between tossing them to a mongrel who put in a friendly plea for one as he ambled somewhat dejectedly by a street hoarding.

"Hello, stranger! Think you're smart, don't you?" Joe commented, petting the animal. Two bright eyes, peering from tousled hair, looked up at the man with friendly recognition.

"Lonely and small. Guess you feel the same as me," Joe stated and was in no way displeased when the mongrel took it into his head to follow him home. The fact that Tom had left a note to the effect that he had gone to a cinema with Charlie sounded innocent enough, but the ensuing sound of his brothers' footsteps on the stairs

In six months' time, Katherine, grading books to wireless accompaniment in her room at Galsburg, was able to smile over the following letter:—

"Katherine dear,
"Here's the best news of the year. Charlie quit working for that gangster Donelli. You don't know what a relief it is to me to see his chin up and both eyes on the 'help wanted' page. . . . Katherine dear, the time went so slowly and I'd been saving so little, so I bought an option on a petrol station; and, talking of momentums, enclosed is a picture of the garage we're going to own. Don't ask me how it was done, but the boys and I cleared up a bit on the races; so I was thinking I'd quit the factory job at Christ-

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Mark each colour desired: BLACK ☐ BROWN ☐ BLUE ☐
(The blue is for evening wear.)

Name

Address

(Replies require sealed envelopes with 14d. postage.)



Tattoo Ltd.

2/6

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for brunettes

BROWN

for blondes

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for evening wear

He says he admires
my brains, but I want
him to admire me.
Can you help me?

Miss Dorothy Dickson

speaks from the heart to all who are grappling
with problems of human relationship. Her in-
tuition and deep understanding may help you.



Many a clever girl has had to admit to herself that there are more important things in life than brains. Of course you want to be admired in other ways. And you can be. Do some hard thinking about yourself and about the effect you have on men. Are you satisfied that you're exploiting Nature's gifts to the full? Are you sure that you're making the most of that vitally important asset, your complexion? I ask the question because I have lately found a very real aid to Beauty—and by Beauty I mean that glowing quality which affects men so much more than mere good looks. It is Khasana Blush Cream—a soft, fragrant cream which swiftly and delicately tones up your complexion with *natural*, vibrant colour. I have seen new and vital personalities come to life this way. Whynot try Khasana in your own particular shade? By the way, it's quite waterproof—and kiss proof!

Dorothy Dickson

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Trial size 6d.

★ Ask for Khasana Lipstick in matching colours



Strand, admitted of no doubt as to the identity of its prisoner.

As Pippen, smug local draper, put it to a score of tradesmen consuming beer or highballs: "What a publicity break our capturing this Chicago kidnapper is going to give this little city, provided, of course, that the leading citizens bring him to justice. I declare now in favour of a visit to the Sheriff to ensure the rat being given no quarter."

Useless for the Sheriff to expostulate that it was too early for conviction and making a statement.

"I tell you, Sheriff," Pippen returned with dignity. "In an attack on a child we ordinary people are hit, and we're going to see that politics don't cut any ice when it comes to dealing out justice."

"And I'm seeing that justice ain't based on rumours," the Sheriff retorted. "If you don't behave yourself, I'll see your relatives come off the dole." In spite of the threat, rumour, fanned by the gossiping tongues of women, continued to throw justice off her seat. While Joe was demanding a lawyer to represent him, the single dollar bill, having the same serial number as the ransom money, had become twenty; the entire sum handed over, in fact. "Found it in Wilson's car, you know you did, Bugsey," declared a citizen one late evening.

"Nonsense! All I found on Wilson was one dollar bill and nothing in the car," the plain-clothesman maintained.

"If I were you, I'd tell the Sheriff what I think of him. What are you—eggs? Soft boiled so that you can't stick up for a kidnapped child," thrust in a stranger to the town.

"Think we want you to tell us our business," came the retort. "Let's have some fun right now."

At forthwith some two hundred citizens, armed with sticks, stones, and crowbars, stormed the Sheriff's office. From his window on the first floor, Joe watched the mob, saw how the posse—a mere handful with rifles—failed to get the upper hand. Little did he guess that the Sheriff's telephone appeal to the Governor to order out the militia had been ignored. Being a politician, the Governor must think of his vote.

Meanwhile, the mob advanced on the prison, Joe heard their shouts, "get Wilson!" and through the darkness saw the lynchers struggle on the steps below with the Sheriff and deputies. The Sheriff's voice was heard above the babel. "As long as I can stand here, you can

THE STORY of

yell yourselves hoarse, but you won't see this man."

Voices roared back: "You won't stand here long."

"Let me out! I'll talk to them!" Joe shouted. His voice was drowned as the mob charged the main door. A newsreel man, jumping nimbly on a nearby balcony, began turning the handle. At the Sheriff's order, fire hoses were turned on the assailants. The air reeked with the fumes of tear-gas bombs, but nothing could daunt the lynchers' purpose.

"Let's smoke Wilson out!" someone cried. There was a crash as the main door caved in. Fighting was evidently going on on the stairs. "Smoke him out!" came the repeated cry, followed, after a deathly minute's pause, by the sound of crackling, as the Sheriff's barricade of desks and chairs, piled in the entrance, proved easy to fire.

"Let me out!" reiterated Joe. Smoke began to ooze into his cell, agitating Rainbow to short, sharp barks. "Looks bad, old pal," Joe said, petting her. Heat from below surged up in sickening waves. Putting out his last ounce of strength, Joe attempted to wrench out a window-bar. Flames, roaring up the stairs, licked the walls behind him. Seen by the crowd, his body stood out an inky patch against leaping tongues of red and yellow.

Mercifully, Joe could not see himself as Katherine saw him while forcing her way to the forefront of the crowd, only to fall in a dead faint. Fury could do no more. All night the fire raged, and in the morning the lynchers congratulated themselves that Joe Wilson, kidnapper, was dead.

Twenty-four hours later, Tom and Charlie, discussing every aspect and every possibility of the crushing news of the morning's paper, heard a determined footfall. In the open doorway stood a man looking as though he had come from another world.

"Joe!" The word had hardly left Tom's lips when his brother strode across the room and pulled down the blind.

"Turn out the light!" Joe ordered. "I've been at a movie all

In the open doorway stood a man looking as though he had come from another world.



the FILM—continued

day watching a newsreel of myself getting burned alive. Place was packed. Folk got a kick out of seeing a man die. There was a big explosion, the cell door caved in and killed Rainbow. Yeah, but it didn't kill me. I got out down a rainpipe. I almost burned my side off. I could smell myself burn. It was awful. I feel like thanking God or something."

"Did you get burned bad?"

"Pretty bad, Tom; but it don't hurt me, because you can't hurt a dead man. D'you remember me preaching to you to be decent and live right? Well, I tried it, and it wouldn't work. People won't let you. Charlie, you were right. Donelli was right. I was wrong but I know now, and I'll punish the folk that made me so."

"Sure, we'll get a lawyer and have them."

"What! Have them arrested, Charlie, for disturbing the peace? No; that's not enough for me. I'm burned to death by a mob of animals. I'm legally dead and they're legally murderers."

"They'll hang for it. Killing by lynch law is murder in the first degree, and all who consent to kill a man that way are responsible. I got that out of a law book in the public library."

The obstinate streak, the power to carry revenge to a finish from being only factors in Joe's mental make-up, obtained complete mastery during the ensuing weeks. Public feeling, following on the arrest of the genuine kidnappers, played into his hands. Twenty-two citizens of Strand indicted for murder by the District Attorney were to stand for trial in Central City. Regardless of the danger of discovery, Joe joined his brothers in their apartment on the East side.

"What did you want to leave Chicago for?" Charlie grumbled. "Somebody'll see you."

"No one will, because I shall keep out of the way."

"Maybe he'll want to see Katherine some day," Tom put in.

Joe frowned. He had a hard fight to keep a stiff upper lip when Charlie told him how the sight of Joe in the burning cell had temporarily affected Katherine's brain, but that she was recovering. "Don't forget, Katherine came out from Galsburg, when she heard you were gaoled, to see if she could help," Charlie added.

"Get this straight," Joe flung out. "Katherine's not to know I'm alive. She'd crack. She'd never go through with it. She wouldn't see things as I see them. I want those fellows to squirm as they made me squirm. I want to see them hung at the end of a rope."

One thing seemed liable to prevent this. Joe, straining for every word about the opening days of the trial issuing from his wireless set, realised that the fact his death had never actually been proved might save the lynchers' skins. By newsreel, now in possession of the State and screened in court, the identity of the principal lynchers was definitely established. Was revenge to fail because Joe Wilson's body had never been found?

After a sleepless night, Joe had a brilliant idea. The following day the District Attorney produced, for the benefit of the Judge and crowded court a letter addressed to His

Honour. It was not handwritten, but composed of words cut from newspapers and pasted together. Inside the envelope was a gold ring.

"The confession of a tortured conscience, ladies and gentlemen," the District Attorney announced, "Listen! I can't hide truth any longer. I am a citizen of Strand who helped clean up the gaol mess. I found this ring in the ashes. At first I was keeping it for a momentum. But it's upsetting my conscience. I don't dare sign this, or I would probably get lynched myself."

"That letter was the best thing I ever thought about," Joe exulted the same evening. 'Gallows Loom for Lynchers' makes fine reading in the papers, don't it? It almost cost me my finger getting that ring off, but it was worth it. I see Katherine identified it as mine all right. Was she upset, Charlie?"

"Not so much as one of the women who set fire to the prison when she left the Strand. They had to carry her out of court. It's getting me down, Joe. I wish I hadn't got mixed up in the thing."

"Turning yellow, eh? Why don't you squawk on me?"

"Nobody's talking about that, but I wish you'd get out of the country, and we could start again."

"I'll kill you first."

"You might as well kill me, too."

Katherine was speaking; Katherine, coming into the room, looking pale and years older. Anger at seeing her changed, as much as anything, brought out Joe's gun. "So you brought her here, Charlie; you lying little—"

"Joe, don't! I followed him here. I knew you were alive when I saw that letter. 'Momentum' you said in it. Thank God you never will remember how to spell it. Listen to me. You're hanging twenty-two people for something they didn't do. Twenty-two human beings. If they die, Joe Wilson dies. Wherever you go, whatever you do. I couldn't marry you now, Joe. I couldn't marry a dead man."

"Right. I don't need anybody." He saw her go. That night he walked the streets, drinking at the bars, reckless of being identified, a man fighting with himself not to listen to a woman's voice. Time and again he heard it echo! "I couldn't marry you now, Joe. I couldn't marry a dead man."

In the small hours he got back without knowing how to his apartment. The room was empty as he switched on the light. Loneliness, kept at bay for an evening, suddenly overwhelmed him.

"Katherine, don't leave me!" he groaned and fell face forward on the floor.

"Your honour, I am Joe Wilson. I know that by coming here I save the life of twenty-two people. But that isn't why I'm here. I came here for my own sake. I couldn't stand it any more. I couldn't stop thinking about the twenty-two men with every breath and step I took. And I thought, maybe, that Katherine..."

So far, Joe spoke in the crowded court and paused. He never heard the Judge say: "You mean the young lady you're going to marry." His whole attention was fixed on the figure coming to meet him, on the young face, tinged with suffering, breaking into a smile, on the eyes that went out to meet his, and the voice that soothed the agony of weeks in the single word of welcome, "Joe."



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Previews

CRITICISMS of the LATEST FILMS

THE ROAD TO GLORY

SOME of the most vivid and realistic war sequences I have ever seen on the screen form the highlight of this picture, which has as its theme devotion to duty and love of country.

While these sentiments are admirable in themselves, I do not feel that these grim reminders of a world gone mad constitute entertainment in the true sense of the word.

For those who lost sons and relations in the war the horror of it all must be unbearable, while those who served have memories which are better left as memories of some wild nightmare.

The story which accompanies these harrowing battle scenes on the French front is not free from artificiality and the note of unquenchable patriotism is rather over-strained.

The action takes place in a section of the French line which the 39th Regiment of the line has been holding since 1914. Captain Laroche has the reputation of a fine soldier, just but ruthless. He keeps his nerves from letting him down by living on cognac and aspirin, and whilst in billets he is helped by Monique, a pretty nurse whom he loves devotedly.

A Lieutenant Denet joins the regiment, and while sheltering from an air raid meets and flirts boisterously with Monique.

The regiment goes up to the front and discovers its trenches are mined. After terrible suspense the men are relieved just before the Germans detonate the mine.

Back in billets, Denet meets Monique again and falls in love with her, not knowing that his captain has a prior claim on her affections.

Before they return up the line Laroche gets wind of their relations, but says nothing. His old father, who has managed to enlist under an assumed name, manages to get up with him in spite of an order that he was to return to base because of his age.

It is in this character of an old man that the full fire of patriotism is expressed. He is represented as an old warrior who does heroic deeds but whose nerves go under the strain.

Later he redeems himself by assisting his son to telephone artillery observations to the gunners from an advanced post which must inevitably be blown up if they wish to give the correct range.

Both of them are killed and Denet returns to Monique, only to be forced into the routine which has been Laroche's lot for the past two years—a perpetual going and returning on the road to glory.

Lionel Barrymore over-emphasises the senility of Laroche's father and the character is not too convincing, but Warner Baxter is excellent as

the Captain and Fredric March turns in his best performance for some time as Denet.

June Lang is beautiful to look at as Monique, a rather vague character who, for dramatic emphasis should, I think, have been made more definitely a light woman. June Lang's acting is rather stilted and colourless.

The best performance comes from Gregory Ratoff as a sergeant. It is a very clever character study.

While the settings are most convincing and the attack sequences terribly realistic, the atmosphere in billets is not so good owing to the diversity of accents used by the various characters. Some speak pure American and some broken English.

Fine dramatic tension is obtained in the sequences where the company is listening to the mining in progress under their trenches, fearful when the tapping stops and assuming nonchalance when it continues.

On the whole, Howard Hawks' direction deserves great praise, but I still feel it is too grim for the normal filmgoer's entertainment.

MAYERLING

The tragic story of Rudolph of Austria's love for Marie Vetsera which ended tragically at Mayerling in 1889 is brought realistically and artistically to the screen.

Charles Boyer has done nothing finer than his characterisation of the Archduke who is driven mad by the court restrictions that are placed on him. It is a sensitive and thoroughly sympathetic portrayal.

Danielle Darrieux is wholly charming, naive and youthful as Marie. She expresses her devotion with a most effective restraint.

Jean Dax is remarkably like the portrait of the Emperor Francis Joseph and carries his role with dignity, while the remainder of the cast is flawless throughout.

The story, based on actual fact, shows how the Archduke Rudolph, having been forced into a marriage of convenience by the Emperor Francis Joseph, proceeds to run wild; his friendship, too, with the editor of a Liberal paper gets him into trouble.

One day he meets and falls violently in love with Marie Vetsera. They have to meet in secret, but they are followed and Marie is sent off to Trieste from Vienna.

Rudolph starts his wild parties again until Marie comes to him promising never to leave him. He tries to get a divorce from his wife, but the Emperor eventually gives him twenty-four hours in which to end the affair. Marie consenting, the lovers go to Mayerling, where Rudolph first shoots her and then himself.

Anatole Litvak has treated this tragedy in rather a leisurely manner, but he has given it a wealth of sincerity and reproduced the atmosphere of the period admirably. The splendour of the court scenes, with the restrictions they impose on the Archduke's craving for normal companionship, are well contrasted with the scenes of Rudolph's carousals and the tenderness of the love interest.

The tragic denouement is led up to with full dramatic force, and it is most moving in its pathetic intensity.

Brilliant camera work does full justice to the settings, which include famous landmarks of Vienna, including the ballroom of the Imperial Palace, the famous Sacher Restaurant, the Royal Opera House, and the hunting lodge at Mayerling.

THE AMAZING QUEST OF ERNEST BLISS

How often have you wished that you could generously help those who have helped you, and repay in kind those whose one aim in life seems to be to hinder your advancement?

That is what Mr. Bliss is able to do in this praiseworthy and pleasantly entertaining adaptation of E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel and that is—partly—why I think you will enjoy it; the hero is doing something which most of you would like to do. A sort of satisfaction by proxy.

Very briefly the plot illustrates how a very wealthy young man wagers a Harley Street doctor that he will earn his own living for a

year starting with a capital of only five pounds. He is, of course, at liberty to take out money to help others, but he must not benefit from or touch it himself.

During the course of his self-imposed task he meets and falls in love with a charming little secretary, and also comes in contact with a variety of characters, the clever delineation of which form the main source of the film's entertainment.

Cary Grant is quite good as Bliss, and Mary Brian has charm and intelligence as the little secretary, Frances.

Alfred Leisler has given full value to the chances for straight comedy, and his direction, while erring a little on the slow side, is nevertheless polished, and he has achieved an exceedingly good London atmosphere.

The hero becomes, in turn, a gas stove salesman, a porter to a greengrocer, and a chauffeur.

In his first job he meets the heroine, and in the second he has a first-class scrap in Covent Garden market which provides a very good bit of local colour.

As a chauffeur he saves the heroine from a designing rogue, and also has an encounter with crooks who take possession of his flat, having bribed the butler.

LIONEL COLLIER.

THE THREE MAXIMS

A good plot, like a good car, lasts a long time; but there is a limit to the number of times the car can be reconditioned or the plot reshaped.

The triangle of trapeze-artists among whom jealousy and revenge come to a head high in the air under the "big top" is worn out; no amount of refurbishing can make it look like new.

The story begins weakly, with long pointless speeches by the members of the "Three Maxims" strolling acrobatic troupe in France; and it proceeds through a circus-tent performance from which hundreds of feet could be cut without anyone being a penny the poorer.

The circus is wrecked by roughs, but a Parisian theatre-manager named Winston, who has seen the show, is persuaded by Mike, the Maxims' Irish manager, to give the troupe an audition.

Although he obviously thinks very little of their performance, for some quite unexplained reason he engages them as the star turn at his theatre, supplies them with smart clothes, puts them up at the best hotel, and proposes to introduce them at the Annual Students' Ball.

At this function, Mac, the strong man of the show, rejected by the girl Maxim, becomes intoxicated and causes a scene; and the drama of jealousy works itself out on the flying trapeze in the old familiar way.

The story, though it has a surprise twist in the climax, is not worth the excellent acting lavished upon it.

Leslie Banks shines as the dour, devoted Mac, and Tullio Carminati is good as his gentlemanly rival; Horace Hodges as Mike and Arthur Finn as Winston, both turn in sound performances, but Anna Neagle's acting is forced and artificial.

Herbert Wilcox must find her a better story, with fewer repetitions and the ends tucked in more tidily if she is to retain her seat on the precarious trapeze of stardom.—E.G.C.



Cary Grant, John Turnbull and Mary Brian in "The Amazing Quest of Ernest Bliss"

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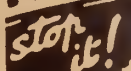
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REVIEWS

The PICTUREGOER'S
quick reference index
to films just released

****FURY

***THE PRINCESS
COMES ACROSS

**EVERYTHING IS
THUNDER

**SECRET INTERLUDE

**LABURNUM GROVE

**THE WALKING DEAD

**SUTTER'S GOLD

*THE GAY

ADVENTURER

*BLACKMAILER

*TO CATCH A THIEF

*THE MARINES

HAVE LANDED

What the asterisks mean—

**** An outstanding feature.

*** Very good. ** Good.

* Average entertainment. c Also
suitable for children.

****FURY

M.-G.-M. American. "A" certificate.
Physiological drama. Runs 91 minutes.
SYLVIA SIDNEY.....Katherine
SPENCER TRACY.....Joe Wilson
WALTER ABEL.....District Attorney
BRUCE CABOT.....Kirby Dawson
EDWARD ELLIS.....Sheriff
WALTER BRENNAN....."Bugs"
FRANK ALBERTSON.....Charlie
GEORGE WALCOTT.....Tom
ARTHUR STONE.....Durkin
MORGAN WALLACE.....Fred Garrett
GEORGE CHANDLER.....Milton Jackson
ROGER GRAY.....Stranger
EDWIN MAXWELL.....Vickery
HOWARD HICKMAN.....Governor
JONATHAN HALE.....Defence Attorney
LEILA BENNETT.....Edna Hooper
ESTHER DALE.....Mrs. Whipple
HELEN FLINT.....Franchette
Directed by Fritz Lang. From a story by Norman
Krasna. Previewed, July 11, 1936. For story
freely based on the film by Marjory Williams,
see page 24.

Lynch law which is apparently
more rife in certain American
states than we can realise over here is
strongly condemned in this tensely
holding drama which has been
brilliantly directed by Fritz Lang,
the German director who was respon-
sible for several silent German mas-
terpieces, including *Die Neiblungen*.

The plot is quite a simple one.
Joe Wilson, working hard to be
able to support a wife, has succeeded
in getting a comfortable little
business going and sets off to
collect his fiancée, Katherine, who
is teaching in a small western
town.

On the way he is arrested on
suspicion of being connected with
a kidnapping case and one of the
bills paid as ransom is found on
him. He is put in prison during
investigation and while there the
townspeople get out of hand,
attack the prison and burn it down.

Katherine hears of his plight and
arrives just to see his agonised
face looking through the cell bars.

After his death has been officially
announced he is found innocent.

His two brothers plan to revenge
themselves on the people who
initiated the lynching when sud-
denly Joe walks in—he had escaped
by a miracle and his one thought
is revenge.

From then on the drama grimly
pursues the theme of revenge and
in doing so introduces one of the
best court scenes it has been my
luck to witness.

Joe's scheme of action is for his
brothers to take legal action against

by Lionel COLLIER

the lynchers whilst he remains
apparently dead. The suspects are
arraigned on a charge of murder,
and a news reel of the episode is
sufficient to prove their complicity
and refute all the perjury of witnesses
who had tried to protect them.

The one thing wanted is definite
proof that the victim is dead. I
do not propose to give away the
upshot of the trial nor the sub-
sequent action of Joe, since there is a
strong element of suspense which
would be lost if you were told it
beforehand.

The character drawing is remark-
ably fine. Spencer Tracy's rendering
of the peaceful easy-going lover
who is transformed into a revenge-
ful killer is an outstanding one.
It is sincere and vivid in its psycho-
logy and vital forcefulness.

As his fiancée, Sylvia Sidney also
gives of her best. Her transition from
light-heartedness to abject misery is
extremely poignant and realistic.

Walter Abel is very good as the
barrister retained by Joe's brother
and Edward Ellis is noteworthy
as the sheriff.

Mob sequences are convincingly
handled and rather harrowing in
their realistic detail.

***THE PRINCESS COMES
ACROSS

Paramount. American. "A" certificate.
Murder mystery comedy. Runs 74 minutes.
CAROLE LOMBARD....."Princess Olga"
FRED McMURRAY.....King Mantell
DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE.....Lorel
ALISON SKIPWORTH....."Lady" Gertrude
GEORGE BARBIER.....Capt. Nicholls
WILLIAM FRAWLEY.....Benton
PORTER HALL.....Darcy
LUMSDEN HARE.....Cragg
SIG RUMANN.....Steindorf
MISCHA AUER.....Morevitch
BRADLEY PAGE.....The Stranger
TETSU KOMAI.....Kawati
Directed by William K. Howard.
Previewed July 25, 1936.

An unusually novel and breezy
version of the lightly treated
murder mystery type. It is also
notable for an excellent performance
given by Carole Lombard as a



Clever acting by Carole Lombard
in "The Princess Comes Across."

Brooklyn chorus girl who having
been stranded in France, puts up
a masquerade with the help of an
English actress, and posing as a
Swedish princess, gets a Hollywood
contract and sails for America.

When we first meet her she is
"throwing a Garbo" and doing
it remarkably well. She contrasts
this up stage act with her Brooklyn
chorus girl self extremely cleverly.

Trouble starts when romance
enters in the person of King Maskell,
a concertina player admirably en-
acted by Fred MacMurray and a
murder is committed in the
"Princess's" suite.

There is plenty of action,
numerous wisecracks and the whole
proceedings are characterised by
directorial polish and efficiency.

Alison Skipworth is very good
as the English actress and a bevy
of detectives who happen to be on
the boat and try to spot the murderer
are excellently characterised by
Douglas Dumbrille, Lumsden
Hare, Sig Rumann, and Tetsu
Komai.

Porter Hall gives a clever study
as a blackmailer—the victim of
the crime.

George Barbier makes a jovial
ship's captain and William Frawley
is amusing as King's friend and
partner.

**SECRET INTERLUDE

Fox. American. "A" certificate.
Romantic drama. Runs 79 minutes.
ROBERT TAYLOR.....Richard Winfield
LORETTA YOUNG.....Ellen Neal
BASIL RATHBONE.....Wroton
PATSY KELLY.....Gracie
JOE LEWIS.....Smiley Watson
MARJORIE GATESON.....Mrs. Winfield
PAUL HARVEY.....Patty Winfield
JANE DAWELL.....Mrs. Meecham
PAUL STANLEY.....Rawlings
JOHN MILJAN.....Stapp
MONROE OWSLEY.....Coakey
BILLY BEVAN.....Frederick
FRANK DAWSON.....Graham
GEORGE IRVING.....Judge
MAY BEATTY.....Grandma Gammon
ALEX POLLARD.....Footman
JACK PENNICK.....Gus Rilovitch
JOHN VAN EYCK.....John
KANE RICHMOND.....Joe
LILYAN IRENE.....Hazel
MAXINE HICKS.....Olga
BETTY MORRIS.....Teena
LILLIAN WORTH.....Maud
ANN HOWARD.....Violet
PRINCE.....Hamlet the dog
Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Based on a play by
Cleva Ken Read. Previewed July 18, 1936.

A conventional enough theme
dealing with the romance of a
servant girl with her wealthy
employer's son, with a butler
intervening as the villain, who also
has designs on the heroine.

But in spite of the plot's banality
there is good entertainment because
the direction is polished, the char-
acters well drawn and the acting
good throughout.

Loretta Young, for instance, is
winsome and appealing as the girl
who secretly marries her employer's
son; she presents a human and
likeable character.

Robert Taylor, a trifle stereotyped,
is sound as her lover and Basil
Rathbone is extremely good as the
butler—he would earn a round
of hisses at any self-respecting
melodrama theatre.

The settings are effective and the
treatment generally helps to obviate
the old-fashioned nature of the
plot.

**EVERYTHING IS THUNDER

G.-B.-D. British. "A" certificate.
Romantic war drama. Runs 77 minutes.
CONSTANCE BENNETT.....Anna
DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY.....Hugh McGrath
OSCAR HOMOLKA.....Detective Goertz
ROY EMERTON.....Kostner
FREDERICK LLOYD.....Muller
GEORGE MERRIT.....Webber
Directed by Milton Rosmer. From J. L. Hardy's
novel. Previewed August 27, 1936.

The atmosphere of Germany
in war-time is effectively por-
trayed in this story of a Canadian
officer, Hugh McGrath, who escapes
from a prison camp and reaches
Berlin after many exciting adven-
tures. Soon after his arrival he
meets Anna, an attractive waif

of the streets who befriends him.
The two fall in love and Anna plans
to smuggle McGrath over the
Dutch border, but their plot is
discovered by Goertz, a detective
who is in love with Anna.



Robert Taylor and Loretta Young in
a scene from "Secret Interlude."

Up to this point, the story has
a ring of authenticity but now the
climax of the attempted escape
results in a severe strain being placed
on the probabilities. In fact, a
happy ending proves far from
satisfactory.

Douglass Montgomery is much
happier as a derelict adventurer
than a passionate lover and Con-
stance Bennett acts with great
sincerity but rather too much
cloying sweetness as Anna. The
acting honours are carried off by
Oscar Homolka as Goertz. His
performance is so exactly right in
every detail that when he is on
the scene, the remainder of the cast
are quite overshadowed.

Thrills and romance are found in
full measure in this picture, which
affords good entertainment for those
who are not too critical.

**THE WALKING DEAD

First National. American. "A" certificate.
Macabre melodrama. Runs 86 minutes.
BORIS KARLOFF.....John Ellman
RICARDO CORTEZ.....Nolan
EDMUND GWENN.....Dr. Beaumont
MARGUERITE CHURCHILL.....Nancy
WARREN HULL.....Jimmy
BARTON MACLANE.....Loder
HENRY O'NEILL.....Werner
JOSEPH KING.....Judge Shaw
PAUL HARVEY.....Blackstone
ROBERT STRANGE.....Merritt
JOSEPH SAWYER.....Trigger
EDDIE ACUFF.....Betcha
RUTH ROBINSON.....Mrs. Shaw
ADDISON RICHARDS.....Prison Warden
KENNETH HARLAN.....Stephen Martin
MIKI MORITA.....Sako
ADRIAN ROSLEY.....Florist
Directed by Michael Curtiz.
Previewed August 8, 1936.

Sound acting and production values
makes this good entertainment
for all lovers of macabre subjects.

All the mumbo-jumbo of witchery
which attends the usual spine-
chiller has been so overdone that
it is now almost ludicrous; this time
we are confronted with pseudo-
scientific marvels that are fascinat-
ing in themselves, quite apart from
the horror angle.

The "science" is employed in
bringing back from the dead a man
who has been unjustly executed;
and as the scientist who performs
the miracle, Edmund Gwenn is
sufficiently matter-of-fact to be
convincing.

While in "the Beyond," the sub-
ject of this experiment has learned

the identity of the man who sent him to his death; and, obsessed with this knowledge, he sets about persecuting them in turn.

The upshot is as unexpected as it is dramatic and affords a really efficient curtain.

Ricardo Cortez gives a first rate performance as a lawyer and Boris Karloff without an over-plus of disguise, succeeds in making your flesh creep.

**SUTTER'S GOLD

General F.D. American. "A" certificate. Historical pioneering drama. Runs 94 minutes.
 EDWARD ARNOLD.....John Sutter
 LEE TRACY.....Pete Perkin
 BINNIE BARNES Countess Elizabeth Bartofski
 KATHARINE ALEXANDER.....Ann Sutter
 ADDISON RICHARDS.....Marshall
 JOHN MILJAN.....General Alvarado
 MONTAGU LOVE.....Captain Kettleon
 HARRY CAREY.....Kit Carson
 WILLIAM JANNEY.....Sutter's Son
 NAN GRAY.....Ann Eliza Sutter (his daughter)
 ROBERT WARWICK.....General Rotschegg
 BRYANT WASHBURN.....Captain Petroff
 GASTON GLASS.....Lieutenant Bacalenakoff
 MORGAN WALLACE.....General Fremont
 ALLEN VINCENT.....Alvarado's Son
 JOSE RUBIO.....Don Julio Casas
 PEDRO REGAS.....De La Cruz
 HARRY CORDING.....Lars
 RUSSELL HOPTON.....Crazed Sailor
 SIDNEY BRACY.....Smythe
 PAUL WEIGEL.....Padre Emilio Silva
 CAROLA ALENA.....Spanish Dancer
Directed by James Cruze. From the novel by Alaise Cendraro.

In its effort to cover a very wide field this picture becomes overcrowded with historical spectacle



Edward Arnold scores a personal success in "Sutter's Gold."

and the biographical story becomes somewhat obscured.

It is, however, well acted and certainly varied in its entertainment; comedy, romance, spectacle and adventure are all presented in its compass.

It deals with John Sutter, a Swiss, who is wrongly suspected of murder and forced to flee to America. On landing in New York he makes friends with Pete Perkin, a loquacious adventurer, and the two eventually reach California via the Sandwich Islands. Sutter, by an agreement with the Mexicans, establishes the colony of New Helvetia, but just as he becomes King of the Castle there is a gold rush, and his preoccupation in the mercenary Countess Elizabeth Bartofski causes him to get the worst of the argument.

Frenzied settlers ride roughshod over his property until its value is completely destroyed and he is reduced to penury. At this juncture Sutter's wife and family join him, but they, too, get a raw deal,

and hope that Congress will return to him his lost lands is not abandoned when death at last claims him.

Edward Arnold gives a very good performance as Sutter and Lee Tracy scores in several comedy situations as Pete.

Binnie Barnes acts well as the Countess, as does Katharine Alexander as Mrs. Sutter; the pair are well contrasted.

**LABURNUM GROVE

A.B.F.D. British. "A" certificate. Domestic comedy-drama. Runs 73 minutes.
 EDMUND GWENN.....Mr. Radfern
 CEDRIC HARDWICKE.....Mr. Baxley
 VICTORIA HOPPER.....Elsie
 ETHEL COLERIDGE.....Mrs. Baxley
 KATIE JOHNSON.....Mrs. Radfern
 FRANCIS JAMES.....Harold Russ
 JAMES HARCOURT.....Joe Fletten
 NORMAN WALKER.....Man with Glasses
 DAVID HAWTHORNE.....Inspector Stack
 FREDERICK BURTWELL.....Simpson
 TERENCE CONLIN.....Police Sergeant
Directed by Carole Reed. From J. B. Priestley's stage play. Previewed August 15, 1936.

This is not a very successful adaptation of the stage play. It relies too much on its dialogue and when it introduces action tends to make it too farcical for the dramatic balance of the story to be at all convincing.

The story deals with a suburban household consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Radfern, their daughter Elsie, Mrs. Baxley, Mrs. Radfern's sister-in-law, and her husband.

To all appearances the master of the house is a quiet respectable business man, but in order to frighten off an unwanted young man who wants to marry his daughter, and also to get rid of his limpet-like relations, Mr. Radfern pretends to be a crook working in the counterfeit money racket.

He frightens the young man away and also terrifies his relations into leaving, and, eventually, it turns out that he is really a crook and suspected by the police. He sends his family away and then tries to evade the law himself.

Edmund Gwenn is exceedingly good as Mr. Radfern, but Sir Cedric Hardwicke is inclined to over-emphasise the ne'er-do-well brother to a point where he becomes somewhat incredible.

Victoria Hopper is adequate as the daughter, but Katie Johnson



Edmund Gwenn as Mr. Radfern in "Laburnum Grove."

and Ethel Coleridge are well in character as Mrs. Radfern and Mrs. Baxley respectively.

David Hawthorne turns in a convincing little study of a police inspector.

*THE GAY ADVENTURER

Pathe. British. "A" certificate. Broad satirical comedy. Runs 70 minutes.
 YVONNE ARNAUD.....Julie
 BARRY JONES.....Darnton
 NORA SWIMBURNE.....Fay
 BETTY WORTH.....Baby
 SYBIL GROVE.....Miss Darnton
 FINLAY CURRIE.....Porter
 GUY MIDDLETON.....Aram
 ROBERT HOLMES.....D'Allary
 ANTHONY HOLLES.....Charles
 KENNETH WARRINGTON.....Mickey Blane
 RALPH TRUMAN.....Bucks
 PERCY PARSONS.....Pete
 ANDREA MALANDRINOS.....Hotel Manager
Directed by Sinclair Hill. From Walter Hackett's play.

Yvonne Arnaud's provocative personality is the main asset in this free adaptation of Walter Hackett's stage success. Otherwise the central theme is apt to dally between straight comedy and slapstick and does not succeed in being too clear in its ramifications, which usually adhere to stage conventions.

The star plays the role of a widow who, having lost her purse, is helped by Darnton, a simple youth who is being fleeced by two American confidence men; they assure him that he is the descendant of D'Artagnan.

His chance to prove his heroic descent comes when he helps the widow to conceal from the police the fact that her cousin had shot a man who had dined alone with his wife, Fay.

Numerous complications ensue, but they are successful in their task, reconcile Fay and her husband, and secure the arrest of the two confidence men.

Barry Jones brings some wit to his interpretation of Darnton and he and Yvonne Arnaud bear the brunt of the picture; the support is not outstanding.

*TO CATCH A THIEF

Radio. British. "U" certificate. Farce. Runs 66 minutes.
 JOHN GARRICK.....John
 MARY LAWSON.....Anne
 H. F. MALTBY.....Sir Herbert Condine
 ELIOT MAKEHAM.....Condine's Secretary
 BRYAN POWLEY.....Condine's Friend
 JOHN WOOD.....Bill Lowther
 MAX ADRIAN.....Showroom Assistant
 GORDON MCLEOD.....Detective
 RALPH TEASDALE.....Inspector
 BILLY SHINE.....Police Constable
 VINCENT HOLMAN.....Galloway
 BRIAN HERBERT.....Accomplice
 NORMAN PIERCE.....Bob
Directed by Maclean Rogers. From a story by Margaret and Gordon McDonell.

Neat direction and ingenuity in continuity help to obviate the rather too obvious nature and thinness of this crook comedy's plot.

John Garrick is good as John, who invents an anti-thief device for a car, and to impress Sir Herbert Condine, to whom he wishes to sell it, borrows the car from a friend who is away on holiday, fixes the device and goes to Sir Herbert's golf club.

On the way he meets an out-of-work actress who is trying to earn money by getting a toy dog run over and claiming compensation. The couple get friendly after John has spotted her game.

Sir Herbert is duly impressed with the anti-thief device—having got caught by it—and makes arrangements to meet John.

Crooks are using John's friend's garage and car for their snatch-and-grab raids, and John and the girl get mixed up with them, but emerge successfully from the ordeal.

Mary Lawson is appealing as the heroine and H. F. Maltby makes the most of the role of the irritable magnate.

The picture is overloaded with dialogue and it is a pity that it descends at times from straight comedy into broad farce.

*BLACKMAILER

Columbia. American. "A" certificate. Murder mystery comedy-drama. Runs 64 minutes.
 WILLIAM GARGAN.....Peter Cornish
 FLORENCE RICE.....Joan Rankin
 H. B. WARNER.....Michael Rankin
 NANA BRYANT.....Mrs. Lindsay
 GEORGE MCKAY.....Carney
 WYRLY BIRCH.....Nelson
 DRUE LEYTON.....Lydia Rankin
 PAUL HURST.....Inspector Killian
 KENNETH THOMPSON.....Mr. Porter
 BOYD IRWIN, SEN.....Dr. Lindsay
 ALEXANDER CROSS.....Jack Donovan
Directed by Gordon Wiles.

A "spot the killer" story played in a light-hearted manner with two good performances coming from William Gargan as an irresponsible but shrewd sportsman and Paul Hurst as the inevitable dumb inspector.

It is played mostly in a spirit of burlesque but takes rather too long getting into its stride.

The plot deals with Michael Rankin, a wealthy sportsman who gives a dinner party, and at a late minute, Donovan, a crook out to blackmail Michael and his young wife, Lydia, is numbered amongst the guests. He is wearing a catseye ring, and when the lights are turned out to exhibit the stone's peculiar lustre, he is mysteriously bumped off. All the guests, including Michael's daughter, Joan, and her fiancé Peter, are suspect, and when Inspector Killian attempts to reconstruct the crime, another murder is committed.

From this on Peter takes a hand and succeeds in tracking down the murderer.

*THE MARINES HAVE LANDED

*A.B.F.D. American. "A" certificate. LEW AYRES.....Woody Davis
 ISABEL JEWELL.....Brooklyn
 JIMMY ELLISON....."Mac" MacDonald
 JAMES BURKE.....Corrigan
 J. CARROLL NAISS.....Drenov
 CLAY CLEMENT.....Capt. Halstead
 MAYNARD HOLMES....."Tubby" Waters
 WARD BOND....."Tex"
 PAUL PORCASI.....Rico
 CLAUDE KING.....British Agent
 CHRISTIAN RUB.....Schooner Captain
 JOSEPH SAWYER.....Sergt. Regan
 HENRY MOWBRAY.....British Army Major
 JOHN WEBB DILLON.....Marine Colonel
*Directed by Howard Bretherton. From a story by Welyn Totman and James Gruen.**

The strong American flag-wagging sentiment and the conventionality of the plot do not help to add to the entertainment of this comedy-melodrama.

It deals with Woody Davis, an irresponsible young marine who is involved, while in Shanghai, in a brawl which results in the death of a friend. His past record leads to his dismissal, and he leaves the Service vowing vengeance on the mysterious Russian who had started the trouble.

Brooklyn, a sympathetic saloon girl, puts Woody on the Russian's track, and after killing his man, he takes over his job, of gun-running. Soon the marine's are in conflict with the very rebels Woody had helped to arm, but his loyalty to his comrades and his country prompt him to come to their aid, and his valour is rewarded by reinstatement and romance.

Lew Ayres is youthful and vigorous as Woody, but the part does not enlist a lot of sympathy and Isabel Jewell is inclined to be a little too crude as Brooklyn.

The supporting cast gives a good account of itself.

Generally the production is adequately staged and is not without a modest thrill or two.

What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

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B.C.

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I HAVE yet to see W. C. Fields eulogised in a letter from a reader. This grand old comedian, who has all Chaplin's perfection of mime plus a booming voice that is a sheer joy, must be the finest clown on the screen to-day.

He is at his best in knockabout burlesque, but every part he plays is a rich and fruity characterisation of the kind loved by such as Dickens and Mark Twain.

In hurriedly made, often shoddy films, he has little cameos equal to the Chaplin highlights of the past. His anguished attempts to shave while his daughter is in the bathroom; his beaming and bowing pride when he is accidentally placed at the head of a procession; his baffled dismay when he is entangled in a fence—these are gems of pure comedy.

The modern Micawber, blustering his way through his films in spite of illness in private life, "Bill" Fields is a real clown.

"Even so, my little glow-worm," as he would say.—A. Thomas, 161 Inverness Place, Cardiff.



W. C. Fields

Our Shop-window

I suggest that British producers should "look ahead" now and do some careful planning for 1937.

In Coronation year Britain will be filled—probably almost uncomfortably filled—with visitors from every country in the world.

These people will flock into our kinemas, and it will be undoubtedly a unique opportunity of impressing the world with the excellence of British films.

What are we going to put in our shop window? Will our screens be filled with fifth carbon copies of Hollywood's "drawing-room comedy" type of picture (which Hollywood itself is finding a drug on the market) and equally "faint yet pursuing" imitations of Hollywood's gangster pictures or slapstick? Or enormously expensive "musicals," which fall far below the Hollywood standard?

Or shall we find pictures essentially British, not only in name but in atmosphere, like the sadly-underrated *Turn of the Tide*?

That might help the kinema tide to turn in our direction.—A. W. Peterson, Merton College, Oxford, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

"Apathetic" Fans

Permit me to contrast theatre enthusiasm with kinema apathy.

Theatregoers cheerfully pay fares, "stool-money," "entertainers" (?), refreshment, programme; wait several hours; then endure three hours uncomfortable seating, often a bench (in the gallery).

Kinema audiences enter at any time, disturb others during the showing of a film; later murmur: "This is where we came in," exit; more disturbance; or worse, stay and tell us "what's coming."

Having seen the second half first, a complete

film, "shorts," they see the first half; then consider themselves competent to judge the film! Would PICTUREGOER's critics do this: could one thus criticise a play or book?

Managers could help to remedy this by printing the times on advertisements and outside the kinema. Also with the "trailer," with a friendly hint that patrons would add to their own enjoyment and comfort if they entered during the "shorts." I think this would also help to abolish queues.—Frederick C. Collins, 26 Oakfield Road, Clapton, E.5, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

A Tip Worth Having

I have recently joined the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club and am thrilled at such beautiful cards. The album given free to new members is a thing anyone would like to possess. After seeing the single photos I can well imagine what the "partners" are like. I shall never tire of looking through my album, with new cards to add every week or month.

I urge everyone to join, I know you will be thrilled, as I have been. Congratulations to "Picturegoer" for such splendid postcards of our favourite stars.—(Miss) E. Holloway, 10 Princess Row, King Square, Bristol, 1.

Classifying Powell

Some friends and I were recently having an argument concerning the film actors who sing. We all agreed they could be divided into three classes, namely:—

(a) The operatic singers (Nelson Eddy, Lawrence Tibbett and Nino Martini).

(b) The "musical comedy" type (Jack Buchanan, Carl Brisson and Maurice Chevalier).

(c) The crooners (Bing Crosby and Lanny Ross).

But we started to argue when Dick Powell's name was mentioned. Although nobody suggested class *a*, some (including myself) declared him to be in the *b* class and the rest in *c*. One of these argued that Mr. Powell himself has remarked "I'm no Caruso." That is, however, obvious, as Caruso would undoubtedly top list *a* and it was probably only modesty on Mr. Powell's part, anyway.

I commented that personally I thought all crooners could murmur was "Boo-boo-boo."—(Miss) R. Barfoot, 3 Cambridge Gate, Regent's Park, N.W.1.

Discriminate!

I disagree with the correspondent who proposes kinema clubs run by the management. It is playing into the producer's hands. They are heart and soul with any movement that makes a patron slavishly adhere to one kinema. In that way he can put out rubbish for exhibition.

Only by discrimination and boycott can the film producer be made to give his best. I patronise four suburban kinemas who have twice weekly changes, yet I only average two shows per week. I would go six times, but I desire the best.

Attendance at a single kinema, no matter whether the show is good or bad, keeps the art at a low level.—Albert Race, 46 Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

Surprise Us!

Whilst both British and American producers are turning out some really first-class pictures, at the same time I wish some producer would go off the beaten track once in a while and give us a picture that contains an element of surprise so that we are really taken out of ourselves.

Most people are superstitious. Wouldn't a story based upon the life of a character that was superstitious be of interest? Then what about our dreams? Many of them are weird yet I have only seen one picture and that was

(Continued on page 34)

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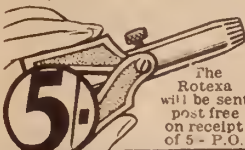
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WHO'S WHO

Dolores Del Rio

DOLORES DEL RIO was born in Durango, Mexico, August 3, 1905, the daughter of a wealthy banker. She was leading the life of the average society woman when Edwin Carewe, the director, saw her at a party in Mexico City and persuaded her to try a screen career. The actress made her debut in a small part in *Joanna*. Shortly afterwards the role of Charmaine in *What Price Glory?* skyrocketed her to fame.

Her other big silent successes included *Resurrection* and *Ramona*.

Since talkies, she has done, among others, *Bird of Paradise*, *Flying Down to Rio*, *Wonder Bar*, *Madame Du Barry*, *In Caliente*, *I Live for Love*, *The Widow from Monte Carlo* and *Accused*, made in Britain.

The star is 5ft. 3½in. tall, weighs 8 st. 3 lbs.

Reginald Denny

ONCE one of the screen's highest paid comedy stars and now holding his own as a character actor. Denny was born in Richmond, Surrey, on November 20, 1894, of a well-known theatrical family. He made his stage debut in London at the age of 16 and entered films in 1919 in *The Dark Lantern*. *The Leatherpushers*, a boxing series, made him a star, a position which he occupied for years at Universal. Recent pictures include *The Preview*, *Murder Mystery*, *Midnight Phantom*, *No More*

Ladies, *Vagabond Lady* and *Two in a Crowd*. The actor is a six-footer and weighs 173 lbs.

Florence Desmond

FLORENCE DAWSON (to give her her real name) was born in London on a certain May 31. Amateur theatricals started her on a stage career. Soon her impersonations of stage and screen celebrities made her a celebrity herself. Florence entered films in a small part in *Sally in our Alley* and scored an immediate success. Other films in which she has appeared are: *My Lucky Star*, *Mr. Skitch*, *Gay Love*, *No Limit*, and *Accused*. The star is 5ft. 3½in. tall and weighs 7 st. 7 lbs.

Tamara Desni

DAUGHTER of the famous silent star, Xenia Desni, Tamara was born in Sharkow, Russia, on October 22, 1911. She fled from Russia with her parents on the outbreak of the revolution and settled in Germany. Taking up professional dancing at 16, she made a reputation in the Berlin stage version of *White Horse Inn*. The actress came to London to play in *Casanova*, and her film debut in *Falling for You* followed soon after. Since then she has appeared in *Jack Ahoy*, *How's Chances?*, *McGlusky the Sea Rover*, *Dark World*, *Blue Danube*, and *Love in Exile*.

What Do You Think? Cont.

Emil and the Detectives that endeavoured to interpret in terms of fantasy a dream. It was very interesting indeed.

I think we all need to be jogged at some time or another and a picture with a surprise element that made us rub our eyes in wonder would be such a delightful change. I wouldn't mind if there was no star of importance in the picture at all.—*Miss Lily Winthrop*, 24 Dean Street, Oxford Street, W.1.

Film Boxing

A professional boxer tells me that the conventional film "scrap" makes him see red. Can you wonder? Queensbury Rules may do for the ordinary man. Many producers prefer the:

FILMSBERRY BOXING RULES

1. Be taken completely by surprise. Never avoid what's coming to you.
2. Receive opponent's blow squarely on jaw, and crumple up in approved fashion.
3. Rise promptly and return the compliment. Your antagonist likewise will be entirely unprepared.
4. Repeat several times, varying with chairs, lampstands and other furnishings. Alternate action throughout "vantage server—vantage striker."
5. All blows to be aimed at jaw. Boxers never hit elsewhere. They've never heard of the mark or solar plexus nor do they clinch, duck, side-step or counter.
6. Go ahead, and may the best-dressed man win!

Isn't it time these ridiculous exhibitions were "scrapped"?—*George Tremaine*, 42 Stirling Place, Hove, Sussex.

Too Many Telephones

There is one great fault with the present-day films, and that is: the telephone is used far too often. I have noticed in several very good pictures the telephone has spoilt them.

As soon as the hero or heroine gets in a tight corner, they start using the telephone, and then we, the audience, are obliged to sit and listen to an imaginary conversation, often hearing a squeaky voice at the other end of the phone.

You film producers must remember that nearly all the poorer classes who go to the pictures never use the telephone.

Next time you sit and watch a picture count

how many times they use the phone, it will interest you just as much as it annoys us.—*Flora Bayley*, 82 Northborough Road, Norbury, S.W.16.

Meaty Plots

In a recent series of Sunday Night revivals at a local cinema, I have seen, amongst others: *Five Star Final*, *42nd Street*, *Tiger Shark*, *20,000 Years in Sing-Sing*, *One-Way Passage*, *I Am a Fugitive*.

These have made me sigh for those days when there were real meaty plots, dialogue in which every line counted, and acting with a punch—such a contrast to the pseudo-smart all-talking talkies and the milk-and-water thriller being forced upon us to-day.—*Norman R. Cushing*, 17 Scoresby Street, Blackfriars Road, S.E.1.

Let Him Up!

When are British producers going to realise that Henry Kendall is worthy of better things than merely lifting second-rate productions out of the rut?

It is a compliment to his good acting that he is still popular in spite of the many indifferent films in which he has appeared.

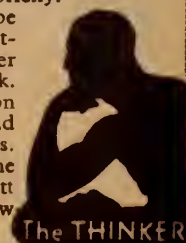
Personally, I should like to see him as P. G. Wodehouse's lovable idiot, Stanley Featherstonehaugh Ukridge, in a film version of *Love Among the Chickens*.

Surrounded by a good supporting cast, he could make an outstanding success of such a part—but uninspired roles in "second-feature" films such as he has been playing recently, will never get him anywhere!—*Peggy Wise*, 3 Claremont Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 is. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.



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P.2.

GLAMOROUS Hollywood BEAUTY

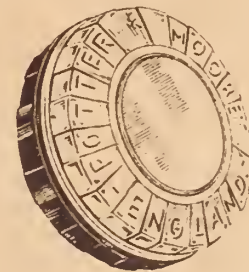


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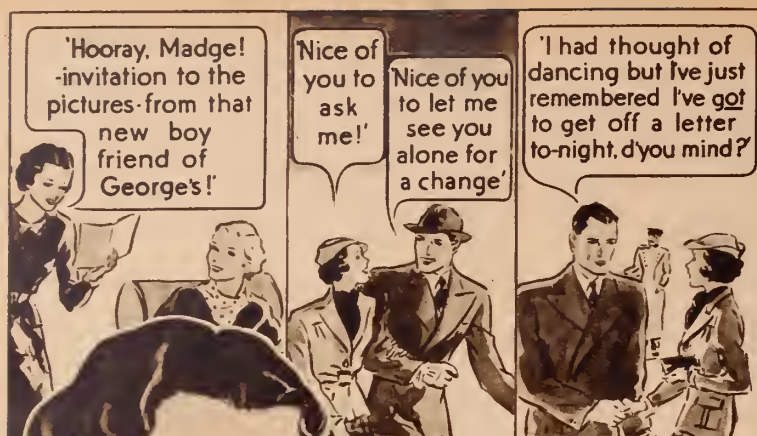
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Let GEORGE Do It!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

LESLIE HOWARD FAN (Sussex).—Art plates of Leslie Howard as follows:—Dec. 21, 1932, June 15, 1935. Summer, 1936. Front covers—Dec. 29, 1934, Aug. 29, 1936, Oct. 10, 1936. Story—*Woman in His House*, July 29, 1933. Centre-spread—*Secrets*, June 24, 1933. *Of Human Bondage*—Sept. 29, 1934. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catharine Street, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, post free.

BUBBLES (Cape Town).—(1) Stanley Morner sang the song "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody" in the film *The Great Ziegfeld*. (2) Latest films: Robert Montgomery *Piccadilly Jim* with Madge Evans; Robert Taylor, *Camille* with Greta Garbo; Franchot Tone, *Love on the Run* with Joan Crawford; Errol Flynn, *The Green Light* with Anita Louise. (3) Yes, Irving Thalberg died in September this year. (4) The usual charge for an autographed photograph is 1s., which you should enclose in your letter to the stars in the form of an International Money Order.

V. W. (Oldham).—Latest films and companies: Shirley Temple, *The Bowery Princess* for Twentieth Century-Fox. Dick Powell, *Stage Struck* for Warner Brothers; Ginger Rogers, *Swing Time* for Radio; Jean Harlow, *Love on the Run* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

LOTTIE (Devon).—We published the story of *The Golden Harvest* in the April 28, 1934, issue of this magazine. For back numbers see above.

F. H. (Coventry).—We published art plates of Franchot Tone as follows:—Jan. 13, 1934; Summer, 1935; July 13, 1935, and front covers Dec. 2, 1933, Oct. 12, 1935, issues. Back numbers see above.

B. A. (S.W.18).—(1) Robert Taylor is at present making *Camille* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Ltd. (2) Frank Albertson, who took the part of Davy Davenport in *Farmer in the Dell*, h. Feb. 9, 1909, Fergus Falls, Minn. 5 ft. 9 in., 10 st. 5 lbs., dark brown hair, blue eyes, mar. Virginia Shelley. (3) Moroni Olsen took the part of the director in the film, *Farmer in the Dell*.

R. M. H. (Essex).—Write to Mr. Mervyn Le Roy, c/o Warner Bros. and Samuel G. Mayer, at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

PICTUREGOER (Kensal Green).—I am afraid both you and your friend are wrong about the heroine of the film *Damaged Lives*. It was neither Diana Wynyard nor Diana Napier, but it was Diane Sinclair.

ADMIRER (Devon).—Claudette Colbert, b. Paris, Sept. 13, 1905, real name Lily Cauchoin, ed. in America, black hair, brown eyes, 5 ft. 5 in., 103 lbs., married (a) Norman Foster, (b) Dr. Joel Pressman. At present making *Maid of Salem*. (2) Wendy Barrie, h. April 18, 1912, Hong Kong, 5 ft. 5 in., fair hair, green eyes. To make *Class Prophecy* for Universal.

EVA (Tooting).—(1) John Loder's latest film, *King Solomon's Mines*. He was born Jan. 3, 1898, London, 6 ft. 3 in., brown hair, blue eyes, mar. Micheline Cheirel. (2) John Lodge married Francesca Braggiotti; latest film, *Dominant Sex*. (3) Your request has been passed on to the Editor.

GENE MAD.—(1) Gene Raymond, h. Aug. 13, 1908, New York; real name, Raymond Guion; 5 ft. 10 in., blue eyes, blonde hair, 157 lbs., hobby polo. Engaged to

marry Jeanette MacDonald. (2) Ronald Colman's latest film, *Lost Horizon*, and John Barrymore, *Romeo and Juliet*.

N. B. (Doncaster).—Centre-spreads of Greta Garbo's films as follows:—*As You Desire Me*, Aug. 6, 1932; *Grand Hotel*, May 28, 1932; *Queen Christina*, Feb. 17, 1934; *The Painted Veil*, Dec. 15, 1934; *Anna Karenina*, July 6, 1935. Supplements—*Queen Christina* (out of print); *Painted Veil*, Mar. 2, 1935; *Anna Karenina*, Jan. 4, 1936.

L. L. (Walthamstow).—Robert Taylor is at present making *Camille* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

LOLLYPOP (Manchester).—Story *The Little Colonel*—Oct. 12, 1935. *The Littlest Rebel*—Aug. 1, 1936.

E. B. (Fulham).—Robert Young making *Maiden Voyage* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. You must write to the film companies about the stunts exhibited outside kinemas.

J. A. (Holloway).—Latest films and companies: Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire—*Swing Time* for Radio. Shirley Temple—*The Bowery Princess* for Twentieth Century-Fox. Myrna Loy—*Libelled Lady* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Dick Powell—*Stage Struck* for Warner Bros.

READER (Hanwell).—Sometimes a film is cut after its very first trade show, but it is never cut between its London run and the general release showing.

PEGGY (Essex).—(1) Write to Robert Taylor, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where he is making *Camille*, to ask him for a photograph. The usual charge for an autographed photograph is 1s., which you should enclose in your letter by the means of an International Money Order, obtainable from your local Post Office. (2) Yes, we are still running our Talkie Title Tales Competition. You will find at the back of the paper on the "Leave It To Anne" page. (3) Robert Taylor's photograph can be obtained from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.

NOVA PILBEAM FAN (Morpeth).—Nova Pilbeam to make *Non-Stop for New York* for Gaumont-British Studios very shortly.

P. M. B. (Cornwall).—The chief players in *Sally Bishop* were Joan Barry, Harold Huth, Kay Hammond and Isabel Jeans.

GLASGOW CALLING DYORAK.—Ann Dyorak b. Aug. 2, 1912, New York, 5 ft. 4½ in., dark brown hair, green eyes, 110 lbs., real name Ann McKimm, married Leslie Fenton.

F. G. B. (Glos).—I am sorry but the Postcard Salon does not publish photographs of Douglas Walton and Michael Andre. If you send a 1s. postal order to Gaumont-British Studios they should be able to supply you with a photograph of Michael Andre.

L. S. H. H. (Kent).—(1) Charles Laughton recently finished *Rembrandt* for London Films and Leslie Howard at present appearing on stage in America in *Hamlet*. (2) We have not published the life story of Leslie Howard. (3) Leslie Howard's son took the role of the minor page in *Romeo and Juliet*.

ROBERT MAD.—(1) Robert Taylor, b. Filley, Nebraska, Aug. 1911. Yes, he played in *Murder in the Fleet*. (2) Write to Alexander Korda c/o London Films and to Sam Goldwyn c/o United Artists.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

THE HENRY EDWARDS BRITISH FILM CLUB, will again hold a private film show, by the kindness and courtesy of Gaumont-British, in Filmland's own private theatre, on Sunday evening, November 29, in aid of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund, to which every penny taken, will go. Three favourite films will be shown, by the kindness of Twickenham Films, Herbert Wilcox Productions, and Gaumont-British, and many star members of the club will be present. Tickets, price 2s. 6d. only, and full particulars can be obtained on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope, from the Hon. Secretary, 32 Amesbury Avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.2. Early application is advisable as only a limited number of tickets are available to non-members of the club.

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THE IMPERIAL FILM CLUB is holding a grand Film Star Dance on Thursday, Nov. 26 at Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, Russell

Square, W.C.1. Dancing is from 7.30 to 12 p.m. and there will be many spot prizes and novelties, and, of course, many stars will be present. Tickets are 3s. non-members and 2s. 6d. members, obtainable from F. W. Minde, secretary, The International Film Club, 100 Dalston Lane, London, E.8, or can be purchased at the door on the night at 3s. each.

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BEAUTY comes first from within. I know I have said that before, and I hope you won't think me a bore for saying it again.

But it bears repetition. It is a great truth, and one that many girls are apt to forget in their search for the perfect complexion.

They willingly spend money on first-class beauty products, and neglect the elementary rule of establishing good personal habits.

Nowadays we discuss the subject of elimination without false modesty. On its perfect rhythmic working depend bright eyes, clear skin, good digestion, and indeed cheerfulness and one's whole outlook on life. You cannot be alert and happy with an overloaded colon.

Let us suppose that you suffer in this way. What do you do about it? Common sense tells you that you must take action at intervals, and so perhaps once or twice a week you have recourse to a somewhat violent aperient, and then consider that things are quite all right until you repeat the treatment some days later. Indeed, some of my correspondents have been apt to pride themselves upon the fact that they dose themselves with such regularity.

This method of dealing with the trouble is almost worse than the complaint itself. Violent purgatives do a great deal of harm. Where faulty elimination is a chronic condition, Nature—ever ready to do the best she can in the circumstances—sets up a kind of protection whereby the fermenting poisons are confined. The sufferer by taking some cheap pill or drastic salts liberates this poison and sets it circulating in the system.

The first lesson to be learned therefore is this. Choose your aperient carefully. There are many excellent ones to be had, quite a number of which are advertised in our pages. It must be gentle and laxative; sure in its effect, but not violent.

* * *

Habit

WHILE a gentle laxative is of great value in curing faulty elimination, you must not rely upon this alone. An attempt must be made by regular effort and exercises, as well as carefully chosen diet, to make the lazy muscles take on the job for themselves without any prompting.

We are largely creatures of habit. So the first thing is to choose a special time of day to establish the habit. Generally speaking, the natural time is after breakfast. Settle on this and no matter what befall, keep to it. It may be some period before Nature begins to respond to a time-table, but habit tells in the end, so stick to it.

Take your gentle laxative at night, and in the morning give five minutes to some special exercises.

Tummy massage is of great help. A small rubber ball may be used for the purpose, or you can double up your fists. Go round and round, slowly and gently but with firm pressure. Then try bending and touching your toes.

These you may do daily. Then when you do them without feeling any fatigue, add the next exercise to your repertoire.

Take up a squatting position, balancing on the toes, with the arms outstretched in front, palms downwards. Rise quickly to the full height, still on

tiptoes, and at the same time swing the arms upwards above the head.

Yet another useful exercise is this: Lie on your back on the floor with knees drawn up towards the chest, clasped by the hands. Raise the head slightly from the ground. Unclasp the knees, and push them forward and apart till the soles of the feet touch the floor, the back is upright and you are in a sitting position with clenched hands pushed vigorously out in front of you.

Take this exercise deliberately step by step at first. It is not quite easy to do but it may be accomplished with perseverance.

The exercises are best performed in pyjamas in a well ventilated room. Never continue to the point of exhaustion, and if you have ever had an abdominal operation, or if you are over forty years of age do not attempt them at all. Just be content with the tummy massage.

Exercise of the abdominal muscles can be carried out unobtrusively at any odd time during the day. The muscles of the abdomen should be rhythmically retracted and expanded a dozen times or so. Take care, however, that you are not doing this by means of vigorous breathing in and out. Performed that way, the exercise has no value.

A diet that aims at combating faulty elimination must contain sufficient roughage, which may be got out of breakfast cereals, lettuce and green vegetables, fruit, wholemeal bread, and wholemeal cereals. Vitamin B is an energiser of the nerves concerned and this too, is to be obtained from wholemeal flour, pulses and nuts. Yeast preparations—a good one may be used as the base of all gravies, and added to soups—are helpful. Considerable assistance may be gained from drinking plenty of water between meals, especially night and morning, and by taking adequate fat in the form of butter.

* * *

Answers to Correspondents

Self-Conscious (Plymouth)—Hair destroyed by electrolysis can never grow again. The treatment you received could not have been properly given. I advise you to go back and see the practitioner who administered it.

Bubbles—At fourteen years of age, girls often suffer from "puppy fat." Do not worry, as your weight is now reduced, you will probably remain slim. Be sensible about diet, avoiding too many starchy foods. Your approximate weight should be 8 stones 5 lbs.

Brown Eyes—There is no cure for your large ears. Many fellows suffer from this blemish, so don't worry. Hair grown long at the sides would merely draw attention to the ears. Your protruding teeth could probably be improved by a dentist. There is nothing you could do yourself.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to K. STEWART, 33 Paignton Road, Rotton Park, Birmingham, 16, for:—

The First Year
Quiet House
Children to Bless You
Not So Quiet

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to: Mrs. B. J. SLATER, 221 Lloyd Street, Moss Side, Manchester, for:—

Man from the Folies Bergere
Lady of the Boulevards
Innocents of Paris
You're Telling Me

Mrs. R. C. MONTFORD, 68 Somerset Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19, for:—

The Beloved Bachelor
Leap Year
A Woman of Experience
Captured

Miss M. HAYWARD, 2 Gyffarde Street, Priory, Taunton, for:—

Every Night at Eight
Hands Across the Table
Have a Heart
Marry the Girl

W. BUCKLEY, 26 Denbigh Street, Victoria, London, S.W.1, for:—

Dinner at Eight
One Hour Late
Just My Luck
The Party's Over

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no other rules, except that I must insist that your "titles" are submitted on a postcard and only one attempt on each card.

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"Christmas Pie"

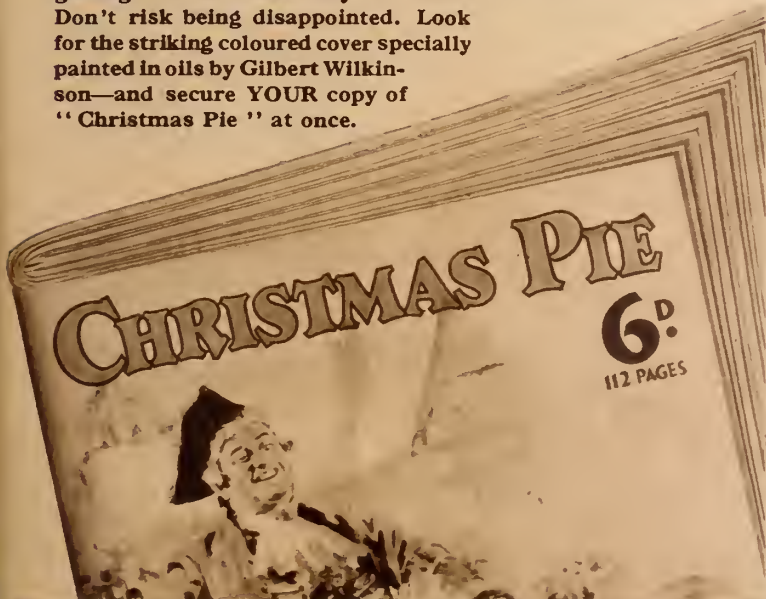
... deserves to play to a nation-wide audience

"Christmas Pie" deserves to play to a nation-wide audience! It is really a grand production. Dale Collins' fine story, "Girl from the Sky," for instance, has a strong and topical flavour, and the humorous drawings are a long laugh that should last from now to Christmas."

Dale Collins
famous playwright and actor.



IT'S JUST OUT—the all-star Christmas feast of entertainment—112 brilliant pages of fun and fiction for sixpence—"CHRISTMAS PIE." It's the magazine of all the talents—containing a grand array of stories... joke drawings that will keep the whole family amused... magnificent illustrations (many in colours)... all by leading writers and artists. Only their co-operation enables you to enjoy "Christmas Pie" for only sixpence. SEE what a treat is in store for you in "Christmas Pie." Stories by: Sir Philip Gibbs, Dorothy L. Sayers, Warwick Deeping, Lord Dunsany, Gilbert Frankau, A. P. Herbert, Cecil Roberts, S. L. Bensusan, Phyllis Bottome, Dale Collins. Illustrations by: George Whitelaw, Frank Oldham, S. Tresilian, W. J. Turner, Collin Orme, Stanley Davis, J. Grainger Jeffrey, A. Sindall, H. R. Millar, Sinclair Calow. Joke Drawings by: H. M. Bateman, W. Heath Robinson, A. C. Barrett, Batchelor, Lawson Wood, Tom Cottrell, Bruce Bairnsfather, Edgar Spenceley, Ridgewell, A. W. Browne, etc., etc. Already thousands of families are revelling in "Christmas Pie." Thousands more are getting it at this very moment. Don't risk being disappointed. Look for the striking coloured cover specially painted in oils by Gilbert Wilkinson—and secure YOUR copy of "Christmas Pie" at once.



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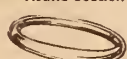
THERE is a pretty symbolism in the choice of the third finger to wear the wedding ring, for it alone, of all the fingers is served by nerves coming from two distinct sources, and at the finger tip a union of these nerves takes place. So when the bride has her new gold ring placed upon her finger, it is worn over what might almost be nature's wedding symbol. Lucky bride—doubly lucky if her ring comes from Bravington's.

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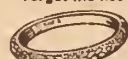
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No. 287 (New Series), Vol. 6

November 21, 1936

Picturegoer

The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

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WEEKLY

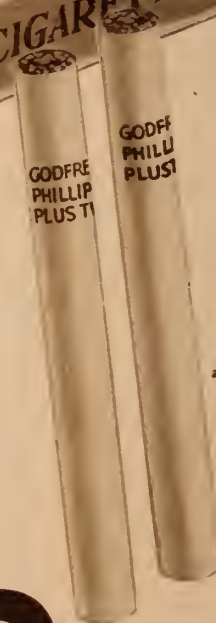


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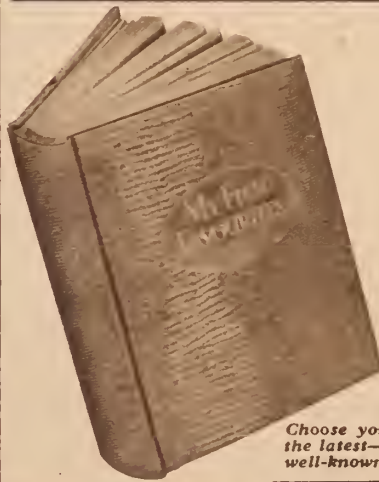
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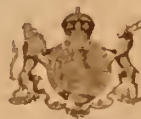
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All the GOSSIP

AN unusually big campaign is being devoted to putting over Mae West's new film *Go West Young Man*.

The star herself is to entertain eight hand-picked bachelors—they are being chosen by newspaper competitions—as part of the publicity as well as making a personal appearance tour.

The truth is that *Go West Young Man* will be rather a critical picture for Mae, who has been slipping lately as a front page personality.

The Purity Drive, which caught and almost overwhelmed the actress just as she was getting into her film stride was partly responsible for the slump in her stock and her recent pictures have not helped. A star is as good as her last film and *Klondyke Annie* was no world beater.

Apart from being far from good as entertainment, it offended a lot of people to whom the idea of Mae West as an evangelist was distasteful. It was also unfortunate that the star who is usually photographed with loving care was for once careless about the cameras and the famous curves at times looked suspiciously like plain and simple middle-aged spread.

Is Mae a Man's Star?

Mae has a new kind of role in *Go West Young Man*, but she is still apparently surrounded by adoring males.

Personally, I cannot help thinking that the time has come for her to abandon the beautiful illusion that the screen Mae West is a siren irresistible to the opposite sex.

Speaking as a mere male and with such box-office statistics as are available on my side, I doubt if she has ever been a man's star. She's not the type, while for sheer, wicked feminine guile she has a lot to learn from Shirley Temple.

Looking for Lucky Omens

It may or may not be significant, meanwhile, that Mae, who is superstitious, has fallen back on astrology for comfort and is consoling herself with the fact that all the omens point to *Go West Young Man* being a big success.

When the start of the film was delayed Miss West considered this a lucky sign, because her first appearance before the cameras was on August 8. The numeral 8 is her good luck number, and the stars on August 8 said, for a person born under the sign of Leo, "Your magnetism is at a high point. Begin important projects."

Further, the astrological forecast assured Mae West that all creative efforts started in August would reap a rich harvest.

Miss West's birthday, August 17, was a highly



A charming new study of Anne Shirley, the 18-year-old star, who will be seen shortly in the revival of "M'liss," one of the big silent successes.

auspicious occasion, judging by the messages observed by astrologers, who recorded that highly favourable publicity would come on that day.

The unusual omens surrounding the new Mae West picture are supplemented by a number of other circumstances the star views as "lucky."

Go West Young Man is her first film for Major Pictures and the supporting cast contains eight outstanding film names.

The temporary dressing-room, which Miss West occupies until the completion of her bungalow, is No. 26—the two figures adding to 8.

Feminine Free-for All

Who wins the honours in *Ladies In Love*, that filmic feminine free-for-all which features Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, Loretta Young and Simone Simon?

After seeing the picture at the trade show the other night I am inclined to take the cowardly

way out and nominate Alan Mowbray, whose delightful though overacted portrayal of a temperamental illusionist, brought down the house.

However, if we must give a decision, let me raise the dainty hand of that old campaigner Janet Gaynor. That's my choice and I'm going to stick to it.

Miss Bennett sweeps smoothly through a typical Bennett role, Loretta has all the big dramatic scenes and the pert little Mlle. Simon pouts devastatingly in a comparatively small part.

Bigger Titles

There was a time when all film titles contained the words "love" or "passion" and it was widely believed that they were put in a hat in odd assortments of a hundred or so and drawn for.

Time marches on and titles are growing bigger if not better. A year or two ago they were con-

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)
tent simply to call a picture *Holiday*. Now they won't be satisfied with anything less than *Mary Martin went to Aunt Matilda's for a Month* or *They Met on the Boat Deck of a Transatlantic Liner*.

Still Confusion

Four, five and even six-word titles are becoming the fashion. A few nights ago we had *Valiant Is the Word for Carrie* twinkling down at us from the marquee of the London Plaza. Other forthcoming releases which are likely to send up exhibitors' electric-light bills are: *The King and the Chorus Girl*, *The General Died at Dawn*, *Two Years Before the Mast*, *A Man and a Woman*, *A Day at the Races*, *History is Made at Night*, *The Prince and the Pauper*, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *They Met in a Taxi*, to say nothing of such four-word mouthfuls as *After the Thin Man*, *Mind Your Own Business*, *Morning, Noon and Night*, *They Wanted to Marry*, *We Live Only Once*, *Ready, Willing and Able*, *The Man I Marry*, and *Music in the Park*.

One hopeful feature of the new order is that there may be less confusion over titles once you have accomplished the feat of memorising them, but I don't know even about that. I see, for instance, that a British studio is putting out *The General Goes Too Far*.

Echo of a Tragedy

There was an echo of a movie colony tragedy when the wardrobe that belonged to poor Thelma Todd was sold by auction the other day.

Her possessions fetched the rather pitiful little total of £45. Among those put up at the sale were 40 dresses and pyjama suits, 57 pairs of gloves, 13 hats, 36 pairs of shoes, 39 handbags and incidentals.

How They Kiss

Walter Westmore has this week been telling me some tales out of school about the kissing technique of the stars.

Screen kisses may be a thrill to the audience, but they are a pain in the neck to the make-up man. In violent love scenes the lipstick smears.

With the exception of Mae West, who is a "head-on" performer, the big stars are, he says, the hardest kissers. "I nearly went crazy when Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper worked together in *Desire*. Kiss renovations were actually

subject to charge off by the company. The script demanded more embracing and what goes with it than any script in recent years."

Raft is a "Crusher"

Westmore, in commenting on the kisses of the stars, reports the following technique:—

Gary Cooper: A thorough, sincere kisser, putting real concentration to his work.

Jean Harlow: Kisses with lips parted. Very yielding. This always calls for repairs.

Joan Crawford: A head mover. Smears lipstick from right to left while osculating.

George Raft: A "crusher." When George finishes a whole staff of make-up men is needed.

Claudette Colbert: Coquettish. Has no definite technique. Her kissing follows the script and therefore is changeable.

Fred MacMurray: Masterful, with a matter-of-fact technique.

William Powell: The leading women as well as the make-up department know they've been kissed.

Gail Patrick: A reserved kiss. Always holds out, indicating she's in love with somebody else. Westmore expects to hear there's a big romance in her life.

New Tarzan

The talkies are to have a new Tarzan. His name is Lou Gehrig and his chief claim to fame so far is that he is a baseball star and has dimples.

Gehrig was discovered for the screen by Sol Lesser, who describes him as the "perfect jungle man."

The vacancy has occurred as a result of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer having sold their rights to the famous Edgar Rice Burrough's character. I don't know what Johnny Weissmuller will do now that his tree swinging days are over, but the studio evidently expects to find a niche for him somewhere.

The "Tarzan" films, incidentally, have caused superior smiles in the West End, but they have been among the biggest money makers of recent years.

Shirley's Brother Now

Shirley Temple is fast bringing the whole family into motion pictures. Her mother has been under contract to remain constantly on the set when Shirley is acting in a scene, and

now the younger of her two brothers, Jack, has blossomed forth as assistant to Director David Butler in the filming of *Pigskin Parade*.

In the cast are Patsy Kelly, Jack Haley, Stuart Erwin, Johnny Downs, Betty Grable, Arline Judge, Dixie Dunbar and the Yacht Club Boys.

"The assignment is a most happy one for me," says Jack Temple. "Naturally, I'm just learning the film-making technique now, and a picture which 'exposes' me to dramatic comedy and musical angles, as does *Pigskin Parade*, is an opportunity that doesn't often happen to one in my situation."

Jack is determined upon a career in films. He has no ambitions to emulate his little sister and work before the cameras, but hopes to become a director and producer.

Film "Follies"

With Sam Goldwyn and Darryl Zanuck coming into line, all the major Hollywood studios will now have an annual musical extravaganza.

The *Goldwyn Follies* will go into production early next year. William Wyler, its director, will, it is said, look for a leading man for the piece during his holiday in Europe.

Zanuck's contribution will be *20th Century Follies* and it will be directed by Earl Carroll, the former Broadway girl show king and rival of Flo Ziegfeld.

Leads for Leeds

Sam Goldwyn, by the way, offers two new starlets for your approval.

One is Andrea Leeds, who plays an important role in *Come and Get It*, starring Edward Arnold. She has been signed on a long-term contract as a reward for her work in that picture. Her next appearance will be in *The Woman's Touch*, starring Miriam Hopkins.

Miss Leeds was first discovered acting in an amateur film made by the University of California Dramatic Society.

The young actress was the heroine of a kissing marathon which took place at the Goldwyn studios some time ago. She was kissed 467 times before the camera by three aspirants for the role in *Come and Get It*. Francis X. Shields, the American Davis Cup player, was adjudged to kiss the nicest and was awarded the part.

Another "Find"

Another Goldwyn "find" is now en route to Hollywood with a long-term contract in her pocket. She is Evelyn Terry, an 18-year-old Pittsburgh beauty, who has not appeared on the screen, and can only boast of a few months' stage experience.

She was spotted by a Goldwyn talent scout while appearing with a stock company in Massachusetts, her first job. A screen test followed, and Goldwyn immediately offered her a contract. No role has yet been found for her.

Coronation News Reel

In the special Coronation Year numbers of the news reels the pictures taken on King George the Fifth's Coronation Day over a quarter of a century ago will flicker and stagger across the screen once more.

At the time they were considered the last word in movie magnificence. *PICTUREGOER* (it was called *PICTURES* then) recorded with pride that a total of £200 was paid for special positions along the route.

Two hundred pounds was no small sum in those days, although as our editorial writer remarked, with awe, photographic dramas had in America cost as much as £1,000.

When Stars got £50 a Week

The same issue, incidentally, was at pains to justify the big salaries paid to film artistes.

Thus we learn that "Miss Florence Lawrence, whose face is familiar to every picturegoer, since she acts the heroine in 300 different dramas per year, draws a salary of £50 a week."

"All cinema actors," the article goes on to explain, "must be expert swimmers, skilled in horsemanship and have an all-round knowledge of athletics. They must tell their story by facial expression and by gestures."



Cecilia Parker and Wallace Beery in a scene from Wally's latest starring vehicle "Old Hutch."



"The high rate of remuneration is, therefore, by no means immoderate, when the personal risks as well as the necessary qualifications are taken into account."

Florence Lawrence was the highest paid star of her time. Most of the others got between £10 and £40 a week. Extras, however, were already getting their guinea a day.

The golden age of the film star did not really dawn until 1914 when the world was staggered by the news that Mary Pickford had earned £20,000 in a single year.

Colour Problems for Stars

Colour is bringing new problems for the stars. *A Star is Born*, for instance, the first colour film with modern clothes and sets, is causing Fredric March some serious loss of beauty sleep.

It seems that in the present state of the new medium the actor's apparel must be the proper hue and Freddy has been busy interviewing his tailors, a task complicated by the somewhat appalling fact that green is considered photographically one of the best colours.

Garbo Talks!

I thought that "Garbo Coughs" would be the slogan for *Lady of the Camellias* (Camille that was) but apparently "Garbo Talks" will still meet the bill.

In the new picture Greta speaks more words than she ever has before in a single production during her eleven years of stardom.

In adapting the script from the Dumas classic, Director George Cukor and Scenarist Zoe Atkins allotted 449 uninterrupted dialogues to Garbo—a fourth more "speeches" than she has ever before uttered in any of her pictures.

Robert Taylor, who plays Armand to Garbo's Marguerite, has a total of 259 dialogues—leaving 591 divided among more than 20 other players, including Lionel Barrymore, Henry Daniell, Lenore Ulric, Laura Hope Crews, Elizabeth Allan, Russell Hardie, Rex O'Malley, Guy Bates Post, Jessie Ralph and others.

Garbo's longest uninterrupted scene is with Lionel Barrymore, who, as Taylor's father, pleads with the Lady of the Camellias to leave his son. In this scene, Garbo has an exchange of 47 dialogues with Barrymore, including her longest speech in the picture—112 words.

Containing 156 major scenes, *Lady of the Camellias* gives Garbo 42 scenes with Taylor and 45 with other players.

Back to Natural

Film chorus girls are going natural! Of the 24 girls dancing the "Bojangles

Positions reversed. Graham Moffat catches Will Hay bending while the cast of "Good Morning Boys" take time off to read the "Weekly Illustrated."

of Harlem," number of *Swing Time*, it is discovered not one has dyed hair. None stains her fingernails and there isn't a tinted nail on the 240 twinkling toes.

Five of the 24 girls are natural blondes. Five are brunettes and three are redheads, also natural. The remaining eleven are "brownettes," their shades of brown hair ranging from mouse colour to near gold.

The chorines have varied explanations for the "back to natural," move. One brownette declares that some months ago she couldn't win consideration unless she had blonde hair.

All agree that the trend of times now is away from camouflage.

"Swing Time" Music

The music from the new Astaire-Rogers picture *Swing Time* has been well covered by the latest H.M.V. releases. There is a very good selection of the melodies played by Anton and the Paramount Picture Orchestra on both sides of B.D.380. Reginald Foort is at the organ in this number.

On B.D.5125 Roy Fox gives us a spirited rendering of the two best melodies, "A Fine Romance" and "The Way You Look To-night," with, of course, vocal refrains.

"Pick Yourself Up" and "Sing Me a Swing Song" are contributed by Benny Goodman and his Orchestra on B.8492.

Songs from the Shows

Webster Booth's rendering of "The Way You Look To-night" is delightful and gives the song its full value. He also sings "Serenade in the Night." Both these are on B.8498.

Any record of Paul Robeson is always welcome, even if it be the rather hackneyed "Ol' Man River" from *Show Boat*. He sings it magnificently on B.8497 with full choral accompaniment. On the other side of the record he sings the new number from *Show Boat*, "I Still Suits Me," with Elizabeth Welch.

Finally, George Elliot and his Sweet Music-Makers play "When Did You Leave Heaven?" from *Sing, Baby, Sing*, on B.D.5112. It is doubled with "The One Rose."

Chan Outwitted at Last

Warner Oland, creator of "Charlie Chan," has been outwitted by a group of Mexican natives, who cost the veteran character actor more than £1,000.

Oland, who purchased a small island some time ago off the coast of Mexico, tells of how he was induced by the natives down there to plant more than fifty palm trees of a special variety along the very edge of the island as a "wind break."

The trees, which cost approximately £20 each to set out, have roots that are considered a great table delicacy in that section. Oland, however, did not know this. So the natives induced the actor to plant the trees on the fringe of the island, knowing the wind sooner or later would blow them over, exposing the deliciously edible roots.

The fifty palms have just been turned upside down by an accommodating wind for the natives, who have paddled over in boats to garner the luscious roots.

Warner said the next time he plants trees down there they won't be palms and they won't be on the very fringe of the island.

Short Shots

John Barrymore will probably play Napoleon to Greta Garbo's Marie Walewska in *Beloved*.

Arthur Rankin, yet another member of the Barrymore family, now has a film contract.

Dave Gould chooses Claretta Ellis, Mirla Bratton, Marjorie Timms, Beatrice Coleman, Billie Huber, and Gail Goodsen as the six best all-round chorus girls in Hollywood.

Spencer Tracy has to sing in *Captains Courageous*.

Jean Arthur and Fred MacMurray will be co-starred in *Exclusive*.

Darryl Zanuck is to do a Spanish civil war film, *The Siege of the Alcazar*.

Bing Crosby's South Seas holiday did him so much good that he is now on a diet.

Madeleine Carroll's latest Hollywood feat is to be signed up to play opposite Dick Powell in a musical *On the Avenue*.

Fredric March won the monthly award of the Screen Actors' Guild for his performance in *Anthony Adverse*.

It had to happen. An eighteen-year-old boy named Donald Duck has been discovered living in North Dakota.

Cesar Romero now lives in Rudolph Valentino's former home.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS

YOU could most definitely have knocked me down with the proverbial feather, or the more literal steam-hammer.

Here I had been, for the last five years or so, lavishing simply buckets of compassion on Ann Harding, the sad, the misunderstood, the thwarted and frustrated, lovely, lonely, lorn lady of Hollywood.

Buckets.

And here she was, bubbling over with gaiety, tackling a steak and veg. as if it meant something in her life, and talking with a ready wit and a completely natural humour which were wholly delightful. And never a lorn.

Naturally, I've been looking forward to meeting her; but I'd had an idea that one must tread warily, that she was a tiny bit difficult, that there were subjects better avoided.

In fact, I expected to have my lunch sitting on thin ice.

But as soon as I arrived at Denham my ideas began to change. First a publicity-man of another company (Denham is a warren of companies) said: "You're lucky to be lunching with Ann Harding."

Then a typist in another office said: "Ooh, she's *grand*!" (Eyes shining to match the tone of voice.)

The commissioner, seeing me waiting for Miss Harding at the car, offered: "If you'd rather not go, sir, I'll take your place!"

And finally a friend of mine who knows her well said: "You'll love Ann; she's fun!"

Fun! That sad, silent, lovely, etc., whom I had seen bearing her screen sorrows with such patient fortitude! It almost seemed like sacrilege.

And twenty minutes later I realised it was true.

If you've never lunched in an old English inn, with your eyes full of one of the world's loveliest profiles, and your ears soothed by Ann's silver voice and your mind racing to keep up with her wit, let me recommend it as one of the pleasanter human activities.

The Ann Harding legend is one of the worst bloomers that the world has ever perpetrated and perpetuated. Having been in her society for a few minutes I could not imagine how it had ever come into being.

So I adopted the line which always seems to me to yield the best results; I asked her.

"I expect it's my house," she said thoughtfully. "You know I have a house perched away on a hilltop, overlooking the whole sweep of the San Fernando Valley. I like to have my particular friends up there, and we enjoy music, and talk—but not about motion pictures.

"And I stay up there, because I like it better than swooping down on Hollywood—which, after all, is only ten minutes' drive away—to parties and binges and whoopee and all the other—to me—more deadly pleasures.

"Consequently people, occasionally missing me, have said, 'Where's Ann?' She's not down here having fun. She must be up on her mountain-top, feeling perfectly miserable"—because in Hollywood very few people can envisage you having fun unless you're having it in droves.

"So, although I was having the best kind of fun on my mountain-top, somehow or other the illusion got about that I was a sad, wan creature.

"And of course so many of my screen roles have been sad and suffering ones—so I've got the credit for being sad and suffering, too."

There's another reason, though, which Miss Harding did not touch upon.

Her marriage was widely publicised by the companies she worked for; so, when it came to an end, that ending also entailed a great deal of unwelcome publicity.

This led the public—you, perhaps, and certainly me, I'm afraid—to reason thus: Ann Harding looks sad in her films;

Ann
HARDING
is
fun!

THE beautiful blonde actress
has somehow acquired a reputation
for melancholy, but that
theory is here and now exploded

by
Max BREEN



Little Jane Bannister, Ann's daughter, visits her mother on the "Peter Ibbetson" set.

Ann Harding has had trouble in her private life; therefore Ann Harding is sad in her private life.

And Ann just isn't; which shows what punk reasoners we are.

The fact of the matter is that Ann Harding is too great a lady to let any part of her life spoil the whole of it for her; that is one of the golden rules of living, and Ann knows quite a lot about living.

A film executive (British, and a shrewd judge of character) once said to me: "Ann Harding is one of the very few film stars about whom you can be absolutely sure that they were ladies before they became stars."

Which, when you come to think of it, is a sampler-full.

She certainly has an air of breeding, but that



The owner of "one of the world's loveliest profiles" with Basil Rathbone between shots of "Love from a Stranger."

can be acquired; it's in her absolute *naturalness* that you can perceive the mark of the "gentlewoman born."

The story of Ann's life has been told before, but in case you are not well up in your Harding lore, I'll briefly tick off the outstanding events.

Her pop was an American regular army officer—in the Field Artillery, too, which made him more difficult to argue with, 'way up there on a horse; but fortunately at the age of seven or so she could ride like a trooper (aha, you thought troopers only swore!) which put her on equal terms with the irascible General Gathley. By the way, it had been Gathleigh, of England, a couple of generations earlier, but after a few Americans had pronounced it "Ghastly" it was hastily changed.

The reason Dorothy Gathley had to argue with her pop was his quite unreasonable objection to his lovely, frail, ethereal-looking daughter going off and becoming a celebrated actress.

She had been put up to it by the daughter of Otis Skinner, a famous New York actor; and having contracted the well-known bug she found it mighty hard to dislodge.

The above might be captioned "Why Girls Leave Home."

Ann did; but suppress that rising envy, please—she didn't walk straight into a leading Broadway role opposite John Barrymore.

Instead, she went to work as stenographer in an insurance office.

That sounds a roundabout way of becoming



The house on a mountain-top and (right) its beautiful owner.

a celebrated actress; but the immediate and important thing was to wriggle clear of the family circle before she could be bestowed in marriage on a lieutenant; and Ann has always (even when she was Dorothy) possessed a fortunate instinct for putting first things first.

In other words, she has a sense of values; and that sense is due very largely to its development at the hands of one Jasper Deeter.

No story about Ann Harding would be complete without mention of Jasper Deeter, who sounds rather like the villain of an old-fashioned melodrama, but is really Ann's dramatic guide, philosopher, and friend.

He was director of the Provincetown Players, who gave her her first stage chance. She applied for a small part in his production of Susan Glaspell's *Inheritors*, and he was so impressed with her looks, her voice, and her personality that, although all her experience had been in school theatricals, he gave her the leading role—and she became Ann Harding.

His confidence in her was justified; she acquitted herself so well in that that she was offered a chance to play opposite James Gleason in *Like a King*.

To keep herself going until that came on (for rehearsals were unpaid) she had to economise pretty stringently, doing her own washing and occasionally going without sufficient food; incidentally, at this time she had her first contact with the world of kinema, for to eke out her slender capital she read stories and prepared synopses for a film company.

Like a King failed in a fortnight, and in her next play, *Tarnish*, she did not even come to Town, but was withdrawn from the cast after a fortnight on the road.

Bruised and battered, Ann went back to Deeter, and to restore her lost faith in herself he put on *Inheritors* again for her; and after that she opened in *Tarnish* on Broadway and scored an instantaneous success.

The Deeters of this world are responsible for more successes than we shall ever know; all players are not as ready to acknowledge their indebtedness as Ann Harding is.

Meanwhile, she had married and gone to California incognito with her baby daughter while her actor husband was on tour; but for once the movie moguls saw what was under their noses, and snapped her up to play in films.

And soon Ann, who was supposed to be on holiday, was in *Holiday*; and the rest is movie history.

It's a strange thing, and a kind of compliment to the sympathy and understanding of our people, that Ann Harding, who has been through a tough time, has found more genuine privacy and rest here in England, among people, than she enjoyed in her remote Californian eyrie.

She told me about it over the coffee and cigarettes.

"Your people are kind, considerate," she declared. "I just love the English countryside, and I've been looking forward to driving about in it, but I was terribly afraid it would be the same here as in Los Angeles, where you can't step out of your car without being surrounded by autograph-hunters.

"But I've driven all round Buckinghamshire, and no one has taken the slightest notice. Maybe they just didn't recognise me!"

I assured her that there was very little likelihood of that. Her lovely profile and that lovely cornsilk hair are quite unmistakable. (Jim Tully, the Hollywood writer, has called her "the original platinum blonde," but she isn't metallic enough for that.)

"But even when I know I've been recognised, as for instance at the Theatrical Garden Party," she went on, "people have been courteous and forbearing, and . . . and English."

That seems to me a compliment worth having, coming as it does from a person to whom courtesy and consideration are second nature.

"Why do you suppose there is such a difference?" she asked me, doing a little of the interviewing for a change.

"I think it's because we have a different attitude towards our stars," I replied. "We

like them to be a little remote—to keep their glamour, their aura of illusion."

"Yes, I believe that's it," she agreed slowly. "We've all experienced the feeling when someone touches us and says in a disappointed tone: 'Oh—you're real after all!'"

However, Ann Harding is one star who loses nothing of glamour by being touched; her very reality is one of her greatest assets. I have never met, in the theatre or the film-studios, anyone who put on fewer airs or made less fuss; yet when she enters a crowded restaurant, there is no room for doubt that a star has come in. The general reaction is immediate.

I believe Ann is going to have very good reason to be glad she came to England—not only because she has found here a refuge from the annoyances that beset a star whose private affairs have come slightly and temporarily unstuck, but also because we are going to see on the screen, in her first British picture, *Love from a Stranger*, the Ann Harding we have too seldom been privileged to behold—not the tragic and dramatic Ann, but the Ann of gay, carefree laughter, of quick human sympathies, and a delightful sense of humour.

That's the Ann Harding I know; and believe you me, she's fun.



Irene Dunne admires the two portraits of herself painted by Terry Mulligan for "Theodora Goes West."



Shots with our Candid Camera

Below:
Domestic sidelight:
Mr. and Mrs. (Joan
Crawford to you)
Franchot Tone relax
between scenes of
"Love on the Run."

Robert Taylor's mother and his girl friend, Barbara Stanwyck, were there to meet him when he arrived back in Hollywood the other day after his first visit to New York.

Chester Morris and Richard Dix gallantly vie for the attention of Dolores del Rio between scenes of "The Depths Below."

DEAR ROBERT TAYLOR,

I SEE you have moved in to one of those fashionable stellar mansions in Beverly Hills and are going in for a racing stable.

Lest any unfortunate misapprehension should subsequently arise in the mind of anyone who may be thinking of putting one at my disposal, let me hasten to explain that I have no personal prejudices against Beverly Hills mansions as domiciles. I have, indeed, heard excellent reports of their comforts and amenities.

Moreover, with the movie queens almost literally spilling each others blood all over the Hollywood lots for the privilege of having you as leading man in their pictures and your fan mail topping Clark Gable's, you are getting on in the world—and I expect you can afford it. For a young man of 24, in fact, you are doing very well for yourself.

It isn't as if, as film stars go (and they go very quickly) you don't "rate" a private palace, either. Beverly Hills is full of much less important citizens.

Nevertheless, the news that you are moving up among the Hollywood high-steppers is vaguely disturbing.

Perhaps it is because it is only a few months ago that you were telling the world at every interview how film fame and wealth would not make you change your mode of life or your modest little farm-house home down in the San Fernando valley. Here was one star, we were invited to believe, who was not going to be dazzled by the trappings of stardom. It was part of the Robert Taylor legend, and even the best legends become suspect when parts of them are exploded in our faces.

Perhaps it is because in the past "Going Beverly Hills" has so frequently been merely a prelude to "Going Hollywood!" which, as you doubtless know by now is the worst thing that can possibly happen to a film player.

I've been in the film game a long time, and I've seen it happen so often before. The history of Hollywood is full of stories of bright young men who got a few lucky breaks in pictures and then set out to startle the natives.

The "Hollywood is not going to spoil me" publicity yarns went on just the same (it's not a new story, you know) but they didn't read them any more, except the more flattering bits about their sex appeal and their popularity, of course, and the next thing we knew, they were on the outside looking in and there were new "house vacant" signs in Beverly Hills to tempt their successors.

Any film star who is honest will tell you that once you begin playing at film stars off the screen you may as well wrap up your soul in a nice parcel and deliver it with a bill of sale to the mammon of moviedom.

The glamour and the glitter and the luxury and the show grow on one like a drug until you discover you can't do without them. You find yourself needing more and more money, growing more and more afraid of failure and doing more and more things you don't want to do—and your public doesn't want you to do—because you have to have that big pay cheque every Friday night.

Perhaps, again, our mild misgivings are due to the fact that fame and fortune have come too easily to you.

Most of your predecessors as the idol of the feminine fans had to struggle to the top. Valentino, whose successor you seem likely to become, learned about life in a hard school.

IN which Malcolm Phillips warns the newest aspirant for Valentino's crown of the pitfalls he is likely to encounter in the next few months.

You practically stepped from a college classroom to stardom. After three pictures you were a leading man, and after five you were a star.

And after seven you were the biggest matinée idol the movies have produced since talkies.

Your success, in fact, has been unprecedented in Hollywood, which has hitherto reserved its overnight fame miracles for its Cinderellas rather than its Prince Charmings.

It is significant, however, that few of those who have achieved stardom with the aid of the magic wand have found happiness. One

"Garbo is supposed to be in love with all her leading men, but that doesn't prevent her stealing their pictures."

An Open LETTER to Robert TAYLOR

name comes readily to mind just now in this connection—that of Mary Astor.

Perhaps you will think that this is a severe and unnecessarily pessimistic sermon over a very small matter of moving house—and perhaps you will be right.

All the past evidence points to the fact that you have accepted success with a level-headedness and modesty rare in Hollywood. You must be the first discovery for years who hasn't immediately gone on strike for a new contract demanding everything but the studio lion.

We have liked the way you have kept your feet on the ground so far and we want you to go on keeping them there.

You might be pardoned if you find it difficult in the coming months. There's that lead opposite Garbo in *Lady of the Camellias*, for instance, and those glamorous stories of a romance with the great Greta.

Garbo was supposed to have been in love with nearly all her leading men and all that ever happened was that the picture got publicity and she subsequently stole it from most of them.

Yours,

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.



A striking study of Edward G. Robinson, the lawyer who became a film star. Right, with Luli Deste in his first British picture, "Thunder in the City."

From POLITICS to PICTURES

By JIM TULLY

FEW players have a more absorbing life-story than Edward G. Robinson, Public Screen-menace No. 1. Here it is told with sympathy and insight.

HE is the first actor of national importance to deny the country of his birth. "I was not born in Rumania. I went to America at ten years of age. I hate Rumania."

Edward G. Robinson was born Emmanuel Goldenberg more than forty years ago. He is of Jewish descent, with possibly a strain of Romany blood.

His early years were sandwiched between poverty and the horror of pogroms.

At five years of age he fled with his family from a burning village, carrying a small samovar, one of six children, accompanied by his father, mother, and grandparents. The scene is still stamped indelibly on his mind.

Life was ever after to remain a pogrom to him. To hide inner fears he became the most sinister gangster on the screen.

The leader of anti-social kinema war is a shy man in real life. He is far more interested in works of art than bullets, and in books than bravado. His habitual sneer is a passport to life.

He was his ancient grandmother's favourite. He shared her bed as a child, having none of

his own. She told him tales of pogroms and persecutions, and of her own great grandfather who wandered with his family in a wagon along the roads of Rumania. One tale she did not finish. "She was too tired to talk." That night she died.

By superhuman effort the future actor's father amassed enough money to take his wife and children via steerage to America.

It was a land of marvel to the frightened young Goldenberg. His teachers in the public school were kind. With a passion for learning that is the finest attribute of his race, the boy expanded like a rain-beaten flower. Knowing nothing of English on arrival, he won a medal for oratory in two years.

As a reward his father took him to see a western melodrama. There was so much excitement and shooting that the future kinema gangster became ill and had to be taken home.

He remained indoors the following Fourth of July rather than be too near the exploding fire-crackers of other boys. His mother, with rare understanding, called him to her that evening. "You will go with me, son—I must walk." She explained as best she could that an

unconscious fear was fixed in his mind. The boy listened attentively. It is likely that the future man was born that night.

If he faced all things in the future like a boy whistling in the dark, such procedure was vitally necessary for survival in his environment.

He did all manner of work after school and during vacations to help defray family expenses. Quite unaware, Mrs. Goldenberg's motto was: "All for one and one for all." If one boy earned more than another, it went ungrudgingly into the mother's hands. It is the same with the world famous actor's family to-day.

During the long winter evenings, Edward studied intensely. After five years in the new world, learning a strange language and adjusting himself to an altogether different environment, he entered high school at fifteen.

There were several students in his class who later became famous. One was named Gershwin.

When a group of other boys tried to rule his neighbourhood, the future kinema gangster, not combative by nature, but still afraid to be afraid, "took a punch" at the rival leader.

The other boy resented the blow so much



(Above) Edward G. as the gangster in "Little Caesar," the film that made his name. (Right) The star with his wife, Gladys Lloyd, a successful actress. This union has been a very happy partnership.



that he "beat up" his assailant. The scars of his blows are on Robinson's face to-day.

"You didn't run?" asked his mother.

"Not me," was the proud answer.

"That's all I want to know," she said.

The whipping proved a blessing in disguise. In disgrace with his "gang," he enjoyed the divine comforts of solitude and wandered about the different sections of New York. His mother, a gentle woman who cried over the agonies of people she had never seen, would insist that he take his lunch each day in a shoe-box.

"But, mother, I may not be hungry."

"You'll find someone who is," was the great woman's comment.

On Second Avenue was a Jewish theatre in front of which the boy often lingered. He would watch

the players come and go, proud that they were his people. Seeing him so often, the manager, an old man, said to him: "Would you like to go to work?"

The boy's eagerness pleased the manager, who immediately took him back-stage.

His salary was six dollars a week.

He remained until he returned to school at the command of his mother. "There's time enough to play-act."

Though his family was poor, there was growth in the home, and avid curiosity.

While his parents contended that America was a better land than Rumania, the growing boy sometimes forgot.

In Rumania, poverty had made him acquiescent. In America he became belligerent.

Upon leaving school he mounted a soap-box as a member of the Young Students' Political League, and thus made his first appearance on Broadway. Filled with the zeal that attends lack of reason, he campaigned for William Randolph Hearst, then ambitious to become mayor of New York.

Lacking a sense of humour, he did not realise that America, with all its faults, allowed an east-side youngster to tell it how to vote—and paid no attention.

Unable by the force of oratory to drive political corruption from New York, he began the study of law at Columbia. To help himself through, he worked as janitor and waiter.

Still confused over the woes of the oppressed after Hearst was defeated, he took part in a tram-car strike and was arrested.

He disdainfully refused the services of the defence lawyer appointed, saying dramatically that the legal gentleman was in court to "make convictions easier."

The judge, a humorous and wise man, did not sentence the young radical to gaol.

Emanuel Goldenberg gave up the study of law.

Changing his name to Edward G. Robinson, the G. for Goldenberg, he took the shoe-box containing his lunch and went to the theatre where he had first appeared.

He might have been Rip Van Winkle. The troupe that knew him as a boy had long since vanished. Young Robinson told of histrionic triumphs there that would have thrilled the worn heart of David Warfield. As a result he was cast in the role of an old man. Beyond falling in love with the leading lady, nothing happened for a week. He was then discharged.

Undaunted, his world became larger. He called on many different theatrical producers. Months passed without employment.

"Why don't you write your own play?" asked his mother, with boundless faith in her son's capacity.

"I never thought of that," was the laughing reply.

His mother would not allow him to forget the idea. "You have a pencil and paper," she said in broken English.

Given no rest, he began to write.

After many weeks the play became restricted to one act. He called it *The Bells of Conscience*. He was "booked" with it over a vaudeville circuit.

The family moved to a larger dwelling. One brother began to study dentistry. The redoubtable Mrs. Goldenberg took the change of fortune as a matter of course. Her sons could do anything.

A lull came in the fortunes of the family when America entered the World War and the travelling vaudevillian enlisted in the Navy.

He was stationed at Pelham Bay until the armistice.

He then joined a stock company and played many roles with the hope of attracting attention, and in the meantime gaining more experience than in vaudeville.

While in the part of Hamlet he declaimed the famous soliloquy to his mother. She shook her head with apprehension, saying: "Why don't you write the part over, son—make him laugh a little?"

After several years his work attracted the attention of a film producer. He was selected to play "an old man" in a film in which Richard Barthelmess was appearing, called *The Bright Shawl*.

The result proved so unsatisfactory that he resolved never again to appear on the screen. He adhered to this resolution for some years, while becoming known in many Theatre Guild productions; among them *Peer Gynt*, *The Adding Machine*, and *Kibitzer*—of the latter of which he was co-author.

His marriage to Gladys Lloyd, then a successful actress, followed. A supremely happy union, their companionship was such that in order to be with her he accepted a small role in *Henry Behave*. When later he was given an important part in *The Racket*, his wife took "a lesser part just to be with him".

His role in *The Racket* was the first rung in the golden ladder upon which he climbed to his present high screen position in Hollywood.

Remembering his experience in *The Bright Shawl*, he read many talkie offers over with his wife. At last they came upon *Little Caesar*.

The frightened boy who carried the samovar from the burning village was subjectively responsive to the blatant and devil-may-care gangster. His performance not only made him internationally known, it is still considered the finest of its kind ever given upon the screen.

He has long been rated one of the great character actors of the films.

His ambition is to be a guide on a round-the-world tour—providing his wife and mother will accompany him. "They will keep any ship from sinking."



NINO MARTINI

A STAR of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, this fine singer made his bow to the screen public in "Paramount On Parade," which was followed by his first starring feature, "Here's To Romance." In "The Gay Desperado" he has made a hit which puts him right in the forefront of screen musical leads.



THE job of stand-in to a star is an irksome one, but it sometimes leads to higher things, as here explained

by Guy BEACON

Standing In— and SITTING Pretty

THERE are plenty of glamorous jobs about the studios besides acting; consider, for instance the "stand-ins." They have one of the most paradoxical jobs about the lot—humdrum yet humorous, onerous yet glamorous.

If a young man or woman came to me and asked me to recommend a job that would lead to success in the studios, I certainly shouldn't suggest applying for a job as stand-in. On the face of it, it's an absolute blind-alley; and yet—here's the paradox—its practitioners do occasionally go on and on and up and up.

One of the qualifications of the successful stand-in is a sense of humour.

Imagine yourself standing for an hour, perhaps two, in the centre of a big and important set. The fierce blaze of some hundreds of thousands of candlepower is concentrated upon you, while the electricians fiddle with the lights, the cameramen with the cameras.

Hundreds of extras stand and sit about; no one worries about them. All the attention is concentrated on you.

At last everything is ready for shooting. The scene has already been rehearsed. And just before the director says "Roll 'em" and the clapper-boy claps his clappers and the scene is committed to celluloid and posterity, the star appears from her dressing-room, fresh and lovely as a daisy—and you move out, feeling limp and wilted, to make room for her.

You need quite a sense of humour to appreciate the joke in that! And still harder to bear is overhearing the eager question of a studio visitor: "Oh, is that Marlene (or Ann, or Miriam)?" immediately followed by the contemptuous reply: "Nah! It's just her stand-in!"

But there's another side to the picture. Stand-ins are usually very glad to have their job, because they are often people who have been actors themselves, and hope to be actors again as soon as the luck changes. Meanwhile, they feel it will surely change if only they can keep within sight of a camera and within sound of the "mike."

Some stand-ins closely resemble the star, some not so closely.

A few years ago when I visited the Gainsborough Studios where Herbert Marshall was playing, I said to Marshall (whom I have known for years): "Hullo, Bart! It's good to see you," whereupon he gave me a blank look, and I realised I had been addressing his stand-in.

Of course, it may be a disadvantage for the stand-in to resemble his or her principal too closely—at any rate, if he or she has any aspirations toward fame.

The ideal is probably reached in the case of Sally Sage, who is Bette Davis's type, but not by any means her counterpart.

Sally tried for some time to crash the studios as a small-part player, but without any appreciable success.

Then she accepted the job of stand-in to Bette, partly because a healthy girl likes to eat,

partly because she would have a chance to study acting technique.

She is fortunate in having Bette for a friend, for Bette, realising that Sally was keen to learn, has dug up her old dramatic-school notes, and has been teaching her diction, elocution, and so on, in her spare moments.

While Bette has been in England, Sally has been working as an "extra" to keep her hand in. We may be hearing about Sally Sage, later on.

Another girl stand-in who has been fortunate in her choice of principals is Jean Alden.

In the intervals of standing-in for Anita Louise, she has been studying dramatic technique and whatnot, with Anita (a sweet person) giving her a helping hand.

Result, Jean gets an acting contract with Warner Bros.

As a general rule the stand-in is chosen for his or her general likeness to the star, at least in height, build, and colouring; but there are notable exceptions, of whom probably the most notable is Carter Gibson, a long, lean, lanky young man with glasses.

That doesn't sound much like George Brent, does it? Well, it doesn't sound a very good description of Doug. Fairbanks jr. either, yet Carter Gibson stood-in for Doug. jr. for some years before coming to fill the same office for George.

But he is more than a stand-in; he is Brent's secretary, handling much of his private business, and also pilots George's plane.

When Brent isn't playing in a picture, Carter goes off and does a little crowd-work.

George isn't the only star who is attached by bonds of friendship to his stand-in. Joe E. Brown has one, Pat O'Shea, whom he insists on having for every picture he makes. Pat is a former baseball player, and occasionally he doubles for Joe (whom he closely resembles, except that his mouth is only Size 14) when the latter has a scene involving "rough stuff."

Quite a number of stand-ins are "old-timers" who have either given up acting or been given up by it.

Two of these are Bill Dagwell and Bert Kennedy. When Bill is not standing-in for Hugh Herbert, he's usually doing "bits," falls, and stunt-work, such as crashing cars. One of these days Hugh will probably have to have a new stand-in while the old one mends, and this will annoy Hugh, who even takes Bill Dagwell with him when he is loaned out to other studios.

Bert Kennedy was a vaudeville actor for twenty years, and travelled all over the world with his act. Now he stands-in for Pat O'Brien—but he looks forward to a time when a revival in vaudeville may send him out on his travels again.



Edward Arnold gets £300 a week; William H. Hoover, his stand-in, gets £10. On the right is Erna Haig, who has stood-in for Marlene Dietrich and Constance Bennett.



It isn't often that a stand-in plays in the same production as her principal, but Marie Osborne, who fills that onerous position for Ginger Rogers, achieved a small part in *Swing Time*.

Leonard Traynor used to stand-in for the late lamented Will Rogers, and Fred Stone inherited him on the great actor's death, but is likely to lose him, for Traynor is now playing minor roles with success (he was in *M'Liss* with Anne Shirley and John Beal) and may go on to bigger and better parts.

Some weeks ago at Denham I saw a girl playing a scene in which she had to be jostled by a large and muscular crowd of extras dressed as Russian soldiers.

I thought her reactions were remarkably realistic—a mixture of fear and indignation—so I watched her during the next rehearsal, and found she re-acted in precisely the same way.

"This," I thought, "is a lass of parts"; and on inquiring who the likely blonde might be I was informed that it was Marlene Dietrich's stand-in, Erna Haig, who was taking her principal's place while the soldiers rehearsed their rough-stuff!

I fancy we shall be hearing the name again. By the way, speaking of Denham—and names—do you happen to have heard the name "Smith"? It is attached to Elisabeth Bergner's stand-in, but it doesn't belong to her.

Her real name is Aksana Zvegintzov, but that takes too long to say in a film-studio.

Incidentally she is a granddaughter of the Dowager Duchess Obolensky, and a distant relative of Prince Obolensky, the phenomenal Oxford Rugby player.

If she had a name like Francis Lederer's stand-in, she might have reasonable cause to complain. His full handicap is Mohammed Achmed Aga Sobhy Effendi Bacri Joulanid Sabuni.

No wonder he's Sobhy!

E. G. Cousins covers the BRITISH Studios

BRITISH INTERNATIONAL PICTURES are certainly showing a great deal of enterprise these days in snapping up the successful West End stage comedies and translating them into terms of celluloid.

First it was *Someone at the Door*, next *The Dominant Sex*, and now it's *Aren't Men Beasts*, the riotous farce which has been turning 'em away from the Strand Theatre, London, ever since it was put on.

Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare, who have been packing 'em in, as well as turning 'em away, at the Strand, are both in the stage version, but John Mills is not to make the long bleak journey to Elstree. He's playing in *O.H.M.S.* anyway.

Instead his part will be played by Billy Milton, who is on long contract to B.I.P.

Opposite Billy you will find a favourite of mine, June Clyde, whose talents have been rather neglected lately, but who in the Tauber film *Land Without Music* has certainly re-established her claim to be considered one of the best comedienettes at present within our gates.

Well, Aren't They?

In addition there are Margaret Vyner, Ellen Pollock, Frank Royde (whom I haven't seen in films for a long time), Ruth Maitland, and a number of other well knowns.

I like the sound of all this. Those of you who wear cuffs, kindly make a note of *Aren't Men Beasts*. Others may use the tablecloth.

Apropos my remarks concerning Francis Lister's tendency to being a screen cad, rotter, and dirty tyke, instead of the haloed hero he used to be, he has now explained to my entire satisfaction why he prefers villainy.

"Just think of the amount of bad temper you can get out of your system," he observed. "It's grand to arrive at the studio on Monday morning, knowing you have a scene where you can really let yourself go, and unload all the petty annoyances and irritations that have been stored up over the week-end—and get paid for doing it!"

Yes, put like that, it certainly does seem a cinch.

So if you have the pleasure of Lister's acquaintance, every time he's mean to the heroine in B.I.P.'s *Sensation*, you can remind yourself that it's something you did or said last Sunday that's goading him to it.

An intriguing thought for his friends.

Wants to Reform

Guy Middleton, on the other hand, is heartily sick of being a villain.

Ever since he played (in the stage play *Young England*) the scout-master whose motto was "one bad deed a day," he's had to go on being double-dyed and nasty.

About the only film in which he has been fit for a nice girl to talk to was *A Woman Alone*, in which he played "Charles, His Friend," to Harry Wilcoxon.

In the two Grosvenor pictures *The Gay Adventure* and *Take a Chance* he has been a most unspeakable cad again. Let him up, you

cad! Can't you see the fellow wants to reform? Gosh, aren't men beasts!

But, seriousness apart, it is a bit tough on a peaceable-minded bloke whose hobby is—no, no, not bashing old ladies! I tell you you've completely misjudged him—fishing for conger-eels off the Sussex coast.

He's a bit of a dab at this—if it's permissible to mention dabs and congers in the same breath. Anyway, he and an assistant-villain (probably just a small-time blackmailer) landed a 65-pounder the other week-end, after a three-hour altercation with the brute.

To congers, at any rate, he'll never be a hero, so he might just as well give up the idea.

Rene isn't There

By the way, while we're on the subject of B.I.P. (a subject that is growing more and more interesting now that they are getting well



A happy shot of Hazel Terry and Richard Cromwell at Weymouth during production of "The Navy Eternal."

into their new production programme) here's the full cast of *The Dominant Sex*.

Diana Churchill, Phillips Holmes, Romney Brent, Carol Goodner, Hugh Miller, Billy Milton, Kathleen Kelly, Olga Edwards, Dora Gregory and Charles Paton.

Presumably Kathleen is playing the rôle that Rene Ray played in the stage version; a small one, but Rene did it extremely well. However, she's under contract to Criterion now, of course, and can't be "among those present."

No, I don't like the contract system—much. That is to say, not as it is practised in this country.

In Hollywood, when they put a girl on long contract, they groom her; here they usually

November 21, 1935
bung her into one unsuitable rôle after another (because she's on the pay roll and has to be employed) and then cast her loose when the process has resulted in the fans getting tired of her.

Is that cricket? It sounds more like football to me.

Nimble Rory

And Welwyn has gone Irish.

The studios have been resounding with the strains of Irish folk-songs and dances, which figure in *Kathleen Mavourneen*, in which pretty Sally O'Neil is playing the title-rôle.

Cock o' the roost here is young Rory O'Connor, born in Dublin a trifle over fourteen years ago, who has an amazing record behind him already.

He holds the All Ireland Step-dancing Championship for 1934, 1935 and 1936, and they're almost as ready to give him the 1937 award as look at him. In one scene in the picture he wears a belt covered with the medals he has won at various competitions—just a couple of hundred of 'em.

They've got an insurance policy on his feet for £5,000, which sounds reasonable enough, seeing that he has been to Berlin and to London as a representative Irish dancer, and has broadcast several times to the United States through 2RN Dublin.

Important young feller this Mr. O'Connor, and don't you forget it.

Sweet Sally

And Tom Burke and Talbot O'Farrell are singing in this film, and Jack Daly, Sara Allgood, Pat Noonan, and Fred Duprez are in the cast.

All the same, it's for Sally O' Neil's sweet sake I'll be seeing the picture. I liked her very much when she started in pictures, and have always regretted that she didn't make more of them, instead of deserting us for the stage.

Norman Lee is directing it—not for B.I.P. but for Argyle British; and Wardour Films are distributing it, and that gives it a kind of a B.I.P. flavour, which doesn't do it any harm.

Talking about studios resounding, you should have been down at Pinewood the other day when the Herbert Wilcox production *Splinters in the Air* reached the concert scenes.

Of course the concert party is the famous "Splinters," which has been appearing under the guidance of Lew Lake for many years. Sydney Howard as an old "principal boy" of this party makes his appearance with a background of the Splinters "beauty" chorus, and the fine baritone voice of Stuart Robertson (brother of Anna Neagle) will be heard to advantage in camp-fire songs "with chorus."

Anonymous

I wonder whether it's only us old fogeys, war veterans, has-beens, and superannuated crocks who thrill to "Let's All Go Down the Strand" and "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

I confess they're just a little too much for me. There's too big a cluster of memories hanging to them.

Down at Teddington a new "musical" has gone into production, but it hasn't a title yet; all I can tell you is that Keith Falkner is making his film-debut in the lead, and Warner Bros. First National's whole bunch of contract people, Chili Bouchier, Bruce Lister, Joyce Kirby, and George Galleon are all appearing in the picture.

Arthur Woods, one-time B.I.P. director who was responsible for *Drake* is in charge of this unlabelled one.

All Calling!

Meanwhile, Redd Davis and Herbert Smith are wearing out their throats calling against each other for stars, one from Elstree and the other from Beaconsfield; and no one will know until the films are seen which has called the loudest.

They're both directing films called *Calling All Stars*, which seems to me the ultimate apex in futility, when there are better titles to be found at any street corner, just waiting to be used.

They'd better call one *Calling All Stars* and the other *Stalling All Cars*—and toss a penny to decide which is which.

Anyway, between them they've just about cornered the market in music-hall, concert-platform, and radio stars. I don't seem to descry so many film stars in the line-up, but that's the way the world wags nowadays.

Whenever I protest, I'm reminded in caustic tones that *Soft Lights and Sweet Music* made a million billion trillion pounds. . . .

So radio and vaudeville stars are what you want, and you're going to get 'em—and bang in the eye and ear.

Two More Comedies

At Sound City they've got hold of a good title —*Wake Up Famous*—which Gene Gerrard is directing as well as playing the lead in it.

Need I reiterate my views on this "doubling" practice? No, I think not.

This is a Stafford Radio Production, and along with Gene we find Nelson Keys, Josephine Huntley Wright, and Esther Kiss.

Oh, and there's another effort on the floor at Teddington besides the non-labelled musical.

This is *The Vulture*, which Ralph Ince is directing; and you only need to be told that Claude Hulbert is playing the lead to appreciate that it is not the melodrama it sounds like.

Claude is playing an amateur detective—graduate of one of those "Schools of Detection."

Hal Walters, who generally seems to be in evidence when I wander down Teddington way, plays a crook who is hired by Claude on the well-known "set a thief to catch a thief" principle.

Opposite Claude is a young Yorkshire lass named Learoyd; Lesley Learoyd in full. Yorkshire in name only, born at Folkestone, graduated from amateurs to R.A.D.A., then went to Croydon Repertory Theatre (where they are establishing an excellent reputation for discovering and training promising young actresses), and thence to Coventry Rep.

We'll Lose Lesley

She's still on contract there, but she left Godiva's town, temporarily, to play in *The Vulture*. Irving Asher thinks he has a find—which means that she will probably be snatched across the Atlantic and the American continent to play at Burbank, be groomed out of recognition, and return in six months or a year, enormously expensive, and looking exactly like every other film-star that ever was.

Frederick Burtwell, who recently figured in *Tzigane* at Teddington, is in the cast, and also Archibald Batty, George Merritt (this is a happy hunting ground of his), and Neil More.

By the way, you may be on the look-out for the football picture *Playing the Game* which Herbert Smith recently directed at Elstree, with Sandy Powell in the lead and Gina Malo playing opposite him.

And you won't find it; at least not under that title. It has been rechristened *His Lucky Day*, and it's no use asking me why they do these funny things with titles.

I simply don't know.

Left, Jack Daly has been signed opposite Sally O'Neil in "*Kathleen Mavourneen*." Below is Gracie Fields with a few admirers and the script of her next film, "*The Show Goes On*."



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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

SHOT BY PHIL
LONERGAN

MAE WEST, blonde film star, lives in a very high-class Hollywood apartment house. One of the features is a large garage where tenants park their cars.

While Mae was absent one evening, two bandits held up the garage attendant, bound and gagged him, and then calmly robbed tenants as they arrived in their cars. Valuables to the amount of £300 were taken.

As Mae always travels with bodyguards there might have been some shooting if she had encountered the gangsters.

Garbo's Autograph

Greta Garbo, who never gives her autograph, has been cornered at last by autograph hunters, and it happened right on the *Camille* stage.

Robert Taylor had been entranced by a new style fountain pen, a huge affair that holds a bottle of ink. He bought one each for the entire company, and handed them out on one condition, that they could keep the pens if they obtained Garbo's autograph.

En masse the forty company members surrounded Garbo demanding her signature. Garbo took it all in good part, but gave only one autograph, to Taylor.

The Bride Wins

Dick Powell and his bride, Joan Blondell, have returned from a honeymoon trip to New York and are living in a big house in Beverly Hills.

The actor probably hated to sell his Toluca Lake home, which was one of the show places of North Hollywood, but Joan likes Beverly Hills, so Dick bowed to the inevitable.

A Costly Threat

Edward Stephens, a 16-year-old youth of Atlanta, Georgia, thought he could frighten Shirley Temple's mother into giving him £6,000. The boy sent a threatening letter to Mrs. Temple, the police were called in, and now young Stephens will remain in a reform school until he is 21.

Worried Lady

Mary Brian was not dismayed when her new house servant informed her he was of mixed Filipino and Dyak ancestry.

But she was disturbed several days later when a friend told her the Dyaks were a notorious race of natives, loosely described by explorers as "head-hunters."

So far, the servant has confined his hunting to heads of lettuce at the Toluca Lake market, but Mary is keeping her eyes, filled with suspicion, on him.

A Famous Tree

The ashes of John Gilbert, filmdom's great lover, rest beneath a tree in Forest Lawn Cemetery in Glendale.

Later, a bronze tablet, upon which will appear a facsimile of the actor's signature, will mark the spot.

Too Much Devotion

Universal studio officials approve of romance, but in its proper place, as this story will demonstrate.

Louis Hayward, who is very devoted to Ida Lupino, had to be removed from the cast of *Three Smart Girls*, when stricken with an acute attack of pleurisy. His sick-room was brightened, however, by daily visits from Ida. But these stopped abruptly when the little actress sprained

her ankle. Meanwhile, on the same set John King turned up with a bad cold, and it was discovered that he spent all his spare time visiting Gail Patrick, who is working for another studio.

So the director told young Mr. King to pay more attention to his work at the present time and less to the girl!

Clever Idea

The typewriter sent to Bess Meredyth, noted scenarist, by a mechanically minded uncle in Buffalo, is an ingenious machine.

Set near the top is an ashtray, a clock and a meter for recording the number of words per page. A tiny music box, with a repertoire of three tunes, is fitted on the side and timed with the typewriter keys. Its harmony is said to induce better thought.

Unfortunately, something seems to be wrong, for Miss Meredyth is unable to make the machine do any actual typing, although the clock and the music box are in good working order.

His Island Home

Charles Bickford, when he is on holiday, can have all the seclusion he desires, for he owns an island near Java, which he purchased from an Englishman. The population consists of several hundred natives.

Next summer the actor plans to visit the place, which he has never seen.

Dark Mystery!

Every precaution has been taken to keep secret the solution of *After the Thin Man*. Not even the stars, William Powell and Myrna Loy, or the director, W. S. Van Dyke, know the ending to Dashiell Hammett's sequel to *The Thin Man*, now being filmed at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The last four scenes are missing from the script, and the only copy is locked in a safe-deposit vault. When the picture is finished, with the exception of the final sequence, the latter will be photographed behind closed doors. Everyone on the set will be sworn to secrecy.

Odd Footage

Katharine Hepburn always manages to see successful New York plays by aeroplaning East between pictures.

Gertude Michael was educated to be a concert pianist.

Ralph Bellamy collects old music boxes as a hobby.

Andy Devine is an inveterate horse-trader.

James Stewart studied to be an architect.

Olivia de Havilland will get a thousand dollars from her mother on her twenty-first birthday if she hasn't smoked by that time. Exceptions are if she has to smoke for her picture roles.

Lionel Stander became an actor because he could shoot dice.

Ginger Rogers has given her mother a ten-room house costing \$5,000.

Luise Rainer was an art student.



Irene Dunne, back in the Hollywood social whirl after her European holiday. Irene is to play the title role in the screen life of "Madame Curie."

LIBELLED LADY



A demonstration of affection by Gladys (Jean Harlow) who had temporarily married Bill (William Powell) in order to help her fiancé, an editor, avoid a libel action.



Bill, who has been deputed to compromise Connie (Myma Loy), an heiress threatening a libel action against a newspaper, finds himself falling in love.

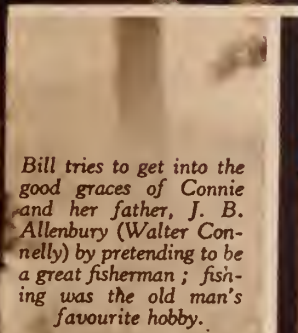


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ECTED by Jack Conway, who was responsible for the sale of "Two Cities," this comedy dealing with a newspaper's efforts to prevent a press bringing a lawsuit against them has an all-star cast. It includes Myrna Loy, Jean H. Lysley, William Powell, Spencer Tracy and Walter Connolly. It is written by Wallace Sullivan, a Chicago reporter, and it is famous for its clever dialogue, action and polished direction.



Warren (Spencer Tracy), the newspaper editor, and his fiancée Gladys, force Bill to join in their scheme to quash Connie's threatened action.



Bill tries to get into the good graces of Connie and her father, J. B. Allenbury (Walter Connolly) by pretending to be a great fisherman; fishing was the old man's favourite hobby.



Every time Gladys put on her wedding dress ready for her wedding with Warren he 'phoned her up to say that he was detained by a news-story!

Bill, amongst other accomplishments, was famed for tall stories, but they did not all pass muster with Connie and Mr. Allenbury.



"Eliz—I mean Cissy
—that's short for
Elizabeth Schmidt,"
Cissy informed the
Emperor.



Freely based on the film, "The King Steps Out," by permission of Columbia Films Ltd. See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 28, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

GET down! Give me that hat box and umbrella. D'you realise who you are? Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria; never left home before, and bumping her way to the Imperial Austrian court in a donkey cart!"

All very well, Elizabeth, otherwise known as Cissy, reflected, for father to become the heavy parent. If, as her mother, Duchess of Bavaria, frequently said, nothing would make a lady out of her second daughter, then assuredly nothing would make His Royal Highness, Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, a gentleman. From the driving seat of a square cart, constructed of ash poles and piled with bandboxes, Cissy regarded her father's portly figure, attired in the shabby velveteens in which he had been wielding the axe in company of the palace woodmen.

"Mother's gone with Helena, as you know, and taken all the carriages," she protested, "and I'm going to follow them to see the Emperor in the summer palace at Hellbrun, if I have to walk."

"Over my dead body."

"But, father, think of Helena. She loves Poldi. Just because

mother's set her heart on it, and Aunt Sofy, the Empress-Dowager, is in favour, why should Helena be forced to marry the Emperor? No, I'm going to walk up to Aunt Sofy, even if she is the mother of His Imperial Highness, and tell her just what I think about her."

"A fine idea. And do you know what would happen if she happened to disagree with you?"

"No, but I could sneak Helena out of the palace until Poldi could resign his commission as a lieutenant in the Imperial Guard, and marry her. Come on, merry Ned."

"Cissy! Don't go, Cissy. . . . Oh, well, can't you wait a minute while I get my uniform?"

"Right here, father. Jump in."

"Well, let me get my hat and coat."

"I've got that, too, darling. Come on." Prodding Ned with the umbrella, Cissy congratulated herself on achievement of her first step. A safe arrival at that fine old hostelry, the Golden Ox, at Hellbrun, was the second. "There you are, father. Have it pressed. Throw out your chest and make room for the medals. The more important you look, the better," she counselled, handing out the uniform case as

The Story of the Film **THE KING STEPS OUT**

by *Marjory Williams*

Maximilian, overcoated, with a cockaded Tyrolean hat, climbed down from the cart.

"I hate that uniform. I never could drink freely in it," he sighed.

"Now, father, you promised you wouldn't drink a drop of beer until you've given the Emperor a piece of your mind. Please, mind that bandbox. It's Helena's silver dress; the one mother said I was to be sure and put in her trunk. That shall be my open sesame to the palace."

"If you so much as set foot in the palace grounds, I'll tell your mother. Now leave the Emperor Francis to me," Maximilian riposted.

Alas for self-sufficiency. No sooner had he engaged rooms and got himself addressed by the large, curly-haired inn proprietor as "Royal Max"—nearest achievement towards preserving an incognito—than the Duke and the landlord took to

discussing beer. They were still backing up their arguments by draining innumerable steins when Cissy, by joining a roomful of ballerinas due to perform the following day to celebrate the Imperial birthday, obtained a signed pass of entry to the palace.

Regardless of being all but knocked over at the wrought-iron gateway, by the arrival of the Emperor (whom she was too flustered to see) in the royal coach, Cissy, still clasping umbrella and bandbox, penetrated to the rose garden. She was gathering an armful when her shoulders were seized and a military voice announced: "You're under arrest. Follow me."

Stuttering in a fine temper about the ridiculousness of being deprived of one's personal liberty for picking a few flowers, Cissy was hustled to a lofty room containing a young man attired in the type of uniform worn by Helena's Poldi.

Considerably handsomer than Poldi, he enquired whether Cissy wasn't aware that there was a law against insulting the Emperor.

"I'm not surprised," she countered, "but there isn't a law in Austria that'll stop me telling the Emperor what I think of him. Announce me, please." Opening a door, the young man did so; then, emerging from the room within, inquired:—

"Did you wish to see me?"

"You? The Emperor!"

"You had no right to pick my roses."

"I guess I should be punished."

"Well, I might make an exception and show mercy. Can I help you in the delivery of your bandbox? You are a dressmaker, I suppose?"

"Yes. It's for the Princess Helena. I wanted to take it to her myself, so that I could see the future Empress."

"You mean to say that it's known I'm to be engaged to-morrow. As a matter of fact, my mind's been made up for me by my mother, and the State ministers. What is your name?"

"Eliz—I mean, Cissy—that's short for Elizabeth—Schmidt. Father calls me Cissy."

"A lovely name. What does your father do?"

"Well, he—he's a recognised authority on beer."

So far Cissy had proceeded, not quite sure if she could be said to have accomplished her third step satisfactorily, when Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, was announced.

"Wait in there for a moment, while I see my uncle," the Emperor ordered.

Glad of a pause—glad, too, that the elegant panelled doors of the palace seemed of just the right thickness for eavesdropping—Cissy settled herself in the adjoining room. From the conversation which ensued between uncle and nephew, she gathered that father had got no nearer to saving his eldest daughter from a loveless match than accepting the offer of beer, when Poldi entered and announced:—

"Your mother and her guests from Bavaria, your Imperial Highness."

"Get me out of here. My wife doesn't know I've come, and I'd rather face a loaded cannon than your mother, Francis," Maximilian was heard to say. Ignoring the Emperor's adjunction to wait a minute, the Duke invaded Cissy's room. Hurriedly she placed herself behind a screen, forgetting, in her

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I am losing
his love, he
is attracted by
another girl
-what can I do?

Miss Dorothy Dickson

whose deep understanding of human problems has been so much help to countless women, answers here a question—one that she is often asked. The answer is so simple—yet it may mean a lot to you.

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anxiety, to conceal black taffeta skirts and silk, basqued blouse embroidered with stag-hunting scenes, that several yards of fine net frilling and a pair of silk-clad ankles prominently protruded. She was not so far removed from the communicating door by this manoeuvre however, that she could not overhear the Dowager Empress introducing Helena to the Emperor Francis as his future wife.

"Say something to your cousin, Francis," the Duchess ordered. "I'm overcome. His Majesty is so unlike his portraits," Helena was heard to respond dully, and Cissy could not repress a thrill at feeling her sister's affection for Poldi had evidently in no way been disturbed.

"Escort the ladies to the garden, Count Poldi," the Empress Dowager ordered, and Cissy had the interest of hearing Helena referred to in the maternal inquiry: "How do you like her, Francis?"

"Since when does my opinion matter, mother?"

"I shall announce the engagement to-morrow evening, my son," came the imperturbable answer. The Empress's exit was a signal for Maximilian to return to his nephew, whereat Cissy was made almost to blush on hearing her father chaff the Emperor on having grown up and realising that if one will leave ankles protruding from behind a screen, the intentions, and even the personality, of their owner is liable to misinterpretation.

However, blushes were forgotten in the discovery that the room contained a grand piano. In spite of never attending Herr Schmidt's singing lessons at home if she could help it, Cissy loved accompanying her voice. She came to the concluding bars of "Stars in My Eyes," and realised that the Emperor was beside her.

"I thought you'd forgotten me, Highness."

"Not for a second, even though my future wife is waiting for me in the garden. That frock you are going to deliver. Don't you think it should be done to-night?"

"I never go out at night alone."

"Perhaps I could come and pick it up. Where do you live?"

"At the Golden Ox. But the village is celebrating your birthday to-night. Besides, your mother might order you to bed."

She got away at that and found, as she suspected, Maximilian at the inn table drinking beer.

"Well, I wiped the floor with the young puppy," he announced. "I said, 'I refuse to consent to Helena's marriage,' and brought my fist down. You've no idea what sort of Casanova young Francis is. There was a pair of ankles behind a screen. One glance at them and I knew they were too good to be respectable. And he wants to marry my daughter!"

Cissy thought it the wrong moment to deceive her father. Not without secret hopes of their being admired by the right person, she was planning to put on a white gown of ruched net and brush the gleaming curls, worn loose at home, into a coiffure fitting for the eve of the Emperor's birthday.

In spite of being thrown out by the proprietor of the Golden Ox, who mistook the royal visitor for a saucy lieutenant, Francis, wearing the white tunic of a subaltern, met Cissy in the grounds, where all the delights of the fair were in progress. "Are you happy, Cissy?" Francis

asked after the health of the Emperor, with impassioned singing of the "Austrian Hymn," had been drunk at midnight.

"Do you remember Helena?"

"Never heard of her. Personally, I never could work up any enthusiasm for princesses. Now, if you were a princess instead of a dressmaker, I wouldn't be out with you." The sadness of which confession for Cissy, was almost, if not quite, mitigated as the hours went by. Encouraged by Francis, she found she could sing, "Madly in Love," and felt his eyes upon her as a woman—not a seamstress.

Which divine mood lasted till morning, when she called through to her father's room:—

"May I come in? Did you sleep well?"

"Like a lamb," he said, forbidding entrance till he had struggled into his night-shirt on the top of his clothes and concealed a row of empty steins under the blankets.

"Father," she ventured. "You remember the pair of ankles you thought too good to be respectable. Well, they were mine. The Emperor thought I was a dressmaker, and at four o'clock this morning he told me he wouldn't be engaged to Helena."

"You mean to tell me you were with His Imperial Highness till four o'clock this morning?"

"Till five, father."

"Cissy, can you look your Poppa in the eye?"

"Later. I'm too busy now. I've just got to see Helena."

Aided by a pass signed by the Emperor, Cissy gained admittance to the palace and conveyed her hand-box to Helena's sumptuous suite. Never very happy looking, life at the capital had evidently not proved inspiring to her sister as she said:—

"Cissy, how did you get here?"

"Never mind. I've wonderful news. Open this."

"My silver dress! Why, it's only a shawl. What possessed you to trick me with that box?"

"Because the silver dress was too heavy to carry. Besides, you won't need it. You don't have to marry the Emperor."

"How d'you know?"

"I'm positive. . . . I think the Emperor loves someone else."

"Who? . . . Oh, I see! When did you meet him?" Feeling as if her dream castle were falling to ruin, Cissy told her.

"So you saw a chance to be an empress," Helena challenged.

"How can you say that?"

"But it's true. You're envious. You couldn't bear the idea of my becoming Empress."

"I was only thinking of you and Poldi."

The entrance of the Duchess occurring at this moment was still another blow. Mother had never been as unconventional and understanding as father. Two minutes and the reason for Cissy's coming to court was out, but worse was to follow in the imperious figure of the Empress-Dowager. Quivering to the height of her plaited coiffure, she demanded of her gentleman-in-waiting if the young woman before them was Elizabeth Schmidt.

"Yes, madam."

"So this is the young lady who nearly upset all my plans by being out with the Emperor till all hours

THE FILM—Cont.

of the morning. Arrest her. Take her to the village. Put her in prison."

Obviously too staggered to plead for her daughter, the Duchess remained silent while tear-stricken Cissy found herself obliged to accommodate her spreading skirts to the narrow confines of a cell. She was roused in the course of the next hour, however, by the entry of Maximilian, resplendent in his despised uniform—even to the cocked hat with white plumes that seriously endangered vision by straying over his eyes.

"So Poldi was telling the truth when he informed me you'd been arrested. Why didn't you tell them who you were?" he demanded with such breath as remained to him after storming at the gaoler.

"I should have stayed at home," she evaded. "Please take me back. You told me to have nothing to do with the court."

"We're going to have plenty to do with the court right now, Cissy. I'm informing her Imperial Highness myself of her error in arresting you at once, and I dare the gaoler to get ahead of me."

To harness Ned herself and leave by the road she had come seemed the only way to cope with a father genuinely on the warpath and ensure Helena's happiness. She had urged the patient moke only as far as the fair-ground of pathetic memory, when a youthful figure with curly hair and white tunic, albeit his eyes looked tired, stepped briskly across the road.

"I certainly helped a lot, your Highness, didn't I?" Cissy said, taking refuge in vicious attack on her Emperor. "Very clever of me. You ought to be pulling this cart instead of me. If we were walking along side by side, no one could tell one jackass from another."

"All the same, you're going back to the Golden Ox to share my birthday dinner."

"But to-night the Empress-Dowager announces your engagement."

"Eight-thirty, then. I agree to go back to the palace at eight-thirty. Meanwhile put on your best dress, the dress you keep on telling me you brought for Helena. We'll

have a private room and the landlord shall be pledged to contradict every statement that the Emperor is here. How's that?"

On the inn stairs Cissy encountered mine host.

"What are you doing here?" he thundered. "I thought you packed up and went home. How did you get here without my seeing you, and why did you come back?"

"What are you talking about? I never went away."

"Never went away, yet I see you mit bundles, balloons, and an umbrella?"

"The Emperor's birthday has gone to your head. Better sleep till it's over." Leaving mine host in a state of collapse, Cissy, definitely convinced that something had gone to her head, sought her room. Helena's dress, from which Cissy, for some reason had found herself unable to part, fitted.

"I've never seen anyone so beautiful," Francis said across the table for two.

"Take a long look, your Majesty, because I shan't be here very long. No. I refuse to drink."

"Not even to the Emperor's health on his birthday?"

"He looks healthy enough to me."

"But as a means of encouraging me to give you a kiss."

"Out of the question. You particularly promised you'd make no attempts to kiss me."

"You should never believe what a man says when he's in love." Her answer, seeing that she could hardly resist the invitation in his eyes, was to sing to him, though her choice, "The Old Refrain," was hardly calculated to lift them out of the sentimental rut. Mine host did his best in that direction. Mindful of Imperial orders to the bodyguard, "be at the palace at eight-thirty," the worthy man stood outside the private room with his stop-watch, audibly counting the minutes. Meanwhile, it was evident, from sounds without, that not only had a carriage stopped at the inn, but that a crowd had collected in the square.

Mine host had barely uttered the terrific threat, "Eight-thirty. I throw you out, sir," when footsteps pounded on the stairs, followed by mine host's trembling voice: "In there, singing to an Austrian officer, Royal Max."

Dragging the offending cocked hat from his head, Maximilian strode in. "Excuse me for interrupting, your Majesty, but half the population of the town is outside, and I thought I'd give you my consent before you married my daughter without it."

"Uncle, I'm not marrying your daughter."

"Not! . . . Oh, you haven't been introduced! Francis Josef—my daughter Elizabeth, Princess of Bavaria."

"Cissy, why did you let me believe you were a dressmaker?"

"Didn't you say you couldn't work up any enthusiasm for a princess, though heaven knows you've tried?"

"Cissy, your people are waiting for you. Are you going to let me go out on the balcony to announce my engagement alone?"

Eyes rivalling the gleam of her frock, lips forming the refrain, "I'd say just gladly, madly in love," she allowed him to draw her forward.

"Didn't you say you couldn't work up any enthusiasm about a princess?" Cissy asked.

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Previews

CRITICISMS of the LATEST FILMS

THE GAY DESPERADO

THERE is something novel—a gangster-cum-bandit musical in which Mexican bandits, having seen an American gangster picture, decide to organise themselves on similar lines. It is played as a burlesque and is quite one of the most amusing—as well as one of the most tuneful—productions I have seen for some time.

The acting honours go to Leo Carrillo, who as Braganza, a Mexican "bad man" with an ear for music and a veneration for the trade he plies, gives an exceptionally amusing characterisation, rich in comedy but, at the same time, very human.

His essay into American gangster methods is inspired by seeing a film at a cinema, during the course of which the audience, fired with enthusiasm, emulate the rough house they are witnessing by a free-for-all fight.

It is quelled by the manager making his vocalist, Chivo, sing to them. Braganza is so attracted by Chivo's voice that he insists on making him a bandit and taking him to his mountain fortress.

As Chivo, Nino Martini sings well. He renders an aria from *Aida* magnificently and his lighter Spanish type songs are equally pleasing.

He also interprets the part of the amateur and unwilling bandit very amusingly and puts plenty of southern warmth into his love-making.

This romantic element is developed when Braganza, emulating American methods, kidnaps a wealthy youth and his fiancée, Jane, and Chivo decides to woo the lady.

Jane is played by Ida Lupino, who acts with spirit but brings little sympathy to the part. Her accent, which is now a cross between American and English, is none too attractive.

The fiancé, who is ready to leave his lady in the lurch so long as he can get away, is well characterised by James Blakeley.

Harold Huber is excellent as Braganza's more bloodthirsty lieutenant, who wants to shoot Chivo ceremoniously when he helps the prisoners escape, while Mischa Auer is outstanding as a solemn Indian Diego, who disapproves thoroughly of the fine old Mexican sport of banditry being associated with Chicago gangster methods!

A racketeer in the kidnapping business whom Braganza goes to for advice on the subject is well presented by Stanley Fields.

However, the gangsters' ways prove so distasteful to Braganza that he eventually captures the lot and turns them over to the police.

The burlesque is excellently staged with picturesque Mexican interiors and beautiful desert exteriors.

The songs are well introduced; particularly effective is the way in which Braganza raids a radio studio

so that Chivo can fulfil an ambition and sing over the wireless.

There is plenty of action and an atmosphere of gay abandon and irresponsibility about the whole proceedings which make for unusually good entertainment.

CRIME OVER LONDON

There is a really good idea in the plot of this production which suggests that gangsters driven out of Chicago manage to smuggle themselves into this country and attempt similar rackets here, but it has not been very successfully carried out.

The trouble is that we have been accustomed to seeing gangsters so vividly portrayed that the bunch we are presented to here do not convince us a little bit.

There is a slowness, too, in the action which does not improve matters; also one has to swallow that rather indigestible fact that one man looks so much like another that even their best friends could not tell them apart.

Joseph Cawthorn plays this dual role as Mr. Sherwood, the owner of a big store, and a Mr. Riley, who is discovered by a gang of crooks and substituted for the head of the store during big jubilee celebrations, when it was proposed to make a present of a full week's wages to the entire staff.

Joseph Cawthorn's performance is an excellent one and he differentiates admirably between the two roles.

Basil Sydney is not very convincing as a tough crook who is eventually laid by the heels after a gun fight in Sherwood's store.

Paul Cavanagh is suitably nonchalant as a detective inspector and Bruce Lister is good as Sherwood's nephew, who is framed on a murder charge by the gangsters.

He also supplies the slight love interest with Rene Ray, looking quite attractive, as a shop assistant.

Margot Grahame is sound in the role of a gangster's moll.

The settings in the store are very good and there are several well directed humorous touches, but as a whole the picture is too slow and not nearly convincing enough.

REMBRANDT

The tragic story of a great painter who gradually degenerates through the buffets that fate rains upon him and eventually dies in poverty would seem to present a theme that has its fair share of dramatic intensity and poignancy; Alexander Korda has not succeeded in bringing out either to any appreciable extent.

The painter whom he presents is an uncouth and not a very sympathetic character who is prone to deliver long speeches or Bible readings on the slightest provocation, and events in his life appear to happen in a haphazard and disconnected sort of manner.

In fact, his tragic downfall, which should have filled me with the strong emotion of pity, leaves me cold and, I must confess, rather bored.

Charles Laughton plays it with an excess of stylised naturalism and a kind of self-righteous unctuousness which repels rather than attracts.

In other words, in his patent efforts to appear natural he only succeeds in being artificial.

The development is jerky. Obviously it must be episodic, but there is no attempt to create an atmospherical continuity which would ensure sustained dramatic construction.

The action, too, is very slow and gives you more time than is really necessary to admire the technical qualities of the production and the picturesque Dutch settings.

These are indubitably very good indeed, and the grouping is artistically composed, but even here there is a sense of artificiality induced by the fact that stagecraft is always apparent; art, in fact, does not sufficiently conceal itself.

According to the picture, Rembrandt's life divides itself into three periods. First of all the wealthy painter, honoured and belauded by his fellow-townsmen. His wife dies and the second period commences in which he loses his popularity by his refusal to paint to his patrons' whims and lives with his housekeeper, Geortke Dirx, who brings

up his son Titus and tries to force him to paint for money.

This period ends in bankruptcy and his love for a maid in his house, Hendrickje, whom he makes his mistress.

The third period begins with the ex-communication of Hendrickje by the elders of the church because she is living in sin and the first signs of Rembrandt's degeneration, which is hastened when Hendrickje dies and ends with the artist in poverty.

Gertrude Lawrence is good as Geortke, but the character is sketchy and not wholly comprehensible, and this is not to be wondered at, since the stage is held almost continuously by Laughton.

As Hendrickje, Elsa Lanchester suggests the unsophisticated and devoted country wench with feeling, but she has one comedy scene which is definitely over-emphasised.

Comedy generally is conspicuous by its absence, which accounts for the pervading gloominess of the subject as a whole. Light and shade is essential even in a tragedy.

John Bryning gives a sincere performance as Rembrandt's son and Roger Livesey draws a brilliant character cameo as an old beggar whom the painter gets to pose for him as King Saul.

This sequence is perhaps the most sincere and moving in the whole picture.

The credits in this production go to the technicians, who have shown that so far as photographic quality and scenic effects go, England need not fear comparison with the best of other countries.

FREDLÖS

In the old silent days the Danish production company, Nordisk, produced many notable films and was particularly successful with adaptations of Dickens; they always managed to get a thoroughly convincing atmosphere.

This is the first talkie of theirs I have seen, and it seems to me to live up to the reputation they so firmly established years ago.

The story is set in Finland, which makes a novel and unusual background for some first-class acting and clever characterisations. Its romantic plot is rather gloomy and is somewhat naive, but it succeeds in keeping one quite well entertained.

It deals with Boris Borodoff, the ruthless Russian governor of a Finnish province, who sentences Ilmari Martaja to Siberia for concealing arms. He commits suicide. His son, Juhani, who had married a Lapp girl, Aino, and incurred the enmity of her father and fiancé by stealing her away, next comes under Borodoff's attention.

He sends Juhani on a journey, meaning to have him killed on the way, and takes his wife.

Juhani returns, however, and Borodoff declares them outlaws. They wander into Lapland, where Aino's ex-fiancé tries to kill Juhani, but is himself killed.

Later a price is put on Juhani's head, and Aino is savaged by wolves. Despairing for her life, Juhani takes her to her father and then returns to his own town, where he arouses his countrymen to overthrow the Russian tyrants.

John Eckman gives a clever study of the bestial Russian governor, and Sten Lingdren is virile and sympathetic as Juhani. Gull-maj Norin, a strikingly beautiful actress, gives full value to the role of Aino. The rest of the cast all give polished performances.

(continued on page 28)



Charles Laughton and Roger Livesey in "Rembrandt."

REVIEWS

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

- ***THE KING STEPS OUT
- ***EARLY TO BED
- **THE HARVESTER
- c**TWO'S COMPANY
- **HARD ROCK HARRIGAN
- c**KELLY THE SECOND
- **HUMAN CARGO
- **HIS MAJESTY, BUNKER BEAN
- *MURDER BY AN ARISTOCRAT
- c*ROAMING LADY
- *WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS
- c*KELLY OF THE SECRET SERVICE

What the asterisks mean—

- *** An outstanding feature.
- ** Very good.
- * Good.
- * Average entertainment.
- c Also suitable for children.

The plot is rather too slowly developed, but the director has brought out the characters in vivid relief. He has not allowed for many light touches, and the atmosphere, although convincing, is sombre.

There are, however, excellent settings of a Finnish township and picturesque exteriors of the country under snow and in the spring-time. Camera work is brilliant.

***THE KING STEPS OUT
Columbia. American. "U" certificate.
Musical Comedy. Runs 83 minutes

GRACE MOORE.....Cissy
FRANCHOT TONE.....Francis Josef
WALTER CONNOLLY.....Maximilian
RAYMOND WALBURN.....Vom Kempen
VICTOR JORY.....Palfi
ELIZABETH RISDON.....Sofia
NANA BRYANT.....Louise
FRIEDA INESCOURT.....Helena
THURSTON HALL.....Major
HERMAN BING.....Pretzelberger
GEORGE HASSELL.....Herlicka
JOHN ARTHUR.....Chief of Secret Police

Directed by Josef von Sternberg. Based on "Cissy," an operetta by Fritz Kreisler, for the story freely based on the play by Marjory Williams, see page 22. Previewed October 17, 1936

Lovers of good music in particular will appreciate this exceedingly well staged adaptation of the only operetta that Fritz Kreisler has



Charles Ruggles in "Early to Bed."

by Lionel COLLIER

written. His music is exceedingly melodious and Grace Moore sings her arias in it to the best advantage.

Basically it is conventional comic opera but Josef von Sternberg whose pictorial imagination is always admirable, has seen to it that the settings and composition are charming and original.

As the heroine, Grace Moore not only sings well but brings vivacity and attractiveness to the character. On the other hand, Franchot Tone is not too well cast as the King, Francis Josef, but in spite of that he gets over that individual charm and personality which is characteristic of him.

Two very amusing studies are given by Walter Connolly as a Duke and Herman Bing as an inn-keeper. In spite of the inconsequential nature of the plot the production as a whole represents very pleasing, light hearted entertainment.

***EARLY TO BED
Paramount. American. "U" certificate.
Domestic farce. Runs 72 minutes.

MARY BOLAND.....Tessie Weeks
CHARLIE RUGGLES.....Chester Beatty
GEORGE BARBIER.....Horace B. Stanton
ROBERT MCWADDE.....Burgess Frisbie
SIDNEY BLACKMER.....Rex Daniels
GAIL PATRICK.....Grace Stanton
HELEN FLINT.....Mrs. Duval
LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD.....Mr. O'Leary
ARTHUR HOYT.....Smithers
COLIN TAPLEY.....Dr. Vernon
BILLY GILBERT.....Burger
RAE DAGGETT.....Miss Benson
Directed by Norman McLeod. Previewed July 18, 1936.

Bright farce with more than the usual share of originality which gives plenty of chances to that excellent comedy team Ruggles and Boland.

Ruggles play the role of Chester Beatty, a down-trodden employee at a glass-eye factory, who after twenty-five years' engagement, marries Tessie. He had not married her before because he walked in his sleep, and did not like to tell her. They go to a rest-cure hotel, and there Chester's sleep-walking propensities get him suspected, both of robbery and murder.

He also has trouble with a big wholesaler to whom he is trying to sell glass eyes. Eventually things are straightened out, and Chester is taken on as chief superintendent to the wholesaler.

Mary Boland represents an easily recognisable type as Tessie who insists on "mothering" Chester while Charlie Ruggles is in excellent form as the timid employee.

There is rather a lot of dialogue, but since it is really bright one can put up with it.

Norman McLeod has directed his farcical situations with polish and effect and gets the utmost out of the "sleep-walking" sequences.

**THE HARVESTER
British Lion. American. "U" certificate.
Small town romantic drama. Runs 77 minutes.

ALICE BRADY.....Mrs. Biddle
RUSSELL HARDIE.....David Langston
ANN RUTHERFORD.....Ruth Jameson
FRANK CRAVEN.....Mr. Biddle
CORRUE COLLINS.....Naomi Jameson
EMMA DUNN.....Granny Moreland
EDDIE NUGENT.....Bert Munroe
JOYCE COMPTON.....Thelma Biddle
ROY ATWELL.....Jake Ebben
SPENCER CHARTERS.....Stubby Pratt
RUSSELL SIMPSON.....Abner Prewett
PHYLLIS FRASER.....Gladys
FERN EMMETT.....Miss Sophronia
BURN CARUTH.....Dr. Carey
LUCILLE WARD.....Mrs. Griggs
BECK (DOG).....Belshazzard
Directed by Joseph Santley, from Gene Stratton Porter's Novel.

Simple but human story set in rural surroundings and noticeable for its restrained characterisations and convincingly homely atmosphere.

Alice Brady is delightfully clever as the ambitious wife of a village estate agent who wants to marry her daughter to an eligible young farmer but whose designs are thwarted when he finally marries a little orphan whom she had engaged as a servant.

It is chiefly owing to her acting that the picture proves so entertaining.

Russell Hardie is well cast as the young farmer and Ann Rutherford is appealing as the girl he loves.

As the designing woman's vixenish daughter Joyce Compton is true to type.

Pleasing juvenile interest is afforded by Cora Sue Collins as the orphan girl's baby sister.

c**TWO'S COMPANY

United Artists. British. "U" certificate.
Domestic farce. Runs 70 minutes.

NED SPARKS.....Al
HENRY HOLMAN....."B. G." Madison
OLIVE BLAKENEY.....Mrs. Madison
MARY BRIAN.....Julia Madison
GIBB MCLAUGHLIN.....Toombs
MORTON SELTON.....The Earl of Warke
PATRIC KNOWLES.....Jerry
GORDON HARKER.....Muggridge
SYD CROSSLEY.....Ives
H. F. MALTBY.....Otto Stump
ROBB WILTON.....A J.P.
ROBERT NAINBY.....A J.P.

Directed by Tim Whelan. Previewed June 20, 1936.

A comedy which draws its humour from the racial differences of thought and habit between the families of an American millionaire and an English Earl. It is conventional enough and is played broadly with lapses into slapstick. Of course, in the end the betrothal of the American's daughter and the Earl's son leads to a pooling of interests.

The production is sound enough but rather lacks subtlety. The fun it provides is of an obvious order for the not too sophisticated.

B. G. Madison, an American millionaire, is kidded by his wife, daughter, Julian and Al, a soured-faced lawyer who is chasing her, into making a trip to England. On board they mistake Muggridge, a valet, for his boss, the peppery Earl of Warke, and when they land, Jerry, the Earl's young son, fascinated by Julia, so arranges matters that the family rents a manor owned by his father.

Al and Muggridge are at loggerheads all the time, and the Earl and Maddison also fail to hit it off, but out of the wholesale fracas eventually comes real romance for Julia and Jerry, and with it international good-fellowship.

Ned Sparks is in good form as the confidential friend and lawyer of the millionaire who rents a manor owned by a very choleric earl. His dead pan act, however, is so continually plugged that it is apt to become monotonous.

Gordon Harker gives one of his very familiar Cockney characterisations as a valet.

These two hold the stage most of the time and deliver themselves of quite a good collection of wisecracks.

Henry Holman is a little too violent as the millionaire and Morton Selton is apt to over-exaggerate the character of the earl; they both shout much too much.

Patric Knowles and Mary Brian supply the love interest with charm and intelligence.

Gibb McLaughlin turns in a good study as a superior butler.



Owen Davis, jun., and Louise Latimer in "His Majesty, Bunker Bean."

**HARD ROCK HARRIGAN

A.B.F.D. American. "U" certificate.
Comedy-melodrama. Runs 60 minutes.

GEORGE O'BRIEN....."Hard Rock" Harrigan
IRENE HERVEY....."Andy" Anderson
FRED KOHLER.....Blue Jack Riley
DEAN BENTON.....Michael McGinnis
FRANK RICE.....McClintock
VICTOR POTE.....Oscar
OLIN FRANCIS.....Clancy
WILLIAM GOULD.....Clark
GEORGE HUMBERT.....Columbo
DAVID CLYDE.....McNally
ED KEENE.....Dr. Wagner
LEE SHUMWAY.....Casey
Directed by David Howard, from a story by Charles Furlman.

Based on the old "Flagg and Quirt" tradition there is plenty of rough stuff in this story which deals with the rivalry of two tunnel workers; also a thrill or two and breezy comedy.

George O'Brien as a driller and Fred Kohler as a tunnel boss, who both fall for the same girl, put plenty of virility into their roles and punch into their verbal bickerings.

Irene Hervey is very attractive as the girl in question and the minor roles are well filled.

There are some realistic tunnelling sequences and a thrill in the boss's rescue of his rival when the working suddenly cave in.

While a big fight is promised but never comes off, there are plenty of fisticuffs, for those who like their action rough and ready.

c**KELLY THE SECOND

M.G.M. American. "U" certificate.
Boxing comedy. Runs 70 minutes.

PATSY KELLY.....Mollie
CHARLEY CHASE.....Doc Klum
GUINN WILLIAMS.....Cecil Callahan
PERT KELTON.....Gloria
EDWARD BROPHY.....Ike Arnold
HAROLD HUBER.....Spike
MAXIE ROSENBLUM.....Butch Flynn
DEWITT JENNINGS.....Judge
SYD SAYLOR.....Dan

Directed by Gus Meins, from a story by Jeff Moffitt and William Terhune.

Fast moving farce which depicts the rise of a truck driver to the heights of championship boxing.

Its great assets are fast action of a slapstick variety, which the producer Hal Roach knows so well how to handle, and a never-ceasing flow of wisecracks.

There is some novelty in the fact that the hero is trained by a woman whose methods are at first disastrous but who later succeeds in thwarting a feminine rival and making her man win.

Patsy Kelly is in great form as the woman manager and puts in some dancing and acrobatics as well as comedy characterisation.

Charley Chase is also excellent as (Continued on page 30)

Now— THE 'QUINS'

ARE

*Schoolgirl Complexion
all over!*



July 2, 1936

At the time of the birth of the Dionne Quintuplets and for some time afterwards they were bathed in olive oil.

When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we selected Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily use in bathing these world-famous babies.

Allan Roy Dafter

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- 1 There was less than one chance in fifty-million that they would be born alive.
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- 3 All told, they weighed at birth no more than 13 lbs. 11 ozs.!
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A WRINKLE ABOUT WRINKLES

MARTYRS to headache frequently look much older than their years. The acute pain affects the nerves and muscles of the face and all the wrinkle removers in the world are of little avail until the cause is removed. The thing to do is to stop the headache at the start. For that there is nothing finer than ZOX—a remedy with nearly 40 years' reputation for efficacy. Sufferers say it acts like magic, even when everything else fails.

ZOX is put up in powder form to ensure quicker and more effective action. It is equally valuable in relieving neuralgia and in reducing the high temperature in a feverish cold. The powders cost 2d. each or 1/6 and 3/- per box from Chemists and Stores. The proprietors—The Zox Manufacturing Co. (Dept. 6), 11 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1, will send two free samples to any reader enclosing a 1 1/2d. stamp for return postage.



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The Best that mummy can buy!

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hair could
sparkle with such
pretty tones until
I spent 6^d on

CAMILATONE
with **GOLDEN
BROWN TÖNRINZ**



I ask for

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SHAMPOO
IN THE BLACK PACKET

**.. because my
hair is Brown**

But there's a Special Camiflatone Shampoo for Fair, Auburn, Dark and Grey or White hair.

Camiflatone is the only Shampoo which includes a real toning rinse in each packet.

**FROM HAIRDRESSERS, CHEMISTS
AND WOOLWORTHS**

REVIEWS—Contd.

a chemist while Guinn Williams is suitable as the heavy-fisted and light-brained boxer.

**HUMAN CARGO

Fox. American. "A" certificate. Racketeer melodrama. Runs 63 minutes.

CLAUDE TREVOR.....Bonnie Brewster
BRIAN DONLEVY.....Packy Campbell
ALAN DINEHART.....Lionel Crocker
RALPH MORGAN.....District Attorney Carey
HELEN TROY.....Susie
RITA CANSINO.....Carmen Zoro
MORGAN WALLACE.....Gilbert Fender
HERMAN BING.....Fritz Schultz
JOHN MCGUIRE....."Spike" Davis
RALF HAROLDE.....Tony Scull
WADE BOTELER.....Bob McSweeney
HARRY WOOD.....Ira Conklin

Directed by Allan Dwan, from the novel "I will be Faithful," by Kathleen Shepherd.

Conventional mixture of romance and rough stuff, racketeers and newspapermen put over with plenty of action and a full quota of comedy.

Locations include a newspaper office, a cargo boat and the underworld. They are all well set and form a fitting atmosphere for the serial-like story.

Brian Donlevy as a reporter engaged in tracking down a gang smuggling alien labour into America is vital and enthusiastic while Claire Trevor does well as Bonnie, a socialite who also has journalistic aspirations.

Morgan Wallace is good as the leader of the crooks and the support generally is sound.

Of its robust, hard-hitting type this is good entertainment.

**HIS MAJESTY, BUNKER BEAN

Radio. American. "U" certificate. Farce. Runs 67 minutes.

OWEN DAVIES, JUN.....Bunker Bean
LOUISE LATIMER.....Mary Kent
ROBERT MCWADE.....J. C. Kent
JESSIE RALPH.....Grandma Kent
EDWARD NUGENT.....Glabb
LUCILLE BALL.....Miss Kelly
BERTON CHURCHILL.....Prof. Balthazar
HEDDA HOPPER.....Mrs. Kent
PIERRE WATKINS.....Mr. Barnes
CHARLES ARNT.....Metzger
RUSSELL HICKS.....A. C. Jones
LEONARD CAREY.....Kent's Butler
FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK.....Mr. Meyerhauser
SYBIL HARRIS.....Countess Casandra

Directed by William Hamilton and Edward Kelly, from a play by Harry Zean Wilson.

Original and amusing story of a young clerk suffering from an inferiority complex who manages to find courage after consulting a clairvoyant who tells him he had once been an Egyptian king.

Bunker Bean, star stenographer to magnate J. C. Kent, is shy to the point of self-effacement. Consulting a fortune-teller he learns that in a previous existence he was Napoleon. He tries out one or two Napoleonic tricks—such as spanking a young lady whom he desired to master—but that ends in disaster.

On a second visit to the clairvoyant, he is fitted out with another "incarnation"—no less a personage than Ram Tah, an Egyptian Pharaoh. At the same time, he comes into a fortune, and the possession of a valuable patent.

Determined to live up to the Ram Tah tradition, he browbeats his boss into buying the patent for a large sum, and makes love to his daughter.

Ram Tah "works," but when the mummy (which had been delivered to him by the "dud" fortune-teller) is found to be made of sawdust and cardboard, Bunker's courage gives out. However, the girl believes in his business ability, and



Fay Wray in "Roaming Lady."

Bunker eventually succeeds in winning her and "chiselling" the old man at the same time.

Owen Davis, Jun., makes the most of the humorous possibilities in the title role and the way he stands up to his employer and makes love to his daughter after being inspired by the clairvoyant affords both comedy and a human touch.

Louise Latimer plays up to him well as his employer's daughter, a girl whom his new found courage leads him to spank and who later admires him for his strength of character.

But an old-timer, Robert McWade, almost steals the acting honours as the employer; a character in which cunning and irascibility are equally combined.

The satire at the expense of quackery is well pointed, and the business angle, too, is presented with humorous insights.

*MURDER BY AN ARISTOCRAT

Warner. American. "A" certificate. Murder mystery. Runs 60 minutes.

LYLE TALBOT.....Dr. Allen Carick
MARGUERITE CHURCHILL.....Sally Keating
CLAIRE DODD.....Janice Thatcher
VIRGINIA BRISSAC.....Adela Thatcher
WILLIAM DAVIDSON.....Bayard
MARY TRENN.....Florrie
FLORRIE WILLIAMS.....Emmeline
JOHN ELDRIDGE.....John Tweed
GORDON ELLIOT.....Dave Thatcher
STUART HOLMES.....Higby
FLORENCE FAIR.....Evelyn Thatcher
JOSEPH CREHAN.....Hilary Thatcher
MILTON KIBBEE.....Cab Driver
HENRY OTHO.....The Sheriff

Directed by Frank MacDonald.

In spite of a surplus of dialogue and a lack of conviction in parts owing to the hectic nature of the plot there is entertainment to be found in the ramifications of the spot the murderer type of plot which has a certain amount of ingenuity.

The scapegoat, Bayard Thatcher, of the aristocratic Thatchers, is blackmailing the family. One night he is shot and wounded, and a Dr. Carick is called in. He brings with him a nurse, his fiancée, Sally. The family, to avoid scandal, report that he shot himself accidentally whilst cleaning a revolver. But Sally knows better and gets to learn something of the efforts of Bayard as a blackmailer.

Later, Bayard is shot dead. The suspects include his aunt, Adela, and other members of the Thatcher household, Dave, a drug fiend, Janice, Evelyn and Hilary. Sally's acumen leads her to spot the

murderer after a series of mysterious happenings.

Marguerite Churchill acts well as Sally and Lyle Talbot is quite good as Dr. Carick.

Bayard is extremely well portrayed by William Davidson and Virginia Brissac scores as Adela.

c*ROAMING LADY

Columbia. American. "U" certificate. Adventure drama. Runs 68 minutes.

FAY WRAY.....Joyce
RALPH BELLAMY.....Dan
THURSTON HALL.....E. J. Reid
EDWARD GARGAN.....Andy
ROGER LMOH.....Captain Murchinson
PAUL GUILFOYLE.....Wong
TETSU KOMAI.....Fang
ARTHUR RANKIN.....Blaney

Directed by Albert S. Rogell, from a story by Diana Bourbon and Bruce Manning.

If not taken seriously there is moderate entertainment value in this story of a girl who, determined to marry a famous airman, follows him to the Orient where they get captured by a Chinese warlord and after a hectic time manage to escape.

While not convincing it is well presented and Ralph Bellamy makes a likeable hero of the intrepid aviator.

Fay Wray in spite of her man-hunting proclivities acts well and gains sympathy as the heroine.

Tetsu Komai is sound as the warlord and some welcome light relief is afforded by Edward Gargan as the hero's friend.

Albert S. Rogell has been most successful with his aviation sequences which are extremely well photographed.

Some scenes on board ship are not so realistic and the Chinese incidents are frankly artificial. There is, however, a thrill in the escape.

*WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS

Twickenham Film Distributors. American. "A" certificate. Farce. Runs 68 minutes.
BRADLEY PAGE.....Dean Scarsdale
JUDITH VOSSELLI.....Emily Scarsdale
DOROTHY REVIER.....Pat Ormsby
ALBERT CONTI.....R. J. Ormsby
ROCHELLE HUDSON.....Gwendolyn
HERTA LIND.....Paula
MAY BEATTY.....Gloria
JOHN WARBURTON.....Steve
LORIN RAKER.....Tom
MARY FOY.....Madison
BETTY MACK.....Lucy
SAM ADAMS.....Donovan

Directed by Richard Thorpe.

Here is a quite amusing farce with the acting, perhaps, better than the material and the presentation.

Rochelle Hudson is seen as Gwen, a "romantic" flapper who falls in love with Stephen Conyers, a notorious woman-hater. She persuades Dean Scarsdale to drive her



Gordon Harker in "Two's Company."

to Conyers' country house. Failing to find Stephen at home, Scarsdale, living next door, asks Gwen in, an action which is misinterpreted by Scarsdale's jealous wife.

Hurriedly leaving, Gwen hears a shot and takes refuge with Conyers, who has returned. When Scarsdale is brought in badly hurt, Stephen, to protect Gwen, pretends she is his wife. The position is further complicated by the arrival of Gwen's sister, Pat, who is running away from a jealous husband. Gwen, however, gets her man in the end.

The film depends for its laughs mainly on Rochelle Hudson's farcical adoration of the uncompromising Conyers, neatly played by John Warburton, but there is a fair quota of good farce situations and the dialogue is amusing when it is not allowed to predominate. Good work is done by May Beatty and Judith Vosselli in supporting roles.

c*KELLY OF THE SECRET SERVICE

Pathé. American. "U" certificate. Secret Service melodrama. Runs 62 minutes.

LLOYD HUGHES.....Ted Kelly
SHEILA MANORS.....Sally Flint
FUZZY KNIGHT.....Lefty Hogan
SYD SAYLOR.....Red
JACK MULHALL.....George Lesserman
FORREST TAYLOR.....Dr. Marston
JOHN ELLIOTT.....Dr. Walsh
MIKI MORITA.....Ylon
JACK COWELL.....Chief Wilson

Directed by Bob Hill.



Brian Donlevy and Helen Troy in "Human Cargo."

Serial-like melodrama, somewhat crude and highly coloured, dealing with the theft and recovery of a formula for a radio bomb.

All the old-time contrivances such as trap doors and hypnotic influence are dragged into the fantastic development of a story which might appeal to juveniles.

When Dr. Marston, a scientist, is robbed of the plans and formula of a radio bomb invention, Kelly, a Secret Service man, is called in to investigate. At first he suspects Marston's secretary, Sally Flint, and then the scientist's assistant, George Lesserman, but later it transpires that Marston is a crook and that he has stolen the invention from Dr. Welch, Sally's uncle.

The attempts on the part of Dr. Welch to recover the invention are responsible for the fantastic happenings, which, of course, end with the apprehension and unmasking of Marston, and romance between Kelly and Sally.

The production is indifferent in staging and technical qualities, and the acting is no more than adequate.

New Liquid Shampoo puts Gleaming Highlights in Your Hair



In cafés, on dance floors, in thousands of homes, women are raving about Drene, the amazing new liquid soapless shampoo. But what else can be expected! Just one shampoo makes ordinary-looking hair beautiful beyond your wildest dreams.

Look at the girl above. What a difference it made when she used Drene! Don't hesitate. Try this glorious new shampoo today. Get ready for a shower of compliments. For nothing is more irresistible to men than shining, lovely hair!

"How does Drene make hair so gleamingly lovely?" you ask. Simple! Drene, being neither soap nor oil, not only rids your hair of dust, excess oil and loose dandruff, but also washes away every trace of that beauty-clouding film left by old-fashioned shampoos. Every single hair is washed cleaner than ever before—in one quick lathering! A few drops of Drene rub instantly into a billowy lather—5 times more lather than soap even in the hardest water, and there's no messy before-mixing either!

Most important of all—only clear water rinsing is necessary. For Drene is an entirely new soapless shampoo and cannot make that sticky, unrinsable "lime-scum" film that other shampoos leave to cover up natural lustre.

Whatever colour your hair is—it can now be always radiant and glamorous, silky and smooth. Even dyed hair becomes undetectable—soft and natural—with regular Drene care. And just watch how much longer your "perm" lasts—how easily it pushes up into those natural silky-soft, alluring waves!

You will see Drene at all chemists and department stores including Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors and Woolworths, in the 6d. size giving 2 shampoos or the 1/6 family size giving 8 shampoos or more. Buy Drene tonight, or send your name, address and 3d. in stamps (to cover postage and packing) to Thomas Hedley & Co. Ltd., Dept. DN-5, Queen's Lane, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and you will be sent a bottle of Drene (enough for 2 shampoos).

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Beware of Falling Hair, spreading Baldness or hair-killing Dandruff. Grow thick, strong, wavy hair, or be free from dandruff, like so many others. Mr. J. Murphy writes: "Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak, and falling out in combfuls until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. Before I had finished the second box, my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued, the hair is now thick and is a mass of waves, and is more healthy looking."

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Please send me, post paid, Testing package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

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Double the life of your shoes by giving them a coat of Radium as soon as they look shabby. It will make them smart as new in a few minutes. Also admirable for leather goods. Sold in all the latest shades by shoe shops, repairers and leather stores. For Suede Shoes use Radium Suede Cleaner. 6d.

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No longer the "Family Wallflower"

When almost everyone else was dancing, she used to be left out again and again. It was Betty who was so popular, though there's very little to choose between Betty's looks and hers. She often wondered why the young men would never let Betty rest.

Then she suddenly saw the reason. It was an "air" Betty had. And yet it was more than that. Something that gave Betty "presence"; a sort of radiant well-being, an enveloping warmth of animation and vibrant health.

Now, she is a serious rival to her popular sister. A course of Clotabs made all the difference.

These tasteless little tablets have all the valuable vitalising elements of Halibut Liver Oil, in concentrated form. They build up that inner "life" and energy which bring a sparkle to the eyes, a glow of health to the skin, a rich lustre to the hair.

Clotabs help even the skinny girl to gain new attractiveness—the firm, shapely limbs and body that mean so much more than mere good looks.

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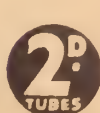
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'SO GOOD BETWEEN SMOKES'

Also try JUICY-FRUITs, soft,
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Good P. O.

What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

ARE WE HEROIC?

And Can We Bear Comparison with the Stars?

I READ with surprise a certain Miss A. Dunne's letter and wondered at her extreme humbleness regarding her personal appearance. Has she never considered, as I have, the astonishing contrast between her boy friend and the hero of the screen?

He invariably lacks:—

- (1) The smile of George Brent, in addition to his attractive personality.
- (2) The culture of Leslie Howard.
- (3) The agility of Fred Astaire.
- (4) The Adonis-like features of Robert Taylor.
- (5) The athletic figure of Carl Brisson.

Instead we see:—

- (1) Toothful, but well-meaning grin.
- (2) Blissful ignorance of the elementary points of etiquette.
- (3) Clumsy feet which seem to be attracted by every obstacle.
- (4) Uneven, if homely features.
- (5) Artificially broadened shoulders, aided by a well-padded overcoat.

It probably never enters his head to compare himself or his girl friend with the stars. He just continues to exist in sublime indifference.

Success to the PICTUREGOER, my indispensable weekly.—Georgia Nolan, 26 Roma Road, Walthamstow.

Star Party

At Christmas Time dear MICKEY MOUSE Gave, in the GABLE of our house, A party, and his bride was there; To make a MINNIEum of care, She came to GRETA guests so gay Clad in the GARBO holiday, LAUREL AND HARDY evergreen Made for the WALLS a leafy SCREEN, And Stars indoor and out shone bright As if it were a fair JUNE KNIGHT. And made for those two lucky mice A PICTUREGOER'S paradise; Their laughter seemed to reach the sky, Nor canNA NEAGLE fly so high; Sweet JESSIE was their dancing star For she is no MATTHEWSelah, RALPH crossed the LYNNtel midst applause The picture of good Santa Claus. "ARLISSten MERLE will sing!" he cried. "Come OBERON the sunny side." While POP-EYE thought it was not nice Bad SaiLORETTA YOUNGster's ice. "TIP-UP your glasses, FILM 'em quick, Before your EXIT," laughed our MICK.—Nancy Gunter, Clock House, High Street, Tenby, Pem., who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

Welcomed Home!

Before I married, nearly two years ago, I was a regular film-fan, priding myself on knowing almost everything I could know about film actors and actresses, films, etc. (thanks to the help of the PICTUREGOER), forming my own opinions, discussing films from every angle with my friends, and being a rather over-critical patron altogether.

Well, after settling down to the "happy-ever-after" stage and welcoming a baby son

to our small circle, I am realising that M.-G.-M., Gaumont British, etc., etc., are still making films.

On entering a kinema now, I feel I am amongst old friends, and a nice comfortable glow makes me say to myself: "I am glad to see you all again," and I do not feel half so critical as I used to, because I can see now that every actor or actress, from star to small part player is trying to please me personally.—(Mrs.) C. Pernet, 17 Thorald Rd., Bowes Park, N.22, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

An Ill-timed Blow

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town is the year's best film. I must, however, make one protest. Mr. Deeds would have realised that the effect of his speech in court would be neutralised by his act of contempt when he punched the lawyer.

He had quickly understood the motives of other schemes for his wealth and would have realised that his sanity was questioned because he had asked for an account of the estate. Surely he would have unmasked the plotters by demanding that details be placed before the Court?

I admit the punch had the audience's approval, thus proving the director had anticipated their wish, but it was an ill-timed blow.

It should have been delivered after Mr. Deeds had secured the verdict and thus have been the first action of a certified sane man.—Frank Armstrong, 115 Hurlingham Road, London, S.W. 6.

Wise Guy!

I know too much! I know the time my favourite film-stars rise in the morning, the name of the soap with which they wash, the make-up they use, the clothes they wear and their favourite meals.

I know their homes, having seen photographs of them, their peculiarities, their pastimes and hobbies, their past and present life and their romances.

I know the type of jewellery they wear, the cigarettes they smoke, in fact I could tell certain stars their life story better than they themselves could relate it.

Thinking it over I consider myself lucky to be just plain.—Harry A. T. Double, 16 Walnut Tree Walk, Stowmarket, Suffolk.

Ivy Wants to Know

This is about the tenth time I have written to you, so perhaps you will take pity on me this time and print my letter, just to see if any PICTUREGOER readers can answer my questions.

(1) Why doesn't Joan Crawford play a poor working girl part, and give the society dames a miss?

(2) Why does Miriam Hopkins always look as though she is going to cry?

(3) Why doesn't Ginger Rogers stick to dancing, she can't sing?

(4) Why doesn't Rosalind Russell stop being quite so "nice"?

(5) Why doesn't Grace Moore stop flashing her sugary smile about?

(6) Why doesn't some producer realise what a great little actress Isabel Jewell is?

(7) Why doesn't Jean Harlow take a few lessons in voice culture? Hers is much too harsh.—Ivy Okell, 166 Highbury Grove, Cosham, Portsmouth, Hants.

Way for a Miracle!

Have we not forgotten the fundamental thing about the screen—the fact that it is a miracle?

Grumble if you like at certain films, praise certain stars and, if you are built that way, form fan-clubs, but for Keystone's sake do not forget that every time you sit watching the

(Continued on page 34)

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the
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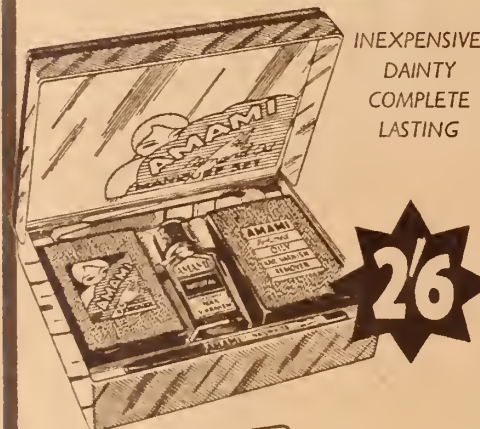
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WHO'S WHO

Marlene Dietrich

THE current queen of the British movie scene was born in Berlin on December 27, 1904, or 1902 if you prefer the earlier publicity data on the subject. Her father was an army officer who lost his life in the War.

Marlene originally intended to be a violinist, but an accident to her left wrist ended her musical career and she studied drama instead at Max Reinhardt's famous academy. The actress had her first stage part in the German version of *Broadway*, and for the next three years divided her time between musical comedy and pictures without attracting international notice. Then came her discovery by Josef von Sternberg, *The Blue Angel*, and Hollywood glory. The star made her American debut in *Morocco*, and since then she has appeared in *Dishonoured*, *Shanghai Express*, *Blonde Venus*, *The Song of Songs*, *The Scarlet Empress*, *The Devil is a Woman* (which she considers her best picture), *Desire*, and *Garden of Allah*. She is now making *Knight Without Armour* at Denham.

Marlene has red-gold hair and blue eyes, is 5 ft. 5 in. tall, and weighs 8 st. 8 lb.

Alan Dinehart

BORN in St. Paul, Minnesota, on October 3, 1889, this popular "heavy" deserted the University of Missouri for a stage, touring company. He reached Broadway in *The Gypsy Trail*, and was for years a star of the "legitimate" drama in New York.

Dinehart entered pictures in 1931 and was soon one of the busiest character actors in Hollywood. In 27 months he made 33 pictures.

What Do You Think? Cont.

flickering screen you are watching a miracle.

Just as you are about to condemn So-and-so for bad direction or Thingummy for poor photography go down on your knees (metaphorically, or you may be put out) and thank heaven that you can see a motion picture at all. Recall that people used to cheer like mad at the sight of a slide that was still.

I think we have all forgotten about the magical element of the cinema. Even the most naive of picturegoers is blasé about it: yet we could enjoy our films much better if we remembered it.

Hang it all! They actually move!—Douglas A. Mailland, 29a Meldon Terrace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 6.

Divided We—Stand!

AFTER reading in a recent PICTUREGOER of the expected dissolution of the Laurel and Hardy partnership, readers may be interested to know of an early film in which the two stars appeared—but not together!

I recently saw at a local church hall a silent comedy film of which both the title and cast were missing. The film dealt with a divorce case in which Charlie Chase was sued by his wife (actress not recognised) on the grounds of persistent cruelty.

In the course of a quarrel between husband and wife a policeman intervened, he was fat and—yes, you're right—it was Oliver Hardy.

To continue the story, the case was taken to court and the defendant's lawyer was none other than Stan Laurel, who in a very small part succeeded in stealing the film from Charlie Chase.

"United" they may stand, but "divided" Laurel definitely did not fall.—Frank Fraser, 20 Bath Lane Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 4.

A Novel Angle

Being a University student, and consequently a regular filmgoer, may I be permitted to say that the films being produced nowadays are getting into a rut?

There seems to be no novel method of presentation. I suggest that the camera should be used

Recent appearances include *Thanks a Million*, *In Old Kentucky*, *Your Uncle Dudley*, *The Pay Off*, *It Had to Happen*, *Everybody's Old Man*, and *Human Cargo*.

Richard Dix

WITH 63 starring vehicles to his credit, Richard Dix probably holds all the records for stellar staying power. He has been in films since 1921. Before that he got his acting training in stock and on the Broadway stage. His silent successes included *The Christian* and *The Vanishing American*. A lean period followed, then *Cimarron* made him a talkie star, a position which he has maintained ever since. He has recently been seen in *Special Investigator*, *Yellow Dust*, and *Devil's Squadron*.

Like Alan Dinehart, Dix was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, and is now 41 years old. He is 6 ft. tall, weighs 13 st. 6 lb., and is the father of twin sons.

Claire Dodd

USUALLY plays "the other woman" in the hero's life and does it very well, Claire was born in New York on a certain December 29. After failing at a first attempt at films, she got a part in a Ziegfeld show on Broadway and went back to Hollywood with a name and a contract.

Among her screen successes since have been: *An American Tragedy*, *The Match King*, *Footlight Parade*, *Massacre*, *Babbitt*, *Roberta*, *Don't Bet on Blondes*, *The Glass Key*, *The Case of the Curious Bride*, *The Case of the Velvet Claws*, and *The Case of Mrs. Pembroke*.

The star has green eyes and blonde hair, is 5 ft. 6 in. tall, and weighs 8 st. 12 lb.

more as a character in the plays, and thus each kinemagoer can imagine himself to be actually taking part, and not be a mere onlooker.

I can foresee that there might be many difficulties and am not suggesting that the entire film should be made from this viewpoint, but merely that this "angle" should be used more frequently as it would most certainly give a much greater thrill to the film-fans.

Imagine the culmination of a great spy drama with the camera facing a firing-squad! Or would it give the Ambulance Brigade too much work?—(Miss) Iris J. Cathles, Masson Hall, 31 George Square, Edinburgh, 8.

[The technique Miss Cathles suggests was used with great effect in the execution scene in "The Case of Sergeant Grischa."—THE THINKER.]

Whew!

I have read with great interest, a number of letters which have been sent by your readers from time to time, stating the various collections of Film Stars' photos they have acquired.

In just under two years I have collected 1,200 photographs of Shirley Temple, none of which have been duplicated. Amongst these, there are 65 splendid photographs of Shirley, obtained from the PICTUREGOER POSTCARD SALON.

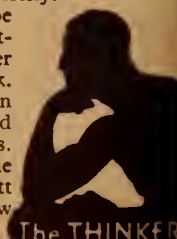
Apart from those already mentioned, I have also obtained over 45 duplicates, some of which are coloured and enlarged portraits of the above numbers.

I wonder if any reader of the PICTUREGOER can beat this?—"Temple Conscious."

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 is. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.



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Beauty Specialists say the less you play about with your face, the longer you'll hold on to youthful beauty. That's why we've made this wonderful cream.

It is different from any cream you've ever used before—it is lighter, softer, creamier—there's not the slightest risk of stretching the skin when you use it. Ask for Outdoor Girl Four Purpose Cream—you'll have four creams to use and only one to buy: you get a complete beauty treatment every time you use it.

Let GEORGE DO IT!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

A READER (Birmingham).—(1) Asterisks as follows—*King Kong*—four. *Sign of the Cross*, *Mystery of the Wax Museum*—three. *Night Flight* and *Men in White*—two. (2) Release dates—*Under Two Flags*—Nov. 2, 1936. *San Francisco*—Jan. 11, 1937. *Show Boat*—Jan. 25, 1937.

PICTUREGOER FAN (Warwickshire).—(1) Ronald Ward took the part of Jimmy in *The Man Behind the Mask*. (2) Rafael Storm took the part of Jules in *The House of a Thousand Candles*. (3) Alan Baxter, h. twenty-five years ago, East Cleveland, Ohio, light brown hair and brown eyes, married Barbara Williams. (4) Melvyn Douglas, b. April 5, 1901, Macon, Georgia, married Helen Gahagan, 6 ft., brown hair and eyes. (5) Fredric March, h. Aug. 31, 1898, Racine, Wis., 5 ft. 11 in., brown hair and eyes, married Florence Eldridge. (6) Ross Alexander, b. New York, July 27, 1908, brown hair, blue eyes, 6 ft. 1½ in., married Anne Nagel. (7) Kent Taylor, h. May 11, Nashua, Iowa, 6ft., dark wavy hair, brown eyes.

EDDIE.—Write to Philip Reed c/o United Artists Studios.

D. B. (Lytham).—Nelson Eddy, b. Providence, Rhode Island, June 29, 1901, blond, blue eyes, unmarried, 6 ft., 175 lbs. Latest film *Maytime* with Jeanette MacDonald for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

CROSBY FAN (Bedford).—Running time and release date—*Rhythm on the Range*—85 min., Jan. 18, 1937. *Show Boat*, 114 mins., Jan. 25, 1937.

GEORGE ERNEST FAN (Cardiff).—(1) George Ernest, h. Nov. 20, 1921, latest film *Educating Father*. (2) Latest films as follows—John Mills—*O.H.M.S.* Jean Arthur—*The Plainsman*. Madge Evans—*Pennies from Heaven*. Freddie Bartholomew—*Lloyds of London*. Louis Hayward—*Class Prophecy*. Margot Grahame—*Crime Over London*. Jimmy Hanley—*Cotton Queen*.

K. (Greenwich).—Robert Cumming's latest films *Three Cheers for Love* and *Desert Gold*. His photograph is not obtainable from the Postcard Salon. I suggest you write to him c/o Paramount asking him to let you have a photograph and enclosing an International Money Order to the value of 1s. with your request.

E. W. S. (Portsmouth).—The ballet music in *Escape Me Never* was composed specially for the film by British & Dominions staff composer and is not published.

TOPSY (Birmingham).—(1) Henry Fonda, b. May 16, 1905, Grand Island, Nebraska, write to him c/o Twentieth Century-Fox Studios. (2) Dick Powell took the part of Scotty in *Footlight Parade*. Centre-spreads of his films as follows—*Forty-Second Street*—May 6, 1933. *Gold Diggers of 1933*—June 17, 1933. *Wonder Bar*—April 14, 1934. *Gold Diggers of 1935*—April 20, 1935. *Midsummer Night's Dream*—Oct. 12, 1935 and supplement—Oct. 19, 1935. (3) Nelson Eddy making *Maytime* with Jeanette MacDonald for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

FILM CRAZY (Durham).—(1) Michael Whalen, b. June 30, Pennsylvania, real name Joseph Kenneth Shovlin. (2) Arthur Tracy, b. June 25, 1903, Philadelphia, unmarried. "The Street Singer" was the name Arthur Tracy used for five years on commercial radio in America before entering films. (3) Ross Alexander, b. New York, July 27, 1908. (4) Gracie Fields is married to Archie Pitt.

R. D. (Erith).—Bing Crosby, h. May 2, 1904, Tacoma, Washington, married Dixie Lee. So far as we know he has not visited England.

GEORGE BRENT & PATRICIA ELLIS FAN. (1) Cornelius Keefe took the part of Harry Brooks in *Tumbling Tumbleweeds*. (2) So far as we know Kitty Kelly and Kathleen Kelly are not related. Kitty Kelly, is Irish and was born in New York. Kathleen Kelly's father was a London electrical engineer and she was born in Westminster 1912. (3) Asterisks as follows—*Special Agent*—three. *While the Patient Slept*, *The Case of the Lucky Legs* and *The Payoff*—one. (4) Ruth Roland, h. 1893. (5) Latest films—Patricia Ellis, scheduled for *Come Up Smiling* and *Melody for Two* with James Melton. George Brent to make *Safari in Paradise* with Jean Arthur.

KEN'S GIRL.—No, Dick, William and Eleanor Powell are not related to one another.

W. W. (Glasgow).—The version of "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" rendered by Billy Bennett in "Soft Lights and Sweet Music" was a modified version of the original stage adaptation of the poem. The original poem is second poem in book called "Songs of the Sourdough" by Robert Service, published by Benn's Essex Library, 3s. 6d.

K. H. (Oxford).—Latest films—John Mills—*O.H.M.S.* Ross Alexander—*China Clipper* and *Kid Galahad*. (3) Nova Pilbeam—*Non-Stop New York*.

G. H. (Palmer's Green).—I suggest you write to London Films about an illustration of the men's costume in *Things to Come*.

A BRISTOL READER.—Mae West, b. Brooklyn, New York, no year given. Played first screen role in *Night after Night*. Her latest film is *Go West Young Man*.

J. H. (Staffs).—Photographs of George Raft, Robert Taylor, Bing Crosby, James Cagney, Fred Astaire and Franchot Tone obtainable from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.

JOHN STUART FAN (Edinburgh).—(1) *The Secret Voice* released June 29, 1936. *Reasonable Doubt* not fixed. (2) Tom Helmore, h. Kensington, Jan. 4, 1904, 5 ft. 11 in., fair hair, green eyes; educated Tonbridge College, entered accountant's office. Commenced stage work touring under Henry Edwards. Entered films in 1924. Latest film, *The Right Age to Marry*.

CHESTER MORRIS FAN (Birmingham).—The only recent version of *Michael Strogoff* we have heard of is the one to be made for Radio Films under the technical supervision of Joseph N. Ermoloff. Adolf Wohlbrück and Margot Grahame are to star.

R. S. (Sheffield).—Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter have played together in *Crooks in Clover*, *Strictly Confidential* and *To Mary With Love*. (2) A Shirley Temple took the part of Betty Shaw in *Mandalay* but this is not the Shirley Temple of *Poor Little Rich Girl*. (3) No, Jacqueline Givanni did not appear in *The Tunnel*.

MARIE (Kent).—(1) Madame Sarah Bernhardt died in March, 1923. (2) The late George Grossmith was married to Gertrude Rudge. (3) Robert Harris was born on March 28.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

THE RADIO, STAGE AND SCREEN CLUB invites application for membership. Members receive a quarterly magazine containing criticisms, articles, answers to queries, etc. For full particulars, write to The Secretary, 29 Carlingford Road, N.W.3.

All those interested in the RAMON NOVARRO SERVICE LEAGUE should write to Mrs. Lewis Foss, British Manager, 21 Endersleigh Gardens, Hendon, London, N.W.4, for full particulars of this interesting club.

A JOHN MILLS FAN CLUB is in course of formation. This club is personally acknowledged by Mr. Mills and all enquiries should be addressed to Miss Isabel Minors, 3 Hainault Avenue, Westcliff, Essex.

THE INTERNATIONAL FILM CLUB has now taken over the ANNA LEE FAN CLUB. Miss Lee takes a keen interest in her club, and an

autographed photograph with a personal letter is sent to each new member. Readers interested in this club should write to the Secretary, I.F.C., 9 Mincing Lane, London, E.C.3, for full particulars.

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State shade required

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Leave IT to ANNE

I SHALL be happy to help you with any beauty query that may be bothersome. Address your letter to "Anne," Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.



Keeping in trim for her arduous work before the cameras is a fetish with Sally Eilers. Here she is with her daily set-up—a tall glass of ice-cold milk.

FIGURES are fashionable, for they suit the present-day modes. The girl without a bust is at a disadvantage, for fashionable dresses do not sit so well on her as on her more feminine sister. On the other hand a bust that is over-developed is equally unmodish. Develop or reduce, what can be done about it?

This is a beauty problem which is none too easily solved. This purely feminine question is to a large extent a secret of Nature. Like many other womanly attributes it is a question of the activities of certain internal glands. And, in the present state of our knowledge, it is difficult, if not impossible, to influence them.

Let us consider the question of development first, for it is perhaps a shade easier than reduction. We must remember that we are dealing with a very delicate part of the body, one that is very sensitive to injury. If your chest development generally is poor, it is as well to massage the parts surrounding the bust. This can do no harm, and will fill out salt-cellar and hollows.

You can use a feeding cream or olive oil. Probably the cream is pleasanter than the oil.

Spread the cream from the collar bone downwards. Then take a soft rubber bristled brush, soften in hot soapy water and massage in the cream with small upward and outward movements.

The best time to do this is after your bath, for the pores are open and ready to absorb the nourishment. Afterwards rub in a soapy lather with the same

brush, rinse and dry. Next douche the bust itself with some tepid water to give tone to the muscles.

Now you are ready for your exercises. An imitation of the breast stroke as used in swimming is about the best I know. Swimming itself is the most effective developer there is, but if you cannot take this, practise the breast stroke regularly lying face downwards across your bed.

Get upon your feet and do another exercise. Stand with feet parallel, and stretch out the arms level with the shoulders, with the palms uppermost. Now twirl the arms in circles, first backwards and then forwards.

This exercise has effect on the big muscles that support the breasts. Therefore, not only is it good for developing the bust, but it also helps those that suffer from flabby drooping busts.

Flabby busts also benefit from douching with cold water and a stiff rubber sponge, adding a few drops of toilet eau de Cologne to the water.

A mild reducing soap may also be used, and a toilet reducing vinegar is quite harmless. This can be dabbed on with a pad of cotton wool night and morning. Really strong camphor reducing lotions are not advisable.

Is there any guarantee of success with these methods? Frankly, no. But they are worth trying because they succeed with some people. Give them a fair trial. If the results are not all you wish, then other expedients should be considered.

Nature's failure in this matter of a beautiful figure can quite well be camouflaged in these days of clever corsetry and brassieres, and none but the wearer need be any the wiser.

Be sure to write to me if you would like further information on any point of this intimate subject.

N. D. (Watford).—You can obtain the new Hollywood hair shade, brownette, by using Hennafoam. Your fair hair is the type which needs brightening without dying and this is exactly what Hennafoam will do. Price 6d., you can get it from all chemists and beauty salons.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss M. DANIELS, Kildare, Ryde Road, Seaview, I.-o'-W., for:—

First a Girl
It's a Boy
Are These Our Children?
Doubting Thomas

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to: JAMES MOUNTFORD, 8 Beckett Avenue, Meir, Stoke-on-Trent, for:—

Beauty
False Faces
Behind the Make-Up
White Face

Miss J. CALLAGHAN, 44 Loftus Road, Shepherds Bush, W.12, for:—

Heat Wave
We're Not Dressing
Rain
The Wet Parade

Mrs. A. FAUX, 80 Hazlebury Road, Fulham, S.W.6., for:—

Don't Rush Me
Kind Lady
Next Time We Live
You Belong to Me

Miss G. SANBURY, 48 Conyers Road, Streatham, S.W.16, for:—

The Clock Strikes Eight
There Goes Susie
Without You
Don't Bet on Blondes

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no other rules, except that I must insist that your "titles" are submitted on a postcard—and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.

OUT NOV. 20



Magnificent greatly enlarged
CHRISTMAS NUMBER
of
"WOMAN'S FAIR"

"WOMAN'S FAIR," the Journal of Beauty—on sale Friday, November 20—is a magnificent, greatly enlarged Christmas Number. It has over 100 pages, many in colours. It is lavishly illustrated throughout with beautiful and practical drawings and photographs covering scores of subjects of vital importance to modern women. There are many intriguing articles, and delightful complete stories by favourite authors. In addition this issue of "Woman's Fair" has a thrilling Christmas Surprise for every reader. You are given your Christmas Gift Forms for

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If you haven't seen "Woman's Fair" lately you are missing enthralling entertainment and authoritative advice and help.

The demand for "Woman's Fair" increases with every issue. This superb Christmas Number—on sale Friday, November 20—sixpence only as usual—will sell out in record time. The only way to make certain of your copy containing your Forms for these three splendid Gifts is to order it at once.



Look out for this lovely colour cover at the bookstalls and newsagents.



Free

Above are illustrations of the three splendid Christmas Gifts which "Woman's Fair" is presenting Free to every one of its readers. There will be a tremendous demand for this fascinating Christmas Number of "Woman's Fair." Don't miss it—and don't miss these Gifts—order your copy at once.

WOMAN'S FAIR

THE JOURNAL OF BEAUTY—ENLARGED CHRISTMAS NUMBER



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NCC365

The Picturegoer Weekly.
No. 288 (New Series), Vol. 6

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

November 28, 1936

Picturegoer

The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

2^d
WEEKLY



Greta Garbo
&
Robert Taylor



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HOUBIGANT Powder delicately perfumed, extremely adherent, of a gossamer texture, is obtainable in a series of twelve lovely shades, and has all the virtues that appeal to the woman of taste the world over.

Parfums

QUELQUES FLEURS - LE TEMPS DES LILAS,
etc...

Made exclusively in Paris

Picturegoer-The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

NOW that John Barrymore has married his Elaine Barrie, we will, we hope, hear less about his private life and see more of him on the screen. John is becoming rather passé for the rôle of Romeo.

The actor gallantly gave his age at the ceremony as forty-eight (the blushing bride gave hers as twenty-one) though all the record books insist that he is fifty-four.

His apparent lapse of memory regarding his birth date recalls the story of his meeting with Bill Daniels, Garbo's cameraman, who photographed *Grand Hotel*.

"How do they light you?" Daniels asked him. "How do you want to look?"

"I have no idea how they light me," the star replied, "but I know how I want to look. I'm fifty years old and I want to look like Jackie Cooper's grandson."

Grand Hotel was made in 1933.

Middle-aged Matinee Idols

John doubtless subscribes to the theory that a man is as old as he feels and we can, I suppose, forgive him an odd birthday or two.

It is, as a matter of fact, one of the curiosities of the current kinema that screen lovers, generally, are not so young as they used to be. Some of them have to be photographed almost as carefully as the fading feminine beauties.

I know at least two fashionable stars who wear toupees to help preserve that sex appeal. One of them is among the half-dozen biggest box-office attractions in films.

The Fascinating Forties

Herbert Marshall is forty-six according to the record books.

Ronald Colman, probably the greatest screen lover of them all, is forty-five, but doesn't look it, while the fact that William Powell is forty-four does not detract from his particular, sophisticated brand of Male It. It was rather tactless of him though to say the other day that he and Myrna Loy made a good team because they were about the same age.

Watch It, Warner!

Leslie Howard, Romeo himself, first saw the light of day in London in 1893—work it out for yourselves.

Warner Baxter at times looks his age, which is forty-three, and if he'll take a tip, he will avoid stripping as he does in *The Road to Glory* or else do something about that waistline.

Next to Barrymore, the senior member of the Middle-aged Movie Matinee Idols Club is, of course, Jack Holt. They used to say "too old at thirty," but Holt at 48 just takes a deep breath, carefully pulls in his paunch and proceeds to win the hand of the ingenue as dashing as ever.

Gary Cooper and Clark Gable, both born in 1901, are well on the right side of forty, though they might have been considered decrepit by the standards of a few years ago.

Nevertheless, it's by no means a bad thing that Robert Taylor, just twenty-four, is bringing youth back into prominence.

Jackie Cooper Dropped

We might pause here to shed a tear over Jackie Cooper, who is too old at thirteen. Jackie has suffered the fate that must inevitably overtake all the infant prodigies. He has completed his contract at M.-G.-M. and the studio has decided not to renew it.

The boy star must have made a lot of money during his six years of fame. He received one of the biggest salaries ever paid to a juvenile

up to that time, and most of it has been invested safely for him.

I hear this week, incidentally, that Shirley Temple has reached her first million dollars.

Disappointed in Hollywood

Dorothy Lamour, formerly a radio star, is peeved, claiming a conspiracy on the part of Paramount and fate.

She is playing the leading role in *Jungle Princess* and thereby hangs the tale.

It seems that ever since Dorothy started taking singing lessons and going to kinemas in her native New Orleans she has wanted to go to Hollywood, wear beautiful clothes, be taken about and in general do the things a Hollywood star is reputed to do.

Shortly after arriving in the film city she was placed under contract, assigned to the jungle rôle and sent off to a location in the Santa Monica mountains two miles from civilisation and given quarters in a location camp with a population of 150 technicians.

She hasn't even got a telephone and her only garment is a sarong.

"So this," she sighs, "is glamour."

Joan v. Norma

Interest in the alleged feud between Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer is revived by the announcement that Joan is to challenge direct comparison with her rival by starring in the new version of *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*. The Lonsdale story was one of Norma's early talkie successes.

The assignment follows Miss Crawford's relinquishment of her role in *Parnell* with Clark Gable. The star, it appears, did not approve of the plan to make the film more romantic fiction than political history.

Passion and Politics

"In *Gorgeous Hussy*," she says, "my characterisation as Peggy Eaton had too much to do with love exploits and not enough with her power behind American politics. And it didn't please me. I wanted Katie O'Shea in *Parnell* to be treated more seriously."

Myrna Loy will now have the role.

(Continued on page 6)



Lili Palmer, who appears in "The Great Barrier" and "Good Morning, Boys." The latest nightgowns, she says, are frankly Victorian, with full hems of Valenciennes lace slotted through with pale blue baby ribbon.

All the GOSSIP

(Continued from page 5)

In the meanwhile, Merle Oberon, one of her closest friends, tells me that Norma is making good progress after her recent illness.

The British star has been trying to persuade her to come to England for Christmas.

It will be some time before we see Miss Shearer again on the screen. Louis B. Mayer, chief of M.-G.-M., announces that pending her complete recovery, all plans for pictures for her have been suspended.

Crawford Goes Blonde

Joan Crawford, by the way, is going blonde. The star, in solemn conference with Jack Dawn, her make-up expert, has decided on the new shade—"light, with a touch of red in it."

Joan, you may remember, changed the colour of her crowning glory once before, about the time she made *This Modern Age*, but the gentlemen and other customers preferred her brunette, and the experiment was not a success.

Tallulah's Come Back

I wonder if Tallulah Bankhead will succeed, as so many feminine stars have done, at her second attempt at talkies. Tallulah has been signed to play opposite Ronald Colman in *Gone With the Wind*.

Miss Bankhead's last expedition to the film city some years ago as a potential rival to Garbo and Dietrich, failed to arouse any very great enthusiasm. She amused the natives at her famous informal parties and created a social sensation by out-insulting the professional insulters, but failed to ring the bell once in half-a-dozen pictures.

Apart from the fact that the vehicles given her were not good, the studios did not succeed completely in transferring the spectacular personality that made Tallulah the idol of the London "gods" to the screen. Here's wishing her better luck this time.

Tragedy Behind Film

There is a tragic story behind the film. The scenarists usually reward courage and fortitude with a happy ending, but life is not always so kind.

Ten years ago, Margaret Mitchell, a newspaperwoman, was stricken with arthritis. During convalescence she began work on a novel she had planned since childhood. Her health improved, but her eyesight began to fail. Frequent rests were necessary. Her husband



and friends begged her to give up. Finally, seven years later, her task was done. It was a monumental work, running to 1,037 pages. Yes, it was *Gone With the Wind*.

In the spring of this year, the novel was published. It created an immediate sensation. In the United States alone, more than 400,000 copies were sold within the first few months. David O. Selznick snapped up the screen rights for £15,000. To-day, Miss Mitchell is an international celebrity. Scarcely a day passes without stories of her appearing in the Press.

But the heroine of these stories cannot read them. For weeks she has been confined to a darkened room, attended by some of the greatest eye specialists in the world. But their hopes of saving her sight are slender.

Dancing to Success

The dancers continue to be in demand. People who should know are predicting a big film future for Tilly Losch.

Tilly, who is well known to London theatre audiences, has scored quite a hit in a small part in *The Garden of Allah* and she is also in *The Good Earth*, which looks like being one of the really big films of 1937.

The former Cochran stage star has another claim to distinction. She has become of the select and limited circle of Greta Garbo's friends.

Local Girl Makes Good

Another young lady who is dancing her way into the front ranks is Virginia Gray who has been given a long-term contract by M.-G.-M. The studio considers her one of the most promising discoveries of the season.

Virginia appeared for a few fleeting moments in *The Great Ziegfeld*. It was her work in a short, *Violets in Spring*, however, that caught the eye of the Big Chiefs.

The new starlet is a local girl. She was born in Hollywood, and is the daughter of the late Ray Gray, a well-known comedy director. At the age of fifteen she taught tap dancing.

They Didn't Come Up to See Mae . . .

Mae West's publicity stories have an unfortunate habit of backfiring on her.

Last week I told you how the star was to entertain in Hollywood eight bachelors chosen by newspaper competition in the sacred cause of ballyhoo for *Go West, Young Man*.

Something went wrong somewhere, and only two came up to accept the famous invitation. One was Guy Baker, a forty-five-year-old advertisement man from Cleveland, and the other, Leroy Kling, of Cedar Rapids, Indiana.

This Week's Great Thoughts

I've really only gone out with two girls since I first went to Hollywood.—Robert Taylor.

To-day, thanks to their careers, women can marry for love.—Grace Moore.

I won't live in Hollywood because it is the most idiotic place in the world in which to live.—Walter Huston.

For my baby's sake I want to amount to something really big in this business, and Dick is helping me.—Joan Blondell.

I don't want to be known as a beauty; I think the reputation of being one starves a girl of most of life.—Virginia Bruce.

There is a new type of person in Hollywood—the literary gang and the engineers who came in with sound. It is not quite as crazy and not quite as courageous. Courage is born of ignorance.—Douglas Fairbanks.

Gracie Learns to Drive

Gracie Allen is contributing to the traffic problem.

Gracie has just learned to drive and a few days ago she was moving slowly along Wilshire Boulevard when she came to an intersection. A traffic policeman held up his hand.

"Hey," he said, "you can't make a left turn!"



Robertson Hare with Alfred Drayton and Billy Milton in their screen version of "Aren't Men Beasts."



Eleanor Powell entertains the British Navy. Officers of H.M.S. Apollo visited her on the "Born to Dance" set at Culver City.

"I sure can," retorted Gracie. "And don't insult my driving."

"He was so pleased," Gracie said later, "that he ran after me and gave me his autograph; but Georgie Porgie, my husband, thinks it's a traffic ticket."

Opera Battle is On

Screen opera is in the news again. Jeanette MacDonald, I hear, is to do *Manon* shortly, while M.-G.-M. is at present negotiating for the screen rights to the works of Gilbert and Sullivan.

At the same time, Richard Tauber's recent article in PICTUREGOER on his plans for the film *Pagliacci* has created considerable interest here and there are indications that opera is likely to be a bitter battle-ground for the screen and musical worlds.

Sir Leo Chiozza Money fires the opening shots in a letter vigorously protesting against what he describes as Tauber's proposal to "doctor" the Leoncavallo work, which, he says, should be filmed exactly as written—"continuously."

"Tauber is Not a Great Actor"

"It is," he adds, "a libel on a great work of art to assert that Canio is a figure that needs Herr Tauber's assistance to make him human and as ridiculous as untrue to assert that the libretto contains a single sentence of the 'open the door' variety."

"Not a word is wasted, and the translation into English by Frederick E. Weatherley is perfect. Why, then, should we have a doctored version? From the first note to the last, *Pagliacci* as written, has not a single dull moment."

"Herr Tauber, a singer, but not, if he will forgive me for saying so, a great actor, insults the memory of Leoncavallo when he tells your readers that the opera needs toning down or to be made more sensible. As for the rumour that Tauber as tenor is to sing the famous baritone prologue, it is enough to make the author turn in his grave."

November 28, 1936

Sir Leo is afraid that the film version "is to be dragged out to make more length" (on the stage it runs a little over an hour).

Modesty Needed

I am inclined, on general principle, to agree with one of his conclusions.

"Generally," he says, "it is high time that the film public was treated as composed of grown-up intelligent people, who have no need to be fed with film jam to help the swallowing of what the producers charmingly conceive to be the boredom of great masterpieces."

"A little modesty would serve them better than squandering tens of thousands on absurd improvements."

The Perfect Escort

Virginia Bruce, who is seen with filmland's most eligible young men, enjoys a variety of escorts, because, she says, "No one man combines all the qualities I like."

The perfect escort, according to the Hollywood actress, would have to possess the best points of then men. She lists them:—

Robert Taylor to make all the other girls jealous.

Jack Dempsey for protection.

Clark Gable for his manly characteristics.

Noel Coward for his wit.

Fred Astaire as a dancing partner.

George Bernard Shaw for his intelligent conversation.

William Powell for his spontaneous good humour.

James Stewart for his lack of affectation.

Cesar Romero for his polished manners.

Francis Lederer for his charm.

Short Shots

For the first time for years, Greta Garbo has to go on location for *Lady of the Camellias*, and the problem of keeping her exterior sets closed is causing headaches among executives—Eddie Cantor's first picture at Twentieth Century-Fox will be *Saratoga Chips*, a story about horse-racing—Alan Mowbray has added a huge oil painting of King Edward VIII in hunting costume to his billiard room—The latest feminine star to be photographed in colour is Carole Lombard, the film is *Safari*.

Clarke and Cagney

Mae Clarke, Hollywood's hard-luck girl, is, I see, back in the limelight as leading lady in *Great Guy*, James Cagney's first picture for Grand National.

Jimmy climbed to stardom almost over her prostrate body in *Enemies of the Public*. Among other gentlemanly attentions, he had to push a ripe and juicy grapefruit in her face.

All was forgiven and forgotten when next they made a picture together and he sent Mae a case of grape fruit on the day production started.

Leading Man Famine

Filmland's greatest need at present is a philanthropist and if he shows up, producers will present him with the keys to every studio in Hollywood.

All this philanthropist has to do is to present films with a few leading men capable of playing roles opposite the feminine charmers of the screen.

Here is the situation. Hollywood has at present the biggest production schedule in many, many years. As near as can be estimated, there will be approximately 800 feature films turned out this year.

To cast in these pictures, there are a total of about 15 well known leading men. Understand, this does not include the male stars such as Gary Cooper and Clark Gable who are capable of carrying a picture by themselves.

But this situation affects the stars in that stars have to be teamed and co-starring is developing at such a pace in Hollywood that it is giving producers sleepless nights.

All Overworked

In addition to the added cost of an extra star in a picture, another situation develops. Hollywood is battling for the patronage of theatre-goers. When Jean Arthur and Gary

PICTUREGOER Weekly

Cooper were teamed in *The Plainsman*, it tied up both stars for more than two months. And at the end of that time, Paramount had one picture instead of two to release.

The list of overworked leading men is as follows: Fred MacMurray, Cary Grant, Henry Fonda, Robert Taylor, Randolph Scott, Robert Montgomery, Franchot Tone, Pat O'Brien, James Stewart, Spencer Tracy, Belvyn Douglass, Errol Flynn, George Brent, Joel McCrea and Ray Milland.

Case of Fred MacMurray

Now, if you don't believe they are overworked, look at Fred MacMurray. Five months ago, he started work on *The Texas Rangers*. Before he had completed that picture, Director Eddie Sutherland was tearing his hair because he was waiting for MacMurray to start in *Champagne Waltz*.

Producer Frank Lloyd had to so arrange his shooting schedule on *Maid of Salem* so as to get at least some work done until MacMurray could complete *Champagne Waltz* and then rush over to *Maid of Salem* to work in that production.

For a good many months, now, there has not been an available leading man in Hollywood. Their commitments on pictures run far, far into the future.

And many of the feminine stars are sitting around wondering where they can find a man to hold them in their arms for the edification of the film-goers of the world.

Without Comment

Three film executives in Russia were sentenced to labour camps recently.

They were officials in the Eastern Film Trust and were convicted of frittering away state money in the production of pictures.

The charges were: *purchasing a bad scenario and countenancing excessive production expense.*

Cigars—£50!

By the time his current picture is completed, Paramount will have spent £50 on cigars for Jack Benny.

A cigar is a prop for Benny. He works with it just like George Arliss works with his monocle or Charlie Chaplin works with his cane.

But after all, cigars don't stay the same length when you're smoking them and it won't do to have a cigar in Benny's hand shorten from full-length to a mere stub on the screen in one flicker of a film. So there are plenty of cigars around the set.

In the *Big Broadcast of 1937* there was an allowance for 1,500 cigars.

In his new picture, *College Holiday*, Benny will consume at least that many—perhaps more. As a matter-of-fact, Benny is smoking so many cigars that he is getting slightly punch drunk.

He is in virtually every scene and is never without his cigar. The result is that he is smoking from 9 o'clock in the morning until the company ends work for the day, which is usually about 6.30 p.m.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS

That's a good one! Rod La Rocque, now visiting England, seems to be enjoying his "Christmas Pie."



"**H**OLLYWOOD is the actor's Paradise; the work and the life is a dream come true!"

Thus Nigel Bruce, that rotund and jovial British actor, member of a fine old Scottish clan, and now one of Hollywood's most popular personalities. And, incidentally, one of the most in demand of the character players. In two years he has acted in fourteen pictures, the latest of which are *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* and *The White Angel*, the story of Florence Nightingale.

We were talking in the garden of his place in Beverly Hills. Looking around one could easily imagine his home to be a spacious country residence in England. We sat on the lawn at the edge of the swimming pool; behind us was the tennis court. A trellised walk hung thick with white roses extended from the house to the garage. The Bruce Scotty barked playfully at a couple of chirruping birds happily winging from tree to tree. And above us the early morning sun poured down with such intensity that the Philippino houseboy was called for to erect a garden umbrella beside us to keep off some of the glare.

We might have been sitting in a Surrey garden in July, instead of a Californian garden in March. On the morning in question the English newspapers that had just arrived disclosed gales at home. All through the eastern parts of the United States the worst floods in history were washing away towns, destroying the homes of thousands.

Nigel Bruce tilted the old slouch hat he wore farther over his eyes and repeated his assertion. "Yes, Hollywood is the actor's Paradise. Ever since I started on the stage nearly twenty years ago," he ruminated, "I've dreamed of a life like this—in a climate like this. On the stage in London I've played every kind of part. I've been in short runs and long runs. But the stage can offer an actor nothing compared with the films. If a stage play is a big success after three or four months of repeating the same lines night after night with a couple of matinees a week one is liable to get stale. But here, apart from the climate and other living conditions, life is full every minute of the day.

"A character actor really has the best 'breaks' to my way of thinking," he went on. "In one picture I'm an English butler, in the next a South African prospector, and so on. There is no getting in a rut. One acts for three or four days at a stretch and then we have a couple of days off. It's hard work while you're at it, but working here in Hollywood conditions are my ideal."

I asked Nigel Bruce how he found the cost of

"We were ten days in the desert making 'Under Two Flags'."—Nigel Bruce with Claudette Colbert, Ronald Colman and Herbert Mundin.

living in Hollywood for an actor compared with London.

"The best way I can answer that," he replied, "is to tell you that in all the years I've worked in the West End earning good money all the time I've never been able to save anything. Here I find I can save half of what I earn and yet live and provide for my family in comfort at the same time under conditions impossible in England. Look at the weather!" he exclaimed with a wave of his hand around the garden. "Sunshine and warmth every day! I was badly wounded in the war for one thing, and in the damp climate it has often nearly crippled me. But here I can play golf, play cricket, ride—do everything and I've never felt fitter in my life."

"How do your two children like living here?" I asked him.

"They simply love it!" he exclaimed. "And why shouldn't they? They lead a life here quite different from what they would in England. And there's another thing out here, the education. Both my girls are at the Hawthorne school down the road. And it doesn't cost me a penny. The school is the most lovely building you've ever seen in your life and the mistresses and the children there delightful in every way. They can amuse themselves outdoors all the time. They're being taught tennis; they go riding every Saturday, and they live at home and we can enjoy their company, instead of seeing them only during the school holidays three times a year as we would in England."

I certainly agreed with him as to the wonderful time children have in California.

"What is there for an actor to do with himself in London?" he challenged me.

"Nothing," I answered. "Especially in the winter time, except 'mooch' around the house all day or idle the time away in a club until the evening."

"Exactly!" he agreed. Then working his big frame to the edge of his blue upholstered garden chair, "Would you like a glass of iced beer? It's hot enough!" And when I readily assented: "Steve!" this in the general direction of the house, "Steve! Bring a couple of glasses of beer!"

A moment later Steve, the Philippino house-boy, trim, smiling, in a short white jacket, emerged from the terrace door bearing a tray with a couple of glasses of foaming beer. "Mr. Niven is on the 'phone, Mr. Bruce."

"Oh, excuse me!" said the jovial actor, taking a quick pull at his glass. "It's about a fishing trip. I won't be a minute."

While he was absent I took a look around me at the neighbouring houses in the palm-lined, wide avenue in the heart of beautiful Beverly Hills. From next door came the *pling-pling*



The ACTOR'S

of tennis rackets engaged in smashing balls back and forth across a net. There lived Adrian Rorke, the famous polo player. Directly opposite Nigel Bruce, the Fred Astaires have a lovely place.

A few doors down Lupe Velez has her home. At the corner lives Douglas Dumbrille, another well-known character actor.

Nigel Bruce, or "Willie," as he is known to his friends, reappeared. "That was David Niven wanting me to go fishing to-morrow. That's another thing about living here. There's wonderful fishing within a few miles, either up in the mountain lakes or in the Pacific. Then there's polo. Where," he asked me, "can the ordinary individual in England, the man in the street, watch a polo match?"

"Only Ranelagh or Hurlingham," I suggested.

"Precisely! And you've got to be a member and that costs you Heaven knows what, even if you can get in."

"Why, here there are half a dozen matches one can go and see. The other Sunday we went out to dear old Will Rogers' polo ground. There must have been five or six thousand people there watching two of the finest teams in the world play. And the cost! Forty cents! Less than a couple of shillings!"

I told Nigel Bruce that I had even gone one better than he. The day before I had driven out a few miles to Burbank to watch a polo game at which visitors were welcomed at no cost at all to them!

"That's just it," rejoined the actor. "A man doesn't have to have money in the accepted sense of the term to give his family a good time here. You can buy two motor cars for the price one would cost you in England, for instance. And petrol is practically given away. Food is cheaper here than in any place I've ever struck in my life."

"How does your wife like it?" I asked him.

"Loves it," came the ready answer. "Any woman should. A house is so easy to run. Mark you, I know rents and servants cost more than at home, but shopping is a pleasure. My wife says she gets the greatest delight in shopping



The actor with Sylvia Sidney and Spanky McFarland in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."



Nigel Bruce in "The White Angel." There is no getting into a rut for a character actor in Hollywood, he says.

Promised LAND

by
Nigel BRUCE

IT'S fashionable to be superior about Hollywood, but here's one screen player who likes the life in the film city and doesn't care who knows it.

at these marvellous markets. Under one roof you can buy every mortal thing from vegetables to fish. And the houses!

A house with a bathroom to every bedroom in England is almost unheard of. Here it's the usual thing.

"And look at the kitchens and the plumbing and refrigerators and hot-water systems, not to mention the marvellous cupboards built into every room."

"How do you like the studio working conditions?" I put to him.

"I admire the wonderful organisation here," he answered. "And the really fine types of men in the working crews."

"I've been on several location trips. We were ten days in the desert making *Under Two Flags*, and with *Treasure Island* nearly two weeks over at Catalina."

"After a few days with most of these fellows, prop men and assistant directors and so on, they're calling me by my Christian name—not in a familiar sort of way, but in a friendly

way. You can play cards with them and have your meals with them, and they are all people who are worth knowing, and whose friendship I value."

"Do you think a character actor is in a more enviable position than the big name stars?" I asked him.

"I certainly do!" he insisted. "For one thing, the income and other taxes for the hundred-thousand-a-picture star are so enormous in California that they cut earnings down by half. Then an actor who just trots merrily from picture to picture playing anything from butlers to baronets and making a consistently good salary never has to worry about his 'public' and whether his pull is the same now as it was a few pictures back. He hasn't got to fight like mad to keep his name for ever in the papers and generally live up to what is popularly

known as being a big Hollywood star. I'd rather make a decent living and be able to live in comfort and yet save plenty of money at the same time. A character actor can go on working in pictures for twenty years. There are few big name stars who can stay up at the top for long."

"Are you going to stay in Hollywood?" I asked him.

"Yes, until I've saved enough to be independent," came the answer. "Then I'd like to go back to England for a while to the stage, knowing that I could work just when I pleased and come back here to the sunshine and flowers when I pleased."

Mrs. Bruce, looking very attractive in a summery creation of white and blue, appeared on the terrace.

"Oh, Willie!" she called, "I'm just going down to the village. Is there anything you want?"

"Yes, my dear," he replied. "I want a new pair of tennis shoes."

"Well," laughed the actor's wife, "you'll have to get those yourself. I can't fit your shoes for you! I won't be long."

Tennis, polo, fishing . . . Nigel Bruce has all the average Briton's love of sports, and he gets them all in abundance in the lovely Hollywood climate.

He is not even deprived of his cricket. In the season he can be seen regularly keeping wicket—and with surprising skill and dexterity—for C.

Aubrey Smith's famous Hollywood team. It was Aubrey Smith, incidentally, who set his feet on the road to fame by giving him his first small stage part just after the War.

Nigel is also a keen follower of boxing, and he is at the Hollywood "fights" most Tuesday and Friday evenings. He has quite a useful record as an amateur.

There is another factor which may explain the actor's obvious liking for California. It is not generally realised that he was born here.

"Yes," he told me, "it happened in San Diego in 1895, while my parents were touring America."

We settled down in the garden chairs again and the old slouch hat was pulled a little farther over the Bruce brow.

"This is the life!" he said. "This is what an actor dreams of! And there must be something wrong with any British actor who comes here and says he doesn't like it."



Mother's Day at Paramount. Unusual casting in "Maid of Salem" has three juvenile stars working alongside their mothers. (Left to Right) Bonita Granville and Mrs. Granville, Bennie Bartlett and Mrs. Bartlett, Rosita Butler and Mamma Butler, Virginia Weidler and her mother. Mrs. Weidler is not working in the picture.

(Below) Randolph Scott signs up—for his share of the drinks (soft) on the "Go West Young Man." set. It's an old custom in Mae West pictures.



Fashion note. Lucille Ball's handsome sports coat is of rust - coloured worumba cloth, made double-breasted with broad shoulder, nipped in waist and gently flaring skirt.

A character actor at home. The Candid Cameraman drops in on Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Owen.

Shots
with our
Candid
Camera

INTerviewing film stars is a varied business; it isn't by any means confined to discovering their first big chance or why they were divorced, or what gave them that glint in their hair.

When I meet a player who knows something that most other people don't know, I try to find out about that, too.

Sally Eilers, although she looks just a girl, has been a long time in motion pictures; in fact, she had a couple of years in silent films before the first squawk came from the screen.

And that (apart from the fact that she's a charming person whom I enjoy meeting anyway) is why I sought out Sally just before her return to Hollywood, and put a few searching questions to her.

I knew she had definite views on the subject, based on her long experience, plus—and this is important—a great deal of intelligence and an acute natural interest in what's going on around her.

Sally, as you know, had been over for about five weeks this trip, co-starring with Ricardo Cortez in *A Man With Your Voice* for British and Dominions at Pinewood.

She dashed into her sitting-room at Claridges, breathless and full of apologies for being ten minutes late; but, as she'd been saying good-bye to her friends, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, I forgave her, because they're my friends, too.

"What's wrong with us, Sally?" I demanded.

"With your films, do you mean?" That's the pleasant thing about Sally; she sees what you mean without long, rambling explanations.

"Yes. You know films. Give us the benefit of your experience."

"Well—" She hesitated, then went on: "You mustn't publish this. Yes, you may if you like. It's true.

"Your studios and your technique, and your methods and everything else, have improved enormously since I was here last. You remember, I played in a film with Ben Lyon at Elstree, called *I Spy*, in the summer of 1933—if you'd call it summer," she added with the well-known and delectable smile at one corner of her mouth, accompanied by a screwing up of the corners of the eyes, which is pure Sally Eilers.

"Yes, they've certainly improved," she went on. "Nowadays you really are offering an opposition to Hollywood; and we're entirely in favour of that, for competition is good for business.

"In almost every respect you've crept up. Your best films—which we see in the States—which you never see over here—that the opposition to British films in general, a real-enough thing at one time, is being steadily broken down. But there's still one thing—"

"Shoot," I invited. "I can stand it."

"Pep!" she exploded. "There's not enough pep, not enough movement!"

"I bet it's our dialogue you're thinking of," I said gloomily.

"You win your bet! I've been luckier than most, working at Pinewood; but I meet lots of my friends, working over here, and we always talk motion pictures. That's one way we're crazy. And they've no axe to grind by panning British production; they want a good picture, so that they can say when they get back to Hollywood: 'Lookit, Mr. Producer, I was in such and such a British film, and look at my notices—are they swell or are they swell?'"

"And what do they find when they come to read their scripts? Pages and pages of talk, talk, talk; and such talk as no one on earth or in Heaven ever talked—at least, not since Queen Victoria died; and I don't believe they were so dumb even then.

"It's stilted, it's over-deliberate, and it's—it's—"

"Circumlocutionary," I suggested.

"You said it! Whole passages that don't advance either the action of the plot or our appreciation of the characters by a single inch; and those are our only two excuses for dialogue.

"I've seen some of these scripts at my friends' apartments, and watched them tearing their hair over them; so I know what I'm talking about.



A charming scene between Randle Ayrton and Sally Eilers as father and daughter in "A Man With Your Voice."

"Pep— IT UP!" Says SALLY

OUR dialogue is one of our biggest stumbling blocks, declares Sally Eilers in an interview.

by Max BREEN

"Why, in one case, a Hollywood player I know threw up his hands and said to the producer: 'Well, for crying out loud, is this dialogue?'"

"We know it's pretty bad," the producer told him—"but we thought you'd be able to pep it up for us!"

"What do you make of that?"

"I'm afraid Edmund Lowe established a dangerous precedent," I reminded her, "by supplying such excellent dialogue for *Seven Sinners* at Gainsborough."

"I don't see why you can't always have a 'script doctor' on the floor, as they have in the Hollywood studios," said Sally. "Someone who can listen to the dialogue as it's spoken and, when a scene sounds lumpy or lifeless or long-drawn-out, cut it down or pep it up. After all, it isn't—or it shouldn't be—the dialogue that tells the story."

Now this was interesting, because Sally was never a stage actress; she belongs properly to the era when you had to "say it with actions," and that was the day when moving pictures moved.

Sally and a few others have brought across to talkies something of the technique she learned in silent days, and combined it with the best of the stage technique.

Her first teacher was one of the greatest directors who ever lived—Mack Sennett.

At school in Hollywood, many of her friends

had movie experience; so she nursed a secret ambition in the same direction.

What schoolgirl wouldn't—in Hollywood?

Sally would, anyway, but it had to be secret, because her parents were not entirely in sympathy with the project.

Her chance came when she visited the Mack Sennett studio one day with a friend of hers, Carole Lombard.

She was having her lunch in the studio restaurant, and thinking of nothing in the world but chicken gumbo, when Mack Sennett spotted her.

Mack was having a little bother with Alice Day, who had been asked to wear trousers in a certain role.

Alice took one look at herself in them and walked out of the studios. So Mr. Sennett had to refill them.

Sally was certainly a lovely child; the great Florenz Ziegfeld once selected her as the most beautiful girl in Hollywood. It didn't take Mack Sennett a minute to make up his mind.

Stopping at Sally's table, he said: "Would you wear pants?"

"Try me!" suggested Sally, looking up with a dazzling smile and forgetting her gumbo.

He signed her up; and the joke of it—to Sally, but not to Alice Day—was that they cut out the scene with the trousers and she never had to wear them, after all.

She learned a great deal from Mack Sennett—the value of economy in gesture, the value of building up, of give-and-take between two players, of timing—all of which has been of the utmost advantage to her in her successful career.

Those of us who know her delicious sense of comedy might expect that to be her favourite medium, but not so.

"It's much better fun to make people cry," she told me, "and it's easier, too. But I always remember one thing Mack Sennett told me: 'Don't cry too much yourself on the screen; if you do the audience will let you do all the crying.'"

Yes, Sally certainly knows her stuff, and when she puts her finger on a weak spot in our production it's just as well to have a good look at that spot.

We've got polish now and first-rate photography, expert direction, irreproachable art work and costuming.

Now, we must "pep-up" the script and we should have good pictures.

Marriage Can't Change

FRANCHOT TONE

JUST past the end of his first year of marriage—and to-day, Franchot Tone is still just about Hollywood's most perfect husband. I've learned that it's impossible to write a story about Franchot *alone*. Not that he isn't an individual, in every sense of the word, as I hope to show you here. BUT—even granting that individualism—the fact still remains that Franchot Tone's whole life—his work-life, his play-life, his home-life, his personal life, are all so inextricably fused with Joan Crawford's that you simply *can't* write about just Franchot Tone. You've got to write about Tone AND Joan!

And so I start by telling you, again, that at the near-end of their first Mr.-and-Mrs. year, Tone is still Hollywood's most-nearly-ideal husband. And all the croakers, who wondered out loud how long it'd last, are hiding their noses.

In a million ways Franchot Tone shows his love to Wife Joan. Not only when they're alone, but on the set, with the whole studio full of workers to look on. Tone makes no secret of his love. Oh, don't get me wrong—he doesn't go mooie-mooieing around, making a saccharine spectacle of it; but at the same time, he's not ashamed of it. Look at their dressing-rooms on the set where they're shooting *The Gorgeous Hussy*. They're side-by-side. Look inside Joan's—and every day, you'll see it filled with fresh, new favourite flowers. They're Franchot's flowers. Every day, he sees to it that new, fresh offerings are placed in his wife's dressing-room—to remind her he loves her.

That's a pretty gesture. He makes another, though—a gesture far more practical than flowers. You'll see, in Joan's portable dressing-room, a *telephone*! It's the only telephone in any star's portable dressing-room in all Hollywood. Ask Joan about it, and she tells you happily that it was Franchot's idea. He thought it up as a surprise for her—had a special telephone fitted with a plug, so it could be plugged in on the studio circuit, no matter on what stage or in what part of the stage, Joan's dressing-room might be. It's more than just a pretty gesture; it's a thoughtful one. Because Franchot knows how Joan loves to phone.

The man's always thinking of little surprises like that for Joan," say those who work with them. "Always some new little gift for her, some little touch of courtesy, of affection, of respect." That affection goes beyond just little gifts. It goes so far that Franchot, keen psychologist as he is, realises that the privacy of any person—even one's wife—must be jealously respected. And so, even though their dressing-rooms on the set are so close they virtually touch, Franchot *never* visits Joan's unless he's invited. There's more than either a pretty gesture or a thoughtful one—there's a *smart* one!

Of course, he's often invited—*very* often. Many times, during those long waits between takes on this picture wherein they're working together, Franchot spends the long minutes inside his wife's room. They play hackgammon, usually—or just talk of the things they enjoy in

HERE is one of the most intimate Hollywood stories ever written—a new slant on Joan Crawford as well as her husband.

By HENRY LANGFORD

common. And when, at last, the assistant director knocks at Joan's door and calls Joan and Tone, there's always a little brief tableau as Franchot leaves his wife's chamber—always, they stop on the threshold, and Franchot takes Joan in his arms and kisses her. Nothing gooeey, nothing dramatic—just a kiss. But in Hollywood, that's something.

And when the day's work is done, they don't (like too many other Hollywood husbands and wives) go dashing about their own selfish interests, apart. They hurry home, instead. That home in Brentwood is their heaven. There is where the real life of Franchot Tone begins and exists. . . . There they become Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone. Sometimes—most of the time, in fact—their home life is as prosaically "homey" as that of any Mr. and Mrs. in America. Franchot will drape himself in one of the great easy chairs with one of the abstruse books he loves. His dachshund, "Puppchen," clambers up on his lap, curls up and goes to sleep.

At his feet usually curls Joan. She's utterly content there, just being Mrs. Tone. Her own dachshund, "Baby," is beside her, and they play. And there you have a simple home-life tableau—and all the cynics who'll read this and grin, and make a sound once termed the "raspberry," can go jump in a lake for all of me. Because this is the truth—not just press-agent twaddle.

Franchot doesn't like many people. He's frank about it. I'll explain it, in his own words, later. But what I'm trying to get at now is this—because that's Franchot's attitude, and because Joan respects it, the Tone-Joan home is never the scene of any big Hollywood parties, as you can imagine them. They frequently have guests to dinner—but never more than a handful. There's no chattering about who's gonna have the next baby, who's two-timing whom, what star is going out with what director, and all that sort of Hollywood tongue-clacking. There's fine, deep, rich talk, such as many in Hollywood wouldn't and couldn't understand. Franchot is a great reader, a great talker when the talk is on abstract subjects such as he loves and knows—philosophy, the state of the world, politics, human problems, sciences, music. He



Franchot Tone, "Hollywood's most perfect husband, likes a chair at his own fireside and good conversation.

is a good talker then—but only then. For when there is small talk about, Franchot is dumb. He can't talk on airy nothings.

And he's not only a fine talker when the talk is in his line, but a smart one, too. You can't trip him on any statement he makes. He makes no statement unless he *knows* it's so. More than once, guests of his have challenged him. Franchot goes at once from the dinner table, in the middle of a course if need be, to his library. He comes back, then and there, with a book to prove what he has said. He's always right.

Then, after dinner, comes the real, characteristic Tone-Joan part of the evening—movies and music. Always, Joan has provided a film or two for her guests. And in their private living-room-theatre-auditorium, they unreel it. Joan tries hard, since her guests are always from the very small Tone-Joan circle of friends, to find a picture they've never seen before. Pictures over, comes music—and it's the mainspring of the Tone-Joan life, these days. They give hours every day to music. It is a passion with them.

In their great living-room, they have the finest music-machine money can buy. It'd be *lèse majesté* to call it merely a phonograph. It's the most perfect electrical reproducing instrument on which records can be played. It has not one speaker, but three—and they are placed in the room so that the music comes to the auditor from front, and from each side—to reproduce as nearly as possible the actual effect of a symphony orchestra or an opera in a great acoustically-perfect auditorium. The speakers are adjusted to finest treble, richest bass.

To play, on this reproducing device, Tone owns 3,200 records. . . . It is the finest music library in Hollywood, and it is so predominantly symphonic and operatic that you can dismiss, as negligible, all the other sorts of music therein. There are complete records, from



Tone with his wife and Clark Gable in
"Love On The Run."

opening overture to final climatic thunderings, of every recognised opera. And there, with that amazing accumulation of the world's finest music, Tone and Joan find their supreme hours. Not only with guests, but alone. They have it alone more, in fact, than when guests are there.

Often, they both sing with the music. Opera. They are industrious, fiercely sincere, about their singing. It is not a passing fad with them; it is something big, important. They have retained one of the finest voice teachers—an Italian maestro—obtainable. To him, they give at least two hours of hard work each day. To-day, they can—and do—sing together some of the finest operatic duets known. And they do it well. Why?—well, maybe they have it in their minds to use it, some day, in their work. They don't say so, outright, but they concede certain things—Franchot, for instance, remarks, in answer to questions: "Well, I'd be crazy to spend so much time on music if I didn't think I might use it some time later on, wouldn't I?" Joan goes further. She admits that some day she may try opera. "But not," she adds, "until I know I am ready."

And by now, you're probably wondering if there's really anything at all about Franchot Tone that doesn't depend on, or include, his wife. The answer is yes—there most certainly is. Let me tell you now, a lot of facts about Tone, that don't drag in Joan—in the first place, Tone has never become part of Hollywood in the usual Hollywood style. Tone is no hail-fellow on the set; he's no backslapping, grinning, handshaking, joke-telling extrovert. Franchot Tone, on the set, is probably one of the quietest actors in Hollywood. And off the set, he's probably one of Hollywood's hardest-to-know men.

Practically all actors, between takes, have their stooges, and their friends, and they're frequently clowning or kidding or playing around on the stage. Franchot, on the other hand, is almost a recluse amid all the camaraderie and the hustle-bustle of the movie stage. Most of the time, between takes, he retires to his dressing-room; frequently he sits and nods in a chair, paying no attention to what goes on around him; most often, he gets by himself somewhere with his chess-board, and works out a difficult chess problem!

He rarely smiles. A Franchot Tone smile is as rare on a movie stage as an assistant director saying "no." He hardly ever passes conversation with fellow-workers, grips, technicians. He's no small talker, even here. He doesn't play the Hollywood game. Once in a while, he unbends. During *Mutiny on the Bounty*, he went so far as to straddle the rail of the ship between "takes."



In "The Gorgeous Hussy"—
Franchot sent flowers to Joan's dressing-
room every day during production.

and pop away at floating bottles or cans with a rifle. He has even been known on location trips to play poker with the boys. But—characteristically—he has never been known to win when playing these games with the grips and prop-men whose salaries are far, far below his own.

You might, seeing and knowing all this, accuse him of being unsocial. He resents that. "I'm not unsocial," he asserts. "It merely happens that I am content with a few friends, instead of many." And it is true of him that nothing pleases him more than to know that some lowly grip, some obscure prop-man, has remarked that he likes Franchot Tone. "They," says Tone to one of his friends, "are the people I want to like me. It means much more, coming from them."

It's simply outside of Franchot's nature to be a good mixer. He can't go through the mummery of being one. "I think I was born hating artificiality and pretence," he says. When other actors ask him for a criticism of their work, he gives it honestly. He has lost a few possible friends that way. He is smart enough to know that when an actor asks for criticism, he really doesn't want that, but wants, instead, praise. But he can't give praise when he feels criticism should be given. So he criticises—and people don't like him. . . . But it's precisely that quality which Joan loves about him, she says. "He's so honest, so very honest," she says. But there I am, dragging

Joan in again. Skip it, please—and let's get back to the man, himself.

He's honest, then, about himself. He confesses that he's probably one of the laziest men in the world. He hates to shave—and so he used to wear a beard in the summertime, before he was in pictures. Now, neither work nor Joan will let him. He admits he's not careful about dates—he keeps people waiting, and forgets to apologise when he breaks a date. He has dozens of suits in his wardrobe—yet he likes to wear the same suit for days at a time, because he's too lazy to bother changing. Yet he believes he's meticulous about his appearance. His screen clothes are made in Hollywood. But that's not good enough for his personal wardrobe—that's made by London tailors!

He hasn't much consideration for others, he admits. He pushes right through a crowd, with elbows and shoves, and never says "excuse me." If he has guests, and gets tired, he calmly quits them and goes to bed. If he doesn't want to talk when he's in a party, he doesn't talk. And that's that. He's very sensitive. Let me tell you a little story: he always admired Charlie Chaplin, intensely, with an admiration amounting to worship. Once he stepped up to Charlie at a concert, asked for Charlie's autograph. Without looking up, Chaplin muttered "I never give autographs." Hurt, rebuffed, blushing, Tone crept back to his own seat, and has never asked anybody for an autograph since.

Outside of the homey things he does with Joan, Franchot has a yen for outdoor life—but that's as far as it goes. Long ago he used to spend his summers in Canada, riding and hunting and fishing. He misses that now, he says. But he never bothers to do anything about it. Joan doesn't particularly care for that sort of thing, anyway.

There's still a strong family bond that ties Franchot to Niagara Falls. That's where he was born. His dad is one of the big shots of the industrial world—head of the Carborundum Company of America, if you want to be exact.

Tone could have followed in his footsteps, become a big business man. He preferred the stage—and his family, intelligent, didn't stand in the way, but helped him. To-day his love for his family is far greater than that of many men for families who tried to hinder them. At least once per month, Franchot phones his family and spends many minutes and many dollars talking with them. At these times, he does not stay on his intellectual peak—at those times Franchot, like any other son, talks family small-talk, and loves it.

It's hard to say, summing up a man who keeps his soul so closely locked up, just what is the main motivating spring in Franchot Tone. Right now, to be sure, it's Joan Crawford. But deeper than that, I believe—yes, deeper even than that tremendous love he has for her—is something else. It's the man's intense, flaming idealism. For here, in Franchot Tone, we have Hollywood's fiercest idealist. Some of those who know him only slightly call him a "parlour pink" because of his apparently radical, Utopian dreams. Those who know him more intimately, however, know that there's no tinge of "redism" in his idealism.

Not long ago, he told a man, during a confidential talk while both lay on their backs under a beach sun: "I'm optimistic enough to believe that the perfect state exists somewhere. A Utopian state—no taxes, no money, no politics. Sometime, I hope, I'll go buy a schooner and sail in quest of that perfect someplace—and you can't tell me that sometime, somewhere, I won't find it. . . ."

That was before he married Joan. After he married Joan, that same man asked him if that marriage changed his dream of sailing, some day, in quest of that perfect state.

"No. Why should it?" Tone challenged.

"But maybe," the friend mentioned, "your wife wouldn't care to go Utopia-hunting."

"Marriage," said Franchot then, "can't change the individual that is me."



Karen MORLEY

The girl who took time off to have a baby (she is Mrs. Charles Vidor in private life) is now getting into her screen stride again. She has a big part in *Love Under Fire*, and a brand new contract with Major Pictures, for whom she will appear in *Happiness Preferred*.

James STEWART-

The INSIDE STORY

JAMES STEWART is one of Hollywood's big new bets. In the comparatively short time he has been on the screen, he has rattled off some first-rate performances which have sent him shooting up the popularity poll at a tremendous rate.

If you have seen him in such films as *Wife versus Secretary*, *Rose Marie*, *Small Town Girl*, *Next Time We Live*, *Speed*, or *The Gorgeous Hussy*, you will understand why.

He is very tall. His manner is rather bashful. He has a smile which sets feminine hearts racing. And his natural manner on the screen is a delight to watch.

The picture to put him on the movie map was *Next Time We Live*. The other week, the director of that film came to England. His name is Edward H. Griffith.

And he told me the inside story of how he came to choose Jim Stewart for the part that was to gain recognition for him.

"It all came about through a switch in the casting arrangements," he explained. "I was engaged to direct the picture, and I found that Francis Lederer had already been cast to appear opposite Margaret Sullavan.

"Lederer is a fine actor. I admire him tremendously. But I had to disagree with this piece of casting. The role was that of a young American newspaper man, and Lederer didn't suggest the character to me for a moment. You could never take him for an American.

"It never does an actor any good to be seen in an unsuitable part, anyway, so I suggested a change in the casting. Naturally, there were difficulties, but the studio finally saw my point of view, and Lederer agreed to withdraw from the picture.

"Then came another problem. The studio asked who I was going to have in Lederer's place. I exclaimed: 'I'll take anybody suitable—any young man, whether he's known or not.'

"It was Margaret Sullavan who put me on to James Stewart. She said there were several promising youngsters in Hollywood whom she knew, and they were good actors. They had been with her in her repertory days. She mentioned the names of Henry Fonda and James Stewart."

Thus this chance remark on Margaret Sullavan's part led to James Stewart's selection. He was certainly unknown then. He had come from Broadway, and Metro had given him a film contract. He had, I think, been given a small part in *Murder Man*. The public had never seen him when Edward Griffith asked Metro about him.

"They sent me along a couple of tests they had made of him," he continued. "They had tested him for parts in *Ah, Wilderness* and *The Great Ziegfeld*, but they hadn't made use of him in these pictures.

"I ran the test through, and knew at once that here was the man I wanted. There was an easy naturalness about him that I liked. He had looks and personality. And he seemed very suitable for the role.

"Metro were perfectly willing to loan him out. And I'm glad to say that *Next Time We Live* gave him his chance. He took full advantage of it. I found him to be a first-rate actor—easy in style and completely unaffected.

"His performance was a thoroughly natural

EDWARD H. GRIFFITH, the director who gave James Stewart his first big chance in "*Next Time We Live*," tells the romantic story in this interview with John K. Newnham.



James Stewart with Margaret Sullavan in "*Next Time We Live*," in which he scored a personal triumph.

one, and as a result of it, Metro gave him featured parts far earlier than they would otherwise have done. They have admitted so themselves. The boy's going to be a star.

"He would have got his chance eventually, of course. Anyone with his talent and obvious screen attractions couldn't be kept down for ever. But sometimes, when you're working in a big studio, you can go on for years without being recognised.

"James Stewart has been kept busy ever since *Next Time We Live*. As a matter of fact, he was rushed straight into *Rose Marie*, and this picture actually reached the light of day before *Next Time We Live* was out of the cutting rooms."

Well—that was how James Stewart got his chance. If Francis Lederer had not been cast for that film, Stewart might still be hanging around the Metro lot, hoping that one day he would be given a worthwhile part.

He is one of those numerous players who have graduated from amateur theatricals. He intended to take up architecture for a living, but somehow from quite an early age he found himself associated with the theatre.

He joined the Triangle amateur theatrical



A new studio portrait of the artiste who is rapidly approaching stardom.

company when he was at Princeton University, and he became one of its most popular members.

During summer vacation, he found himself acting as a magician's assistant. Then, back again at Princeton, he continued to be a shining light in the Triangle shows.

When he took his degree and prepared to start work as an architect, he was invited to join the Cape Cod stock company—a bunch of enthusiastic young actors and actresses, with Henry Fonda as one of the leading members.

Fonda was largely responsible for persuading Jim Stewart to join them. They had been friends together at Princeton.

Stewart eventually dropped architecture altogether, and took up acting professionally. He obtained a part in a touring show called *Goodbye Again*, and he kept his role when the play was presented in New York.

His rise to success on the New York stage was slow, but sure. Small parts led to bigger parts, until he established quite a reputation for himself. And then the film people began to take an interest in him. He received two or three offers to make tests, but at that time he had no particular interest in the screen.

Henry Fonda was his friend all the time, and it was he who went to Hollywood first. When he had been out there a little while, Jim Stewart received an offer from a Metro scout. The fact that Fonda was already out there went a long way towards deciding him. He said, "Yes," and a few weeks later, he was there.

He is the sort of fellow you like instinctively, whether you know who he is or not. He is amusing company—quiet, but always willing to turn in a spot of accordion playing if asked.

He is very diffident about himself. He shudders whenever he sees his own screen "rushes," and simply won't talk about himself or his film parts.

BEFORE anyone on this side of the Atlantic even knows (at first hand) what New World Productions' first picture is like, they are getting under way with their second, *Under the Red Robe*.

The reason for this is that their first effort, *Wings of the Morning*, which was shot in Technicolor, had to be taken to America to be colour-processed, and is not expected back until half-way through December.

Meanwhile, the Stanley Weyman costume thriller will be shot in black-and-white, as will also the next one, *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

This is not to say that Robert T. Kane, New World's chief, is souring on colour-kinematography, but he proposes to carry on in monochrome until Technicolor's English plant is in working order.

It does seem a pity that the gorgeous costumes which will be used in *Under the Red Robe* will not be seen in their natural colours; and for that matter, what about *Cyrano de Bergerac*'s famous nose?

Schnozzle

Iwonder whether New World have taken an option on the nose which was made for Charles Laughton to wear when he was to play this part for London Films.

An expert came specially from Hollywood, at enormous expense, to make and fit the thing—and London Films quietly dropped the idea of making the film, and the nose was shelved.

Maybe a little scooping-out or filling-in would make it practicable for the new *Cyrano*, whoever he may be, to wear.

Meanwhile, the cast of *Under the Red Robe* is being rapidly filled. It certainly starts well, with Conrad Veidt, Raymond Massey, Sophie Stewart, Patricia Hilliard, and Monty Banks.

This last name is rather surprising, for Monty has divided his favours between Teddington and Ealing Green since he left Elstree; but I'm glad to find him wandering back on to the screen; I began to be afraid we had lost him to the mysterious regions behind the camera, where directors lurk.

Pepped Up

Victor Seastrom, the Hollywood director, will be in charge, and I gather from Mr. Kane that every effort will be made to speed-up the action, and give it that suspense which is often lacking in our too-leisurely productions.

"Although it's a period picture," he told me, "the tempo will be modern—and we are not allowing settings to overshadow story-values."

Three cheers for that!—especially when one thinks of some of the top-heavy wedding-cakes which have passed by the name of period films in our studios.

I like the idea of Conrad Veidt in the role of the dashing, sinister duellist who pledges his life to the service of Cardinal Richelieu.

A great period, and a great player; I hope it will result in a great film.

Korda's Ten

So much for New World at the moment; but there are other activities at Denham, no less interesting.

London Films, having recently completed five super-films, are going into action with five more; they certainly don't let the Buckinghamshire greenward grow under their feet.

The five finished are *Rembrandt*, which has already been shown in London, Erich Pommer's epic (and this time I believe we are really to see something meriting that sadly-abused word), *Fire Over England*, which I regard as the most important film to take the floor in Britain this year; *Men Are Not Gods*, featuring Miriam Hopkins; *Dark Journey*, the Victor Saville spy



Iris March, a new discovery for British films, plays a leading role in "Well Done, Henry." Lucky Henry!

E. G. Cousins
covers the
BRITISH
Studios

drama, with Conrad Veidt in the lead; and *Elephant Boy*.

This last one, the screen version of Kipling's *Toomai of the Elephants*, which Robert Flaherty spent months in the Indian jungle to make, puzzles me a little.

Weeks ago, when Flaherty returned, I was told that it was very far from completion, a great deal of it having to be shot on the floor; and also a publicity story was put out about having to send to India for an elephant large enough to "double" for the lead.

Phantom Jumbo

Well, I've been watching those studios like a cat watching an elephant, and nary sign of a jumbo have I seen; also I have heard no alarms and/or excursions such as usually take

place when a major film is being made or completed in a studio.

So, putting two and two together and making five of them, I have a feeling we won't be seeing this elephantine epic for quite a while.

As the ancient rustic in *Punch* remarked, "Zome zez one thing and zome zez another thing, but what I zez is, there bain't noa knawin's an' there bain't noa tellin's—and mark my words, I bain't fur wrang."

Well, those five films between them have cost a tidy bit—a matter of over half-a-million pounds, I hear; and not much less than that is likely to be forked out for the next five, which also are well in the "super" class.

First, because it has already been on the floor for some weeks, though terribly badly held up by illness, is *Knight Without Armour*, with Marlene Dietrich and Robert Donat; also I feel

this is likely to be one of the most important, too, if only by reason of the cast and the work of the French director, Jacques Feyder.

Overlap

Then there are two films which Victor Saville is producing—and which are to a certain extent overlapping—*Storm in a Teacup*, the Scottish comedy which has been extremely successful on the West End stage, with Sara Allgood in her original part; and *South Riding*—and do I have to tell you that that is a story about Yorkshire?

The fourth is *I, Claudius*, with Charles Laughton and Merle Oberon.

The fifth is *Troopship*, Erich Pommer's second British picture; some time ago a camera-crew sailed on a troopship to the Near East for preliminary work on this one.

Incidentally, this is the third troopship picture to be made lately. The first was *O.H.M.S.*, Gaumont-British's contribution to the cycle; then came Warner Bros.-First National's *Hail and Farewell*, made at Teddington, which developed into a slapstick comedy affair before it was through.

I have a feeling the Pommer one will be the most considerable of the three, but we shall see. It's always much easier to decide after the release date!

Bang Goes a Title!

I'm sorry to disappoint you, folks, but that snappy title, *Jump for Glory*, one of the best I've heard for some time, has been changed to *For Ever and Ever*.

Why? Search me! I suppose they wanted to get it mixed up with every other film that was ever made; that's the only solution I can think of.

This is the Criterion film in which Doug Fairbanks, jun., is playing a cat burglar at Worton Hall.

And at Pinewood, as though daring me to find out about it, Bernard Mainwaring has stealthily taken the floor with a Paramount Quota film called *Cross My Heart*, with pretty Kathleen Kelly in the lead.

They have had some very bad luck with *Toilers of the Sea*, which Beaumont Film Productions are finishing on the floor at Wembley,

after a strenuous time spent in the waves and rocks at Sark, in the Channel Islands.

Cutty Sark

First, while they were still on location in Sark, a member of the unit fell 25 ft. from the camera crane into the harbour. This would have been all right if he had not tried to push a boat out of the way with his head as he descended. A nasty scalp wound resulted, and he was fished out unconscious, put to bed in a hotel, and stitched extensively.

Latest reports indicate that he is very little the worse for his mishap, and now Selwyn Jepson, director, has stepped back off a harbour wall (reproduced in the studio) and fallen to the floor below, injuring his back.

He pluckily carried on from a wheeled chair, but he must have been suffering a good deal of pain.

This is the film in which Mary Lawson appears. I have a strong presentiment that when Mary gets a real break she'll go up and on and over. Maybe this is it.

A Yorker

They don't care for the fine old Yorkshire name Learyd down Teddington way; at any rate, not for a budding film star.

So when nineteen-years-old Lesley Learyd, who had been brought from Coventry Repertory Theatre to play in *The Vulture* for Warner Bros.-First National opposite Claude Hulbert, reached the final scenes of the picture and was presented with a long-term contract, she was also informed that she couldn't be called that there 'ere, or words to that effect.

So she chose the name of Brook, which seems to me an appropriate name for a film player who hopes to go on for ever, as most of them do, and as Lesley Brook she will henceforth be known.

Joyce Kirby is on contract to this company too. It happened to her as a result of her good work in *Hail and Farewell*, and her first part as a contract player is opposite Keith Falkner, the well-known concert singer, in a film specially written for him.

You All Know Keith

I assume that, as good concert enthusiasts, you all know Keith Falkner, and let me confess in a small ashamed voice that, being but a humble film fan, I don't.

He's playing the part of a mechanic in a motor-car factory. He is heard singing by the daughter of the head of the firm—a millionaire—and the lass (Joyce Kirby, of course) decides that he must be properly trained, and launches him into Society.

And you and I are left wondering where we have heard all this before.

Arthur Woods is directing this one, and George Galleon and Bruce Lister, two other contract players, have been given important parts.

Thus this will afford a good opportunity to inspect four of Irving Asher's protégés at one sitting.

They haven't thought of a title for this effort yet. I suppose it would be unkind to suggest *Tell Me the Old, Old Story*. So I won't.

A Famous "Heavy"

Lionel Atwill, celebrated Hollywood "heavy villain," whose performance in *The Mystery of the Wax Museum* is still used by the women of Stockton-on-Tees to frighten their children to sleep, is playing a strong dramatic role in Fanfare Pictures' second production, *The General Goes Too Far*.

Now that's my idea of a grand title; so I bet you all Spain to a quarter of allsorts that they'll change it to something like *My Love Goes On*.

Lucie Mannheim, the German actress who was so good in *Thirty-Nine Steps*, in which she was murdered in the first reel or so, is playing opposite General Atwill, and there is a strong supporting cast, including James Mason, Leslie Perrins, Wally Patch, Henry Hewitt, Drusilla Wills, Michael Lambert, Aubrey Pollock, and Stephen Gerary.

There are quite enough familiar names there to form a quorum; and if some are a wee bit unfamiliar, they're probably very well-known in the world of sport, or music, or bird-fancying.

The unit has been in Nigeria and the Gold Coast, where a warm and sticky but successful month has been spent in shooting exteriors.

"The Troubles" Again

In this film we are to have at least a glimpse of "the Troubles" in Ireland, which are such a popular and fashionable subject for kinema at the moment.

The story starts with the Sinn Fein Rebellion in Dublin in 1921, and continues at a British outpost in West Africa.

I mentioned that this is the second Fanfare production; but if you were to tax me suddenly I'm blown if I could put my hand on my head and say what the first one was.

The fanfare can't have been quite loud enough.

There is an increasing tendency among the smaller companies now being formed, to say nothing at all about their first picture until it is completed.

Well, that's all very well in its way, and I dare say the intention is laudably modest. But, after all, it frequently happens that the only chance a new production has of favourable publicity is when it is in progress.

Houp-la!

FOR months and months British International Pictures have been expected to produce a circus picture (called *Star of the Circus*) with June Clyde as the star of the circus, which seems appropriate enough.

When B.I.P. shelved the subject, it looked as if June's chance of being a circus-star was dissolving into thin air.

However, she is to be one after all—in *Make-Up*, which Standard International Pictures (this week's new company) are making.

Quite surprisingly, Nils Asther is to be a clown in this, and June Clyde will emulate Anna Neagle by being a trapeze-artist. However, she was that, opposite Jack Buchanan in the stage comedy, *The Flying Trapeze*, before Anna thought of it.

So far the rest of the cast consists of Judy Kelly, two elephants, Kenneth Duncan, a lion, Laurence Anderson, Laurence Grossmith, and two tigers.

This will be directed by Alfred Zeisler at Sound City.

Hulbert Takes the Count

It seems a long time since we saw Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge in the same picture.

It was in *Falling For You*, one of the least successful of the Hulbert film.

Now we are to see them re-united in *The Count's Livery*—and in that title you have a choice of meanings which lends itself to intriguing speculation.

Jack Hulbert himself indulges in a spot of speculation as a nobleman who loses his money by buying a non-existent oil-well.

He and his wife (played by Cicely Courtneidge) are employed by their ex-butler to manage a hotel in Dalmatia.

Well I can't help it; there are no new plots.

Romney Brent is a husband, Carol Goodner his wife, in B.I.P.'s version of "The Dominant Sex."



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GIFTS BY YARDLEY

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BUDDY ROGERS recently left by 'plane for the East to fulfil a personal appearance engagement with a dance-orchestra, and the only one who accompanied him to the airport was Mary Pickford, rumoured to be the future Mrs. Rogers.

I chanced to be at the airport, sending off my copy for PICTUREGOER, when I saw Mary and Buddy entering the building, arm in arm, shortly before time for the ship to take off. They chatted affectionately for a few minutes, and then, after a friendly farewell, Buddy departed.

Just when Mary and her admirer will wed is hard to predict.

Worried Newlyweds

Joan Blondell and her new husband, Dick Powell, have returned from a honeymoon trip, and what a harrowing experience they had!

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

SHOT BY PHIL LONERGAN

They declared they were hounded by autograph hunters wherever they went, and had as much privacy as a couple of goldfish.

Dick says that he and Joan signed thousands of autographs.

Venus in the Sun

A veteran gardener at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio was tending his flowers in the studio park when he almost stumbled over an apparently unconscious young woman lying on the lawn, and obscured from view by surrounding shrubbery. She reclined on two blankets and her auburn hair was strewn over a pillow. As he bent over the young lady she opened her eyes and scrutinised him.

It was Garbo, taking a nap after a hard day's work.

The gardener, recognising the star, fled in consternation.

Lucky Actor

An indication of how exceedingly prosperous is William Powell is evidenced by the sale of his Beverly Hills home for £50,000.

The house is a handsome two-storey structure with grounds of three acres, and contains fourteen rooms. In the grounds are swimming-pool, pavilion and tennis court.

The Tie That Binds

Irene Hervey and Allan Jones, who were recently married, believe that Allan should be the legal father of her six-year-old daughter, Gail, child by a previous marriage.

So Allan has asked the Los Angeles courts to permit him to adopt the little girl. A favourable decision is expected shortly.

Frolicsome Stars

It is considered a great honour for a star to be asked to place his or her footprint in fresh mortar, later to be inserted in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Most players, so singled out, attend the ceremony in a very serious mood, but William Powell and Myrna Loy did not.

A great crowd had gathered to witness the solemn moment when Bill and Myrna would place their feet in the moist mortar. Sid Grauman, the owner of the theatre, was present, and so were cameramen and many envious film stars.

Bill and Myrna arrived and walked to the

place where the mortar was in readiness. Suddenly laughter resounded through the forecourt of the theatre, then more and more, until everyone present was laughing uproariously.

The stars had appeared wearing shoes as huge as those worn by circus clowns!

After the tumult subsided, Bill and Myrna stepped out of the giant footgear and placed their own shoes in the mortar.

All Is Serene

Mrs. Jack Oakie, the former Venita Varden, is furious over rumours that all is not well between herself and Jack.

Venita has been greatly harassed by people asking her when and why she is going to sever the ties that bind her to Jack. She says that all married couples have their disagreements, but there is nothing to the reports, and she would like to find out who started the rumours.

So that's that.

Star Likes Star

Anna Sten, Russian actress, is an ardent Mickey Mouse fan.

Numerous old release prints of the rodent film character have been secured by Miss Sten for private screening in the drawing-room of her home.

Several original drawings of Mickey adorn the walls of the house, and one of the servants was chosen for employment purely because of his ability to imitate the voice of Donald Duck, Mickey's henchman on the screen.

Taylor Is Mobbed

Robert Taylor, whom many consider to be the most popular actor in pictures, made a quiet trip to San Francisco to see a college football game. No one knew he was in town when he quietly took his seat in the stadium. But an over-zealous radio announcer proudly proclaimed that Bob was in the audience, and then the fun began. Despite his dark glasses, he

was soon "spotted." After the game he tried to slip quietly out, but had to fairly fight his way through the throng before he was able to reach his hotel.

And even the hotel was no refuge. Fans have an uncanny way of learning many details about favourite film stars, so, posing as old friends, and apparently identifying themselves as such, many of the fans were able to get the annoyed star on the 'phone.

Yes, Taylor was glad to get back to Hollywood.

Odd Footage

Myrna Loy has engaged a butler who was a ship's steward for ten years. This is his first land job.

Glenda Farrell has made a small fortune in Hollywood real estate.



The gown which Carole Lombard wears with such grace in "The Princess Comes Across" is of pink crystal beads, and was designed by Travis Banton.



Blake, a detective, masquerading as a gangster, settles an argument with the gang leader Bugs Fenner (Humphrey Bogart).



The detective is arrested on an assault charge.



Bullets OR

BALLI

THAT king of screen gangsters Edward G. Robinson becomes a G-man for a change in this fast-moving melodrama and gives one of the most striking performances of his career.

Joan Blondell gracefully supplies the essential hint of romance in an important supporting role and Barton MacLane and Humphrey Bogart are the chief racketeers.

Left: Johnnie confides to Lee that he is in reality on the side of the law.



Edward G. Robinson as Johnnie Blake, and Joan Blondell as Lee Morgan, a night club proprietress.

OTS



Left: The chorus girls are not the only attraction at Lee's club in Harlem. She also runs a gambling racket.

Above: A striking study of Joan Blondell as she appears in the new film.



Thereupon the blessed damozel unhooked the prison keys and unlocked the cell and they danced.

“ONE, two, three. One, two, three. Please don't bounce. One, two, three. Good, ladies and gentlemen.

Now for the turn. Let us remember, first, we have to approach this new dance with freshness, gaiety and a decided degree of abandon.”

Thus counselled Professor Jonathan Pride, dancing master of Boston in the year 1820, concerning the waltz, the lively, irresistible and, low be it spoken, somewhat daring waltz. Picture him in his calf-length trousers, cream socks and black slippers, his neat high-collared, azure shirt, in the respectable parlour with its satin stripe wallpaper, instructing a gentleman pupil to put his arms round a lady partner!

Imagine moreover the blushes of a certain Miss Ponsonby—not so young either—on feeling Jonathan's hand resting lightly but firmly on the centre back of an eighteen-inch waist.

“One, two three. One, two three. Please don't bounce. Bravely, ladies and gentlemen. It takes courage at first.” Jonathan had the impression that Miss Ponsonby was pleased, in fact have continued partnering him while the musical box which served as pianist could be persuaded to play.

Mrs. Tucker entering, warned Jonathan aside. “It's almost nine o'clock. The Providence coach leaves in an hour, sir.”

“So sorry, ladies and gentlemen . . . no Miss Ponsonby, I'm afraid we can't have one more turn. We continue the lesson next Wednesday. Meanwhile I go to my aunt's for the week-end.”

“Miss Pride's umbrella; the one with the ivory handle. Didn't she want it returned?” Mrs. Tucker reminded as Jonathan, executing a *pas-seul* in the empty parlour, snuffed the chandelier candles and buttoned his coat.

“Here it is. I'll take it, Mrs.

The Story of the Film The Dancing PIRATE

Freely based on the film, “The Dancing Pirate,” by permission of Radio Pictures Ltd. See “On the Screens Now” feature, page 28, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

Tucker, and the musical box. I never travel without that. Have you ever been on the Providence four-horse coach, by the way?”

“Mercy, no. I wouldn't tempt fate.”

“It's the very danger that appeals to me . . . speed . . . excitement.”

In confessing which little Jonathan foresaw the danger and excitement closer to him than even the coach. He was in fact still in Boston streets when a sailor bumped into him on a corner.

“Excuse me, sir. Excuse me. My eyes were so fixed on the pavement.”

“Have you lost something, sir?”

“Aye, that I have, matey . . . my gold lucky piece. Had it these forty years, man and boy . . . bless ye matey. It isn't every fine gentleman that would . . .”

“Perfectly all right. I've plenty of time to catch my coach.” The words were hardly out of his mouth before he felt a crashing blow on the head, and knew no more till he came to in the hold of a pirate ship, and was ordered by a villainous-looking mate to sharpen cutlasses.

“How did I get here? I'm not one of the crew,” Jonathan expostulated.

“Sure you're one of the crew. That's the way we get 'em. Shanghai 'em in the streets of Boston at nights before the night watchman comes along with his lie ‘All's well.’ Now get down and put an edge on them cutlasses.” For a fortnight while the *Bouncing Bess* followed the coast from Boston to California, the poor professor obeyed the orders of every one on board from the pirate chief to the cook who grumbled inordinately at being sent a dancing teacher for a galley boy. When at last the ship drew in to port, Jonathan ramming his aunt's umbrella into his long trouser pocket and stowing away his musical box inside an empty cask, shouldered it and went on deck.

“Avast there, dancer,” shouted the cook, coming after him. “Where are you going?”

“You told me when we got to California . . .”

“Belay the arguments. That'll keep you here.”

“Rising from the knock-out that

luckily had miscarried, Jonathan continued in a stooping posture. “I've lost it,” he wailed. “Shiver me timbers. I've lost me lucky gold piece that I've carried for, for . . . twenty years, man and boy.”

“Gold, did you say? Stand aside swab. If there's anything about here, I wants it,” the cook commanded, stooping forthwith.

The ruse succeeded. Buffeting him with the belaying-pin, Jonathan was soon shaking the dust of the *Bouncing Bess* from his heels. But it was evident as he reached the little town of Las Palomas with its adobe houses clustered round a plaza and dignified church, reminding one of Old Spain, that the fear of pirates had preceded him. Agitated villagers fled from him as he entered the street containing a water-cart that took up most of the road. Thirty yards from it stood a cannon which a white-haired gentleman in a murrey-coloured coat, buttoned up askew, was firing with the help of two men.

“Hey, be careful,” Jonathan cried as a couple of jugs shivered to pieces, spilling their precious contents. “That's dangerous.” The only answer was more firing. Terrified, Jonathan climbed the wall of a large house. Carrying a cutlass between his teeth, he entered by a first floor window. A woman screamed. She wore pale-blue, sweeping skirts. Beneath a lace mantilla, her jet black hair curled in flat ringlets on her forehead. She was not more than twenty and very pretty.

“Hope I'm not intruding,” Jonathan breathed, removing the cutlass from his mouth.

“Women of Spain know how to die. I'm not afraid. I know your intentions.”

“My intentions are to hide. These people are a positive menace. Hey, they're coming up the stairs.” He started to pile furniture against the door. “Help!” the girl cried. “I prefer death to your embrace. This dagger will . . .”

With a crash of tables and chairs, the gentleman in the murrey-coloured coat accompanied by a heavily-built man in breeches and shirt entered demanding: “Where is my daughter? . . . Serafina, what did he do? Never mind. I'll put him in gaol. I'll hang him by his . . . I'll make it very uncomfortable for him. Pamfilio, ride to Monterey and tell them we've caught the most dangerous pirate on the coast.”

“Don't send to Monterey, sir. You are the Alcalde. We have the right to hang the fellow ourselves. We'll build a scaffold on the Plaza,” urged the man in shirt sleeves.

“Well, well . . . if you can do that it will be fine.”

“I demand a hearing, sir,” Jonathan declared. “I insist I am not a pirate. I have nothing to do with the ruffians against whom I see you are trying to protect yourselves.” Useless protest. To the howls of excited villagers declaring that the Alcalde, his lovely daughter and the entire population had been wiped out by pirates, Jonathan was put behind the bars.

Beneath Pamfilio's finely-erected scaffold, Jonathan ultimately found himself. The Alcalde had changed into a crimson, gold-braided coat, correctly fastened, and a wide-brimmed jewelled hat for the hanging. In front of assembled villagers, men on this side, ladies on that, Jonathan was requested to put his neck through the noose.

“Comfortable, Señor?” Pamfilio
(Continued on page 24)

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enquired. “Don’t talk about your rights now. The musicians are going to play for you. Are you ready?”

Jonathan feeling the rope half-tighten thought himself already in the next world, when through the crowd he caught sight of Serafina running. “Father, father,” she cried. “You can’t have this man killed. He’s not a pirate. I’ve just heard from the innkeeper’s wife. He’s a dancing master.”

“Yes, yes, and I can prove it, sir,” Jonathan amended.

“Ridiculous,” snapped the Alcalde. “We haven’t time to argue. I mean we’ve got to get on with the . . .”

“Father, you’re being unjust.” “Me? An Alcalde of Las Palomas unjust! Let him prove his preposterous claim then.”

Jonathan smiled. With the rope loose about his neck, his arms tied behind his back, he could do little to demonstrate his boasted prowess. Enough, however. Soon freed from restraint, to the delighted crowd he was performing a variety of steps greater than any he had taught in Boston.

“He ought to be ashamed of himself. Any man who can dance like that and then prefers to be a pirate, deserves to be hanged,” the Alcalde declared.

“But he teaches the waltz, I hear,” Serafina countered, and Jonathan blessed her for having come close enough to whisper to him. “Father, you must let him teach me,” she pleaded.

Thus, instead of forming one of the heavenly choir that evening, Jonathan in his high-collared azure shirt, in the wide living-room of the Alcalde, gave Serafina a lesson in the waltz. A born dancer, it took her no time at all to accomplish the “One, two three. Please don’t bounce,” but when Jonathan slipped a hand beneath her mantilla at the waistline of her moonlight blue skirts, hey presto! what demon was let loose in the shape of the Alcalde hissing: “Pirate you. Take your arms off my daughter.”

“But the waltz is an intimate dance, sir.”

“Intimate! Take him to the gaol, Pamfilio. We resume the hanging to-morrow.”

Lonely that night in the shadows, Jonathan saw Serafina appealing to him between the bars with roses in her dark hair.

“Señor Pirate . . . when . . . when you put your arm round me just now, it was necessary—part of the dance, wasn’t it?”

“Certainly, señorita. The waltz is a turning dance and must be approached with a certain abandon.”

Thereupon the blessed damozel unhooked the prison keys and unlocked the cell. Forthwith for joy in the moonlit Plaza, Jonathan and Serafina performed not only the waltz. Soon the grey-white walls of the houses, cantina and church resounded to musicians’ guitars and the click of castanets while women’s dresses and men’s cloaks swirled in rising and falling waves of blues and greens.

Morning, a company of horsemen clattered into the Plaza. At their head a gallant-seeming swashbuckler with moustaches, broad-leaved hat and crimson scarf, stepped from his charger to announce himself to authority.

“Don Baltazar. So you have come after all. I ordered my man not to let the Governor know, but still . . . now you are here I don’t think this

THE STORY of the

Professor Pride should be hanged in Monterey, or anywhere for that matter. He’s not a pirate; he’s a dancing master,” was the context of the Alcalde’s nervous greeting.

“The proper authorities will decide,” Don Baltazar contended with a sideway glance at Serafina. “Chago. Take charge of the prisoner. Let him work at the olive press.”

Jonathan accordingly was marched off and never heard Serafina’s gracious invitation, which would have worried him if he had, urging Don Baltazar to stay and enjoy the hospitality of the Alcalde and citizens of Las Palomas. To a fine physique and excellent teeth Jonathan soon thankfully acknowledged his ability to push the olive wheel alone. Thus, he could and did insist that his fellow prisoner Tecolote, an elderly man with an Indian strain, and feeble, should rest from the monotonous duty.

Moreover, when Chago and the guard prevented the old man from tasting a mouthful of the chicken and rice Pamfilio brought for the prisoners’ dinner, Jonathan let forth his strength in another direction. Battling with three soldiers at once, he did not at first see that Serafina, mounted and escorted by Don Baltazar, had entered the gaol yard.

“Didn’t I tell you to treat these people properly?” Don Baltazar demanded of the prostrate Chago, aware that Serafina’s scorn was as a rod in pickle waiting for him.

“He should have been hanged long ago, Excellency.”

“Take him to Monterey with a detail of soldiers,” came the reply with a wink at which Jonathan wondered.

“Don Baltazar, you forget my dancing lessons,” Serafina reminded with urgency. “Leave starting for Monterey till to-morrow. To-night, just one last lesson.”

“Anything you say Señorita.”

Doubtless knowing that this was to be their last dance together, the musical box broke that evening as Jonathan, in the Alcalde’s arched living-room, released Serafina from the light touch upon her waist.

“Pity,” he sighed. “I was going to ask you to keep it. In Monterey there’ll be no Alcalde’s daughter who wants to learn the waltz.”

“Monterey, as Don Baltazar intends it, is the cemetery, my poor Jonathan. Listen; Pamfilio is here ready to guide you to the nearest port.”

“But I’m not in love with Pamfilio. You guide me . . . by saying you love me. You don’t love Don Baltazar, surely.”

“Hush. He’s with my father now talking about my dowry and the presents out of it he will give to his guard.”

“Not nice. Talk of our wedding rather . . . in San Diego and the honeymoon in Boston. Wait till you see my aunt!”

“Señor Pride,” came the Alcalde’s voice as he and the Don entered. “Could you teach me the waltz in one lesson? I want to dance it at Serafina’s wedding to my friend here.”

“Father! I decline the honour of being engaged to Don Baltazar.”

“But the señorita loves me. Why else has she kept me here day after day?”

“To save my neck if you want to know,” Jonathan cut in. Rash statement. Chago was called.

FILM — Continued

Protesting to the agitated Alcalde that he couldn't allow his daughter to incur a loveless match, Jonathan was hustled back to gaol. News of his release arriving almost immediately, had a bitter sting in its tail. Serafina, he learned, by promising to marry Don Baltazar had purchased the dancing pirate's freedom.

"Too bad you haven't Spanish blood in you. You'd have a sword in your hand instead of an umbrella. You'd die fighting for your woman," Pamfilio lamented, holding a chartered mule for Jonathan in the gaol yard. "Santa Maria, here comes the wedding procession with Don Baltazar at the head—to wish you well, no doubt."

Don Baltazar adorned as a bridegroom was profuse in polite leave-takings while not forgetting mention of the price of five hundred louis on Jonathan's head if thereafter found in the neighbourhood.

"That umbrella looks awfully heavy. If he'd use it in the right way, I'd gladly give him a new one," the Alcalde was heard to murmur aside. Jonathan swallowed hard, conscious of Serafina gloriously gowned in old gold with golden veil, tawny-red flowers at her breast and hair, standing with downcast eyes. Not for him, gripping the umbrella's ivory to jeopardise his plan by a false first step. Baltazar was too well protected by Chago and the guard. These must be accounted for while the bridal procession, slowly making its way across the Plaza, entered the church.

Tecolote, a willing accomplice, had not failed. While the altar candles were being lighted a peaceful tribe of Indians swarmed silently on the roof of the cantina, making fast their lariats to chimneys and buttresses. Peering below from the tiles, Jonathan could see Chago and his men drinking wine at a table in the room opening on the patio. Talk mingled with the wine fumes, talk that was a fine fillip to the dancer's intention. With their own mouths, Chago and his companions, acknowledged themselves, and particularly Don Baltazar, as no regular soldiers, but renegades who dared not so much as show their faces in Monterey.

While Pamfilio, overhearing these dire truths, was shouting that the wedding must be stopped, Jonathan

jumped nimbly from the roof to the patio steps. "The Pirate," Chago cried. "After him, men." Down dropped the Indians' lariats noiselessly from above and up was drawn one renegade after another as he attempted to leave the cantina.

Tripping up Chago with the umbrella, Jonathan reached the church, praying that the service might not be concluded and the cry of "Pirate" might bring Don Baltazar forth to finish his victim. The fates were kind. Followed by the bride and her train, Don Baltazar and the Alcalde with drawn swords emerged on to the steps.

"You have interrupted my wedding. We must teach you better manners," Don Baltazar blustered. "Chago!"

"So mi Capitane" came a weak voice from one of the hamstringed bundles dangling at a lariat's end by the cantina wall.

"I'm afraid you are alone this time," Jonathan observed coolly. "Good, I will take care of you alone. I choose swords. Here! catch the Alcalde's."

Hardly had Jonathan parried a couple of thrusts before the borrowed sword left his hand at an unkind flip from his opponent.

"Much more difficult than dancing? isn't it," Don Baltazar sneered. The words inspired Jonathan to cunning in parrying attack. Never in performing galliard or waltz had he jumped, turned, spun and dived as now, when every jump, turn, spin and dive saved a sword point from piercing the skin. Finally, with aunt's umbrella furled, a better target was provided for that point. Bereft of his weapon ludicrously impaling the silk cover, Don Baltazar succumbed to the dancer's pomelling.

"My boy, I couldn't have done it better myself," the Alcalde beamed, having ordered the removal of the arch renegade and his guard, roped and set backwards on their horses, to Monterey.

To say that Jonathan, being joined by the chief dancers of Las Palomas, interpreted the harjabe before the wedding, is to speak of poetry of motion that cannot be described. Let us rather concentrate on the colour points of that colourful scene. Let us recall the nasturtium-red of the linings of the gentlemen's cloaks displayed in pools of richness on the ground and the happy blush on Serafina's cheek beneath the golden veil and the shower of golden leaves falling upon her and her groom.

Serafina and her father dashed out of the church.



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PREVIEWS

Criticisms of the LATEST FILMS

LIBELLED LADY

HERE is a tendency in pictures, especially in British pictures, to headline a star and then make him or her hold the stage during the entire production.

M.-G.-M. has certainly not fallen into that error in this film. There are four stars—Jean Harlow, William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Spencer Tracy—and one featured player, Walter Connolly, who deserves to rank as a star.

It is a delightful piece of irresponsible fooling, original in idea, and brilliantly characterised and directed.

Maybe its ending is rather too obviously manufactured, but for the whole of its footage—and it runs for ninety-eight minutes—it keeps you extremely well entertained, and no one can ask for more than that.

Spencer Tracy as Haggerty, a newspaper editor who is trying to extricate his journal from a libel suit, is excellent. His feverish air of hustle and his overwhelming interest in his paper to the exclusion of everything else, even including his fiancée, is both comic and convincing.

William Powell runs true to form as another newspaper man, Bill Chandler, whose speciality is blocking libel actions for incautious editors.

His plan of campaign in this case—Haggerty's paper had libelled Connie, daughter of the fabulously wealthy Mr. Allenbury, and she was demanding five million dollars' damages—is to ingratiate himself with the Allenburys and compromise Connie.

To make the affair more convincing, he temporarily marries Gladys, Haggerty's fiancée, in order that an aggrieved wife may claim alienation of affection.

Myrna Loy, still rather inclined to over-emphasise the air of quiet, natural charm, is nevertheless very good as Connie.

At first she is suspicious of the specious Bill, but eventually falls in love with him and he with her.

As Gladys, Jean Harlow presents a loud-voiced, quick-to-temper young lady who marries Bill for Haggerty's sake and then proceeds to fall for him.

Naturally, all these romantic interludes lead to complications so far as the original libel suit is concerned; Bill does not eventually want to compromise Connie, and Gladys is ready to do anything that Bill asks in spite of Haggerty.

However, all ends well when Connie forgoes her libel action; but how the matrimonial tangle is straightened out I will leave for you to see; it's full of good situations.

Walter Connolly is very good as Allenbury, whose one weakness is fishing, a weakness on which Bill

plays, although his knowledge of the piscatorial art is negligible.

Those sequences where he is taken on a fishing trip are hilariously funny and prove that William Powell is not above playing slapstick when called upon.

The whole thing is admirably directed by Jack Conway, who gets the most out of every situation and puts over the witty dialogue to its best advantage.

THE BRIDE WALKS OUT

Domestic bickering between a young bride, who likes the pretty unessentials of life and is prepared to take a job in order to obtain them, and a young husband, who objects strongly to his wife doing anything but housework, is the basis of this quite amusing, and at times very human, comedy.

The part of the wife is hardly one which puts any strain on Barbara Stanwyck's acting talent, but she makes the part a convincing and natural one.

I am still waiting, however, for another *Forbidden* for this much-neglected actress.

Gene Raymond is good, too, as the husband, although one can hardly sympathise with his attitude nor blame his wife for walking out, temporarily, on him.

One feels that in real life she would have walked out for good, and not have been reconciled nor surrendered her principles.

The intervening party is admirably played by Robert Young, a wealthy and generally inebriated man-about-town who falls in love with the young wife and reforms in consequence.

The sequences where he obtrudes himself on the newly married couple are rich in comedy.

Ned Sparks and Helen Broderick give two sound character studies as a much married pair who live in a continual atmosphere of quarrelling.

Leigh Jason has been both polished

and subtle in his direction and has avoided the conventional, although dealing with a conventional subject.

The characters are well drawn and the humour derived from everyday occurrences rather than from any forcing of a situation.

The extravagance of the wife, the inevitable arrival of the broker's men, the efforts of the girl to keep her husband in ignorance that she has obtained a job, which leads eventually to their separation, are all depicted with understanding humour, while the dialogue throughout is bright and snappy.

HIS LORDSHIP

George Arliss is better served than he has been for some time in this comedy, which provides him with a dual role and is quite bright in plot. He holds the centre of the stage most of the time, a feat which is rendered easier by the fact that he is playing two roles.

Adapted from a play, *The Nelson Touch*, the story deals with the ne'er-do-well twin brother of a pompous Foreign Secretary, who, by kidnapping his double, is enabled to straighten out a delicate affair dealing with the murder of an Eastern potentate which threatened to develop into a frontier war.

Arliss is at his best as the whimsical adventurer who had lived long in the East and had a profound contempt for his brother's powers of diplomacy.

As the Foreign Secretary, he is apt to be too artificial for conviction. This is perhaps due to his efforts to make some very definite differentiation between the two Arlisses.

A good performance comes from Romilly Lunge as an Englishman who is suspected of murdering an Eastern prince, which leads to international complications, while Rene Ray supplies a slight element of romance as the Foreign Secretary's niece.

Jessie Winter is good, too, as the minister's wife, while Allan Jeayes and Reginald Tate, as two sheiks who are guilty of the murder and come to England to try to blackmail the Government, are both effective.

Herbert Mason's direction is competent and gains by being unpretentious.

THE WHITE ANGEL

The story of Florence Nightingale's fight against the prejudices of a hidebound War Office

and conservative army doctors in order that she might bring relief to the terrible suffering of the wounded in the Crimean war and institutes a new era in nursing generally is depicted with transparent sincerity in this picture.

Maybe the characters of those who opposed her are rather overdrawn and their arguments advanced with too much "stage villainy" to be wholly convincing, but the general effect is a fine tribute to one of the most notable women of all time.

Kay Francis' accent is a little disconcerting at first but the excellent modulation of her voice and the dramatic yet effortless intensity with which she plays the part discounts that handicap.

She puts so much heart and sincerity into her acting that one's sympathies are always with her.

As is usual in biographical pictures the continuity is episodic but the general purpose of the heroine's life work forms a strong enough central thread to hold the interest.

The disgraceful conditions of the London hospitals of the period are indicated and the appalling lack of attention of the wounded at Scutari, the hospital base, and at Balaclava itself are poignantly pictured.

To add a romantic touch the man who wants to marry Florence, Charles Cooper, is shown as coming out to the front, realising the greatness of her self-imposed task and eventually dying of wounds in an advanced hospital.

Donald Woods is quite effective in this role, as is Ian Hunter as a reporter for *The Times* whose support in that paper helps Florence to fight the bigotry and prejudices that threaten to overwhelm her.

Nigel Bruce gives a good character study as a doctor who cannot see why nurses should be trained or that the system in force at the time should be altered.

Donald Crisp as Dr. Hunt, in charge of hospitals in the war area, acts well, but the way he frames his opposition to Florence suggests enmity other than just prejudice.

A pathetic touch is introduced by a wounded drummer boy who becomes Florence's especial care. In this role, Billy Mauch is sound, but his accent is out of keeping with the English atmosphere.

The picture is generally very well set and fulfils the object of paying tribute to a woman who brought honour and recognition to the nursing profession. *Lionel Collier.*

A WOMAN REBELS

Katharine Hepburn is more happily cast here than for some time, as an ardent feminist fighting for women's rights in the man-dominated Victorian era.

The actress ranges the span from youth to middle age as a rebel against, and victim of, the grim standards of the day, and presents her case with vitality and conviction.

Repressed in a household that is almost the twin to the Wimpole Street home of the Barretts, she commits an indiscretion that results in an illegitimate child. However, she carves out a career for herself as a feminist leader, and after years of trial and tribulation marries Herbert Marshall, who throughout plays the role of Old Faithful with his customary trade-marked brand of courtesy.

The film has its moments of genuine emotion, but melodramatic situations, of which there are a number, destroy any claim it has to sincerity. Hepburn fans, however, should have a field day. *M.D.P.*



The four stars of "Libelled Lady"—William Powell, Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow, and Spencer Tracy.

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Reviews

LIONEL COLLIER

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

***SEVEN SINNERS
c***DANCING PIRATE
**SWORN ENEMY
**THE SINGING KID
c**WHITE FANG
**A STAR FELL FROM HEAVEN
*FAME
c*REVENGE RIDER
*THREE CHEERS FOR LOVE
*FOOTLIGHTS AND SHADOWS
HOUSE BROKEN

What the asterisks mean—
**** An outstanding feature.
*** Very good. ** Good.
* Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

***SEVEN SINNERS

G.F.D. British. "A" certificate. Gangster comedy. Runs 69 minutes.

EDMUND LOWE.....Harwood
CONSTANCE CUMMINGS.....Caryl Fenton
THOMY BOURDELLE.....Paul Turne
HENRY OSCAR.....Axel Hoyte
FELIX AYLMER.....Sir Charles Webber
JOYCE KENNEDY.....Elizabeth Wentworth
O. B. CLARENCE.....Registrar
MARK LESTER.....Chief Constable
ALLAN JEAYES.....Wagner
ANTHONY HOLLES.....Reception Clerk
DAVID HORNE.....Hotel Manager
Directed by Albert de Courville from Arnold Ridley and Bernard Merrivale's novel "The Wrecker." Previewed August 15, 1936.

While it does not follow the original story of *The Wrecker* very closely, there is real snap and polish in this gangster comedy and Albert de Courville is to be congratulated on giving us such breezy entertainment.

It tells the story of an American detective and a girl from the Pearl Assurance Company of America, who are ordered to try and trace some jewels lost by a lady of title in England, but who get involved in a series of train wrecks and murders totally unconnected with their case.

I do not intend to go into the plot in any detail, because it relies upon its surprise twists and ingenious development to hold your attention, and to give them away would be partially to spoil your entertainment of an exceedingly good British picture.

Edmund Lowe and Constance Cummings form a team which closely approximates to that of Powell and Loy. They give excellent characterisations and while holding the stage most of the time do not over-dominate the picture.

Indeed, one of its chief virtues is its nice balance and well-developed continuity.

Thomy Bourdelle is excellently cast as a French detective who is engaged in investigating a train smash on the Riviera which is followed by two more in England, while a gun-running gang who pose as pacifists are portrayed convincingly by Henry Oscar, Felix Aylmer and Joyce Kennedy.

O. B. Clarence gives a delightful

little character study as a registrar.

Scenic qualities are well varied and the train wrecks realistically staged without being over-prolonged or pretentious.

c***DANCING PIRATE

Radio. American. "U" certificate. Musical comedy. Runs 84 minutes.

CHARLES COLLINS.....Jonathan Pride
FRANK MORGAN.....Alcalde
STEFFI DUNA.....Serafina
LUIS ALBERNI.....Pamfilo
VICTOR VARCONI.....Don Baltazar
JACK LA RUE.....Chago
ALMA REAL.....Blanca
WILLIAM V. MONG.....Tecolote
MITCHELL LEWIS.....Pirate Chief
JULIAN RIVERO.....Shepherd
JOHN EBERTS.....Mozo
CANSINO FAMILY.....Royal Cansinos
Directed by Lloyd Corrigan from the story by Emma Lindsay Squier. Musical lyrics by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart. Previewed November 7, 1936. For story freely based on the film by Marjory Williams, see page 22.

First-rate musical entertainment. You are not asked to be convinced by the story which is brightly farcical, but you are asked to be amused by the cleverness of presentation and the characterisations and you will be hard to please if you are not.

The production is in Technicolour and while there are crudities of colour at times, the general effect is very pleasing, the dances with their blendings of blues, yellows and reds being particularly noteworthy.

You are introduced to a new star in Charles Collins, a New York stage artist, who scores as a dancing master who is mistaken for a pirate



Jean Muir and Michael Whalen in "White Fang."

by the good people of a South Californian port.

His personality is effervescent and his dance routines are extremely good.

As the heroine, the daughter of the Alcalde, Steffi Duna is excellent; the colour shows off her exotic beauty perfectly.

But the mainspring of the entire proceedings is Frank Morgan as the indecisive, good-natured Alcalde. His performance is full of natural humour.

As a renegade governor, Don Baltazar, Victor Varconi is well in character and Luis Alberni is amus-

ing as a man who befriends the unfortunate dancing master when he is about to be hanged as a pirate.

The Californian settings are very picturesque and both song and dance numbers are put over with technical perfection.

**SWORN ENEMY

M.-G.-M. American. "A" certificate. Gangster melodrama. Runs 71 minutes.

ROBERT YOUNG....."Hank" Sherman
FLORENCE RICE.....Margaret
JOSEPH CALLEIA.....Joe Emerald
LEWIS STONE.....Dr. Simon Gattle
NAT PENDLETON....."Steamer" Krupp
HARVEY STEPHENS.....Paul Scott
SAMUEL S. HINDS.....Decker
EDWARD PAWLEY....."Dutch" McTurk
JOHN WRAY.....Lang
CY KENDALL.....Simmons
LESLIE FENTON.....Steve
ROBERT GLECKLER.....Hinkle
Directed by Edwin L. Marin.

Familiar story of revenge which rises superior to its material because of the clever direction and well-drawn characterisations.

It is chiefly notable for the brilliant acting of Joseph Calleia as an evilly cunning racketeer, who numbers among the victims of his villainy, Hank Sherman, an ambitious youth, Dr. Simon Gattle, his daughter Margaret, and Steamer Krupp, a boxer.

These people combine to wipe out the racketeer. To fulfil their mission they enlist temporarily as "G" men, and then by subterfuge bring to light the secret hiding-place of Emerald's ill-gotten gains, thereby producing the only evidence upon which the police can convict.

When they stage Emerald's apprehension, Margaret's life is endangered, but Krupp's brawn proves more than a match for Emerald's evil cunning, and in the spectacular fracas which follows, their quarry walks straight into the eager hands of the authorities. Rough stuff then gives place to romance, in the form of a permanent partnership between Hank and Margaret.

Robert Young is brightly engaging as Hank and Florence Rice quite effective as Margaret.

Nat Pendleton "scores" a personal triumph as the dumb boxer.

Well-drawn character studies are given by Lewis Stone, Leslie Fenton, Harvey Stephens and Samuel S. Hinds.

Comedy relief is hardly subtle, but the rough stuff is put over with plenty of vim.

c **WHITE FANG

Fox. American. "U" certificate. Dog melodrama. Runs 73 minutes.

MICHAEL WHALEN.....Weedon Scott
JEAN MUIR.....Sylvia Burgess
SLIM SUMMERVILLE.....Slats
CHARLES WINNIGER.....Doc McFane
JOHN CARRADINE.....Beauty Smith
JANE DARWELL.....Maud Mahoney
THOMAS BECK.....Hal Burgess
JOSEPH HERRICK.....Kobi
GEORGE DUCOUNT.....Francis
MARIE CHORIE.....Nomi
LIGHTNING.....White Fang
Directed by Arthur Miller from the story by Jack London.

This sequel to *The Call of the Wild* has been quite well adapted, but like its predecessor it does not adhere very closely to its original. It is a red-blooded, two-fisted affair with a girl, a man, and a dog triumphant over nature in the raw.

Michael Whalen gives a suitably virile performance as Weedon Scott, who is persuaded by Sylvia Burgess to guide her brother Hal into the Yukon to take over a mine which has been left him. Scott consents on condition Sylvia does not accompany him, saying the Yukon is no place for women.

On the journey Burgess loses his nerve and shoots himself, and Scott almost succumbs to fatigue, collapsing just as he sees a large white wolf bending over him. The wolf



Al Jolson, Sybil Jason and Beverley Roberts in "The Singing Kid."

does not touch him, but runs away when Scott is rescued by Indians.

Scott has Burgess' papers on him, so at the trading-post he is mistaken for Burgess, and he keeps up the deception in order to take over Sylvia's mine from "Beauty" Smith, a saloon-keeper who has stolen it.

In the spring Sylvia arrives, and Scott's identity is discovered, but she keeps him on as mine-manager. Scott and Sylvia are about to be married when Scott is arrested for the murder of Burgess; just in time, however, the dead man's diary comes to light, proving he intended suicide, and Scott and Sylvia are married.

Jean Muir has unsophisticated charm, but is rather stilted as Sylvia. Slim Summerville is somewhat starved of material as Scott's partner, the weight of the comedy relief falling on the shoulders of Charles Winniger as a drunken doctor.

But the best performance comes from John Carradine as Smith. He is admirably menacing without becoming theatrical.

Lightning is extremely well trained and is put through his paces very effectively.

**THE SINGING KID

First National. American. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy with music. Runs 85 minutes

AL JOLSON.....Al Jackson
SYBIL JASON.....Sybil Haines
ALLEN JENKINS.....Joe Eddy
LYLE TALBOT.....Bob Carey
FRANK MITCHELL.....Dope
W. DAVIDSON.....Barney Hammond
EDWARD KEANE.....Potter
TOM MANNING.....Doorman
WINI SHAW.....Singer
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON.....Davenport Rogers
BEVERLEY ROBERTS.....Ruth Haines
JACK DURANT.....Babe
JOSEPH KING.....Dr. May
JOSEPH CREHAN.....Dr. Fulton
CLAIRE DODD.....Dana Lawrence
KAY HUGHES.....Mary Lou
JOHN HALE.....Dr. Brown
FOUR YACHT CLUB BOYS
CAR CALLLOWAY and his BAND
Directed by William Keighley from a story by Robert Lord. Previewed August 22, 1936.

Al Jolson who sang the talkiest success holds the centre of the stage most of the time in this medley of music, comedy and romance.

He sings several numbers in his own particular style effectively and is helped by the technical excellence of the production and the glittering ensembles.

The plot, however, is thin and in spite of quick action it has several dull interludes.

The star plays the role of Al Jackson, a Broadway star who is so shaken up when his accountant runs off with his girl, leaving him with a huge income deficit to face, that he loses his voice, and is com-

(Continued on page 30)



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REVIEWS—Contd.

pelled to recuperate in the country. Davenport Rogers, his secretary, and Joe Eddy, his dresser, loyally accompany him, and later he falls in love with Ruth Haines, their attractive young landlady.

When Ruth writes an indifferent play, hoping thereby to provide for her motherless niece Sybil, Al kids her it is good by secretly buying it, but the truth eventually is revealed, and the humiliation inflicted on Ruth causes a break in their friendship. By this time, Al's voice is restored, and he returns to Broadway to rehearse for a new show. He is lost without Ruth's inspiration, but, needless to say, she turns up repentant at the crucial moment, and so is real romance added to his triumphant first night.

Humour is not particularly strong, but Edward Everett Horton and Allen Jenkins do what they can as Al's "yes men."

Beverly Roberts is good as Ruth and is the possessor of a charming speaking voice, while Sybil Jason scores as her young niece.

The most amusing sequence is that in which Al persists in singing a "Mammy" song while his advisers try to make him sing the new rhythm. The action takes you into the street where passers-by join in the argument until all but Al fall down exhausted.

There is more than a touch of satire in this and it is cleverly directed.

**A STAR FELL FROM HEAVEN

Wardour. British. "U" certificate. Romantic musical comedy. Runs 70 minutes.

JOSEPH SCHMIDT.....Josef
FLORINE MCKINNEY.....Annie
BILLY MILTON.....Lincoln
JUDY KELLY.....Flora
GEORGE GRAVES.....Fischer
W. H. BERRY.....Tomson
STEVE GERAY.....Willi Wass
IRIS HOBY.....Frau Heinmeyer
DENIER WARREN.....Starfel
BRUCE LISTER.....Winkler
HINDLE EDGAR.....Schneider
AUBREY MALLALIEU.....Doctor
ELIOT MAKEHAM.....Professor
Directed by Paul Merzbach. Scenario by Marjorie Dearn and Dudley Leslie.

Romantic musical comedy which lightly satirises studio activities and gives scope for Joseph Schmidt, the famous "pocket" tenor, to display his undoubtedly fine voice.

It is all very inconsequential, but is quite charmingly set and pleasingly melodious with songs both old and new.

It deals with Josef, a student of music, who is spurred on to seek fame as a screen singer, by Anne, the daughter of a proprietress of a beer garden, with whom he is in love, but his shyness, attended by other misfortunes, ruins his chances at his first audition. Anne then takes a direct hand, and by enlisting the services of Willy Wass, another of her suitors, who holds the proud position as dresser to Lincoln, a famous film star, Josef is heard in public.

On this occasion, however, his voice is unfortunately mistaken for Lincoln's by Lincoln's manager, Tomson. The error leads to a quarrel between Lincoln and Tomson, but when the altercation causes Lincoln to lose his voice, Josef is engaged as unseen vocal substitute. At this juncture Josef discovers that Anne is in love with Lincoln and he gets despondent, but Lincoln's generosity in seeing that his singing is duly recognised soothes his wounds.

Joseph Schmidt is good as Josef and Billy Milton makes a personable Lincoln.



Florine McKinney in "A Star Fell From Heaven."

Florine McKinney is fair as Anne as is Judy Kelly as Flora.

Good performances come from Steve Geray, as Willy Wass, and George Graves and W. H. Berry score a good number of laughs.

*THREE CHEERS FOR LOVE

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Hollywood musical satire. Runs 60 minutes.
ELEANORE WHITNEY.....Skippy Dormant
ROBERT CUMMINGS.....Jimmy Tuttle
WILLIAM FRAWLEY.....Milton Shakespeare
ELIZABETH PATTERSON.....Wilma Chester
ROScoe KARNS.....Doc. "Short Circuit" Wilson
JOHN HALLIDAY.....Charles Dormant
GRACE BRADLEY.....Even Bronson
VEDA ANN BORG.....Consuelo Dormant
LOUIS DA PRON.....Elmer
OLYMPHE BRADNA.....Frenchy
BILLY LEE.....Johnny
Directed by Ray McCarey. Based on a story by George Marion, jun. Music and lyrics by Ralph Rainger and Leo Robin.

There is not much originality in this musical comedy with its collegiate background, but the young players put plenty of enthusiasm into their work and it is generally quite melodious.

It deals with Charles Dormant, a prominent Hollywood producer, who is persuaded by his wife, Sonuelo, to send his daughter, Skippy, to a finishing school. The academy selected happens to be on its last legs, but Milton Shakespeare, a resourceful theatrical manager, persuades Wilma Chester, the head, to allow his derelict company to pose as students and professors, the intention being to play up to Dormant, and so secure a Hollywood contract.

Skippy soon sees through the deception, but her sporting instincts, kindled by her love for Jimmy Tuttle, the company's most versatile performer, prompt her to lend her aid in the execution of the proposition. There is a slight hitch when she becomes jealous of another girl's interest in Jimmy, but this is soon righted, and thanks to her good teamwork with Jimmy, the show, staged by Shakespeare meets with Dormant's approval, and a contract is signed to the tune of wedding bells.

As Skippy, Eleanore Whitney gives us some intricate tap dancing and Robert Cummings proves versatile as Jimmy.

John Halliday shows to advantage as Dormant.

The humour is of a rather artless order, but the whole thing is well staged and the action brisk.

*FAME

General F. D. British. "U" certificate. Broad farce. Runs 68 minutes.
SYDNEY HOWARD.....Oswald Bertwhistle
MURIEL AKED.....Mrs. Bertwhistle

MIKI HOOD.....Joan Riley
BRIAN LAWRENCE.....Douglas Cameron
HERBERT LOMAS.....Rumbold Wakefield
GUY MIDDLETON.....Lester Cordwell
H. F. MALTBY.....The Mayor
FRANK PETTINGELL.....Reuben Pendleton
FREDERICK PIPER.....Press Representative
ARTHUR FINN.....Film Director
SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER.....A Train Passenger
MAIRE O'NEILL.....Mrs. Docker
GERALDINE HISLOP.....Film Star
Directed by Leslie Hiscott from a story by John Harding and William Hargreaves.

There is little in the basic plot of this farce, which shows how a simple Yorkshire shopwalker dreams of becoming a movie actor, wins a screen contest, gets to Elstree and is there jockeyed by the studio parasites not realising that he is a failure.

There is a touch of pathos in his return to Yorkshire, where a civic welcome awaits him. His embarrassment is so great that he makes for home while his mother explains the situation.

However, there is plenty of artless fooling of the type that Sydney Howard favours, and his burlesque act as Cromwell is very amusing.

The supporting cast do what they can with indifferent material, but it



Robert Cummings and Eleanore Whitney in "Three Cheers for Love."

is a one-man picture, and the star has had to try and make a good many bricks without much straw.

*REVENGE RIDER

Columbia. American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 58 minutes.
TIM MCCOY.....Tim O'Neill
ROBERT ALLEN.....Chad Harmon
BILLIE SEWARD.....Myra Harmon
EDWARD EARLE.....Kramer
FRANK SHERIDAN.....Jed Harmon
JACK CLIFFORD.....Ludlow
JACK MOWER.....Vance
GEORGE PEARCE.....Dr. Lindsay
ALLAN SEARS.....Lynch
HARRY SEMELS.....Rankin
Directed by David Selman from the story by Ford Beebe.

Sound, quick action Western with Tim McCoy putting in a convincing he-man portrayal. Things are a little too talkative to start with, but when the plot settles down into its stride there is plenty of action and the necessary punch.

Incidental humour and the romantic element are well introduced and the production generally is good.

The plot shows how, Tim O'Neill, on returning to his home town after a horse-trading trip, learns that his brother, the sheriff, has been killed by rustlers, and that suspicion is directed towards Jed Harmon, father of Myra, the girl he loves. He refuses to believe in Jed's guilt, but, nevertheless, determines to apprehend the real murderer, and when he does the culprit turns out to be Kramer, leading member of the town's phoney

cattle men's association. Romance, of course, crowns his good work.

*FOOTLIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Twickenham F. D. American. "A" certificate. Comedy drama. Runs 66 minutes.
HENRIETTA CROSMAN.....Deborah Delaney
HERBERT RAWLINSON.....Melville de la Ney
RUSSELL GLEASON.....Daniel Delaney
POLLY ANN YOUNG.....Jerry Daley
AL SHEAN.....Herman Blatz
ANITA PAGE.....Claudia Revelle
SYD SAYLOR.....Spud
HARRY HARVEY.....Gabby
HARRY HOLMAN.....Philmore Tubbs
ETHEL SYKES.....Kitty O'Brien
LELA BLISS.....Nadia de la Ney
CRAUFORD KENT.....Edgar
JOHN DILSON.....Charlie Reed
Directed by Frank R. Strayer from the story and screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan.

Unpretentious story in which Henrietta Crosman as Deborah, the mother of a middle-aged screen star, is apt to prove too overpowering.

The plot deals with Jerry Daley, an ambitious studio extra, who is led into a publicity stunt, which results in Melville de la Ney, a middle-aged screen star whom she admires, being divorced, and she herself being cited as co-respondent.

She runs away, and by a strange coincidence joins a troupe of travelling players run by Melville's mother, Deborah Delaney. Jerry's natural ability soon enables her to reach stardom in the theatre, and she falls in love with her leading man, Daniel Delaney, de la Ney's son.

There is trouble, however, when de la Ney turns up, but at this juncture Deborah takes a hand and her resource sees her family re-united and, with Jerry, established in the film firmament.

The supporting cast is sound, but the action is too transparent and obvious for sustained interest.

HOUSE BROKEN

Paramount. British. "A" certificate. Marital comedy drama. Runs 73 minutes.
MARY LAWSON.....Angela
ENID STAMP-TAYLOR.....Cousin Carrie
JACK LAMBERT.....Jock
LOUIS BORELL.....Charles

Directed by Michael Hankinson from a story by Paul Hervey Fox.

Louis Borell, a player new to me, of French-Dutch extraction, is the main interest in this feeble comedy which is weak in dialogue and situation.

He is quite amusing as Charles, the bachelor friend of a newly wed husband, who helps him in his fight to spend a night with "the boys."

His accent and personality are both attractive.

The rest of the cast is adequate. Production values, lighting and camera work are quite good.



Enid Stamp-Taylor in "House Broken."



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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

GIVE US COMMON-SENSE HEROINES!

Mary Lawson is the Right Kind

I WAS glad to see by L. W. F. Pearce's letter in a recent issue that somebody beside myself has noticed Mary Lawson. Directors and executives seem to have overlooked her.

I have been given the opportunity to see her only once, in Sandy Powell's *Can You Hear Me, Mother?* But that once was enough for me, or anybody else, to realise the actress's worth.

No glamour queen, sex stuff there. Just the common-sense British girl. And that's the kind for me every time.

To see a film means a fourteen mile jaunt for me and under such circumstances it pays me to know what I want to see.

What about another picture for Miss Lawson?—Leslie C. Garner, *Household Farm, Cutler's Green, Thaxted, Essex.*



Mary Lawson

But if an English film is rotten, I go hot and cold all over and think of our Empire; and if an English comedian offends, I am disgusted—he ought to know better!

Again, with American features, for all I know things in America may really happen like that. Where trains arrive ringing dinner bells and guards are known as "conductors," how am I to know what is crazy and what is not?

But with English plots, I do demand something like probability, for I can and do see mistakes in English backgrounds.—(Miss) A. H. Whittan, "Dunardry," *Gateside Road, Barrhead, Renfrews*, who is awarded the first prize of £1 ls.

A Legitimate Grievance

I am a regular patron of our local kinema, a good house where they put on good shows with commendable regularity.

But—and herein lies the snag—they occasionally put on an extra good show. Now, I am to be found there almost every Saturday evening throughout the year—except on those Saturdays when the extra good films are showing.

On those occasions the spasmodic kinema-goers flock there in hundreds, and unless I am prepared to stand in a queue for hours on end (which I cannot do), I have to return home, feeling, naturally, a little bitter.

This happened again last week, and I was unable to see *Mr. Deeds and Louis Pasteur*—a show I had looked forward to all the week.

My own remedy is that I should be allowed to pay down a year's (52 weeks) admission money, and that certain seats should be set apart until a specified time in the evening, after which time they would be filled.—A. C. Roberts, 133 Clive Road, West Dulwich, S.E.21, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Faux Pas

Although George Arliss was the dominating character in *East Meets West*, the part of an Eastern potentate seemed to fit him least of any. I still felt he was George Arliss, supremely English.

His habit of clutching invisible lapels was not characteristic of one who, according to the story, had presumably worn Eastern raiment from childhood and, in spite of the fact that a great point was made of those of the Mohammedan faith eschewing alcoholic liquor, smoking, which is another forbidden vice of the "faithful" was indulged in by this supposedly strict Muslim in two scenes.

Also it should have been quite easy for the producers to teach the actors the correct pronunciation of Sultan, which is "Sooltaan." Men of our country who occupy the position of Sir Henry Mallory the British Governor, would not have pronounced it as though he was ordering a commodity for the Xmas pudding from the local grocer.

To one who lives in the East these points and others, quite apart from the unconvincing plot, simply made the film into a decorative and rather diverting charade.—(Mrs.) M. O. Long, 6 Temple Fortune Court, N.W.11.

"Long Live Pictures!"

My husband and I are just an ordinary everyday couple—man-in-the-street-style—both doing our share at earning the necessary "daily bread." Not much romance in that, you may say! No! But then, we go to the "Pictures."

There we get Romance with a capital "R." We see beautiful women and handsome men. We see love scenes which make us think that after all there's not much difference between
(Continued on page 34)

Giving Both Sides

"Keep Babies Out," "Let Babies In"; these two letters in the October 31 issue, give two completely opposite views, yet both are sound, reasonable letters, each making their point. These letters prove how very difficult it must be for kinema managements to please everybody; how needful it is to hear both sides of every argument.

I have always been dead against children in arms being admitted to any place of amusement. Since reading the reasonable plea of Mrs. Keen, "Let Babies In," I am inclined to agree that to suggest keeping them out is "cruelly, unthinkingly selfish."

Keep giving us both sides, Mr. Thinker, it makes us think.—H. Berne, c/o Heath, "Draper," St. Mary's, Bedford.

How to Behave

What about an etiquette film? A film that explains all the puzzling do's and don't's of proper modern behaviour.

It could be made interesting.

Boy meeting girl and the correct behaviour for both. Then courtship introducing details of restaurant, theatre, travelling and writing. Meeting their respective families. What and how to do and wear. The engagement and then marriage with all its inevitable formalities.

It could even end with a christening party.

I am sure lots of young people would welcome this.—(Miss) Hilda Wilkinson, 61 Exmouth Road, Walthamstow, E.17.

Over-Familiarity

In reading week after week the correspondence which appears in our PICTUREGOER re American versus British films, I have often wondered if it is not a case of familiarity breeding criticism.

Why would I, for instance, sooner see an American production than an English one? Because it relieves me of all responsibility. I can sit back and think what I like of it. If it is nonsense, who cares? If the jokes outrage my sense of decency, well, what after all did I expect—from America?

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Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/4.

YOUR XMAS "PERM"

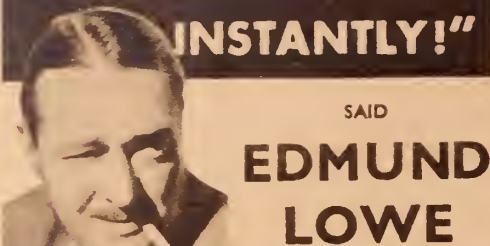
Have you made an appointment yet with your hairdresser for your Christmas "perm"? Don't forget, there will be an awful rush, so you'd better fix up early if you want to avoid disappointment.

And, incidentally, talking of disappointment reminds me—is your hair prepared for taking a really beautiful wave? So many girls find that their "perms" do not quite come up to expectations and they are inclined to blame the poor hairdresser. The real trouble is usually *unhealthy* hair. To give the hairdresser a fair chance with your hair, you must see that it is healthy, dressable, and free from dandruff.

My own special hair beauty secret is to brush regularly into the hair a little Lavona Hair Tonic. Lavona restores its natural vigour and beauty, and at the same time cleanses the scalp of dandruff.

If you want your Christmas "perm" to be really lovely and lasting, treat yourself to a 2/3 bottle of Lavona Hair Tonic right away. I know you'll be delighted with the results.—"Yvonne."

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APPEALED TO ME
INSTANTLY!"



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BLOCK LETTERS

PR.

WHO'S WHO

Robert Donat

MANCHESTER'S gift to the movies was born on March 18, 1905, and made his first stage bow in Shakespeare when he was 15. After some years' invaluable experience with the Sir Frank Benson company and the Liverpool Repertory Theatre he made his London stage debut in *Children of Darkness*.

London was unmoved but he persisted and enjoyed considerable success in *Precious Bane* and *St. Joan*. The actor similarly proved a slow starter when he entered films in 1932. *Men of To-morrow*, *That Night in London* and *Cash* failed to ring any bells for Donat. Then came *The Private Life of Henry VIII* and international recognition for his work as Culpener.

Robert's first American picture, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, put him up among the Gables, but so far he has turned his back on the Hollywood brand of fame, though *The 39 Steps* and *The Ghost Goes West* have consolidated his position as one of the most sought-after leading men of the day.

Ill-health has been threatening for some time to interfere with his career, but he is now, happily, fit and at work as Marlene Dietrich's co-star in *Knight Without Armour*.

Donat is 6 feet tall and weighs 12 stone. He is married to a former actress, Helen Voysey, and has two children.

Brian Donlevy

THE popular new screen "menace" really is Irish; he was born in Portadown, Co. Armagh, though he went to the States in his boyhood. At 14 he ran away from school to go to the war and fought with the famous Lafayette Escadrille. Subsequently, Louis

Wolheim started him on an acting career by getting him into the cast of *What Price Glory*? Donlevy made his talkie debut as the sinister "Knuckles" in *Barbary Coast* and scored an immediate hit. Since then he has been seen in *Mary Burns*, *Fugitive*, *Strike Me Pink*, *13 Hours By Air*, *Human Cargo* and *Holy Angel*.

He is 6 feet tall and has the broadest shoulders in Hollywood.

Ruth Donnelly

BELIEVE it or not, used to be a chorus girl. That was back in 1913 when she was 17. Subsequently she played comedy leads on Broadway for years. Ruth scored her first screen hit in *Blessed Event* and she has been one of Hollywood's busiest comediennes ever since.

She was born in Trenton, N.J., and was trained for the stage from childhood. Recent pictures include: *13 Hours By Air*, *Fatal Lady*, *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town*, and her latest, *Cain and Mabel*.

Melvyn Douglas

WAS born in Macon, Georgia, April 5, 1901, the son of Edouard Hesselberg, the famous pianist and composer. He made his stage debut in 1919 and scored his first Broadway success in *A Free Soul* (He had the rôle that Gable played in the film.)

Douglas' first film was *To-Night Or Never*, and his biggest successes since then have been *As You Desire Me*, *Mary Burns*, *Fugitive*, *She Married Her Boss*, *The Lone Wolf Returns* and *The Gorgeous Hussy*.

The actor is 6 ft. 1 1/2 in. tall and weighs 13 stone. He is married to Helen Gahagan.

What Do You Think? Cont.

people in love. We forget—as we should—that they are only acting a part and we secretly vow to model ourselves on these film stars.

Whatever film actors and actresses are in real life does not concern us; only in their different portrayals are we interested, and when these rôles take us out of our everyday existence and monotony and mould us into beings who create happiness for each other—then "Long Live Pictures."—(Mrs.) M. E. Hills, 4 Bramley Hill, Croydon.

Money's Worth

I wonder in what order other readers read PICTUREGOER? My copy arrives Thursday morning, and, resisting temptation at lunch-time, I begin my perusal in the train home.

I admire first the front cover, then the centre spread. Reading starts with "All the Gossip," then "British Studios" and "Hollywood News-reel." Next the Readers' Letters, taking in the interesting "Who's Who?"

Then I look at the review pages, then "Let George Do It." This usually finishes my journey—how short it seems on Thursday! After tea come the special articles, followed by the week's film story.

Being a male, I omit "Leave It To Anne." I look through again to see if I've missed anything, this time noticing the photographs which sprinkle the pages. Lastly, before putting away my copy, I peruse the advertisements. I think I get my money's worth. Don't you?—J. Moore, 20 Clifton Street, Lytham, Lancs.

The Thrilled Nineties

Is it possible for modern film critics or modern film audiences to make reasonable comparisons between the appeal of the book and the appeal of the film when a story with a "Victorian" setting is presented to the public?

Take *Between Two Flags* as an example. Mr. Lionel Collier, whose comments are always interesting and understandable, declares that Ronald Colman in this picture "brings conviction to a somewhat artificial character."

But those of us who read Ouida's great novel in the "eighties" or "nineties" of the past century, when people had time to read, and minds were not distracted by multitudinous other interests, feel that the film rather than the book portrays the "somewhat artificial character."

Certainly the casual, free-and-easy assumption of the rôle of Sergeant Victor by Ronald Colman does not give film patrons the "thrilling intensity" of the character in the novel—the dashing hero of the Legion who was as real to late Victorian damozels as King Solomon in all his glory, or Sir Galahad in all his questings.—(Mrs.) Gertrude A. Rogers, 35 Villiers Road, Southall, Middlesex.

Some Collector!

My total number of Shirley Temple photographs is 1,003 and only 27 are newspaper cuttings. I have collected these in 3 months; perhaps many can beat my record with other stars—perhaps this one. If so, have they only been collecting for 3 months?

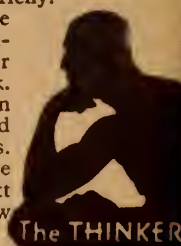
The amazing fact is, that I do not like Shirley Temple. I am a 14-year-old schoolgirl and my other collections are: Freddie Bartholomew 325, Merle Oberon, 193, Robert Taylor 95. I've only been collecting Robert Taylor for a week.

I would like to know of other people's collections, please.—(Miss) J. M. Parnell, 63 Courtland Avenue, Coundon, Coventry.

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Let GEORGE Do It!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

PHIL REGAN FAN (Leicester).—(1) Phil Regan's name appeared in the cast list circulated by the film company for *Stars Over Broadway* but, as this film was very much cut before showing over here, he did not appear in the version shown in this country. (2) James Melton is described as a "lyric tenor."

A. K. I.—(1) Yes, the film adaptation of *Mutiny on the Bounty* differs slightly from the book. (2) In the film, Roger Byam was granted a free pardon by the King and recalled to service in the Navy. (3) Yes, the island Otaheite in the book is the same as Tahiti. (4) Pitcairn Island was uninhabited when Christian reached it. The language now spoken on this Island is a mixture of Tahitian and English.

STAR GAZER.—Fred Stone is appearing in *Mother Carey's Chickens* with Ginger Rogers. The film is directed by Dorothy Arzner.

MILDRED (Edgware).—Carlotta King took the part of Margot in *The Desert Song*.

COLOURED PEOPLES ADMIRER (Southsea).—Paul Robeson, b. Princetown, New Jersey, April 9, 1898, son of William D. Robeson and his wife Louisa (Rustill); ed. Rutgers University, N.B. (B.A.) and Columbia University (LL.B.); mar. Eslanda Cardozo. His latest film, *King Solomon's Mines*.

STEWART CRAZY.—James Stewart, b. May 20, Indiana, Pa. Light brown hair and grey-green eyes. 6 ft. 2 in., hobbies—tennis and collecting model aeroplanes. His films other than *Speed* include: *Murder Man*, *Rose Marie*, *Wife versus Secretary*, *Next Time We Live*, *Small Town Girl*, *The Gorgeous Hussey*, *The Foundry*.

M.P. WITON.—Yes, Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald are engaged to be married. The wedding is fixed for some time in June, 1937.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES READER.—The music in *Desire* as follows: "Awake in a Dream," and "Roofs of Paris," published by Chappells.

J. A. F. (Winchester).—James Stewart making *The Foundry* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Jack la Rue is working for United Artists.

D. D. (Southampton).—I am sorry but we did not publish centre spreads of *The Vagabond King* and *Sally*.

EDDY AND MACDONALD FAN.—Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald use their own names for screen purposes and are at present making *Maytime* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

D. H. C. R.—(1) Richard Cromwell at present making *The Navy Eternal* for Herbert Wilcox Productions. (2) Douglass Montgomery's latest film, *Everything is Thunder*.

CLIVE'S ADMIRER (Forest Hill).—Clive Brook's latest film, *The Lonely Road*, for Associated Talking Pictures.

CRACKSMAN.—Joan Woodbury took the part of Dolores in the film *Eagle's Brood*. I suggest you write to her c/o Paramount Studios.

V. S. (Leicester).—I am sorry but we have not published an art plate of Arthur Tracey in this magazine and unfortunately the Postcard Salon do not stock one of this actor.

M. J. (S. Wales).—Latest films: Will Hay—*Good Morning*, *Boys for Gaumont* British. Elisabeth Bergner—*Dreaming Lips* for London Films. Leslie Banks—*The Three Maxims* for British & Dominions.

If any reader has a copy of the issue of this magazine, Sept. 14, 1935, containing a supplement of *David Copperfield*, which they do not require, F. Perry, Homeleigh, Cedar Road, Hutton, Essex, would be glad to have same and defray any expenses incurred.

PICTUREGOER FAN (Johannesburg).—(1) Asterisks as follows:—*Exclusive Story*, *The Music Goes Round*, *It Happened in Hollywood*, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, *The Unguarded Hour* and *Captain Blood*—three; *Strike Me Pink*, *My Song Far You*, *Merry Wives of Reno*, *Suicide Club*—two; *High Pressure*, *Happy Ever After*, *Broadway Singer*, *Colleen*—one. (2) Chief players, *Music Goes Round*—Harry Richman and Rochelle Hudson; *Merry Wives of Reno*—Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods; *Too Much Harmony*—Judith Allen; *My Song for You*—Aileen Marson.

J. J. (Middlesex).—(1) Desmond Tester, b. 16 years ago, red headed and freckled. Films include: *Tudor Rose*, *The Beloved Vagabond* and *Hidden Power* (formerly *Sabotage*). (2) Nova Pilbeam, b. Nov. 13, 1919, Wimbledon, England; light brown hair and blue eyes, 4 ft. 10 in.; uses own name for screen purposes. Films include: *Little Friend*, *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, *Tudor Rose*, and is to make *Non Stop New York*.

B. B. (Maida Vale).—Ruth Etting, b. David City, Nebraska; has fair hair and blue eyes. Films include: *Roman Scandals*, *Hip Hip Hooray* and *Gift of Gab*.

M. H. and E. W. (Birmingham).—(1) Les Allen starred in *Heat Wave*. (2) A Shirley Temple did appear in *Change of Heart* with Janet Gaynor, James Dunn, Charles Farrell and Ginger Rogers, but it was not the Shirley Temple of *Poor Little Rich Girl*, *Dimples*, etc.

LIVERPOOL FAN.—Edward G. Robinson and Kay Francis appeared together in *I Loved a Woman*.

S. F. L. (Durham).—Winifred Shaw, b. Feb. 25, 1910; dark brown hair and eyes, 5 ft. 6 in., 110 lb.; she married when she was fifteen and has three children. Real name, Winifred Lei Momi, she is of English Hawaiian birth. Films include: *Gold Diggers of 1935*, *In Caliente*, *Front Page Woman*, *The Case of the Curious Bride*, *Broadway Hostess*, *The Singing Kid*, *The Case of the Velvet Claws* and *Sons of Guns*. Write to her c/o Warner Bros. asking for a photograph and enclosing an International Photo Order for 1s., the usual charge for an autographed photograph, with your request. (2) We have not published an art plate of Miss Shaw. Centre spread of *Gold Diggers of 1935*—April 20, 1935. (3) Photographs of Henry Fonda and John Lodge obtainable from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2 for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.



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MAUDE TOLD ME. Thank goodness she did! All the time I had imagined soap and water was enough to kill perspiration odour. It just *isn't*. So I started using Odo-ro-no. And never, never again shall I be guilty of this unforgivable thing.

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Save your clothes—and save yourself, too.
ODO-RO-NO was invented by a surgeon to keep his hands from perspiring while he operated. His daughter immediately saw what a boon it would be to women to check underarm perspiration. So when it had been proved *safe* she began to use it—and now it has its recognised place in the toilet routine of practically every civilised woman. It both *checks* perspiration and prevents it smelling.

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FAN CLUB NOTICES

A Birmingham branch of THE INTERNATIONAL FILM CLUB has now been formed, and the first dance of the season will be held at the Dolphin Hotel, Acoc's Green, Birmingham, on Wednesday, December 16. Fully licensed until midnight, free car park, spot prizes and running buffet. Tickets 2s. each, can be obtained from Mr. I. Plumtree, 1326 Warwick Road, Acoc's Green, Birmingham.

THE RICHARD TAUBER-DIANA NAPIER FAN CLUB welcomes new members. The Club is run with the personal interest of its Presidents, and a magazine is published quarterly. Those interested please write to hon. secretary, S. Goldberg, 14 Grafton Place, Euston Square, London, N.W.1.

We have just received a copy of "Rambles," for Sept.-Oct., 1936, which issue is dedicated to the memory of the late Irving Thalberg. This little publication is the official organ of the NORMA SHEARER CLUB and is sent to all members. Write to Hans Faxdahl, 1947 Broadway, New York City, U.S.A., for full particulars.

Will all those readers interested, please note that Miss Freda Wakeling, British Representative of the NELSON EDDY FAN CLUB has changed her address to 123 Huddleston Road, Tufnell Park, London, N.7, where all enquiries should be addressed.

It is advisable to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope when writing to Fan Clubs to ensure a reply.

No. 288 (New Series) Vol. 6.
November 28, 1936.

Edit. Offices: Martlett House,
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NEW AUTOMATIC Indelible LIPSTICK

Painfully Thin and Pale

MOTHER'S ANXIETY FOR ANÆMIC DAUGHTER.

"I really thought I was going to lose her," states Mrs. Buckle, of 16, Hipkins Street, Bloomfield, Tipton, Staffs., speaking of her young daughter. "She seemed to lose all her strength, and began to have fainting fits. She could not eat and became painfully thin and pale. She was highly nervous and could not sleep all night. The doctor said she was anæmic, but despite every care she made no progress.

"Then I heard about Dr. Williams pink pills and decided to give them a trial. My daughter soon began to eat better and had more energy. The colour returned to her cheeks and she was able to sleep well. The fainting fits ceased and she started to put on weight. Now she is a bonny girl, and everyone remarks on the change in her."

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that prematurely age you can be safely restored to their natural colour with **EVAN WILLIAMS TUNISIAN HENNA**

Send us a fair-size cutting from the greyest part of your hair and we will treat this with the correct shade of Tunisian Henna to show you the actual effect.

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I enclose a cutting of my grey hair for you to advise me which shade of henna to use

State shade required

If other preparations have been used, write giving full details.

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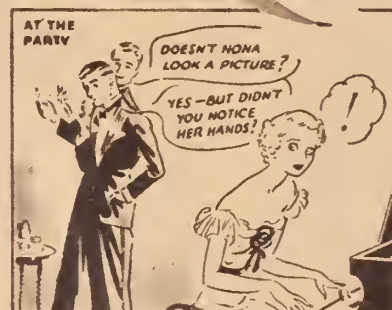
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Are your hands as attractive as they were in your courting days? They can be—despite housework. Just a little "Vaseline" Jelly smoothed on at nights will get rid of all that red roughness—prevent "Housework hands." Your hands will be as white and smooth as any single girl's. Try "Vaseline" Jelly tonight. Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.



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CONSTANCE LADY MOON



*She HUNTED big game —
and FOUND a new way to Beauty*

"I KNOW it doesn't seem quite the thing—getting excited about face creams when you're out to get big game.

"But you see we had gone hundreds of miles off into Kenya for elephant hunting. We lived in the open huts which the native chiefs keep for their guests and all day we were out-of-doors.

In my one small mirror I saw my face getting drier and rougher every day. Then I found —packed away in the luggage by some thoughtful person—several big jars of Pond's Creams.

"And how my skin changed when I started using them!" exclaims Lady Moon. "I came back with a much nicer complexion than I'd had at the start. I was 18 then, and I've used Pond's Creams ever since."

See how lovely *your* skin can be. Pond's Creams cost so little and are very easy to use. Read how they work to make your skin beautiful:

Beneath the skin you see is your *under-skin*, containing blood vessels, muscles, and nerves. Even in your 'teens your *under-skin* begins to get lazy. Muscles and glands relax. Circulation slows down. Then your troubles start.

But when you use Pond's Cold

Cream, its fine oils cleanse the pores completely. Blackheads soon wipe away. Also, as you pat it in, it *stimulates* your *under-skin*. Your colour becomes fresh and clear. Lines and even wrinkles vanish as your *under-skin* is nourished by the renewed circulation. Your complexion looks lovely and fresh.

Every night cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream as well as in the morning and before you make up. Then use Pond's Vanishing Cream. It will hold your powder on for hours. It protects all day against winds and heat. Also it feeds your skin with two substances; one softens rough, dry skin *at once*, the other nourishes, making skin firm and guarding against lines.

Start with Pond's Creams today and see your skin turn lovelier. These face creams are inexpensive. At chemists' everywhere.

POND'S

FREE: For sample tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, write your name and address below, pin a 1d. stamp to this coupon, and post in sealed envelope to Dept. C1341-2, Pand's, Perivale, Middlesex.

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Leave IT to ANNE

WHATEVER your beauty problem, why not pass it to me? I am here to help you. Address your letter to ANNE, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

THE other day one of my correspondents raised a point which I think may have puzzled many others. "I am just out of the schoolgirl stage," she writes, "and beginning to take an interest in beauty problems. But I am absolutely bewildered by the array of different creams and lotions. What are they all for and which should I use?"

Supposing we take her query as a text for this article, for the best beauty products ever made are not much use if you do not know how and when to use them.

Shall we consider cleansing creams first. Cleansing creams, which are used in addition to soap and water for cleansing the skin are of two types: liquefying cream and the "Cold cream." A liquefying cream is somewhat translucent in appearance, and breaks down into an oil by the warmth of the skin to which it is applied. It spreads easily without rubbing and floats out the accumulated grime in the pores. There is no nourishment in such a cream at all. It will not take the place of a feeding cream. It will leave a dry skin just as dry as before.

Its greatest value is for women who are no longer young. It permits the cleansing to take place without any stretching of the skin.

Cold cream, the second type, floats out the dirt, too, but in addition, it contains valuable oils that feed the skin, and soften a complexion that is dry and wrinkled. In using this make two applications. The first should be wiped off with a paper tissue immediately the dirt is brought out of the pores. Then the second should be given, massaged in and allowed to remain for ten minutes.

Here is the best method for using liquefying cream. Squeeze a pad of cotton wool out of cold water. Sprinkle well with skin tonic, dip it in the cleansing cream, and wipe it lightly over the skin. Remove with a paper tissue. With this combination you cleanse and tone at the same time, and leave the skin feeling refreshed as well as clean.

The next on our list is skin food or feeding cream. This is a rich and altogether heavier kind of cream, intended to do just what its name implies. It should be applied before going to bed. It should be used regularly; work it into face and neck with firm upward strokes and pats.

If you have a greasy skin, the cream should be removed immediately the massage is completed, and the face wiped over with a skin tonic. If your skin is dry, leave the cream on for ten minutes—while you have a bath, for instance, and then remove the surplus with a paper tissue. This will leave the tiniest film of cream on the skin to soften it overnight.

Dry, or greasy, never leave a heavy application on the skin while you sleep. It tends to make the skin relaxed. But, used in the manner I have indicated, you will soon realise that it has the effect of keeping the complexion soft and youthful in appearance.

Never use a greasy feeding cream as a foundation. It is too heavy and after a time the powder simply clogs the pores.

Foundation creams and powder bases are used for the sole purpose of preparing the skin for the application of powder, and giving a smooth matt finish to the complexion. There are several types of foundation and your choice depends

entirely on the type of skin you possess.

Vanishing creams are quite greaseless. Probably, this type of foundation is best for the normal skin. It smooths the skin, leaving it quite level for the powder. It gives protection and adds a certain "bloom" to the skin that is very flattering.

A very dry skin needs a different foundation. The sensitive skin foundations are generally distinguished by being called "balm" or "mousse of cream."

A skin that suffers from cold winds or dust is best suited with a "weather" or a "motoring" cream. These are of a thicker type and are sometimes called "protective" creams. Protective creams are also used to lighten up muddy complexion and sallow skins.

What of the really oily skin? In such cases a liquid foundation is undoubtedly best. The lotion is dabbed on the skin, allowed to dry and then the powder is applied. This gives the much desired matt surface.

A skin that is only slightly greasy, can do with a foundation cream that is just slightly astringent in effect. A complexion that is too florid, or is suffering from tiny broken veins, probably looks best with a liquid foundation in peach tint, with powder to match. This has the effect of toning down the redness and hiding the veins.

At night time the same kind of skin responds very well to a pale lettuce green protective cream and a green powder. But, I do not recommend that course for day time.

Never apply your foundation too heavily, whichever type you use. Otherwise after a while it will appear through the powder and produce a patchy effect.

The skin is ready for powder when it is smooth and in a slightly moist condition.

Finally, let me insist that however good your complexion may be, it needs regular attention in this matter of cleansing and feeding.

If you are young, cold winds, dry air, and sometimes poor circulation are denuding your skin of the natural oils that keep it soft and pliable.

If you are no longer young, then Nature is gradually diminishing that supply of oil, and it is up to you to make the supply good.

T. N. (Wembley).—Radium Leather Dye is the cheap and easy tonic that will bring new life to the oldest shoes. Price 6d. Radium is simple to apply and permanent in effect.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Mrs. F. SCARFF, 23, Orlando Road, Clapham, S.W.4, for:—

The Wedding Night
The Gay Bride
What, No Beer?
The Bride Walks Out

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to: Miss DIANA PLOWMAN, 140, Wardown Crescent, Luton, Beds., for:— The Petrified Forest
The Man Who Could Work Miracles
As You Like It
Evergreen

Miss A. HARRISON, 21, Rendonber Avenue, Cosham, Portsmouth, Hants., for:— Doctor's Orders
Absolute Quiet
Oh, No, Doctor
Invitation to the Waltz

Miss M. CAWTE (aged 13), 232, Shipbourne Road, Tonbridge, Kent, for:— When Knights Were Bold
Young and Beautiful
This Day and Age
False Faces

G. BURKE, 2, Caledon Street, Downhill, Glasgow, W.2, for:— And So They Were Married
If You Could Only Cook
Pot Luck
—And Sudden Death

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no other rules, except that I must insist that your "titles" are submitted on a postcard and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.

GRAND XMAS NUMBER

Don't miss this Glorious
120 Page Christmas Feast

OUT
TUESDAY
DEC. 1st



JUST TAKE A PEEP

at some of the
striking contents

**WHAT SHOULD WE
TELL OUR CHILDREN
ABOUT CHRISTMAS?**
Will you agree with what
Canon "Dick" Sheppard
has specially written
for "Mother"?

TIES FOR FATHER?
All your Christmas
Present problems are
solved—EIGHT brilliant
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for every member of the
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Gay ideas for Christmas
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reading. And there's a
serial, too—"I Take
This Woman."

WITH the first two issues "Mother" established its position throughout the land as the premier home journal for women. NOW comes No. 3 of "Mother"—a wonderful big CHRISTMAS NUMBER—on sale Tuesday, December 1. Women everywhere will be eager to secure this magnificent issue. Think of it! 120 rich photogravure pages, packed with authoritative and helpful articles—you'll be so keen to read them all you won't know which to start reading first!—glamorous with fiction, profusely illustrated with wonderful pictures—and the price? Only SIXPENCE!

Each dazzling page has its surprises... its thrills... Health and Beauty secrets—fashions—home and cookery hints—advice on child welfare—and THREE grand complete stories... these are but a few of the delights in store. LOOK at the list on the left.

AND HERE'S A WONDERFUL SURPRISE

This great Christmas Number holds a thrilling secret... an exciting Yuletide Surprise for the children... something with a mysterious section under seal... a GIFT for the children you MUST NOT MISS.

There's certain to be an enormous demand for this fine issue. Go to your newsagent as soon as you can and ask him to reserve you a copy—be quick, otherwise you may find every copy SOLD OUT.

MOTHER

THE GREAT NEW HOME JOURNAL ^{6^d} Monthly

He's a "home bird" now!



Life indoors is bad for the skin—there's no doubt about that. And cooking and washing in stuffy atmospheres may easily give you "Tired Skin" unless you guard your complexion with Knight's Castile. The pure oils used in Knight's Castile are specially selected to keep the complexion clear and youthful. Ask your chemist for a tablet—it costs only fourpence.



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SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE

Don't let LEG TROUBLES CRIPPLE YOU!

Elasto will Lighten Your Step!



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"For years it was misery for me to walk, my legs and insteps would swell and the pain was awful! Finally an ulcer broke out on my ankle, and I could not walk or stand except for a few minutes at a time. Then my son advised me to try Elasto and . . ."

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LEG TROUBLES soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon disappear, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical: it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

What other users of ELASTO say:

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- "My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
- "Now walk long distances with ease."
- "Elasto has cured my bad legs."
- "Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
- "Now free from piles."
- "I feel 10 years younger."
- "It put me on my feet."
- "I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
- "All signs of phlebitis gone."
- "Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
- "I am now free from pain."
- "My skin is as soft as velvet."
- "Elasto tones up the system and cures Depression."
- "As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
- "Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
- "Cured my swollen legs, although I had been suffering for years."
- "Had rheumatism so bad I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me." Etc.

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"I can now Walk for Miles"

"... after using your remedy I am happy to say I am completely cured and can now walk for miles. I cannot praise Elasto enough, as I thought I would never walk again." Your remedy is truly wonderful.
Mrs. L. S.

To all Readers of "Picturegoer"

FREE
**A generous Sample
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Elasto cures varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, phlebitis, thrombosis, muscular weakness, heart troubles, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, gout, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad leg.

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Picturegoer 28/11/36

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The Picturegoer Weekly,
No. 289 (New Series), Vol. 6
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper
December 5, 1936

Picturegoer

The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

2^d
WEEKLY



Vivien
LEIGH



When the festive season is with us, these colourful Christmas packings fit perfectly into the scheme of things, and whether for gifts or parties "Player's always Please." With the lucky one's name and address added, these special cartons are ready to post.

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FOR ENERGY

LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAM

golden hair, blue eyes. She says: "The first time I tried Pond's Powder I knew I'd use it always. The Peach shade is exactly right."



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK

brown hair, brown eyes. She says: "Why didn't anyone make a powder like Pond's before? I'm thrilled with the Peach shade."



Blonde— *Brunette—*
...yet they use the
same powder shade!

MANY a girl with dark hair is using a brunette's shade which actually makes her skin look old and dull. And many a girl with fair hair is using a blonde's shade which gives her a haggard, tired look.

Does your skin often look faded, oldish? Your powder shade can make you look like that! And the right shade will do the opposite—will clear and brighten muddy skin, give sparkle to a pale complexion.

No matter how carefully you have chosen the shade you are now using, still it may be wrong. For, until recently, face powder shades were made without a scientific knowledge of skin tones.

Now, in developing their five shades, Pond's have made a special study of women's complexions. The skin of over 200 girls was analysed under a colourscope to discover what tints gave blonde skin its clarity, brunette its creamy tone.

New shades transform you.

And now these tints are blended invisibly in Pond's Powder. No wonder they give you a glamorous loveliness! There is one way to know what shade gives you greatest beauty—try all five. Do this at your nearest chemist's. Or send in the coupon. *Natural* gives transparency. *Rachel 1* gives pearliness to fair skin. *Rachel 2* adds a creamy tone. *Peach* warms dull skin. *Dark Brunette* brightens a dark skin.



AMAZING FACTS
about lovely skin were revealed when 200 girls were complexion-analysed under a colourscope. It showed that beautiful blonde skin has a note of blue; that lovely brunette skin contains brilliant green! With this knowledge Pond's have been able to blend in their new powder shades the exact tints of lovely skin.



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Picturegoer-The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

I WONDER if Anna Neagle's plan to play *Nell Gwyn* on the New York stage will be a first step toward Hollywood.

Anna, one of the few stars with genuine made-in-Britain credentials, has so far been content to be queen of her own back-yard, but I hear it whispered that the Californian studios have been calling more insistently lately.

I have never had the simple faith possessed by some in the infallibility of the Hollywood star-factory methods, but a spell of Hollywood experience and grooming would do Anna no harm.

Star Shortage

Hollywood's bid for Miss Neagle, coupled with other recent manifestations from the movie city, is significant.

The all-star film is increasingly becoming a fashion. *Libelled Lady*, featuring Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, William Powell and Spencer Tracy, incidentally, broke all first-week records at the London Empire for the last three years, with the exception of *The Painted Veil* and *Muliny on the Bounty*, both of which had the advantage of playing Christmas week.

The wiseacres are already saying that the single star system is doomed.

The truth is that Hollywood is suffering from an acute shortage of stars who can carry pictures on their own shoulders.

Signs of Wear

Shirley Temple can still bring out the "House Full" signs without assistance whenever she comes to town, but the Child Wonder is one of the last of an almost extinct species.

Even the appeal of that other rugged individualist Mae West has lost some of its irresistibility, and Mr. George Arliss's famous one-arm band, playing bravely on, can no longer be guaranteed to crowd the kinemas of the world.

Most of the other big box-office names of the movies have been before the public for five years or more and are showing signs of wear.

Battle for Talent

One result is the biggest battle for years between the movie kings for what talent is available.

Studios have become quite militant in protecting their properties. The loss of Gary Cooper by Paramount months before his contract had expired has taught them all to be cautious.

Since Spencer Tracy won public attention through *San Francisco* and *Libelled Lady*, Metro has been conscious of the covetous glances of other lots.

This week, six months in advance of the termination of the agreement, a new one was negotiated which shut out all other bidders and assured control of the player.

Taylor's Million-dollar Contract

The same studio was taking no chances either with Robert Taylor, now probably M.-G.-M.'s best meal ticket.

Taylor has just been securely tied up to the



Marsha Hunt, who is being groomed for stardom by Paramount. Recently she has been in "Hollywood Boulevard" and "The Arizona Raiders."

All the GOSSIP

home lot with a new million-dollar contract. Under it he starts at £400, eventually rising to £1,000 a week.

Metro has, of course, reserved the right to drop their option if they want to.

Jack Gilbert's optionless contract still causes painful memories at Culver City. The studio has also signed James Stewart and Nelson Eddy on the dotted line.

Garbo Goes Gay

Has Greta Garbo at last dropped her mystery act? Her unprecedented conduct on the *Camille* set has startled the natives. They put it down to the star's present good health!

There is an astonished note in all the bulletins from the studios.

In appearance, we learn, she is slightly slimmer, "but gracefully and athletically slender. Her complexion, without make-up, is the glow of health, intensified by a golden body tan she has acquired in the California sunshine since her recent return from Sweden.

"Her walk is more brisk, and during rehearsals

and in actual scenes for *Camille*, she has actually outrun Taylor across flower-studded fields."

For other scenes of Parisian gaiety, she has rehearsed tiring dances with Val Raset all day long. Yet at the end of the strenuous hours it was the dance director and not Garbo who was fatigued.

Mirth and Music

Throughout the production, Greta has laughed more heartily than ever before, "another proof of excellent health."

She has thrilled to the swing of lively rumbas, played by an orchestra on the stages in her presence for the first time.

She has frequently requested Rex Evans, a member of the cast, and Baron Georg von Rischlawy, technical adviser, to play merry melodies for her on the piano.

Frequently, she has hopped aboard the camera perambulator to ride around the stage. Instead of hastily retiring to her screened dressing-room after each scene, she now remains on the stage to chat and laugh with members of the cast and company.

Only recently Garbo for a solid hour recited

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

her humorous experiences in Europe and New York with newspapermen and trailing crowds, and her audience was Director Cukor, the assistant director, "prop" men and electricians.

Between-scenes Dances

Garbo has danced with Taylor between scenes, accompanied by "hot swing music" on the gramophone. She has participated in jokes played upon this and that member of the *Camille* company. Unafraid and oblivious to the stares aimed at her, she walks daily around the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

"Therein," the statement concludes, "rests the proof that Garbo is happier and in better health than she has been for years, for such things have never happened since Greta Louise Gustafsson first stepped through the studio gates."

Filming the Quins

Director Norman Taurog has found that filming the Dionne Quintuplets is not without its difficulties.

His unit was at work in the nursery playground at Callander, Ontario, shooting scenes for *Hearts in Reunion* (that's the title now) the second Twentieth Century-Fox picture starring the famous babies.

Taurog wanted a shot of Cecile turning her head to listen to a band. With a confident "Here she is," Jean Hersholt escorted one of the infants within range of the cameras.

"Let's get this right now," Taurog said, nerves already a little frayed, "or she might wander away."

The signal came from the cameraman; Taurog began to wave his arms, making odd sounds to attract the baby's attention. She remained utterly indifferent.

"Cecile! Cecile! Regardez! Lookit!"

Taurog was becoming frantic—the baby remained unperturbed.

Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe watched the proceedings and, when Taurog's breaking point seemed imminent, he interrupted quietly: "If you call her Yvonne, I think she'll turn round, Mr. Taurog."

Just another case of mistaken identity.

Storm Over Statuettes

Storm clouds are already gathering over the next Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences awards.

There have been criticism of "politics" and log-rolling of late and last year's selections did little to enhance the academy's already somewhat frayed prestige.

There was a strong suspicion that Bette Davis's statuette for *Dangerous* was something in the nature of a consolation prize following

Many happy returns to Walt Disney, who celebrates his thirty-fifth birthday to-day.

Warner's spirited protest about the actress's performance in *Of Human Bondage* being neglected the previous year. Then trying to please everybody resulted in too many odd awards, which lessened interest.

When just before the voting the New York writers started a critical stampede in favour of *The Informer*, it was conceded in the industry that the picture had little chance of winning the academy award, but with all the disturbance caused by the Broadway lads the picture could not be ignored.

So it won prizes for performance, direction, adaptation and music, but *Mutiny on the Bounty*, from the more influential Metro lot, was declared the best film of the year.

This year new methods will be organised and a move is being made to bring a number of accredited critics, including British writers, in to assist the ballot.

Another Goldwyn Find

Sam Goldwyn is discovering starlets more quickly than I can record their names for your future reference. The latest is Virginia Verrill, a Hollywood girl, who had to go to New York to attract attention.

Virginia was born and educated in the film city. Upon graduating from the local high school, she sang in night clubs and over the radio.

She tried to attract the attention of various film producers, but all they cared about was her voice. It was her voice you heard when you saw Jean Harlow "singing" in *Reckless*, and Virginia performed a similar service for Barbara Stanwyck in *Ten Cents a Dance*. But Virginia could not get producers interested in her face.

In disgust, she went to New York eighteen months ago and became the singing star in one of Broadway's smartest night clubs. Last week she was seen there by one of Goldwyn's talent scouts and given a film test. Now she is to feature in *The Goldwyn Follies*.

Bashful Bing

Only one woman has kissed Bing Crosby. That is, in a picture.

Bing, who is now at work on *Waikiki Wedding*, as a matter of fact, dislikes love scenes in films, whether he is playing in them or not. He thinks they're obvious, self-conscious and all sorts of things. So he plays his love scenes in a way which has even the directors and Paramount studio executives guessing.

They ran *Rhythm on the Range* over and over in a projection room before they decided that he never really kissed Frances Farmer.

The long and short of it is that Crosby, the great crooner, is bashful. In *We're Not Dressing*, Bing really kissed Carole Lombard and the story goes that he blushes whenever he remembers this scene.

Mulhall Gets a Break

Old-timers will be pleased to hear that Jack Mulhall gets a good break in *Beloved Enemy*, the new Merle Oberon picture.

Little more than eight years ago Mulhall was right on top of the world. Earning £600 a week

as one of the most popular stars on the screen, he could boast of investments worth £200,000.

But the 1929 "crash" stripped him of nearly everything. Contract troubles followed and two short years later he found himself penniless and jobless. For two or three years Mulhall disappeared from the screen, but lately he has been trying hard to come back in small parts that sometimes were little more than walk-on "bits."

You may have noticed him as the stage-door Johnnie in *Strike Me Pink*, as the skating-rink manager in *One Rainy Afternoon*, or as the airport clerk in *Thirteen Hours by Air*.

Now he tells me he has quite a good role in the new picture. I hope it hasn't been left on the cutting room floor.

Tragedy Recalled

The tragic story of another former star was recalled during production of *Beloved Enemy*.

The star is Eve Southern, who, a decade ago, was at the height of her fame. She is particularly remembered for her portrayal of the "Madonna" in Douglas Fairbanks's *The Gaucho*. For several years she was at the top. Then she was involved in a road smash. Her back was broken, and she was forced to retire.

For *Beloved Enemy*, Sam Goldwyn had collected a fine assortment of ancient cars. But he was unable to find the right model Rolls Royce he needed to convert into an armoured car. He finally appealed to the authorities for a list of persons owning that particular type of car. There was just one—Miss Southern.

This was the car in which she crashed. But the former actress immediately offered to lend it to Goldwyn for the scenes he required. The Rolls was completely converted, with armour plates and turret-tops, and when returned to

Freddie Bartholomew and Una O'Connor are together again in "Lloyd's of London."





Max Miller enjoys some good, clean, wholesome fun in "Don't Get Me Wrong."

Right: Sir Cedric Hardwicke, snapped on his way to America.

Miss Southern was slightly the worse for wear. "But that is all right," Miss Southern wrote Goldwyn. "It was almost like going back into pictures myself."

Censorship Comedy

Carole Lombard is the heroine of this week's censorship comedy.

When Paramount made *The Princess Comes Across* the foreign sales department of the organisation joined with the Hays office in protesting against the identification of Carole as Princess Olga of Sweden.

They said that Swedish royalty would be offended.

When the picture arrived here our own Board of Censors deleted the reference to Sweden, and France cut the entire line.

But when it reached Stockholm the distributors changed the title of the film to *Princess Olga of Sweden*.

Pixilated Sisters Again

Margaret Seddon and Margaret McWade, who made their reputation in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, are being given a "build up" by Paramount.

They are to be given special billing in *Let's Make a Million* as "The Pixilated Sisters."

They are also cast as sisters in *One Man's Bonus*, with Edward Everett Horton.

Gene Writes a Song

Fred Astaire isn't the only film star who writes his own music. In his current picture *Smartest Girl in Town*, Gene Raymond sings a tune that he wrote himself. Its title is "Will You?" Must be the effect of being engaged to Jeanette MacDonald.

Although the film is not a musical, Raymond in his role of a millionaire playboy, sings the number to Ann Sothern with ukelele accompaniment in one of the beach sequences.

Smartest Girl in Town is the third picture in which Raymond and Ann Sothern have been teamed recently.

Best Dressed Star—Official

Kay Francis has scored a shattering victory in the perennial and bitter battle for the honour of being Hollywood's best dressed woman.

Kay is the first film star to win the coveted



of speaking parts, because as a "stand-in" she can devote more time to her writing. Among the stars she has "stood-in" for are Merle Oberon, Sally Eilers, Joan Blondell, Ida Lupino, Karen Morley, Virginia Bruce and Constance Cummings.

She is now substituting for Jean Dixon in Walter Wanger's *You Only Live Once*, in which Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda are co-starred.

Colossoriffic !

The insidious force of the language of the movies, with its "colossal," "stupendous" and "terrific," has wormed its way into the dialogue of the Twentieth Century-Fox musical, *Under Your Spell*.

There is a scene in the picture in which Gregory Ratoff and Lawrence Tibbett are having a conversation about dinner.

Ratoff is supposed to say: "Let's go to a place where we can get a nice, substantial meal."

But every time the scene is shot, Ratoff blows up in his lines and says: "Let's go to a place and get a nice, sensational meal."

After three takes had gone this way, Director Preminger said to the comedian, "Ratoff, my friend, you should be a press agent."

Copyright Sets Now

The first attempt to copyright sets created for a motion picture will be made by Hobe Erwin, a well-known New York decorator, who is in Hollywood designing backgrounds for Radio's *Quality Street*, in which Katharine Hepburn and Franchot Tone are co-starred.

Erwin has applied to Washington for copyrights on his sets, so they cannot be copied in other films or used for private homes.

He contends that interior decorators often "pirate" designs used in pictures and repeat them in their private work. He hopes to establish a precedent that will eliminate this in the future.

Sir Cedric's Tribute

"Like many an actor, I am a man of moods," says Sir Cedric Hardwicke, the famous stage and screen star, "but there is something in 'Christmas Pie' to match them all."

This is Sir Cedric's sincere tribute to the great 112-page magazine which is bringing unrivalled entertainment into hundreds of thousands of homes.

It has fiction by the most popular of living authors, and humour by artists who have made all Britain laugh.

The contributors include Sir Philip Gibbs, Warwick Deeping, Dorothy Sayers, Gilbert Frankau, Lord Dunsany, A. P. Herbert, H. M. Bateman, Heath Robinson, Lawson Wood and Bruce Bairnsfather.

Every copy of "Christmas Pie" sold helps the King George's Jubilee Trust. Get your copy to-day—sixpence everywhere.

Not so Ginger Rogers

There seems to be an epidemic of hair-changing among the feminine stars.

Last week I told you how Joan Crawford had decided to go blonde. Now comes the announcement that Ginger Rogers, whose red-gold tresses are advertised in her name and have become identified as a definite part of her personality, is to go brunette.

It appears that Ginger thinks the change will help in her transition from musical comedy to dramatic actress in *Mother Carey's Chickens*.

Short Shots

Marlene Dietrich has been buying Josef von Sternberg a wireless set—Ilda Lupino reported to be homesick—Mae West has a new trade mark; she has christened that famous strut the "swivel swing"—Gloria Stuart and Lee Tracy are reunited in *Wanted, Jane Turner*.—Louise Latimer claims to be the first actress to kiss Robert Taylor; she did a test with him over two years ago and it was a love scene—Hollywood is to make a film on the Canadian Stork Derby—Paul Muni has been cast as Dreyfus in *The Truth Is On The March*—Claudette Colbert's next will be *I Met Him In Paris*—They are talking of remaking *The Birth of a Nation*.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS

Gold Medal of the U.S. Fashion Academy, which carries with it a world title.

Screen Fame Rejected

One of Hollywood's busiest "stand-ins" is Isabelle Sheridan, a cousin of Mary Pickford. Beautiful and talented, Miss Sheridan started working in the studios when Miss Pickford was at the height of her fame, but she is not interested in a screen career. She has literary ambitions, and her first novel is being published in the New Year.

Miss Sheridan has turned down many offers

CLAUDETTE'S new home was complete—each room a poem of beauty and comfort. For weeks in New York she had brooded over furniture until at last there was just the right piece for every space. Original paintings worth small fortunes hung upon the walls. Well loved draperies and rugs lent colour and grace. And—to cap the climax of all this charm and luxury—there was a projection room where Claudette, her family and friends could loll in Hollywood splendour and watch the newest films run off.

That projection room was a symbol to Claudette—a symbol which said that after all the years of heartache and struggle she had at last arrived, become a first magnitude star.

Trembling with delight, Claudette called the studio and asked for the latest release. They were sorry, she was told, but Mr. So-and-So, a man whose salary or importance in no way compared with hers had that particular picture. She asked for another film almost as good. Oh, no, Miss So-and-So, a youngster recently put under contract was running that one in her projection room.

Claudette went down the list until at last her choice rested between *'Way Down East* and *Curly Top*—both pictures months old, both pictures Claudette had seen. She chose *Curly Top*. The next night *'Way Down East*.

A few days later she tried again. It was the same story. Oh, yes, she could have her choice between *Curly Top* and *'Way Down East*.

"If I have to see those pictures again," she said, "I'll scream!" Everyone laughed. They knew Claudette wouldn't scream. So they sent her *Curly Top* and *'Way Down East*.

It went on like that for weeks. At last Claudette stood in the lonely splendour of her projection room with her hat on. She was going to the neighbourhood movie to see a new picture. She sighed. "Everybody else but me can see pictures in their own homes," she said, too weak to be grammatical. "Well, I guess I'm just not the regal type."

And there is a portrait of Claudette which gives you a complete indication of her character.

When friends of mine ask me what Claudette is really like I usually say, "She's swell," and let it go at that. It's just too difficult to make people realise that here is a very great movie actress, who earns £30,000 a picture, who is mobbed by autograph seekers wherever she goes, who is at the glamorous heights of popularity and who just isn't the regal type. Perhaps the only way to make you believe it, is to give you some examples, to show you what my eyes have seen, to repeat what my ears have heard.

Let's begin by going on a shopping tour with her. She walks into the fitting-room, shoves her hat on the back of her head, and, unconscious of the fluttering sales-ladies, models and designers, proceeds to give the gowns on display attention. Her frugal eye doesn't miss a thing.

She wants to know at once, "Will this material fade?" Imagine a girl with Claudette's money and position worrying whether material is going to fade after a couple of wearings or not. But she cares.

Once I saw her try on a perfectly stunning frock which looked divine on her. But I knew as I watched her turning and twisting before the full-length mirror that she would never buy it. It was much too theatrical for Claudette Colbert, the movie star.

"It's a lovely dress," she said at last, "but it's so showy that I couldn't wear it more than a few times without people spotting it."

"What's wrong with wearing it a few times and throwing it away?" I asked maliciously.

I saw her French soul go cold with shock. Nothing could ever make her so brutally extravagant. She can spend thousands of dollars on a painting because that is something which will give pleasure for generations. But wearing a dress a few times and throwing it away is a gesture it would be physically impossible for her to make.

Her figure is utterly divine—the most beautiful legs in the world, the slimmest hips, the most

softly-rounded arms and, because it is so perfect, she loves to find fault with it. She will say quite earnestly to the sales-lady, "You see I have to be very careful. My shoulders aren't broad enough to wear that." Or, "that would make me look dumpty. With my figure I have to be careful."

And with her figure she has to be careful about nothing—except jealous women. But, actually, she doesn't have to be careful about that. For women, realising how little she dramatises herself, how natural and simple she is, invariably like her. They like her because in almost all of her contacts she uses her brains instead of her sex.

Essentially Claudette is a "heady" actress and as proof let me tell you how she approached her role in *Under Two Flags*. The day after she got the part she made her poor husband practically choke over his soup that night at dinner by asking quite calmly, "How does a person die when he's been shot in the stomach?"

However, Dr. Pressman knows Claudette's insatiable clinical curiosity so he answered, as calmly as possible, "Well, his eyes stay open. He wouldn't be able to speak because he'd be in a coma."

"Hummmmm," Claudette hummmmed, "that won't do."

She explained later. As *Cigarette* in *Under Two Flags* she had to be shot in the stomach and die beautifully in Ronald Colman's arms while she murmured deathless words of gallantry loud enough for the microphone to pick up.

Another actress would have been content to die in the conventional screen way, finishing the scene with the eyes slowly closing. But Claudette's passion for realism would no more allow her—the wife of a doctor—to pass out like that than her French frugality would allow her to buy a dress she could wear but a few times. She was worried and pre-occupied for days.

At last she announced, "I've got it. Oh boy, I've got it."

"Got what?" Dr. Pressman asked.

"The way to die."

She had to speak the lines. But she barely whispered them. She would not be allowed to die with her eyes open. So she asked Colman to cover her face with his hand and turn her face away from the camera. The compromise satisfied Claudette. It satisfied Colman, too, since it threw the scene to him.

Claudette can always find a way. In fact, I've never seen her in a situation from which she could not extricate herself. And I've seen her in some pretty tough ones.

There was the time, for instance, when we were all up in Harlem together. In spite of the fact that the ballroom was in semi-darkness and Claudette wore the most inconspicuous of clothes and we all called her "Lily," word got round after about the first two minutes that she was there. She realised that if she autographed for one person she would have to do the same thing for hundreds and would see none of the amazing sights she had come to see.

At first she tried smiling sweetly and saying "I'm afraid I'm not the person you think I am." But it didn't work—it didn't work at all and those hundreds began milling around her, closing in upon her, and at last they started to sway back and forth with that dreadful mass rhythm which might strike the tempo for any sort of violence.

I was really afraid and a couple of the men in our party started to make their way through the crowd to Claudette. But before the rescue party arrived Claudette had dispelled them herself. She had simply looked into that sea of faces and said, "Look here. Please be good sports. I'm up here to have some fun. How can I have it if I've got my nose in autograph books all

I DON'T WANT a CROWN

Says Claudette

evening? Come on, don't pay any attention to me."

It worked like magic. The crowd dispersed and Claudette stood on a chair and watched the "Lindy" contest and had the time of her life.

You see, by not being "the regal type" she had a lot of fun she wouldn't have had otherwise. Another time that I saw her come through a trying circumstance gallantly, was when she was still married to Norman Foster. It was New Year's Eve and they had attended a private party at one of the smart hotels. Claudette had been chatting to someone sitting next to her when a man whom she had good cause to dislike came up to her, touched her shoulder and asked her to dance. "I'm sorry," she said, "but I promised the next dance to my husband."

The man smiled maddeningly, "I'm afraid your husband isn't here."

"Oh, he'll be right back," Claudette answered with an assurance she did not feel. But he did



Left, before her divorce. Norman Foster sees Claudette off to Honolulu where she was going with Leo Carrillo to join the cast of "Four Frightened People." Below. The star with Louise Dresser in "Maid of Salem."



IN spite of her hard-won position as a ranking star, Claudette Colbert puts on no airs. "I guess I'm not the regal type," she tells Katherine Albert in this revealing article dealing with her life off-stage.

Colbert

not come back—not for hours. And Claudette chatted and smiled and pretended not to notice either Norman's absence or the fact that all eyes—some merely curious, some pitying—were upon her.

Claudette was "the regal type" that night. She was a great lady in the truest sense of that gallant phrase. Mentally, I put other picture girls in her place—girls who would have marched indignantly from the room (and been written up in the gossip columns the next day), girls who would have wept on the most convenient man's shoulder, girls who would have stormed and cursed. But Claudette sat—poised, charming, assured—routing her enemies by the quiet graciousness of her charm.

When it was time to go Claudette found Norman in the public dining-room chatting with some friends, completely unaware that he had given her a moment's unhappiness. Gay, irresponsible, boyish Norman—how ill-mated a pair they were. How much better suited to each other are she and the intellectual, scientific, adult Dr. Joel Pressman.

Perhaps one of the reasons that Claudette has kept so beautifully balanced in the unbalanced society of Hollywood is that she—one of the town's most important stars—never thinks of herself as that. She is still a movie fan and is as excited and pleased over her contacts with the great of the film colony as if she were a little girl just arrived from Keokuk.

I remember her telling me once about a party she had been on with Marlene Dietrich and some other people. "Dietrich was amazing," Claudette said. "When we were in the night club everybody was watching her and she was living up to all her glamour. Then one of the couples suggested that we go up to their apartment and have scrambled eggs. Marlene said, 'Let me cook them.'"

"I practically fell off my chair at that. But we went to the apartment and Dietrich tucked her gorgeous evening gown up around her waist and put on a kitchen apron and made the best scrambled eggs I've ever tasted. And she loved doing it. Imagine! Imagine Marlene Dietrich in somebody's kitchen cooking eggs!"

You see? That was all as amazing to Claudette as it would be to you and me. She told it as a fan would tell it. And it never occurred to her that she is as great a star as Dietrich, that her glamour has been touted, too. Perhaps it is this very attitude—this ability to stay (spiritually) outside of Hollywood and look on—that has kept her from becoming the regal type.

A very good friend of Claudette's said to me, "I wish Claudette weren't my friend. I wish Joan Crawford were instead. Joan is such swell copy. She's always changing, always creating new stories to write about. And honestly, Claudette is just the same girl she was when I first knew her—long before she was a star."

This friend spoke the truth. She is the same girl who—so long ago—sat at the feet of the great Katherine Cornell and said, "What am I to do? My career is ruined."

Claudette had, a few months before, lost what she thought was the most important role of her career. Heartbroken, desperate, she had attended a party just to get her mind off her troubles. There she met Katherine Cornell and into those wise ears she poured her troubles.

"How old are you?" Cornell asked the girl.

Claudette told her.

"When I was your age I had just as serious a disappointment in the theatre. I was quite sure that I was through—forever. And now—"

"And now," said Claudette, with new courage in her heart, "you're the first lady of the theatre. Thank you for telling me."

That happened ten years ago. But Claudette still worries about her career; she is quite sure that she's completely through after every picture she makes. And, if you're a friend of hers, you're apt to find her almost any day sitting cross-legged on the floor of her beautiful projection room—no, not seeing *Curly Top* and *Way Down East*—but thoughtfully gnawing at her thumb and musing to herself, "I've done enough light comedy. They'll be sure to get tired of me in light comedy. I've got to have a good lusty melodrama for a change. I can't last much longer if I keep doing the same old part. I..."

If you break in on these ruminations you'll hear a long story about her career worries. Claudette thinks they're real—just as she thinks it's real when she assures the designers that she has to be careful of her figure.

"Well, if I'm through," she'll go on carefully. "I have a trust fund which will bring me in an income and we have this house and..."

"Shut up, you fool," you tell her. "Don't you know you're one of the biggest stars in Hollywood?"

She will shake her head in amazement. "It doesn't seem right somehow, does it? I'm not the type—honestly, baby, I'm not the type."

Above, Claudette Colbert as she appears in her latest success, "Under Two Flags" in which she plays the romantic role of the vivandiere, Cigarette.



Hollywood Passes a MIRACLE

ONE of the most remarkable films ever made—*The Green Pastures*—has now come to our screen. Here is the inner story of its production, vividly related

by Guy BEACON

NOW and again in "show business" a miracle happens.

This one began happening in 1929; a well-known, hard-boiled, wise-cracking American playwright named Marc Connelly read a novel by Roark Bradford—*Ol Man Adam and His Chillun*—and it "got under his skin"; he couldn't get the characters out of his mind.

He became obsessed with the idea of writing a play based upon the book, which was all about Heaven and earth in the beginning, as the simple, uneducated negroes of the "deep South" conceive it to be.

He decided he must meet Roark Bradford, so he journeyed down to New Orleans to visit Bradford and his wife—both writers—and they took him to see the characters from the book, all of whom were living, toiling negroes about the town.

That clinched the matter; he returned to New York and began to work on the play, greatly helped by the title which had come to him like an inspiration—*The Green Pastures*, lovely in its sense of tranquillity.

Rigorously refraining from the society even of his intimates, Connelly wrote and wrote, re-wrote, rejected, selected, destroyed, emended, started again, and finally completed his play, which was to be different from all other plays, utterly simple, absolutely true to Negro mentality, and yet conveying the Old Testament truths as faithfully as they deserved.

It was a terrific task; and even when it was completed, there were further arduous months of casting and preparation before it was ready to take the stage.

On February 26, 1930, on a night of foul weather which suggested the forty days and forty nights of rain represented in the play,

The Green Pastures was launched on its epoch-marking career.

The critics were sceptical—until about five minutes after the curtain rose; then "those who came to scoff remained to pray," and were almost unanimous in agreeing that the performance made theatrical history.

With the public also it was an instantaneous success. It ran for two years on Broadway, and five years in all, during which time it was seen by over two million people (and incidentally was awarded the coveted Pulitzer Prize).

It does not, as far as one can gather at this distance, seem to have demoralised those two million people very noticeably. All the same, its pernicious influence must have been marked, for it scared our Lord Chamberlain into banning the play in England—and this despite the fact that it has been performed throughout the British Dominions without apparently destroying the moral fibre of their inhabitants.

No wonder the English stage is in a parlous way when we are so cosseted and coddled and protected from anything which may tend to make us think!

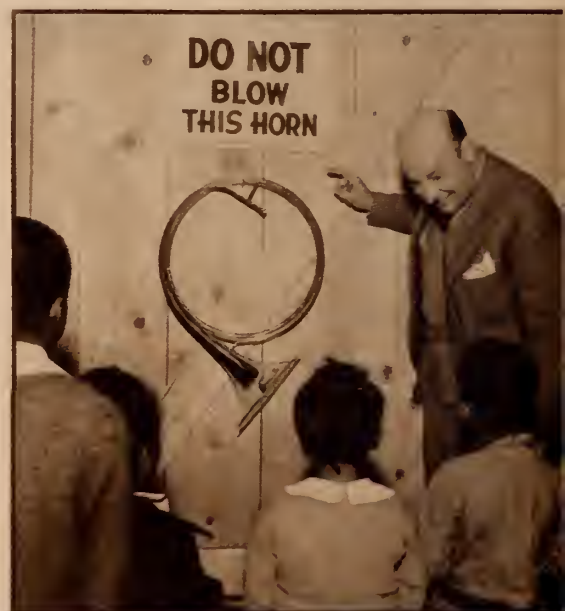
There is a rule hanging above the Lord Chamberlain's bed which says, "No representation of the Deity shall appear on the stage."

In *The Green Pastures* "De Lawd" appears as a benevolent old gentleman in a frock coat, who "passes a miracle" when he wishes to create anything or anyone.

One of the miracles passed has been the breaking down in America of a similar rule with regard to the screen as we have here concerning screen and stage.

The Hays Office has shown a very marked disapproval of films in which any member of the Holy Family was represented; but the American nation has expressed in no uncertain terms its approval of the play, and Czar Will Hays wisely

"De Lawd," attended by the Angel Gabriel, is about to "pass a miracle."



Marc Connelly draws the piccanninnies' attention to the "horn perilous."

bowed to public opinion and agreed to Messrs. Warner Bros. translating it to the screen.

Jack Warner said he would do this if he could obtain the fullest co-operation of Mr. Connelly.

Marc Connelly promptly replied that that would be the only condition on which he would part with the screen rights. So everyone was satisfied.

All the same, it must have been something of a shock to Jack Warner when he realised what Connelly meant by the term "fullest co-operation."

Connelly insisted on what Mr. Warner has described as "a one-way contract—Connelly's way." In addition to very favourable financial terms for the author, it provided that he should write the screen adaptation, select the players, and direct the entire production.

And considering that Marc Connelly, though certainly he had produced stage plays, had never directed a film in his life, that seemed a pretty big risk to take.

But Hollywood again "passed a miracle," and the screen-play has emerged as a greater thing than the stage-play, because freed of its, three-walled limitation.

Connelly had to fight, at first. For instance, there were those in the studio who plumped for



Above: "Good, thick, comfortable clouds." On the right, having created the Earth, "de Lawd" finds it good.



Hosannas and second helpings at the heavenly fish-fry.

"De Lawd" is played by the grand negro stage actor, Rex Ingram.

a Heaven of golden gates, shining towers, and glassy floors.

But such a concept belongs to the New Testament, and Connelly was dealing with an earlier, more primitive mental condition—that of the simple Negro who can imagine nothing more enjoyable than the greatest enjoyment he has experienced.

So the Heaven of the film is one of lush meadows and rippling streams and balmy breezes and good, thick, comfortable white clouds (made of crepe hair) upon which the angels can sit and catch fish for that greatest of all heavenly delights, the celestial "fish-fry," in which "De Lawd" graciously participates.

And the Heavenly Gates are of oak and singularly like those of your own front garden.

Contrary to popular belief, there is not a single white person in Heaven; but there are hundreds of negroes, one hundred and eleven of

whom have lines to speak—for which thousands of candidates were tested.

They are led by a well-known negro stage actor, Rex Ingram, as "De Lawd," which role he took on for the screen because the man who had played it for five years on the stage, Richard Berry Harrison, had died.

The production of the film was not unattended by difficulties; for instance, negroes are usually intensely superstitious, and Oscar Polk, the 6 ft. 5 in. character actor who plays the part of "the Angel Gabriel," is no exception.

He would not undertake the role unless and until Warner Bros. had insured his life (in favour of his mother) for a large sum, because during the five years in which the play was running, two "Angel Gabriels" had died, each immediately after "tooting" the horn—and these, apart from Harrison's death, were the only two casualties in the company. The horn is not blown in the film.

"I ain't takin' no chances," said Mr. Polk.

Again, the simplicity of the crowd-players was an occasional drawback as well as an advantage; for example, one night an ebony extra named

Amos stayed concealed in the studio for a feast of cornbread and catfish, and was found in the morning asleep a few inches from a fire which he had kindled at the base of a moss-covered tree to keep himself warm. His costume, the tree, and the floor were all beginning to burn.

Among the animals for "Noah's Ark," too, there was trouble. Snooky, the female chimpanzee, had never before met a male of her own kind, and she fell violently in love, clinging to her mate and refusing to be parted even when the script demanded.

But perhaps the greatest difficulty encountered has been the task of persuading the British Board of Film Censors to pass the film for ordinary exhibition.

However, after five months' struggle the Board has relented, and the film is now having a run at the New Gallery, London.

And that is, perhaps, the greatest miracle that Hollywood has "passed"!



ANDREA LEEDS

MISS LEEDS comes to town as Samuel Goldwyn's latest screen discovery. That great star-picker found her in a college amateur dramatic society production. Andrea supports Edward Arnold and Joel McCrea in "Come and Get It" and will be seen next with Miriam Hopkins in "The Woman's Touch."

MOVIES *Made Her* ILL

ONE of the most brilliant of our younger stage actresses is also beginning to make a name for herself in films; how Diana Churchill recovered after a bad start is here graphically described
by Max Breen



Diana with Sambo, mascot of the "Sensation" unit—but Diana is likely to bring the film more luck!

IT'S fun to be in at the birth of a film star—and to know about it. In some cases you don't know, and you're mad afterwards that you missed your chance of watching the first fluttering struggles of the butterfly emerging from the chrysalis.

I've been lucky; I've watched a number of players in their early days, and have often been able to perceive something outstanding about him or her, which suggested that I should be reading his or her name in neon lights before many moons had waxed and waned.

Sometimes I've been wrong (even Homer is said to have nodded, and I'm no Homer!) but when I've felt most convinced about it, I've usually been right.

I'm more than usually convinced about Diana Churchill, whose screen career started under the most inauspicious circumstances, but will—unless I'm more than ordinarily mistaken—soon "trail clouds of glory."

When Diana left school, only seven years ago, she—very properly—wanted to go on the stage. So, being already an actress in embryo, she put on exactly the right expression and said: "Oh, Daddy, mayn't I try?"—very appealingly, with a suggestion in the background of heartbreak if he refused her this One Great Wish of Her Life.

Well, Papa Churchill was a Wembley doctor, and you know what Wembley doctors are. Their pretty 16-year-old daughters simply wind them round their little fingers.

So Diana went to Kate Rorke's dramatic school, and learned a great deal; and then came a time when she thought it would be a good idea to try what kind of an actress she was.

It happened that Corinne Griffith, the famous star of silent days, was about to play in her first talkie—a British-made version of the Michael Arlen novel *Lily Christine*.

Well, her accent wasn't . . . quite . . . Anyway she went to Kate Rorke for lessons, and Miss Rorke, realising that Connie's husband, Walter Morosco, was head of Paramount-British, pulled a string or two and obtained a tiny "bit" for Diana in that company's *Service for Ladies*.

That, you see, is how things are done. That film made history as Alexander Korda's first British success; it may also go down to posterity as the first film that made Diana Churchill sick.

She had her eyes fixed on the Stage, and she was sick at finding herself mixed up with films—not that she had anything against films, but it wasn't what she wanted.

However, she knew how difficult it was to get work; and she knew she must be thankful for breaking into any branch of show-business.

But it was not a happy time for her. She was scarcely visible in the completed film; and as

for making an impression in the studio, a friend afterwards told her that Korda, seeing her pass in a corridor, said: "Who is that fonny little theeng?"

Obviously, at that moment films were not her *metier*; and she was very much relieved when she shook the dust of the studios from her shoes—and there's a whale of a lot of dust in a film studio—and actually obtained work in a real play on a real stage . . . for real money.

She had now reached the ripe age of eighteen, and she made her first professional appearance as "Nancy Forster" in *Champion North*, at the Vaudeville Theatre. That was a good send-off, and she attracted very favourable attention.

About this time there was just bobbing up into the sun a brawny young actor who was making the critics sit up and take notice.

Diana played opposite him at the Duchess Theatre in *Flight of the Arrow*, but the bowstring wasn't pulled tight enough, and the arrow fell short. The young man was Henry Wilcoxon.

Soon after this, Diana was sent to interview Priestley for a role in *Dangerous Corner* in the West End. (Diana has some very faithful friends who have, as she says, "Shoved her round," among them being Helena Pickard, who is Lady Hardwicke; but that is by the way.)

Anyway, she didn't get the part in *Dangerous Corner*. Isla Bevan played it; and Diana, who subsequently filled the role with great success on tour, could not understand why she was turned down—until months afterwards, when she met Priestley, and he told her.

"It was because," the playwright said frankly, "you looked so damn dreary!"

Well, maybe she felt a bit dreary; youth is impatient, and success seemed an awful long time coming.

However, Sidney Carroll put her into *Streets of London*, which ran for five months and largely restored her faith in the way the Universe was being run; then she went to Oxford in repertory, and had a high old time—"the time of my life," as she expressed it to me.

She liked repertory, being madly enthusiastic, a hard worker, adaptable, versatile, and quick to learn; and she like Oxford, being a good mixer. And Oxford certainly liked her.

By the way, during the immediate pre-Oxford period she had another cut at the movies.

This time she was in *Sally Bishop*, which should have been a good film but wasn't.

It had a great deal in its favour—Temple Thurston as author, John Drinkwater to adapt it, Hayes Hunter to direct it, Joan Barry, Kay Hammond, Isabel Jeans, Benita Hume, Anthony Bushell, and Emlyn Williams in the cast.

And Diana Churchill; but you wouldn't have noticed her in the finished film; and she was ill with nervousness all through the production. "So you can't wonder that I found it very difficult to take myself seriously as a film actress when Tom Walls, who had been watching my stage career, offered me a part in the film *Foreign Affairs*.

"However, I took it, and he must have been more or less satisfied, for he gave me a further chance in *Pot Luck*, and I really began to feel my feet a little; and *Dishonour Bright* went a step further towards making a film actress of me. Anyway, I wasn't sick any more."

By this time, of course, Diana had got herself well and truly into the front rank of young stage actresses by her brilliant performance in *The Dominant Sex*, which began at the Embassy Theatre in January, 1935 and lasted for eighteen months, stopping over at the Shaftesbury and the Aldwych in its triumphant career.

Diana Churchill had definitely arrived, and it was bound to be only a question of time before the film world would overlook the fact that she is not the easiest person in the world to photograph ("Well, I ask you!" says Diana. "Look at my nose!"), and offset against that the fact that she is an amazingly skilful young actress who has accomplished more in three years than most actresses do in ten—and withal the possessor of a highly attractive personality and considerable personal charm.

B.I.P. got her down to Elstree to play in *Sensation*; and before that was over there was a vacancy on the next sound-stage.

Gertrude Michael, on her way from Hollywood to play the lead in the screen version of *The Dominant Sex*, was taken ill in New York. The production couldn't wait; and what more natural than to invite Diana Churchill in from next door to play the part she knew backwards?

Diana has a great deal of the quality of Margaret Sullavan, but is softer and kinder. I'm looking to her to make the *Very Bright Lights* one of these days.

Look out for Diana! She's on her way.



How to be a Dancer

by
ELEANOR POWELL

THE world's greatest woman tap dancer tells you (in an interview) about a fascinating career.

LEARNING to tap dance cost me £5, a few tears and a lot of hard work. I didn't mind the hard work so much, but the £5 I paid for the course was a considerable sum to us in those days (I was living with my mother) and I'm afraid our menu suffered in the process of raising it.

To make matters worse, every time I tried to do a tap my feet thought they belonged to Charlie Chaplin. After three lessons I was in despair. I went home that night and wept out on my mother's shoulder my determination to give up dancing as a career.

She pulled me together and I tried again. Then "it" came suddenly at the sixth lesson—I had at last got the rudimentary movement of the elusive art of tap dancing, which is the expression of rhythm by the feet. I completed my ten lessons—all I ever had in my life and set out at home to perfect what I had learned. I have been working to perfect it ever since.

I had come to New York as an acrobatic and ballet dancer and acrobatic and ballet dancers just weren't in demand. Months of cooling my heels in producers' offices and living on one meal a day had convinced me that I must learn the modern tap or go back home and admit failure.

I have tried, and I hope I have succeeded at the outset of this article on dancing as a career, in making it clear that there is no easy road to success. Yet I can think of no better career for any girl who is really fond of dancing, not merely dazzled by the glamour of the stage.

Top: The star in a striking scene from "Born to Dance." Right: James Stewart is the author's new leading man.



Once a girl has learned to dance well she has an asset, which if it does not take her to the larger heights of fame and fortune will at least provide her with a profitable profession; and even if stage, night club or film success eludes her altogether there is always teaching.

Taking for granted an inherent love of dancing, the main qualifications are a sense of rhythm (and eighty per cent. of girls have a sense of rhythm), ambition and the sort of perseverance that will carry you through the months and years of training and practice necessary before competency is reached and which never really end for a dancer. I still practice four hours a day even when I am working.

Neither great beauty of face nor outstanding loveliness of form are necessary. Make-up and lighting can work wonders provided the features are reasonably regular and dancing itself and its attendant exercises will bring grace to the reasonably passable figure.

Personality, too, can to a large extent be cultivated through the medium of the art. Jack Donahue taught me that years ago and it was



A vivid study of Eleanor Powell at work. She originates all her own dances.



Left: A "Born to Dance" number. Eleanor believes she has discovered some future stars in the chorus.

Below: Sid Silvers, Una Merkel and James Stewart in a scene from the film



one of the most valuable pieces of advice I have ever had.

"Don't dance with a 'dead pan,'" he told me. "Change your expressions and you will find that audiences will be as interested in your face as your feet. They will think of you as a personality as well as a dancer."

The aspiring stage artiste has the choice of five kinds of dancing: ballet, musical comedy, ballroom, character and tap.

Personally, I think that ground work in ballet is essential, but then I am prejudiced about the subject. I am a ballet dancer at heart. I had five years' training in ballet and I am convinced that it is the foundation of all good dancing. It imparts a poise and grace that nothing else can.

Therefore I recommend a course in ballet first, even if it is a comparatively short one.

Before you attempt even the simplest routine on the dance floor, however, there must be a period of physical training, limbering and stretching exercises to prepare the body for a dancing career and make the muscles strong and supple.

I cannot stress the importance of this preparation too much. I have seen the ambitions of too many promising artistes wrecked through muscle troubles caused by neglect of this preliminary "build up."

A full month is usually necessary, and because it is so important it is advisable to seek the advice and direction of an expert.

There are, however, a few simple exercises which can safely be practised at home.

One of them is the ordinary "splits," which most of us essayed in childhood, and it is a very useful one as it strengthens the thighs and stretches the muscles.

ABOUT ELEANOR POWELL

CAME to Hollywood as Broadway stage star and world's greatest woman tap dancer for small part in musical. Was seen by M.-G.-M. executives who signed her to do small dancing role in "Broadway Melody of 1936." Took test and was at once awarded leading feminine role opposite Robert Taylor. . . . Was hailed as the discovery of the year.

Returned to New York to fulfil her contract to appear in "At Home Abroad." Too much work enforced a three months' rest. Returned to Hollywood. A star in her own name.

Plans to return to Broadway to get her grandparents and cocker spaniel, "Ruggles," and take them to Hollywood where she is planning to make her home. Loves to give dancing lessons. Claims to have more classes than anyone else in the world. Has them on set among the electricians. At the theatre among the stagehands. Gave the boys at her hotel dancing lessons. Three weeks later they showed up at the studio asking for chorus-boy jobs . . . and got them.

Eleanor is the pet of the studio. Even Garbo sent her a message asking if she could come to the stage to watch her dance. Joan Crawford passed most of her free time on the set. As did Jean Harlow, Jeanette MacDonald, Clark Gable, and Robert Taylor.

Tap work, incidentally, produces long, stretched muscles and ballet short, tight ones. I have, therefore, to devote an almost scrupulously equal amount of practice to each.

If I do half-an-hour's tap I follow it with half-an-hour's ballet. Most of my spare-time practice now is of the latter type in order to counteract the effect of the predominance of the tap routines in my work for *Born to Dance* at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

I mention this to emphasise the care that the dancer must exercise in the matter of muscle development. The dancer's body is subjected to unusual strains and stresses. No pugilist engaged in a title fight has to train more thoroughly.

Some youngsters with a natural aptitude for the art pick up the rudiments very quickly, and to them I would say: avoid the temptation to try to go ahead too fast.

Those beautiful visions of dazzling performances in front of wildly applauding audiences will have to wait for quite a while yet.

In describing the next step perhaps I cannot do better than tell you of my own experiences.

I started young, of course (I made my stage bow as speciality dancer earning a whole seven dollars when I was thirteen), and I was fortunate in finding a really good teacher, Ralph MacKernan, in my home town, Springfield.

He gave me a thorough grounding in everything a dancer should have—kicking exercises, acrobatic work and then ballet.

The first year I had one lesson a week. It lasted for two hours. The second year I had two lessons a week and the third and fourth years I had five lessons a week.

In the fifth year I spent most of my time at the studio, taking instructions and acting as an assistant teacher.

All that time and for years afterwards, when I was earning a precarious living on the stage, I spent hours a day practising at home.

The real struggle, of course, begins at the end of this period of training. The more brilliant and lucky ones may find engagements right away as solo dancers in theatres and night clubs. There is nothing to be ashamed of, however, earning while you learn by going into a chorus.

There are three chorus girls in *Born to Dance* who, I believe, will go far. They are Midgie Dare,



Eleanor Powell and Una Merkel enjoy afternoon tea between scenes.

Wilma Holly and Vivian Faulkner. All these girls had the sound training I have indicated.

And all of them have original ideas for creating routines. This is an essential qualification of success in what is a very competitive profession. I originate all the steps I do.

Here, finally, are a few tips for the aspirant to terpsichorean fame:

When you dance make believe that something very heavy is on your hips—holding your feet on the floor. Don't bounce. Glide!

Don't try too many difficult steps. Don't do anything that will look like an effort to the audience. To-day I do only about nine steps that are difficult. One is the tap-on-turn, which is a feat. Another is the tap I do with my feet hardly moving. It took three years to perfect.

Practise and then practise some more. . . . What advice I have been able to give here has been addressed, of course, to those who are thinking of taking up dancing as a career.

Dancing for pleasure is a different matter. It is possible to learn one or two simple tap routines very easily.

I have known of some cases where pupils have picked them up in a few weeks.



Shots with our Candid Camera

"Picturegoer's" cameraman has captured the new Greta Garbo, "whose gaiety and friendliness have created a sensation" on the "Camille" set. The star is actually making Director Cukor laugh.



The star on her way to her dressing-room. Adrian (who designed her dresses) critically appraises his work in the background.



Cukor explains to Robert Taylor how he wants him to play a scene.



Believe it or not, this Garbo smile is for the members of the "Camille" company.

A study in expressions: Edwin B. Willis, art director, George Cukor, Margaret Booth, cutter on all Garbo's films, a studio hairdresser and Great Lover, Robert Taylor.

He Flew THROUGH the AIR—

LESLIE BANKS was very rushed when I interviewed him between rehearsals. He is one of the most amazingly active people, with a quick restlessness about him that is counteracted by his quiet voice.

Of his activities in *The Three Maxims* he spoke with a reminiscent smile. He doesn't smile often, but when he does it lights up his face in a most friendly way.

"I had to learn trapeze work for that; we all three did, and Anna Neagle got really good at it. But for myself—well, I hadn't done any since I left school. It was terrible!

"I felt the most awful contempt for my miserable body; it wouldn't do a thing I wanted it to when I first started.

"I just hooked on to the trapeze with my hands and hung in the air—couldn't move up or down, and then suffered tortures in my arms afterwards!

"The thing that frightened me most was learning to hang upside down,"—his smile broadened—"but when I got used to the idea it was all right, and I didn't mind a bit.

"Finally, I was able to do various turns with ease, but at first it was perfectly awful!"

From laughing at his own sufferings he became serious and told me about his parts and what he really wishes to do in films.

"In *The Three Maxims* I played the part of a great big rough fellow with a Scotch accent—you know the type—and it was such a change because always before I've had to take rather 'noble' parts.

"Now, I'm taking any part that comes along; that is to say, any character part, because I want to build up my character-acting in films.

"People say you can't be versatile on the screen, but I think you can, and I want to prove it. I believe in versatility. I think it's good for an actor.

"In *Fire Over England*," he continued, "I have a totally different role, that of Lord Leicester. Actually, it wasn't in the book, but it is so difficult to make a picture of Elizabeth without either Leicester or Essex with her, that something had to be done about it!"

He then went on to say how one short line nearly drove them all mad—including Elizabeth, during the making of the film.

"I had a certain line to say—'Not in danger'—just that, nothing more, and I had to rehearse it from various angles.

"We could not get this wretched line from the right position. Finally, I was saying it from every possible and impossible angle until Flora Robson, Vivien Leigh and Olivier, not to mention myself, were getting quite hysterical over it.

"Four o'clock in the morning found all of us in different parts of the studio muttering: 'Not in danger!' 'Not in danger!' 'Not in danger!' 'NOT IN DANGER!'"

Speaking of this type of picture, he said that he thought other people made better films of English history than we did ourselves.

"*Fire Over England* was delightfully international, for we had Erich Pommer producing, the director was an American—William K.

but not
with the
greatest
of ease

by

Kathleen
PORTLOCK



Leslie Banks as he appears in his latest picture "The Three Maxims," for which he had to learn a certain amount of trapeze work.

Howard—and the camera-man was Chinese—Jimmie Wong Howe.

"I think we're apt to overlook some incidents because the average Englishman hates blowing his own trumpet, whereas a foreigner isn't afraid of overdoing things.

"Don't you think so?" he asked. And there you have another very nice trait in Leslie Banks' character. Very definite of opinion himself, he is always ready to hear views other than his own. When it comes to his own work he is exceedingly modest.

"And now about films becoming more international; what is your opinion?" I asked.

His reply came at once and without hesitation. "I think it's a very good thing. Quite a lot of people are against this 'internationalisation' of films, but I'm not. It happens to be a thing I'm rather keen on; I think it's a splendid idea.

"Take Annabella, for instance; look at the public internationalisation has been able to give her that she could never have had otherwise. And it gives the English-speaking public a chance to see stars that they otherwise might not see.

"There you have it! Good for the star—good for the public! Yes, I certainly think it's a thing we should encourage, because I feel sure in the end it will be good for the industry."

In mentioning Annabella, he was speaking of her appearance in Britain's first colour film, *Wings of the Morning*, in which he plays the Earl of Clontarf. I inquired what his views were on colour, knowing that he had trained as an artist before he became an actor.

"I think it's going to be a great success when they can forget that they are using it. Perhaps when they use more of the blues and greys and less of the reds and yellows, it will be very much better. At present there's too much consciousness of it as the medium, too much inclination to use colour, if you see what I mean?"

"*La Cucaracha* was marvellous because there they had one of the finest artists to supervise the colour schemes and design, a job which, I think, is as important as the camera-man's in a colour film.

"The English countryside is wonderful in

colour! The soft hues come out so beautifully." He spoke with a very real enthusiasm.

"And I hear our climatic conditions are very favourable to taking in colour," he added. "The atmosphere is right, no harsh lights."

His main hobby is interior decoration and he has also a weakness for caricatures.

His favourite period is the Georgian—his favourite stage part "Clive" in *Clive of India*, and on the films he thoroughly enjoyed playing "Sanders" in *Sanders of the River*.

Mentioning that film, he said of Paul Robeson, "He's a grand person to act with—he really is—most unselfish. I liked that film; I felt it had a purpose—but then most of Korda's films have, don't you think?"

I asked him if he had seen himself in *The Three Maxims*.

"No, and I don't think I shall go to see it; I know it sounds dreadful, but I hate seeing myself on the screen!"

He stubbed his cigarette out thoughtfully. "I think most of us do, as a matter of fact. My fur rises the moment I see myself in a picture! But I like going to films—of other people!" he added.

Of his own screen successes he spoke not at all; but they number among them some very fine performances, perhaps one of his most outstanding being in the *Hounds of Zaroff*, a temperamental part admirably suited to his versatility. Two films which won for him great praise were *The Man Who Knew Too Much* and *Sanders of the River*.

He told me that he had designed some of the scenery for *Till The Cows Come Home*, the play in which he is now appearing in the West End.

When I left, it was with the impression that Leslie Banks is an artist of the front rank by virtue of his own character and understanding. He does not want to be "typed" because change, to him, is essential. Perhaps that is the very characteristic which, allied to his talent, makes him one of our most versatile actors



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YARDLEY



A grand comedy team in the Joe Rock production "Cotton Queen" made at Elstree—Will Fyffe, Helen Haye, and Stanley Holloway.

E. G. Cousins covers the BRITISH Studios

NOWADAYS, when there is a tendency to cast for leading parts in some of our pictures Hollywood ladies who, however charming they may be, show tendencies of slipping off the crest of their wave of popularity and into the trough of make-shift engagements, whenever one does hear of a British heroine getting a chance in a film made by an American in England it seems like a very welcome sign of the passing of our doldrums.

Take a deep breath and start again. Valerie Hobson is to play opposite Doug. Fairbanks, jun. in *Forever and Ever* at Worton Hall.

This is a sign of all sorts of things. First, that Doug., jun. has the sense to snap up a girl who may at any moment make stardom; second, that it's necessary for a girl to go to Hollywood to get a decent chance.

Now it's no use you bawling "Matthews" and "Neagle" at me; they're exceptions, and exceptions prove the rule.

Third, the supply of American importations must be running short. Could even Doug., jun. (who certainly has the courage of his convictions) have resisted the temptation to exploit a ready-made reputation—even if a little moth-eaten—rather than build up a new one?

Perhaps he could. Doug., jun. is certainly a force to be reckoned with in British films.

Anyway, Valerie's reputation as a clever young actress certainly does not have to be built up right from the ground; she already has attracted the attention of the critics and the public as first rate star material only waiting to be developed.

She is an Irish lass, born at Larne, and described as "the ideal type of screen star"; five feet six in her silk socks, light brown hair (but don't call her a "brownette," please!), and with the kind of grey eyes that one associates with the word "colleen", and the kind of waist that a hero's arm just fits round.

Inconvenience

Also she is a gay, friendly, high-spirited kind of person, with a face far more capable of expressing swift change of mood than your proud, haughty English beauty seems to be. (Oh, those proud, haughty English beauties, and the inconvenience they cause in film studios!)

This is not supposed to be a monograph on Valerie, so I'll just remark that she made her professional debut at Drury Lane in *Ball at the Savoy*, went to Hollywood, played in *The Werewolf of London*, *Chinatown Squad*, *Bride of Frankenstein*, and a few other lurid screen-dramas, and came home last summer to play

in one or two British films. If this new film (which is to be directed by Raoul Walsh) is as good as I think it will be, Valerie Hobson will have an opportunity such as she has never had before to come right into the front rank of British screen heroines.

By the way, in changing the excellent title *Jump for Glory* (can you think of a more apt or imaginative one for a cat-burglar story?) to the stodgy and commonplace label *Forever and Ever*, Messrs. Criterion Film Productions, Ltd., should at least pay us the compliment of remembering that in the English language there is no such word as "forever". We spell it in two words.

Why give an American title to an officially British film?

Think it over, Doug!

Boh! Merger!

At Shepherd's Bush, things have slowed down a good deal; and, speaking of deals, some of the Shepherd's Bush staff by no means regard the recent deal in film shares as a good deal, for it has resulted in a drastic revision of staff, and quite a number of people who have been at

(Continued on page 21)



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THE BRITISH STUDIOS — Continued from page 19

"the Bush" for years are out, with a prospect of other changes to come.

That prospect has become a spectre, stalking the Gaumont-British corridors, for few people are quite sure what is going to happen, and many who have considered themselves to be nicely dug in for life are shivering in their shoes, and starting violently whenever the word "merger" is mentioned.

I hope the expected reorganisation will take place as soon as possible; no one can do his best work in an atmosphere of uncertainty and dread.

Meanwhile, the only production occupying the floors is *King Solomon's Mines*, and that is such an extensive production that, besides spraddling over several floors at once at "the Bush", it has also poked into Africa, whither Geoffrey Barkas has gone with a camera-crew and skeleton unit to film exteriors.

Recently in my notes the honoured name of Barkas was misspelt; this, I protest, was due to a printer's error in reading my writing.

It would be ludicrous if I were to get his name wrong, for this pioneer of British films is my second cousin, and we used to spend our summer holidays together in North Wales when we were boys.

And we made our plans in those days for journeying to the farthest corners of the earth; which, I may remark, we since have done.

Incidentally, Geoffrey was directing films at Elstree when there was only one small studio there—the old Alliance Studio—and he is now regarded as the most successful location-organiser in British films.

A Hay Diet

In sharp contrast to this adventure film at Shepherd's Bush, in which Roland Young, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Paul Robeson, Anna Lee and John Loder are being directed by Robert Stevenson, is *Good-morning, Boys*, pursuing its hilarious way at Islington under the genial headmastership of Director Marcel Varnel.

A brace of Will Hays, senior and junior, are the high spots of this production, in which Martita Hunt, Graham Moffat, Peter Gawthorne and Fewlass Lewelllyn all figure prominently.

I predict that Hay fans will have no reason to complain of the Hay diet served out to them in this; it seems to be exploiting all the well-known Will Hay recipes for laughter and exploring a few new ones.

And, talking about laughter, I have a feeling that a comedy is now in preparation at Denham which will ring all the bells and win all the coconuts.

It's Victor Saville's screen version of James Bridie's stage version of Bruno Frank's play, which we know as *Storm In a Teacup*. The English stage version was delightful, and I am inclined to think that the film edition will be no less so—especially as Sara Allgood, the famous Irish character actress, is to play the same part as she played on the stage—that of "Honorina Hegarty", the woman whose mongrel dog causes such a commotion in a Scottish town.

Taxing His Generosity

The way in which this play originally came to be written is interesting.

Bruno Frank wrote it a few years ago as a protest against the dog tax in Germany, which was then very high.

It was an enormous success in Europe, and as a result the author was overwhelmed with applications from people who were too poor to pay their dog taxes, begging him to use his influence to get the tax reduced.

Poor people with their dogs used to queue up outside his home in Germany; and Bruno Frank, convinced that he owed the success of the play to the people, gave away practically all the royalties he had received from it, to help despairing dog-owners to save their pets from destruction.

Later he met James Bridie, the Scottish playwright, and arranged with him to adapt it for the English stage.

Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, Ursula Jeans, Cecil Parker and "Scruffy" (playing the part

of the mongrel hound, for which Nature has perfectly fitted him) complete the cast so far . . . though another hundred and fifty dogs of all sizes, shapes and breeds are now being "cast" for a canine crowd scene.

A unit has been working on location in Scotland, and interiors are now being done in the Denham studios.

Getting in a Wax

In a number of years' association with British films I've known a large number of films dealing with waxworks to be produced, but none of them seems to have been sensationally successful.

Hollywood has better luck. *The Mystery of the Wax Museum* was one of the most successful horror pictures to haunt a shuddering world, and there was the famous *Waxworks*, of Paul Leni, which was a landmark in production; but Madame Tussaud does not seem to have been quite so kind.

Perhaps Premier Sound Film Productions (this week's new company, ladies and gentlemen) may break the spell. They are producing (chiefly in the Highbury studios) a thriller entitled *Midnight at Madame Tussaud's*, which sounds like a very good advertisement for the famous waxworks.

Messrs. Premier have not taken me into their confidence as to whether this will exploit the celebrated offer of five pounds to anyone who

would spend a night in the Chamber of Horrors, but the final scenes of the story take place there, and the unit had a taste of the eerie atmosphere of the grim chamber the other night, while filming certain scenes there after the premises were closed to the public.

Nightmare

I didn't venture in, myself. My last incursion into that abode of horror and crime and cruelty was some years ago, when the Jack Hulbert-Cicely Courtneidge picture, *Jack's the Boy*, was being filmed there.

While the unit was upstairs making the more hilarious sequences, I ventured down the stone stairs and wandered alone round the vaults among murderers and grisly relics and tableaux, all lit by about two green lights.

I spent about half-an-hour down there—and it gave me nightmares for a fortnight!

Rod and Vilma

And now, to change the subject rather drastically, here comes Rod la Rocque.

One of the minor mysteries of the film world, to me, is the protracted absence of Rod from the screen; in his heyday he always seemed to me to be one of the most attractive young leading men in Hollywood.

Now, hardly looking a day older than when he reached the height of his career in silent films, he is back in the studios, and British studios at that.

Julius Hagen, who knows a good deal about casting, has engaged him to play in the romantic comedy *She Knew What She Wanted*, which he is producing at the J. H. Studios at Elstree.



"Fairer of them all."
The flower on the left is
Kathleen Kelly as she
appears in "The Domi-
nant Sex."

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

SHOT BY PHIL LONERGAN



The end of a long engagement: Ann Sothorn and actor-bandleader Roger Pryor lined up at the altar in Hollywood recently.

CLARK GABLE has joined issue with realism on the screen and refuses to wear a bushy, black beard when he plays the role of Ireland's hero, Charles Stewart Parnell, although it is well-known that Parnell had a beard.

John M. Stahl, who is producing *Parnell*, is adamant on the question of whiskers, and demands that the star at least take a test with a beard.

All Gable will say is: "No beard!"

His Home Town

Robert Taylor comes from Beatrice, Nebraska, but the name "Robert Taylor" does not give his townsfolk a thrill.

The reason for this attitude is that Bob's real name is Arlington Brough, and this name is always shown in lights over the local theatre whenever the star's films are in town.

The star recently visited his home town, was met by a band and a parade and was feted during his brief stay. He brought his mother back to Hollywood with him.

Bing Crosby's Admirer

Bing Crosby recently received what is believed to be the longest fan letter that ever arrived in Hollywood. The latter was so long that it came as a "two-part serial" in two different envelopes.

Closely hand-written, the first letter contained 30 pages. It was continued to a 16-page conclusion. The writer is a Milwaukee girl who

signs herself merely as "Clara Belle" and from whom the crooning star has received an average of one letter a week for two years.

She never gives her address, nor does she ask for autographs.

Her Career Wins

Isabel Jewell, clever little actress, declares that she has broken her engagement to Owen Crump, young actor, because she prefers her career to romance.

According to Isabel, Owen wished her to give up the films and devote her time to their future home, to which she could not agree, hence the broken engagement.

They Weren't So Smart

It all happened during a location trip by Universal's *Three Smart Girls* to Lake Arrowhead in the San Bernardino Mountains.

Deanna Durbin, Nan Grey and Barbara Read, who play the title roles, were required to navigate a small sailing boat across one of the lake's inlets. The breeze suddenly shifted, and the little vessel proceeded to turn turtle, sending the "three smart girls" into the icy lake. Fortunately they managed to keep afloat until rescued by a motor boat.

The joke was on the director, for the girls had told him disdainfully that they knew all about sailing boats!

Anyway, they know more now.

Anna's Troubles

Aнна Sten has discovered that there is more truth than poetry lurking in the legend of the mountain that came to Mahomet.

Loosened by the recent rains, her own particular mountain, situated directly above her home in a Santa Monica canyon, is shifting downward and, although barriers are being erected to prevent this, the Russian star is greatly concerned lest the entire mountain suddenly demolish her house.

However, we must give Anna credit for courage, as she has not vacated her home.

It Must Be Love

Lily Pons has a fiancé who is the envy of all her feminine friends. He is Andre Kostelanetz, a noted musical director, who is engaged with an orchestra in New York.

He flies out from New York over the week-end whenever possible, calls her on the phone every evening, and sends her a bouquet of yellow roses every day!

A Charming Eskimo

The reason Irene Dunne has delayed her return to Hollywood from New York is because, so far, the snowfall in the East has been slight.

The star, an ardent devotee of winter sports, is waiting in a camp in the Adirondack mountains for the first seasonal blizzard before she returns to work in the California studios.

They Didn't Want Much

Departing from the studio after a wardrobe fitting, Joan Bennett was mildly surprised the other day to see four sweet-faced old ladies lined up determinedly on the sidewalk by her car.

It transpired that they were visiting from Buffalo, and had a three-fold purpose in their visit to Hollywood. One was afternoon tea with

Miss Bennett, one a chat with Lionel Barrymore and one the autograph of Clark Gable.

Touched by their ambitions, Joan provided them with the tea and, when last seen they were observed moving off in the general direction of another studio to polish off the matter of Mr. Barrymore and Mr. Gable!

Frightened Lady

The fact that many of the movie people who live near Toluca Lake are confirmed practical jokers is no secret, but Mary Brian felt a "new high" had been reached when she discovered two baby alligators sunning themselves on a Toluca lily pad.

Mary made the startling discovery whilst bringing a boat in for the winter. The alarm was immediately raised about the neighbourhood but, although search was instigated, no more alligators were forthcoming.

It is suspected that the "gators" were planted. They were hastily shipped off to a pet-shop.

An Odd Bequest

George Raft is the owner of a small shoe-repair shop in Brooklyn, New York, and he is wondering what to do with it.

It is a bequest from an old Italian friend, whom he had known since childhood, and who died recently.

The star was very fond of the elderly shoemaker, and hardly feels like disposing of it. He may end by hiring someone to conduct the business.

A Gate-Crasher

Acertain mysterious girl has driven the studio policemen frantic. These stern guardians of the gates pride themselves on their ability to bar unauthorised persons from the lots, but this young lady has them all baffled.

Clad in a trim riding outfit, she entered the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, unannounced, and had a pleasant chat with Bill Powell. Later she strolled into Paramount, Universal and other studios with equal success.

She is very frank in saying that her success lies in walking rapidly past the gatemen, who then believe that she has a right to be on the lot.

Ingratitude

The dangers of befriending "hitch-hikers" is well known in the States, but Leo Carillo took a chance, and now is sorry he did it.

A 17-year-old boy applied at the actor's Santa Monica Beach home, seeking aid. Carillo supplied him with food and lodging, whereupon the boy showed his appreciation by changing the locks on the doors of the house, cutting the screens and taking possession of a gun, blankets and a small sum of money. He was arrested and will probably be sent to a reformatory until he is 21 years old.

Odd Footage

Harry Carey, although a western star, graduated from New York University Law School.

Anne Shirley earned her first dollar at 14 months posing for a commercial artist.

Simone Simon brought 30 trunks of clothes from Paris.



SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S latest production, set in the lumberlands of Wisconsin, gives Edward Arnold a strong character part as an elderly, self-made man who falls in love with a young girl with whom his son is also infatuated. Left, Edward Arnold with Andrea Leeds, and, above, Frances Farmer, Edward Arnold and Edwin Maxwell.

COME and GET It

Supported by Frances Farmer—and a bottle—Edward Arnold indulges in some vigorous "roughhousing."



Left, Frank Shields as Tony Schuerke and Andrea Leeds provide the youthful romance incidental to the picture.

Right, Edward Arnold is assaulted by his son, Richard Glasgow, a role played by Joel McCrea.





Left: Conrad Veidt as Baron Karl Marwitz, ostensibly a cashiered German officer seeking refuge in a neutral country, but actually a spy.

STOCKHOLM, happy hunting ground in the war years for spies of all nations, forms the setting for this counter-espionage drama. Conrad Veidt, as a German Secret Service chief, falls in love with Vivien Leigh, beautiful French spy, and their work brings them into dramatic conflict.

Joan Gardner has the second feminine lead in the film, which was produced by Victor Saville.



The Baron has an anxious moment in the Swedish passport office.

DARK J

Anthony Bushell is the representative of the British Intelligence Service in the espionage battle.





Through information supplied by Baron Marwitz, German troops are able to mine a French position.

JOURNEY



Marwitz cultivates the friendship of Lupita (Joan Gardner) in order to get to know her friend, Madeleine Godard (Vivien Leigh), a French Secret Service agent working against him.

LAND *without* MUSIC



Would you have known Richard Tauber behind that moustache on the right? However, it does not detract from his wonderful singing

Right are the banned singer and the princess who banned him—Richard Tauber and his wife, Diana Napier. Unaware of her identity, the singer invites his sovereign to the concert.

The Princess of Lucco disagrees with her ministers. George Hayes, Esme Percy, Diana Napier and John Hepworth in Capitol's new musical production about a kingdom from which music is abolished because the populace is too musical to work.



Bright comedy is provided by Schnozzle Durante and June Clyde, as an American journalist and his daughter who come post-haste (by donkey cart) to "cover" events in Lucco for their paper. That's June on the left:

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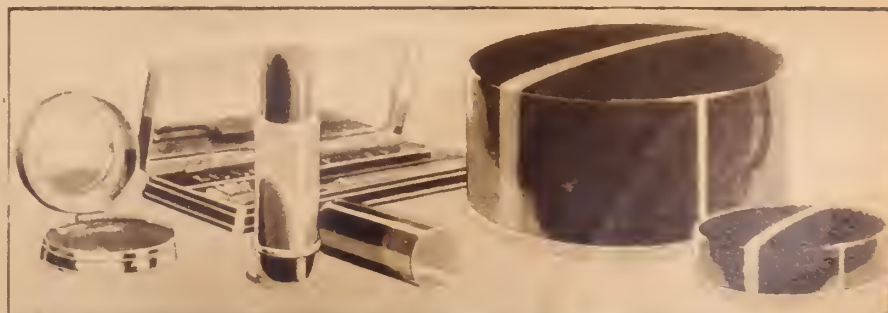
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You Must Have 'X' Says

Director
William
WELLMAN

William Wellman at work on his latest picture, "A Star is Born."

"Beauty is the hitch-hiker of motion pictures—but personality is the force that drives them," adds the famous director in an interview with Wilson D'arne.

Selznick International. He was in the midst of casting for the Technicolor picture, which happens to be a story of Hollywood from the inside.

We steered him back to the subject at hand, loth to believe that the Dietrichs, Gaynors and Bennetts were not beautiful.

An illusion seemed to be in the process of being shattered. We demanded an explanation. "Beautiful? Sure they are. But that isn't the thing that counts. I've seen stand-ins more beautiful than some of our ranking stars, and there you have the answer."

"Let's get back to your original answer, Mr. Wellman."

It came out in a cloud of pipe-smoke, vehemently blown.

"Next time you stand in a crowd, you will notice one or two men or women who draw your attention almost irresistibly. You don't know what it is or why. There's just something about them that sets them apart."

"That's a brief explanation of screen personality. The only difference is this: It must be the kind the camera can pick up. Some of our stars—I'll mention no names—have very little personality in real life, but there's something extra there which only the camera can show."

"Can you always recognise this when you see it?"

"No, indeed. You yourself have heard stories of stars who were shunted about from studio to studio in their early careers, without getting a break. The public judges and records instant response. If it's there, a star is born overnight. If not, no long process will ever make a star, beauty or no."

He recounted a list of beauties launched with much beating of tom-toms and trumpeting of fanfares who failed to get across.

If you want to know which stars have the greatest quantity of that peculiar type of charm, Wellman advises watching the airports and railway stations.

"You'll read about this or that one getting mobbed. Clothes will be ripped by souvenir hunters. Those kind have the most of it."

"Others will draw crowds, yes, but not cause the demonstrations."

"The one without any at all, doomed to slip back into oblivion, will be greeted by a lonely press agent, who probably wishes he was at the nearest bar."

That made us breathe easier for Dietrich, Harlow, Gaynor and other beauties. Our illusion remained intact.

It also made us think of the niales, Freddie March, Bob Taylor, Clark Gable, and several other much-mobbed gentlemen.

Wellman agreed with us they had lots of crowd-rousing charm.

"It can't be confined to a particular type, either. There are horse-opera he-men more virile looking than Gable, but they don't get mobbed. More than brawny muscles and bulging chest is needed."

Wellman's point seems perfectly clear, from both feminine and masculine angles.

You don't have to be a ravishing beauty or a dashing Romeo to be a star, but you must have that mysterious "x," the unknown yet tangible quantity.

"Hollywood producers," said Wellman "have thrown millions away on beauty, without return. Along comes a sweet but not particularly beautiful girl. She plays in a bit. The fan mail bursts the letter-box. Presto! The public has judged. A star is born."

About this thing called talent, Wellman had little to say.

"That's something almost anyone can recognise. It can be developed provided the spark is there. We have no trouble finding it or building it."

"The combination of 'that something' and talent, however, is what makes the search for new stars so difficult."

"More often than not, as I say, they are not found. They just happen along."

We'd like to see Wellman display the machinations of his theory in a motion picture. In fact, we dare him to.

If we forget beauty, we asked him, what will the publicity men do?

"That's their worry. I've got a picture to think about."

BEAUTY doesn't mean so much as a snap of the fingers in Hollywood, and if motion pictures had to depend upon beauty alone, studios would go bankrupt within six months.

"So why not stop all this horn-tooting about beauty, and concentrate more on the things that count?" asks Director William A. Wellman, who is now making *A Star is Born*, co-starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March in Technicolor for David O. Selznick.

"What then, makes a star, Mr. Wellman?"

"Only two things. First and foremost, screen personality. Secondly, talent."

"And where does beauty enter the picture?"

"It's just something that comes along for the ride. It happens to be the hitch-hiker of motion pictures, not the force behind them."

Wellman was sitting in his office at

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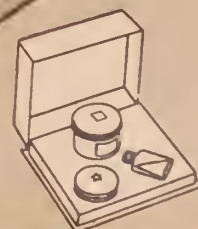
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The Pearl of Perfumes

Quite the latest novelty is this bottle of "Evening in Paris" Perfume enclosed in a neat oyster shell case. It costs only 1/9.

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BOURJOIS

Freely based on the film "Yours for the Asking," by permission of Paramount Pictures, Ltd. See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 34, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

He came back in half an hour with a silver sauce boat that would have graced an alderman's table.



"I'll take five hundred more chips, please. I'll have to owe it you for a few moments."

"Sorry, lady; no credit here."

"Meaning you can't even advance me a few hundred on those?"

"This ain't no pawnshop, lady. Well, maybe I could take them along to the boss—Johnny Lamb."

"Please do. Ask him to decide."

Oh, this night club, this effort to settle father's debts by hoping for luck with the roulette wheel, was hateful—hateful! Lucille Sutton shrank within herself as the man with the eyeshade, who acted as croupier, disappeared with the jewels into a back room. Why had she chosen this means of attempting to save her father's good name? The glaring light, the cheap furniture, the rattle of dice; above all, the people sickened her—now that her purse was empty.

With an effort to pull herself together, not sure whether she could face the proprietor of such a place, Lucille followed the croupier, who beckoned from the door of the back-room. She received a shock. The young man, sitting at a table, though not of the class to which Lucille was accustomed, was attractive and well-groomed. More, his face, expressive of surprise on seeing her, gave the impression of a man who was both reliable and kind.

"These your father's? Does he know?" he inquired rapidly, summing up the points of Lucille's diamond bracelet and hunter watch.

"My father died some months ago."

"I'm sorry. Have a chair. You look tired."

"Thanks." He was an attentive listener while she told him of the sale of the New York home and of her being stranded in Miami with less than a thousand dollars.

"Pin money to anyone brought up like you," Johnny said. "But

I'm not offering you anything on these. Don't forget, lady, that for every man who breaks the bank once in a while, the bank breaks ten thousand. What's wrong, Saratoga?"

In re-possession of watch and bracelet, Lucille instinctively turned against being left alone while Johnny, leaving the office, dealt summarily with certain clients who had been complaining that the house dice were crooked. Afraid, that, in course of socking an offender a man twice his size, Johnny would qualify for manslaughter, Lucille rapped him over the head with her purse. The opponent sagged, but when carried out was evidently still alive.

"I forgot you were here. I kinda got carried away," Johnny apologized.

"On the contrary, you were marvellous, though I agree there was too much of it."

"How about my taking you home?"

"My taxi-man's still outside. I

guess he won't leave till I pay him the seventeen fifty I owe him."

"I'll take care of it. Saratoga—my hat."

She was aware, as it was given, of black looks from Saratoga and the two assistants, who appeared to rejoice in the names of Honey-suckle and Bicarbonate respectively. But at the moment she was more concerned as to what Johnny's attitude would be when arriving at her doorstep.

"You live alone here?" he asked.

"Yes. Good night!"

"Don't shut me out. I'm a gambler, not a gorilla. Quite a place you have here," he added as, without quite knowing why, she took him into the spacious living-room. "High class." Amused at having made an impression, she moved back a painted panel of futurist design revealing the well-stocked bar.

"Let me tempt you with some of father's Benedictine," she offered.

"It's much too good for the Sheriff

The Story of the Film **YOURS** for the **ASKING** by Marjory Williams

and his crowd. The mortgage on this house terminates to-morrow; hence they move in."

"Hm—mm! I've an idea. We could turn this into a swell casino Everything high class. If you'd be my partner, we would bring the society folk in."

"Turn this into a gambling house!" What a fool she had been to consort with the owner of a cheap dive. Yet there was sincerity about Johnny wanting in many of Lucille's erstwhile acquaintances.

"You could clear this place in a year," he urged. "Moreover, don't worry about the cash basis. This is a fifty-fifty partnership." Without offence, his dark eyes travelled appreciatively from her fair hair, simply waved and

coiled, to the white gown with fur-edged cape, set off by a figure that could truthfully be described as willowy. "As I said before, you've got class."

During the sunny Californian spring, Lucille set about the delicate task of running a gambling establishment that, as Johnny would have put it, was on the "up and up." She was quite aware that there would be difficulties in the way, and rightly suspected Johnny's three henchmen who, after acrimonious discussion, had decided to throw in their lot with him, as instigators of trouble.

Although, in the old days, Lucille would have merely labelled Messrs. Saratoga, Bicarbonate, and Honey-suckle as three uneducated tough guys, she now realised it worth while to study their characteristics. Saratoga, with his anti-society ideas and qualities of leadership, was the most to be feared, for Honey-suckle, so called because he could climb balconies more quietly than a vine, was happy so long as he was fed. More temperate, Bicarbonate, having an inferior digestion and a violent objection to the use of words of more than one syllable, was capable at any time and place of starting a brawl.

"What is it, Saratoga?" Lucille inquired one evening as she saw him approach, frowning, from the croupier's table.

"Nothing. I just closed down on roulette. Chap of the name of Crenshaw's won more than we can afford to lose."

"Don't worry. I'll deal with it," Johnny said aside. "Crenshaw can go on playing if it breaks the bank!" Saratoga turned away disgruntled, only to pick upon a young woman with a blue-blooded air who was

(Continued on page 32)



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talking to her escort about cashing a cheque.

"Have you established credit here?" Saratoga demanded with a rough familiarity that made Lucille freeze, especially when the escort countered: "Say, do you know who this is? Miss Gloria van Rensleeve."

"Very funny—hah, hah, hah," Saratoga sneered. When later he advised a client in Lucille's hearing to "go outside if you want to shoot your face off," she decided in favour of the request: "Saratoga, will you meet me in the garden when you're free?"

On her way to the rendezvous she saw Miss van Rensleeve talking earnestly to Johnny, who appeared to be listening with interest. The discovery made Lucille's subsequent question almost wistful. "Saratoga, why do you dislike me so? I don't want you to take it wrongly when I suggest that you should be more diplomatic with the patrons. I know you had to be stern with the people you used to deal with, but now it's different."

"I don't see why. We were doing very well before you came along and went to Johnny's head. Now everything has to be high class—even these uniforms. Making us look like a lot of piccolo players. But you ain't foolin' me. You can drag Johnny down to your Park Avenue level if you want to, but I'm not having a hand in it."

"And that goes for us, too," Lucille, aware that Honeysuckle, six foot tall, and Bicarbonate, with plenty to put behind a straight left, made a daring announcement.

"Listen, boys, before we go any further. Let me tell you that I'm just as much interested in Johnny's welfare as you. You see, I love him."

If Lucille had half hoped that the sincere sentiment would touch the trio's better natures, disappointment was in store. Certainly Saratoga adopted a more persuasive manner with the patrons, but Johnny's three henchmen, Lucille was convinced, hated her as much as ever. Within a week her white poodle, Tarzan, a survival of the old life, disappeared. A subsequent advertisement in the paper, announcing that a white poodle had been found by the owners of 77 Palm Drive, was taken up by Johnny, who went to collect. He came back with the poodle and full of suppressed excitement about a young woman—a Miss Carstairs.

"Her uncle, the Colonel Evelyn Carstairs, is the boss there, and no mistake," he explained to Lucille. "He's real class; haughty, but not when you know him. As for the girl, she's swell. She came along here the other night; the one Saratoga ticked off for wanting to cash a cheque."

"Oh! I thought she was a Miss van Rensleeve."

"No. The name's Carstairs, sure enough. Nancy Carstairs. Say, I'm going right now to get her a little present for finding Tarzan." He came back in half an hour with a silver sauceboat that would have graced an alderman's table. Wisely, Lucille made no comment other than to say she was sure Johnny's friends would be pleased, but he was too quick for her.

"Come, now; this ain't right, is it? Too—too much stuff in it," he suggested.

"It is a little ornate."

"Yeah. I figured, if I sent it, she'd have to write to me."

"You'd like to see her again?"

THE STORY of the

This time Johnny was not so good at thought reading.

"Sure; but I realise I've a lot to learn. I—I wonder. Would you help me—to get the social angle, I mean—when I invite her out."

So Lucille took Johnny to the Santa Monica Club and reminded him to light her cigarette, and not to whistle, snap his fingers, or shout "Hey, waiter!" when calling for the bill. "Captain, I'm coming in here Thursday night with a young lady, and I want plenty of service," Johnny announced confidently at the door. "See that you have three waiters standing near my table looking at me every second."

The following night she restrained him from sending as many as three dozen orchids for Miss Carstairs to wear at dinner. He took her advice meekly and she couldn't resist putting a red carnation in his lapel.

"That's your diploma," she said smiling. "Good-bye and good luck!"

She atoned for this heroic feat by appearing in her living-room in her prettiest negligée with (rare woman's glory) her fair hair over her shoulders at the time when Johnny might be expected home. His dark eyes were keenly alive as he took off his muffler.

"What an evening! Her uncle went for that book of poems we sent instead of the sauceboat in a big way. And the one orchid! Was Nancy nuts about that? She's even prettier than I thought. You ought to see her."

"I'd like to. What about Saturday week? I'm having a few people in."

"Fine. I'll ask her. I'm going to see her for the next three nights. Say, Lucille, you look done in. I forgot it was so late. You—you look kinda different."

"How, Johnny?"

"Nothing much; just different." Nevertheless, that look of Johnny's enabled Lucille to take more interest in putting on the black taffetas, simple but flattering to her complexion and style, for Saturday week's party.

The moment Miss Carstairs entered the room, Lucille remembered her—petite with an attractively insolent white face and red mouth. Whatever her name now, she certainly had been Miss van Rensleeve on the occasion of her last visit.

"Miss Carstairs looks very lively," Lucille commented to Johnny in a quiet moment, suppressing mention of the fact that his special guest was not, strictly speaking, sober. "You did say Palm Drive was the ancestral home, didn't you?"

"Sure; as long as the old boy, her uncle, can keep it up; which, between you and me, he's doubtful of doing. It's tough when people like that have a bad break."

Lucille said nothing, reserving speech for a friend who was leaving. "Mary," she inquired aside, "didn't you rent 77, Palm Drive last year?"

"Yes; a charming place. I did so want it this year, but someone else took it."

Determined to have a talk with Miss Nancy, Lucille deliberately buttonholed the girl as she was on the point of going. "Sit down, Miss Carstairs. I haven't seen anything of you."

"So ss—sorry to say g—g'bye."

FILM Continued

Lovely party. Really must be going." The lovely society lady took three steps, tottered, and fell. "Oh, Johnny, my heart!" she breathed as he hurried to bend over her.

"Take her to my room," Lucille ordered, "and send for the doctor."

"No, don't send for him. Fetch my Uncle Evelyn, Johnny, please," Nancy begged, coming to as she was lifted on to the bed. In Johnny's absence, Lucille, having found a box of breath tablets in Nancy's clenched hand, administered a cold shower which elicited screams and pleas for mercy. "I did have a heart attack," Nancy contended, emerging from the bathroom. "You're in love with Johnny, aren't you? That's why you hate me. Well, you've had things all your life. I haven't. When Uncle Evelyn inherited a little money, we tried to behave as if we were decent people. Miss Sutton, do give me a chance. Don't tell Johnny that I lied about my blue blood. There, he comes."

She relaxed once more on the pillows while Uncle Evelyn—middle-aged and not bad looking, but with what Lucille privately considered a put up manner—condoled with the invalid.

Johnny's concern was, she felt, the only genuine exhibition of feeling in the room. It dawned on Lucille during the ensuing days, every free moment of which was spent by Johnny at the Carstairs', that there was only one course open.

"Johnny," she said, arriving in his office as he put down the telephone, having apparently been in communication about boat tickets for Europe. "Something I must tell you. I—I've decided to leave here—altogether, I mean."

"Lucille! Why? . . . Oh, I get you. This isn't your racket. You only got it because you had nothing else."

"It's not really yours, either, Johnny. I want you to know, all the same, that, though I have to go, I've never been happier than I have here."

"And I've never had a better break than working with you. It'll seem strange without you. Wait. I've been buying the kind of art you like lately. No sauceboats. This is by an old master; if you'll take it for a keepsake."

She saw in a minute that the miniature in Johnny's hand was a cheap fake and had a shrewd suspicion as to its original owner. Bicarbonate, coming in with two hundred dollars in cash, which he laid on the table, appeared to have suspicions, too. He stared so hard at Lucille that she decided not to comment on the gift, and her thanks accordingly were somewhat hesitant and vague. Outside the office she almost ran down Bicarbonate, Saratoga and Honey-suckle, who demanded to have a word with her.

"It's none of our business," Saratoga began, "but we're Johnny's pals, and we're wise to the cash present you took off him just now."

"Then you're wrong. I'm sick and tired of your rudeness!" she flared. "If you're such friends of Johnny's, why don't you do some real work? Find out who the Carstairs people are, and find out who sold him this and a dozen more

very likely priceless old masters."

She left, hoping they were thoroughly ashamed of themselves and telling herself she was glad to shake the casino dust off her feet. They were more deeply implanted than she imagined, however, for the next day saw her mounting the steps to find the trio looking like whipped dogs.

"We've been thrown out," Saratoga confessed in answer to her "Good evening." "It's a long story, and it wouldn't do any good to tell it, except to Johnny; and he won't listen."

"Perhaps I could persuade him to listen. Suppose you meet me in his office in five minutes."

On fire with curiosity, Lucille thankfully found Johnny at his desk. "I'm glad you came," he said and dashed Lucille's hopes, roused by a wholly sincere smile, with: "I've been getting out figures and I can give you a cheque for your share in this place."

"Meaning you're quitting this racket? Oh, Johnny, why?"

"Isn't good enough, I want a business I can run in the day time; something I can advertise and be proud of. It's thanks to you I feel that way, Lucille."

Thrilled as she had never been, Lucille forced herself to be loyal and keep her head. "The boys are outside," she said. "Come in all of you. They want to say something to me, if you don't mind," she added.

"Sure; it's nothing we can't say to Johnny. After all, he knows three-quarters, and he might as well hear the rest," Saratoga admitted. "Well, you see, Miss Sutton, we was jealous of Johnny taking up with you, a society dame; so we hired Gert Malloy—that's Nancy Carstairs—to vamp Johnny and put him off your type. We hired 77 Palm Drive and we took on a pal, Dictionary McKinney, who sells dime miniatures and can talk like a swell. He played Uncle Evelyn. Yeah, but we didn't figure he'd touch Johnny for cash on the family heirlooms and two hundred dollars for quitting the country, 'cos of poor Nancy's health and the mortgage on the family property falling in."

"Well, it wasn't thanks to you boys I kept my money," Johnny thrust in, "seeing that I got wise to the miniature at an art dealers and socked McKinney, good and plenty, before any cash was paid on boat tickets. Gee, I don't know what's bad enough for you boys, trying to make a mug out of your best friend! But I can tell you this: Where we're going there'll be no door, no bar, and no gambling table. I'm going up, and if you care to come with me—"

"You mean it, Johnny? What about Miss Sutton?" Saratoga asked. Lucille held her breath.

"Miss Sutton says she must leave," Johnny said gravely.

"But, look. We said we only thought she was no good. Maybe, if we apologised. . . ." Saratoga began magnanimously.

Lucille did not stay to hear more. She started to run, not caring where or how, seeing that she could hear Johnny's flying feet in hot pursuit. If she had seen the trio on the steps, exchanging bets as to whether Johnny would catch up with her and having to pay out when he did, how she would have laughed!

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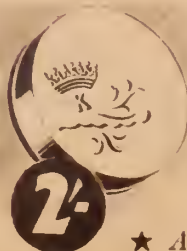
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PREVIEWS

Criticisms of the LATEST FILMS

WIVES NEVER KNOW

THE famous marital comedy team consisting of Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland provide most of the fun by their clever characterisations in this hectic matrimonial farce, which is apt to wear a little thin in humour at times, but nevertheless provides quite good entertainment.

The "villain" of the piece, who throws a monkey wrench into the smooth running machinery of the Ruggles and Boland married life, is played by Adolphe Menjou.

He is exceedingly good as a best seller novelist who does not believe in marriage and urges Ruggles to do something desperate so that his wife may have the unique pleasure of being able to forgive him.

He also persuades Mary Boland that her married life is a humdrum affair, and the result of his interference is that Ruggles goes out on the loose and gets entangled with a French actress.

Mary Boland tries to put on the "forgiveness act," but it does not quite pan out that way. Matters are further complicated by the fact that the French actress turns out to be an old flame of Menjou, who has been trying to make him marry her for years.

The situations are broadly farcical and, although at times over-prolonged, well turned, and there is a pleasant touch of satire at the expense of the modern philosophy.

Charlie Ruggles draws an exceedingly good character of the guileless husband who is led to believe it will please his wife if he kicks over the traces. His obvious embarrassment is as convincing as it is amusing.

Mary Boland, too, is a recognisable type, despite the necessary comedy exaggerations.

As the temperamental French actress, Vivienne Osborne is very good indeed.

ALL IN

Broad comedy, which develops into slapstick of a highly popular order, is the basis of the new Ralph Lynn vehicle, and generally it provides good entertainment, in spite of its lack of subtlety.

Ralph Lynn is well served with material as the milk-sop nephew of a touchy but wealthy, sporting uncle who leaves him his racing stable in his will.

Up till the time of the legacy, Archie Slott had been brought up by his aunt Genesta, and his main interest was in a home for working girls into which it is proposed to turn the stables.

However, a visit to them changes Archie's outlook, for there he finds Kay, the attractive daughter of the trainer, who persuades him to keep them going and not to scratch the horse his uncle had entered for the Derby.

However, things were not as easy as all that, and before the race Archie finds himself the possessor of an all-in-wrestling stadium and well up against Aunt Genesta, who enlists the clergy to bring back her erring nephew to the "straight and narrow."

The action is kept going by Marcel Varnel at commendable speed and the scenes of all-in-wrestling provide a very good example of slapstick fooling. Ralph Lynn gets mixed up in these, and demonstrates that the life of a comedian certainly has its ups and downs.

He puts up a good performance in his own particular vein as Archie, and is ably supported by Sydney Fairbrother as Genesta.

Claude Dampier is sound as the trainer and his daughter is most attractively played by Gina Malo.

Gibb McLaughlin turns in a sound performance as a clergyman and Jack Barty is amusing as an all-in-wrestler, who starts a fight directly he hears a bell anywhere; a trait that proves to be very embarrassing for Archie.

Several well-known all-in-wrestlers are included in the cast, and they certainly put all the vigour one could want into their roles.

BULLETS OR BALLOTS

A return to conventional gangster melodrama, which is lacking somewhat in the punch that characterised many of its predecessors, mainly perhaps because it has more conversation.

Edward G. Robinson is on the side of law and order for a change, and gives a characteristically aggressive study as a detective who is ready to sacrifice everything for the cause of justice.

As Johnnie Blake, he lets himself be dismissed from the police force in order to gain the confidence of Al Kruger, a gangster whose organisations are a menace to the city.

He succeeds in this, and when Kruger is "bumped off" by a rival, Bugs Fenner, he is able to take his place and rule the gang.

Having achieved his object, he is enabled to tell the police who are the brains behind the rackets. This leads to a wholesale raid, during which Blake and Fenner meet and shoot each other.

There is a slight love interest introduced by Joan Blondell, but the interest mainly concentrates on the rough stuff.

Joan Blondell, however, introduces the necessary touch of romance cleverly and attractively.

Barton MacLane provides a convincing type of gangster as Kruger and Humphrey Bogart is highly effective as Fenner.

The development is logical enough and there are twists which lead to the unexpected happening in a manner which keeps your interest quite well held.

There is also a sound atmosphere which adds realism to the proceedings. —Lionel Collier.

LADIES IN LOVE

Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, Loretta Young, Simone Simon in one picture. Ladies and gentlemen, the winnah: Janet Gaynor! —For the rest, the story of *Ladies in Love*, slightly reminiscent of *Sally*, *Irene and Mary*, is inclined to be confusing at first and improbable at the finish, and the picture is left to rely on its stellar appeal and its individual incident.

Janet, Constance and Loretta, out for adventure, take an expensive flat in Budapest. Each has a different ambition. Janet is the motherly sort who wants love with a husband and children attached. Constance, sophisticated, wants a rich husband with or without love attached. Loretta, innocence personified, wants a hat shop with no love at all attached.

All eventually achieve their desire after Janet has nearly lost her Don Ameche, Loretta has had her heart broken in a romance with an aristocratic playboy and Connie has lost the particular millionaire she really loved (Paul Lukas) to a precocious schoolgirl (Simone Simon who has little more than a bit). The middle-aged Luka's nose-dive for a child apparently almost young enough to be his grand-daughter is neither plausible nor pleasant.

Of the series of boy friends who

flit in and out as sounding boards for the girls' emotions Ameche and Alan Mowbray, magnificent as a temperamental illusionist, are the most interesting and the fact that nearly all their scenes are with Janet, coupled with a sympathetic role and her own flair for comedy, give her the decision. —M. D. P.

Reviews

**YOURS FOR THE ASKING

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Romantic comedy. Runs 71 minutes.

GEORGE RAFT.....Johnny Lamb
DOLORES COSTELLO BARRYMORE.....Lucille Sutton
IDA LUPINO.....Gert Malloy
REGINALD OWEN....."Dictionary" McKinney
JAMES GLEASON.....Saratoga
LYNNE OVERMAN.....Honeysuckle
EDGAR KENNEDY.....Bicarbonate
RICHARD "SKEETS" GALLAGHER.....Perry Barnes

ROBERT GLECKLER.....Slick Doran
RICHARD POWELL.....Benedict
Directed by Alexander Hall, from a story by William R. Lipman and William H. Wright.

Breezy comedy dealing with a gambler's social climbing. It has a full quota of laughs and is particularly snappy in dialogue.

George Raft puts plenty of human feeling and no little punch into his interpretation of Johnny Lamb, owner of a gambling saloon, who refuses to lend Lucille Sutton, an attractive society girl, money which she would lose at his tables, but so impressed is he with her palatial home—heavily mortgaged—that he persuades her to become his partner in the promotion of a "smart" casino.

Johnny's three pals, Saratoga, Bicarbonate, and Honeysuckle, however, object to him going high-hat, mistrusting Lucille, and secretly plot with Gert Malloy and Dictionary McKinney, two confidence tricksters, to cure him of his social aspirations.

At first they succeed, but when Gert and Dictionary try to double-cross them and Johnny at the same time, Johnny sees through the scheme and gives such a devastating exhibition of fisticuffs and verbal fireworks that they are only too willing to welcome Lucille as his permanent partner.

The humour is of the broad variety and it is gained by exaggerating easily recognisable types.

Dolores Costello Barrymore displays picturesque charm as Lucille, while Ida Lupino is well cast as the provocative Gert.

Credits are due to Reginald Owen, James Gleason, Edgar Kennedy and Lynne Overman for their comedy characterisations.

**LITTLE MISS NOBODY

20th Century-Fox. American. "U" certificate. Drama. Runs 72 minutes.

JANE WITHERS.....Judy Devlin
JANE DARWELL.....Martha Bradley
RALPH MORGAN.....Gerald Dexter
SARA HADEN.....Teresa Lewis
HARRY CAREY.....John Russell
BETTY JEAN HANEY.....Mary Dorsey
THOMAS JACKSON.....Dutch Miller
JACKIE MORROW.....Junior Snythe
JED PROUTY.....Hector Snythe
CLAUDIA COLEMAN.....Sybil Snythe
DONALD HAINES.....Harold Slade
CLARENCE H. WILSON.....Herman Slade
LILIAN HARMER.....Jessica Taggart

Directed by John Blystone. Screen play by Lon Breslow, Paul Burger and Edward Eliscu.

Jane Withers carries the weight of this picture on her young shoulders and forms the main entertainment angle in a production which, starting off with very pleasing juvenile studies, suddenly develops into crime melodrama complete with a killing.

It seems a pity that such incongruities should be allowed to mar the work of a little star who is definitely clever.

(continued on page 36)



Ralph Lynn demonstrates in this scene from "All In" that the life of a comedian has its ups and downs!



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Picturegoer
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Reviews

by **LIONEL COLLIER**

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

**YOURS FOR THE ASKING

**LITTLE MISS NOBODY

**MURDER IN THE BIG HOUSE

c*LET'S SING AGAIN

*MIDNIGHT PHANTOM

*FORGOTTEN WOMEN

c*ANNIE LAURIE

*THE DEVIL DOLL

*LOVE IN EXILE

*EVERYBODY DANCE THOROUGHLY

What the asterisks mean—
 An outstanding feature.
 ... Very good. * Good.
 * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

She is cast as Judy Devlin, an orphan in a children's home who is always getting into mischief. No amount of punishment alters her, but her protective influence over her weaker sisters makes her the idol of them all. But at last she has to be sent to a reform school.

She escapes on the way, and falls in with John Russell, an ex-convict, who adopts her. Russell is being blackmailed by Dutch Miller, who overhears Judy's description of the grand new home to which her young friend, Mary, has been taken by a visitor to the orphanage. He side-tracks Russell and accompanies Judy to the house, determined to make a haul. Russell follows, and in a desperate encounter Dutch is shot dead. Eventually, Judy's parentage is discovered, Russell is exonerated from the crime, and Judy and Mary find all their childish dreams come true.

Besides Jane Withers, whose engaging personality is triumphant even in the burgling episodes, another good juvenile performance comes from Jackie Morrow as Junior Smythe, a little prig who visits the home with his mother.

Ralph Morgan as the rich father is unable to make anything of a rather dull and shadowy part.

**MURDER IN THE BIG HOUSE

Warner. American. "A" certificate. Murder mystery. Runs 60 minutes.

CRAIG REYNOLDS.....Ken Williams
 JUNE TRAVIS.....Jane Rogers
 BARTON MACLANE.....Det. Capt. Rourke
 JOSEPH KING.....Big Mike Eagan
 JOSEPH CREHAN.....Warden
 ADDISON RICHARDS.....Dan Varner
 RICHARD PURCELL.....Ed. Slayden
 GEO. E. STONE.....Weeper
 EDDIE ACUFF.....Sig Patton
 CAROL HUGHES.....Gladys Joy
 CHAS. MIDDLETON.....Dan Stone
 ROBT. EMMETT KEANE.....City Editor

Directed by Nick Grindle.

Somewhat novel spot-the-murderer plot with the action taking place inside a prison. Characterisation is sound and deduction logical with a less noticeable supply of "red herring" trails than usual.

Joseph King puts over a very good performance as Mike Eagan, an ex-racketeer, running straight, who is menaced by Ed. Slayden, a gunman. To save trouble Mike hits a policeman, hoping to be sent to gaol for thirty days—the judge gives him two years. Jane, a girl Mike had helped, tells a reporter, Ken Williams, why he had gone to gaol, and he spills the news to the police, who arrest Slayden and send him up for life at the same prison.

Also in the gaol is a warder, Stone, who believes that Mike had killed his son. For good behaviour Mike is to be paroled, in spite of a fight he had with Slayden, who tried to knife him. On the eve of his departure he is found murdered. The plot then resolves itself into an effort to spot the murderer, and it is solved by Ken.

Craig Reynolds presents a cheerfully self-possessed character as Ken, and June Travis makes an intelligent and attractive Jane.

As the prison warden, Joseph Crehan is convincing and Richard Purcell makes Slayden a really tough gunman.

The denouement is dramatic and unexpected.

c*LET'S SING AGAIN

Radio. American. "U" certificate. Mystery and adventure drama. Runs 61 minutes.

BOBBY BREEN.....Billy Gordon
 HENRY ARMETTA.....Joe Pasquale
 GEORGE HOUSTON.....Leon Albe
 VIVIANNE OSBORNE.....Rosa Donelli
 GRANT WITHERS.....Diablo
 INEZ COURTNEY.....Marge
 LUCIE LITTLEFIELD.....Perkins
 RICHARD CARLE.....Carter
 CLAY CLEMENT.....Jackson
 ANN DORAN.....Alice Alba

Directed by Kurt Neumann, from a story by Dan Jarrett.

Slight story with elements of mystery and adventure, mild pathos and conventional humour used to exploit the possibilities of a juvenile star who is appealing in voice and personality.

Bobby Breen is cast as Billy Gordon, an inmate of an orphanage who runs away to join a travelling theatre. His voice attracts the notice of Joe Pasquale who, in his day, was a noted tenor. He trains Billy, and the boy becomes so proficient that Diablo, a trapeze performer, designs to sign him up and take him away for a show of his own. To avoid this Joe and Billy leave the theatre and tramp to New York.

Here they fall in with Leon Albe, a celebrated baritone who is singing at a party. For an encore he sings a lullaby he had composed for his own little son, long since missing. Billy hears this, and, when Albe has finished, gives his own rendering, which his mother, now dead, had taught him in infancy. Albe is struck by the voice, and a few inquiries serve to reveal to him that Billy is no other than his own long-lost offspring.

Of the remainder of the cast, George Houston is the most notable; he has a pleasing baritone voice.

Henry Armetta supplies his usual florid humour as a big-hearted Italian and Vivienne Osborne is sound as a famous opera singer.

The whole thing is quite well mounted and set.

*MIDNIGHT PHANTOM

Butcher. American. "A" certificate. Murder drama. Runs 55 minutes.

REGINALD DENNY.....Prof. David Graham
 CLAUDIA DELL.....Diane Sullivan
 LLOYD HUGHES.....Lieut. Daniel Burke
 JAMES FARLEY.....Chief James Sullivan
 BARBARA BEDFORD.....Kathleen Ryan
 MARY FOY.....Mary Ryan
 JOHN ELLIOTT.....Capt. Bill Withers
 FRANCIS SAYLES.....Police Sergeant Kelly
 AL ST. JOHN.....Radio Officer Jones
 HENRY ROCQUEMORE.....Dr. McNeil
 LEE PRATHER.....Capt. Perkins
 ROBERT WALKER.....Capt. Phillips
 JACK KENNY.....Lieut. Silverstein

Directed by B. B. Ray. Screen story by Jack Neville.

Very moderate double murder story which is lacking in grip and weak in production values.

It deals with a trusted police officer, Dan, who is in love with his chief's daughter, Diane. Her father refuses consent to the union because Dan's brother belonged to a gang of bank robbers.

Some time later the chief is found murdered and the doctor who attends him is also killed. It is then a question of spot the murderer, which Dan proceeds to do.

Reginald Denny has little chance to make anything of the rôle of an expert criminologist, Professor Graham, during whose lecture on the psychology of crime the chief is found murdered. His lines are poor and the character shadowy.

Lloyd Hughes makes a bluff Dan and James Farley is sound as the chief. Claudia Dell does the best she can with the colourless rôle of Diane.

*FORGOTTEN WOMEN

Wardour. American. "A" certificate. War melodrama. Runs 58 minutes.

EVELYN BRENT.....Monica Dale
 IRENE RICH.....Mrs. Schuyler
 LOUISE FAZENDA.....Fanny Smithers
 MARCELINE DAY.....Dorothy Quinton
 FRITZI RIDGEWAY.....Prudence Graham
 JUNE CLYDE.....Janice Lee
 ELIZABETH KEATING.....Bluebell Jones
 HELEN KEATING.....Rosemary Jones
 MARJORIE KELLOGG.....Lil

Directed by William Beaudine.

There are no men in this picture, dealing with a group of canteen workers at the Front during the war, although their voices are heard in the canteen, in the road and over the 'phone.

The war atmosphere is realistic but the love reactions of some of the characters and their behaviour is highly melodramatic and the pathos over-emphasised.

The best way to get an idea of the material is to read a brief synopsis of the story.

It deals mainly with the reactions to each other—and of three of them to their lovers—of eight girls in a canteen unit behind the lines. The drama that emerges has to do with a case of "love-larceny." Monica Dale has spent the night with another girl's sweetheart, and her escapade is likely to result in her being drummed out of the squad. "Snoopy" Graham, who hates Monica, threatens to tell the captain in charge of the canteen, and in her rage Monica hurls a hand grenade at "Snoopy", killing her on the spot.

Her rival, Janice Lee, sees what happens, but heroically holds her tongue. She it is who draws the lot of carrying a message to the artillery through shell-fire. But Monica can be heroic, too, and bravely substitutes herself for the job. She meets her death on this mission, thus atoning for stealing the sweetheart of another woman.

c*ANNIE LAURIE

Butcher. British. "U" certificate. Scottish comedy. Runs 82 minutes.

WILL FYFFE.....Will Laurie
 POLLY WARD.....Annie Laurie
 BRUCE SKOT.....Jamie Turney
 VIVIANNE CHATTERTON.....Maggie Laurie
 ROMILLY LUNGE.....John Anderson
 PERCY WALSH.....Alec Laurie

FREDA MARELLO.....Mary
 FREDERICK CULLEY.....Robert Anderson
 QUINTON MCPHERSON.....Small
 J. KENDAL CHALMERS.....Sir Adam MacAlpine
 EVELYN BARNARD.....Elspeth MacAlpine
 IRIS VANDELEUR.....Widow McKay
 JUNE MARTIN.....Annie Laurie, aged 12
 TONY ARPINO.....Cripps
 STANLEY RADCLIFFE.....Malcolm
 NEIL CARLTON.....Battling Burge
 THE RODNEY HUDSON GIRLS, DORIS AND HER ZEBRA, HORACE SHELTON'S ORCHESTRA.

Directed by Walter Tennyson.

Will Fyffe is given plenty of opportunities to exploit his own particular talents and also to sing two or three songs in his characteristic manner.

He is the mainstay of a production which is not strong dramatically but has plenty of popular sentiment and homely humour.

The story shows how John Anderson, who, driven into a marriage of convenience by his domineering father, Robert, married secretly and is left a widower with a baby girl. He goes to the war and is killed, leaving the baby in the care of a kindly but childless couple of barge folk, Will and Maggie Laurie, who bring her up as their own.

Will's brother, Alec, in the show business, arrives from America and persuades them to send Annie to a dancing school in Glasgow, where she shows such talent that, when the old folk are turned out of their barge by Robert Anderson, she helps them to open a travelling theatre, which makes their fortune.

Meanwhile, Jamie Turner, a wealthy young man in love with Annie, withdraws his finance from Robert Anderson for turning the old couple out of their barge, and goes in search of them; but when he finds them he agrees to help old Anderson for his grand-daughter's sake, and the film ends on a note of reconciliation and impending matrimony.

The comedian is cast as the bargee who adopts the baby of a man killed in the war. His wife is well presented by Vivienne Chatterton, while Polly Ward is sound as the baby grown up. She sings and dances vivaciously.

Romilly Lunge makes the most of his part as John Anderson, the baby's father.

The production qualities are adequate and the settings contain some attractive location shots. The Scottish atmosphere generally is well maintained.

*THE DEVIL DOLL

M. G.-M. American. "A" certificate. Fantastic revenge melodrama. Runs 78 minutes.

LIONEL BARRYMORE.....Lavond
 MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN.....Doraine
 FRANK LAWTON.....Toto
 RAFAELA OTTIANO.....Malita
 ROBERT GREIG.....Coulvet
 LUCY BEAUMONT.....Mme. Lavond
 HENRY B. WALTHALL.....Marcel
 GRACE FORD.....Lachna
 PEDRO DE CORDOBA.....Matin
 ARTHUR HOHL.....Radin
 JUANITA QUIGLEY.....Marguerite
 CLAIRE DU BREVY.....Mme. Coulvet
 ROLLO LLOYD.....Detective
 D. ALLYN WARREN.....Commissioner

Directed by Tod Browning. Based on the novel "Burn, Witch, Burn," by Abraham Morritt. Previewed September 5, 1936.

Except for some clever trick camera work there is very little in this "horror" film except for the very credulous.

It's the story of a mad Doctor Marcel who perfects a process by which human beings can be reduced to foot-high automata which are controlled entirely by will-power.

Unfortunately, his experiments have been held up owing to the fact that he is a prisoner on Devil's Island, but with a fellow-convict, Lavond, he escapes, and the two finally reach the secret laboratory in which Marcel's wife had been carrying on experiments unaided

(Continued on page 38)

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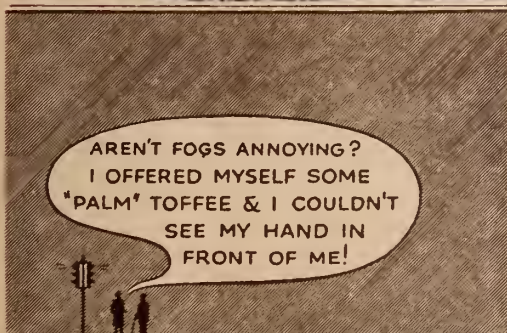
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REVIEWS - Contd.

during the involuntary absence of her husband. The inventor and Lavond and his widow go to Paris, where the former seeks to revenge himself on the directors of the bank whose treachery resulted in his unjust imprisonment.

Being sought by the police, Lavond disguises himself as an old woman and opens a toy shop where some of the wares are living animals which have been reduced to Lilliputian dimensions. Having tricked one of his former partners into visiting the shop, he turns him into one of these tiny human beings and a wave of terror is let loose on Paris.

Having effected his revenge and seen his daughter—who does not know him—happily married, Lavond retires into well-earned seclusion.

Lionel Barrymore in his female disguise looks like a pantomime dame and the rest of the cast is unable to cope with the serial-like fantasy of their material.

*LOVE IN EXILE

General F.D. British. "A" certificate.

Romantic comedy-drama. Runs 78 minutes.

CLIVE BROOK.....Regis VI
HELEN VINSON.....Xandra
MARY CARLISLE.....Emily Stewart
RONALD SQUIRE.....Paul
CECIL RAMAGE.....Weston
WILL FYFFE.....Doc Tate
TANARA DESNI.....Tanya
EDMUND BREON.....Zarroy
HENRY OSCAR.....Dictator
BARBARA EVEREST.....Anna

Directed by Alfred L. Werker, from Gene Mackay's novel "His Majesty's Pyjamas."

Ruritanian romance which hesitates rather disastrously between seriousness and comedy and is somewhat stilted in dialogue and direction.

Its main assets are the performances given by Helen Vinson, Will Fyffe and Cecil Ramage.

Clive Brook is too unbending in the lead to give any air of adventurousness or gaiety to the rôle of the King.

He is cast as Regis VI, a susceptible monarch, who has his amorous interest in the Countess Xandra magnified to damaging proportions by Weston and Doc Tate, two unscrupulous gentlemen out to secure the country's oil concessions. Left with no alternative than to abdicate, Regis hops off to Monte Carlo, and Xandra to Holland. Later the dictator installed by Weston and Doc gets awkward, and to shake him up Weston threatens to replace Regis on his throne.

Xandra, thinking that Weston really intends to restore Regis, inveigles him on to Weston's yacht, bound presumably for the old country. However, when Weston's scheme to exploit Regis for his own selfish ends becomes apparent, Doc is conscience-stricken, and helps Regis and Xandra to outwit the crook. After a tussle Regis is restored with Xandra as his consort, while Weston gets his marching orders.

*EVERYBODY DANCE

G.B.D. British. "A" certificate.

Musical comedy. Runs 74 minutes.

CICELY COURTNEIDGE.....Lady Kate
ERNEST TRUAX.....Wilbur Spurgeon
PERCY PARSONS.....Josiah Spurgeon
ALMA TAYLOR.....Rosemary Spurgeon
CHARLES REISNER.....Tommy Spurgeon
BILLIE DE LA VOLTA.....Shirley Spurgeon
KATHLESS HARRISON.....Lucy
BRUCE WINSTON.....Pierre
DENIER WARREN.....Dan Felming
PETER GAWTHORNE.....Sir Rowland Morton
HELEN HAVE.....Lady Morton
JANET JOHNSON.....Lilian
JOAN PONSFORD.....Dorothy
Directed by Charles Reisner. Based on a story by Leslie Arliss and Stafford Dickens. Words and music by Mack Gordon and Harry Revel.

Extremely slight story indifferently presented which relies entirely for its entertainment on the extent of your appreciation of Cicely Courtneidge. She is so poorly served with material that it becomes rather a tax on one's loyalty.

She is cast as Lady Kate, a nightclub singer with a flashy reputation, who assumes the responsibility of taking care of her sister's two children, Tommy and Shirley, when they leave America following their mother's death rather than let them be victims of their wealthy grandfather's spite. She is determined to keep her vocation a secret and installs the children in a country house, where they are later joined by their Uncle Wilbur, sent by grandfather to bring them back.

All goes well at first. Lady Kate succeeds in hoodwinking Wilbur, but later she has a row with the night club proprietor and walks out. In order to get her back he informs her local J.P. of her identity, and such is her reputation that she is instructed to send the children back to their grandfather. Rather than reveal her secret she agrees, but a lucky last-minute twist supplies the happy ending.

Ernest Truax is fairly amusing as Wilbur, but neither Charles Reisner as Tommy nor Billie de la Volta as Shirley appear to great advantage.

Some song numbers are fair and quite well put over, but construction is so weak that neither characterisation nor plot make much appeal to the spectator.

THOROUGHbred

Wardour. Australian. "U" certificate.

Racing melodrama. Runs 68 minutes.

HELEN TWELVETREES.....Joan
FRANK LEIGHTON.....Tommy Dawson
JOHN LONGDEN.....Bill Peel
HAROLD MEADE.....Russell Peel
NELLIE FERGUSON....."Ma" Dawson
NELLIE BARNES.....Judy Cross
ELAINE HAMIL.....Linda
JOHN DARCY.....Jack Dent
LES WARTON.....Gaffer
GEORGE LLOYD.....Sleepyfeet
ALF STANTON.....Midget Martin
RON WHELAN.....Genna
CLINTON MOORE.....Hops Warton
J. MANDY.....Mr. Clump
A. CORNELL.....Clive (butler)
J. O'MALLEY.....Monk
W. BENNETT.....Bat
J. SETTLE.....Honest Herman
D. DUNBAR.....Ralph
PEARL HELMICH.....Mrs. Dinwiddie
ED. SEWARD.....Mr. Terry
PAUL MARCUS.....A Frenchman
DR. KURZEL.....A German
N. VLAHO.....An Italian
F. S. BURNELL.....An Englishman
MR. CHAN.....A Jap
MR. VAN ANDEL.....A Dutchman

DON MCNIVEN, RUTH CRAVEN,

"STORMALONG."

Directed by Ken G. Hall.

Crude and commonplace horse-racing story which is lacking in efficient treatment and presentation. The acting is generally weak and the continuity haphazard.

It deals with Tommy Dawson, a trainer, who has a huge conceit of himself, but justifies it when he introduces "Stormalong" for the Melbourne Cup. This turns out to be a "wonder" horse, and becomes such a sure thing that it is backed down to even money.

This attracts the attention of Mike Genna, head of a gang of international crooks. They devise ingenious plans to "stop" this hot favourite after fielding against it at double the odds. Attempts to dope the horse and to destroy it by setting its stable on fire are frustrated. The final big idea of one of the crooks is to shoot it just before it reaches the winning post. This he does, but the horse staggers on to win the race, and to leave love and virtue triumphant in the usual way.

That 'Painted' look is out of fashion — says Paris



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LOSES HUSBAND WHEN FAIR BLOND HAIR TURNS BROWN

Near Tragedy—Ends Happily

THE following letter was recently received by the manufacturers of Sta-blond Shampoo:—"Dear Sir, I am writing to tell you how much happiness I have obtained through your Sta-blond Shampoo. Six months ago my husband and I parted and he was seen about with a beautiful blonde. After seeing your advertisement I decided to try Sta-blond. After using it twice I saw my husband and he took me to a theatre. A month later, after using it twice more, I saw him again and I am very happy to say that we made it up. All the thanks are due to Sta-blond; the best shampoo in the world. I remain, Yours truly, 'B'."

This woman knew why her husband left her, but how few women know that when their sweethearts or husbands tire of them it is because, in his eyes, they are losing their looks. When a man marries a blonde, it is because he likes blond types, but when her hair turns brown or mousy she loses that blond glamour and ceases to be his type; invariably he will be attracted by another blonde.

If you are a natural fair blonde you can always stay blond—alluring—if you use STA-BLOND, that wonderful shampoo-rinse combination. It has the same lightening effect as the sun but without streaking. If you have already turned into a brown or mousy blond you can get back the beautiful golden tresses of your girlhood by using this wonderful shampoo. Sta-blond, the Blondes' own shampoo, makes your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter without bleaching. It makes 'perms' last longer and gives hair a golden beauty that no other shampoo can possibly give. Not a camomile or henna wash—contains no dye or injurious bleaches. Try it to-day.

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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

WHIMSICAL FRED ASTAIRE

Where He Scores Over Crooners

FRED ASTAIRE has no singing voice—it would scarcely be fair if he had, considering that he has more talent in his toes than most people have in their heads—but many crooners would do well to take a lesson from him.

The whimsical, half-humorous manner in which he puts over sentimental songs is the only way to treat such stuff and is a delightful substitute for the calf-eyed gaze and general air of *mal-de-mer* that afflicts the average crooner.—M. Reynolds Seaton, 21 Windsor Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth.



Fred Astaire

That Story Shortage

The fact that eminent film producers are constantly complaining of the scarcity of good stories leads one to consider the cause of this shortage.

Twenty years ago, when films were in their infancy, a simple plot sufficed to make an engrossing film because everyday life was a comparatively simple matter at that time.

The complexity of modern life has engendered in us a blend of philosophy and cynicism, thus making the scenario writer's task one of continually increasing difficulty.

Each fresh theme, moreover, evolves such a flood of films of the same type that we soon become blasé and indifferent to their appeal.

The number of films produced each year is so large that the supply of good stories is soon exhausted and, as our code of ethics is constantly changing, many themes lose their appeal before they can be utilised as popular film material.—B. C. Davies, Rose Cottage, Barnlaine, Neyland, Pems., who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

Sez Mrs. Cooper

There's some wot goes nuts on Chevalier
And them as are for Errol Flynn;
I ain't even able to fall for Clark Gable—
And look at the fans 'e can win.
I've never been crazy on Colman.
Bob Montgomery? 'E's not so bad;
But I don't give a howl for crooning Dick Powell. . . .

Tho' William's a bit of a lad.
Fred. March 'as made lots of 'earts flutter.
Wot 'omage to Laughton they yields!
Nah, bless me, Joanna, I spends me last tanner
On bloomin' old W. C. Fields.
For 'umour I like Gordon Harker,
Claude Hulbert and Dampier, too,
While frozen-faced Sparks an' the Mad Brothers Marx—

Laugh? Coo! I'm tellin' you!
There's plenty I ain't even mentioned,
But me Muse, 'as dried up, it's a fact.
Still, 'andsome or 'omely, it ain't features only
Just give me a bloke as can ACT.—(Mrs.) E. J. Cooper, "Dunbar," Cromwell Road, Shenfield, Brentwood, Essex, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Four Black Marks

I submit the following as being necessary for the benefit of the kinema public:—

1. The complete abolition of the garish colours thrown on to the screen at the commencement of any film. This weird light is

quite irrelevant and inappropriate, and is not even redeemed by good taste.

2. The parading of ushers up and down the gangways during the showing of a film, crying their wares of chocolates, cigarettes, and ices.

3. The constant marshalling of those unfortunates standing in the gangways by the attendants, who urge them to move in some other direction, indicated either by word of mouth or by the violent brandishing of a flashlight.

4. The questionable practice of marshalling all out of one or two exits at the end of any performance. The attendants stand unobtrusively but nevertheless immovably in front of any exit they do not wish to open, with the result that the often huge stream of people is forced to move awkwardly and slowly to one or two exits alone.—L. J. Lowen, 5 Kendrey Gardens, Twickenham.

She Wants Plots—

Why do the Hollywood producers make such a hue and cry for new faces and new talent? They do not need new players, they need new stories. Consider the stars who have suffered from poor stories—Marlene Dietrich is the best example. In her first American picture *The Blue Angel*, she leapt to popularity, but this was followed by a number of films with weak plots and she was fast losing her place in the film world. Now, at last, she has a good story in *Desire* and has regained her old popularity.

Such sensational stars as Robert Donat and Errol Flynn owe their success largely to the good stories they had in their first starring pictures.

Therefore, I say the film industry does not need new faces, but new stories.—(Miss) M. Whitwham, 18 Priesthorpe Road, Bingley, Yorks.

—He Doesn't

Why all this talk about plots? For many years we have endured blather about the "sameness" of film plots and the need for "greater and better" screen stories. We have been told that the film can never attain greatness as an art until its plots are great.

Now, obviously, this is nonsense. The great films of to-day and yesterday have not been blessed with very good plots. *The Birth of a Nation* means nothing on paper. *The Private Life of Henry VIII* is merely a string of nuptials as a scenario. *Queen Christina* is a re-hash of Hollywood's plot No. 1A. As for *The Thin Man*, I have not been able to understand its story to this day.

The truth is that film plots don't matter. The factors which make a great film are 99 per cent. great direction and 1 per cent. good acting, dialogue, etc. Great directors have made cinematic milestones out of poor plots. Great plots might be millstones round their necks.—Douglas G. Maitland, 29a Meldon Terrace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 6.

For Chatterers Only

"All talkie," in a picture sense, Means from the screen, not audience. So all those things you would confide, Please leave until you get outside.—(Mrs.) R. Cruse, The Elms, Wadborough, Worcester.

As We Were

In the days of the silent film, our village boasted the usual kinema. A small hall, with sizeable screen, level boarded floor, wooden
(Continued on page 42)

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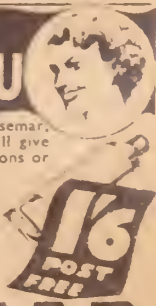
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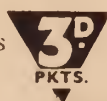
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are medium.



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WHO'S WHO

Frances Drake

WAS born in America and "discovered" for the screen in England. Under her real name, Frances Dean, she appeared in *Meet My Sister* and *The Jewel* before being snapped up by Hollywood.

Previously Frances had had some success as a dancer on the stage and in cabaret.

Among her American pictures are *Bolero*, *The Trumpet Blows*, *Forsaking All Others*, *Les Misérables*, *The Invisible Ray*, *Florida Special* and *Sudden Death*.

Miss Drake is 5 ft. 2 1/2 in. tall and weighs 7 stone 12 pounds. She has brown hair and grey eyes.

Steffi Duna

BORN in Budapest, Steffi Duna began her training for the ballet in early childhood, and at eleven made her dance debut at the Budapest Opera. She later toured Europe, dancing as "Steffi the Wonder Child."

Noel Coward's *Words and Music* introduced her to London theatregoers and film parts in *The Indiscretions of Eve* and *The Iron Stair* followed.

Hollywood then claimed her, her first American film being *Man of Two Worlds*. As the star of the immensely successful *La Cucaracha* which started the Technicolor boom, and *Dancing*

Pirate, she can claim to be the "mother" of the colour screen.

Steffi is 5 ft. 2 in. tall and weighs 7 stone 12 lb.

Douglas Dumbrille

WAS born on October 13, 1903, in Hamilton, Canada, and made his screen debut in 1916 in *What Eighty Million Women Want*.

Dumbrille went back to the stage and did not take up film work regularly until 1931, since when he has been one of the most popular villains in the business. In his first year in Hollywood he made 24 films.

His pictures include *Blondie of the Follies*, *Female*, *Voltaire*, *Enemies of Society*, *Massacre*, *His Nellie*, *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, *The Princess Comes Across* and his latest, *M'liss*.

James Dunn

WAS born in New York on November 2, 1905, and started in films as an extra. Later he learned about acting on the stage in stock companies.

Jimmy scored a hit with his first featured film role in *Bad Girl* in 1931, and has remained at the top ever since.

His recent pictures include *Don't Get Personal*, *Hearts in Bondage* and *Two-fisted Gentlemen*.

Dunn is 6 ft. tall and weighs 11 stone 3 lb.

What Do You Think?—Cont.

forms, and piano played by the local genius (no music required).

The patrons would commence community whistling and stamping their feet if a lively rag-time air was rendered, whilst the manager kept shouting "Silence, please," till the tune ceased.

During the evening programmes frequent breakdowns would occur, then darkness, whistle-calls, and pandemonium reigned.

If the breakdown was prolonged, invariably someone in the audience obliged with a song.

Between the showing of the "big" picture and the serial, "lights up" and a ten-minutes' interval. The time was employed in newspaper reading and a general orgy of pea-nut cracking, orange eating, and candy chewing.

Going to the cinema was an event in those days.—(Miss) M. Robertson-McIntosh, *The Porches*, Kennoway Road, Windygates, Fifeshire, Scotland.

For Your Party

Here is a highly diverting pastime for an odd winter evening. It was started at a party I was at recently and proved very entertaining, apart from the fact that it was also enlightening.

Players have to vote for individual points in the make-up of their ideal film star under different headings.

Here is the result of the last one I voted in, and the make-up may be of interest to other readers:—

Physique ...	Joel McCrea.
Head ...	Clark Gable.
Nose ...	Frank Shields.
Mouth ...	Gary Cooper.
Voice ...	Herbert Marshall.
Eyes ...	Charles Boyer.
Virility ...	Edward Arnold.
Personality ...	Eddie Cantor.
Hands ...	Leslie Howard.

Other headings could, perhaps, be added, and the result is always different, but it has proved very popular.—(Miss) A. H. Whittam, "Dunardry," Gateside Road, Barrhead, Renfrewshire.

Bad Films

Three plays taken off because audiences did not want them. What a pity films that didn't suit were left to go the dismal rounds!

In this city I have patronised cinemas where films have been booed almost continuously from the opening scene to the final close-up.

Yet the exhibitor has continued to show them the rest of the week. Films should be booked with this proviso: if an audience did not like

them, and showed they didn't, different films would be exchanged for them.

Under the present system a stage audience has a privilege we would give much to have.—E. Ruce, 46 Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

Helping the Kiddies

I was interested in your reader saying she sent her old copies of PICTUREGOER to a hospital.

I have several friends who collect pictures of their favourite stars and, as they are trying to get as many as possible, duplicates are welcome. I cut out all pictures of their favourites from PICTUREGOER and sell them for a small sum. The ten or twelve shillings I make this way yearly goes to a children's hospital in which I am interested.—(Miss) Joyce I. Corlett, "Bonshaw," Selborne Drive, Douglas, Isle of Man.

His Modest Wants

I suppose every cinema fan, at some time or another, has passed in review a number of "things I should like to see on the films". Here are a few of my anticipations and desires:

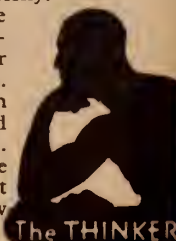
- (1) A really worthy picture of the Spanish Armada sweeping up the English Channel.
- (2) A "close-up" of Elizabeth, the virgin queen.
- (3) A "photographic gem" of the ruined city of Pompeii in the moonlight.
- (4) The encounter between Normans and Saxons at the Battle of Hastings.
- (5) A "close-up" of Edytha of the Swan-neck, the lady who was to have been Harold's wife.
- (6) A picture built around Lord Leighton's lovely painting "The Last Watch of Hero", now in the Manchester Art Gallery.
- (7) A motion picture of the Japanese Parliament in session.

A queer assortment, no doubt. But "what's yours?"—Donald Grant, 1 Central Buildings, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 is. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.



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Picturegoer 28/11/36

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Christmas*

HERE'S a splendid new idea that may solve many a Christmas Present problem. Read all about it in the magnificent December issue of ZOO, just out. There you will find expert advice on choosing pups and kittens for Christmas presents; there's helpful advice about your own pets too. Altogether this splendid issue contains sixty-four art photogravure pages, crammed with remarkable pictures, both thrilling and strange... gripping articles... stirring animal fiction. The true story is told of "Santa Claus' Sleigh Team"; Cherry Kearton's account of "Africa's Rivers of Adventure" will hold you enthralled; Dr. G. M. Ververs tells you "What I Saw in Russia's Zoos"; you'll marvel at undersea pictures showing all the glorious beauty of a coral reef, etc., etc. Whatever you do, don't miss this outstanding December issue. Already the demand is enormous. Get your copy TO-DAY price 6d.

Let GEORGE Do It!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

ANXIOUS (Derby).—Margaret Churchill played with Paul Kelly in *Speed Devils*. Barbara Waring played with John Garrick in *His Majesty & Co.*

ARDENT FILM FAN (Leeds).—Latest films and companies—Katharine Hepburn and Herbert Marshall—*A Woman Rebels* for Radio. Dick Powell—*Stage Struck* for Warner Bros. Clark Gable and Franchot Tone—*Love On the Run* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Greta Garbo—*Camille* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Shirley Temple—*Dimples* for Twentieth Century-Fox. Jane Withers—*Pepper* for Twentieth Century-Fox. Mae West—*Go West Young Man* for Paramount.

J. M. (Harrogate).—Tom Mix, Claudia Dell, Earle Foxe and Stanley Fields took the chief roles in *Destry Rides Again*.

L. H. (Bournemouth).—Nova Pilbeam, b. Nov. 13, 1919, Wimbledon, England; light brown hair and blue eyes, 4 ft. 10 in.; uses own name for screen purposes. Films include *Little Friend*, *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, *Tudor Rose*, and is to make *Non Stop New York*.

P. C. (Reading).—Joan Marsh took the part of Vivian in *Champagne For Breakfast*.

BEVERLY OF PLUMSTEAD.—(1) Sybil Jason, b. Nov. 23, 1929, Cape Town, South Africa, daughter of Mary and Jack Jacobs; when she was two years old, she amazed her family by her talent at singing and dancing. Miss Frances Day prevailed upon her uncle, Harry Jacobson, pianist with the Savoy Hotel band in London, to bring the child to London. She came when she was three years old and made her first professional appearance at a charity concert at the Palace Theatre. A prominent British film producer was present and made arrangements for her to play with Archie Pitt in *Barnacle*. Other films: *Dance Band*, *Little Big Shot*, *The Singing Kid*, *Way For a Pirate*, *The Great O'Malley*.

J. L. E. (Devon).—Latest films and companies: Janet Gaynor—*Ladies In Love* for Twentieth Century Fox. Ginger Rogers—*Mother Carey's Chickens* for Radio. Maureen O'Sullivan—*Return of Tarzan* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Irene Dunne—*Theodora Goes Wild for Radio*. Greta Garbo—*Camille*, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Jessie Matthews—*Head Over Heels* for Gaumont-British. Marlene Dietrich—*Knight Without Armour* for London Films. Dolores del Rio—*The Depths Below* for Columbia. Ronald Colman—*Lost Horizon* for United Artists. Jean Harlow—*Libelled Lady* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

H. M. (Fife).—Latest films: Robert Donat—*Knight Without Armour* for London Films. Robert Taylor—*Camille* for Metro-

Goldwyn-Mayer. Franchot Tone—*Love On the Run* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Robert Young—*Maiden Voyage* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

O. J. (Brixton).—(1) George Brent to make *Safari in Paradise* with Jean Arthur. (2) Charles Boyer making *History Is Made at Night*.

J. M. (Cheshire).—John Loder making *King Solomon's Mine* for British International Pictures.

JOHN HOWARD'S ADMIRER N. L. (Kent).—(1) John Howard's films since *Millions in the Air*, are *Soak the Rich*, *Thirteen Hours by Air* and *Border Flight*. (2) Fred Macmurray, b. Aug. 30, 1909, Kankakee, Illinois; 6 ft. 3 in., brown hair and eyes; married Lilian Lamonte, is to make *Morning, Noon and Night* with Carole Lombard. (3) Brian Donlevy, b. Feb. 9, Portadown, Ireland; light brown hair and grey-green eyes, 5 ft. 11 in., 190 lb., unmarried. (4) Fred Keating, b. March 27, 1902; 6 ft. 1 in., 178 lb., brown hair and brown eyes. (5) Alan Baxter, b. East Cleveland, Ohio, 25 years ago; 5 ft. 11 in., light brown hair and brown eyes; married Barbara Williams, April 26, this year. (6) Leila Hyams sang, "I Live Just For To-day" and "I'm In Love With the Golden West" in *Yellow Dust*.

NOTTINGHAM READER.—Music: *I Live For You*—"I Live For Love," "Silver Wings," "Mine Alone," all published by Feldman, Shaftesbury Avenue; "Oh Marie, Oh Marie," "Shaving Song," "I Wanna Play House With You," are not published.

BOLES FAN (Wilts).—John Boles is under contract to Universal, but is not making a film at the moment. British International Pictures have submitted three stories to Mr. Boles. They want him to come to England to star in one of them.

VERA (Cardiff).—(1) James Stewart, b. May 20, Indiana, 150 lb., light brown hair and grey-green eyes, 6 ft. 2 in., hobbies—tennis, collecting model aeroplanes. Latest film *Born to Dance*. (2) Michael Whalen, b. June 30, Pennsylvania, 6ft. 2 in., 170 lb., of Irish nationality, favourite sport swimming, latest film, *Career Woman*. (3) Carole Lombard, b. Oct. 6, 1909, Fort Wayne, Ind., U.S.A., 5 ft. 4 in., 88 lb., fair hair, blue eyes, mar. William Powell (mar. dis.), latest film *Morning, Noon and Night*. (4) Jean Arthur, b. Oct. 17, 1908, New York, 5 ft. 2 in., brown hair and blue eyes, hobbies—swimming, riding and golfing, latest film *The Plainsman*.

TONE - GABLE FAN (Barry).—Centre-spread of *Mutiny on the Bounty* published Nov. 30, 1935, and the story Jan. 4, 1936, and Jan. 11, 1936. Supplement—Sept. 19, 1936. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catharine Street, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, post free.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

Admirers of MERLE OBERON should join her Fan Club. Each member receives a bi-monthly club news, membership list and autographed photograph of Miss Oberon. For full particulars write to Syd. Briggs, 27 Belgrave Road, Blackpool.

The JOHN BOLES MUSICAL DRAMATIC CLUB is desirous to enrol new members. They have a large airy studio in Ladbroke Square and hold weekly meetings. For full particulars write to Mrs. W. Dales, 58 Cromwell Road, South Kensington, S.W.7.

Another very enjoyable dance was held by THE HENRY EDWARDS BRITISH FILM CLUB, on Friday, Nov. 6th, at The New Burlington Galleries, Piccadilly, when many famous stars and celebrities were present. They included Henry Edwards, Gibb McLaughlin, Jane Carr, Lord Cottenham, Lance Fairfax, Harry Welchman, Judy Kelly, Frederick Paisley, Peggy Simpson, H. B. Warner, Marjorie Theyer, Santos Casani, R. Viveash (Secretary of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund), and Mrs. Viveash, Sidney Hulls, Ben Foord, Louis Walsh, etc., and Harry Blake and his Band provided the delightful programme of music. Many lovely prizes were won in the novel competitions and spot dances.

Kind messages to the Club were received from Alexander Korda, Herbert Wilcox, Basil Dean, David Ostrer, Godfrey Tearle,

Anna Neagle, Herbert Marshall, and many others. Santos Casani judged the Waltz Competition, and himself very kindly awarded an extra prize. Thanks are due also the managements of the Strand and Vaudeville Theatres, Max Factor and Icilma, for lovely prizes presented to the Club. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the delightful time provided.

The Club's next dance will take place at the end of January, and a Grand Fancy Dress Carnival Ball has been arranged for Coronation Friday, May 14th next.

It is always advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply.

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Now You Simply WASH OFF UNWANTED HAIR



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For the Modern Girl

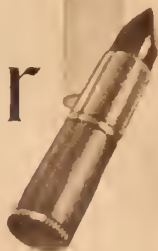
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Of course you know Outdoor Girl Face Powder with the olive oil base that *clings* and nourishes the skin. For a *free* trial beauty outfit—two shades of lipstick, trial size Olive Oil Face Powder, and the *new* Four Purpose Cream, with 18-page booklet on the art of make-up—write to Crystal Products Co., Ltd. (Dept. L 49.), 32-36, City Road, London, E.C.1. Send 3d. in stamps to cover postage.

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'MIRROR PEEPING'
spoils charm



Are you always wondering how you're looking—stealing glances at mirrors just to be sure? Don't be a 'mirror peeper'—men say it spoils charm. Be certain lips are lovely Outdoor Girl Lipstick lasts for ten whole hours.

Leave IT to ANNE

IF you would like suggestions about the kind of cosmetics you should use, write to me for advice, telling me your type of skin and your colouring.



A mid-day glass of milk is something Jean Harlow never overlooks. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer cameraman caught this informal picture between scenes at the studio.

LAST week we talked of all kinds of creams, and from that some readers have raised a quite natural query. It is this. What influence has feeding cream on superfluous hair. Does it make it worse?

There are many women who are absolutely convinced that the use of cream encourages the growth of hair. There is not one shred of evidence to support this theory.

Let us be frank about it. Generally speaking the majority of sufferers from this distressing blemish are women over 35 years of age. As one approaches the age of 40, certain glandular changes begin to take place, and as a result of these changes, there is a tendency for superfluous hair to appear.

Now, these same women, if they are wise, are paying extra attention to their skin in the matter of creams, for the purpose of keeping it soft and smooth. They are using face cream regularly, the hair has appeared, and therefore they argue, it must be due to the cream. Which argument is a fallacy. If a woman has a tendency to this trouble the hair will appear whether she used cream or not.

The truth is that superfluous hair has nothing whatever to do with external conditions. The connection is with certain internal glands. When medical science knows more about this relationship, doubtless the cure will be in treating those conditions. But that is a speculation of the future.

Last week we considered all the beauty aids that come in pots. Now a word about those in bottles. The astringents, the complexion milks, and the tonics about which so much is written. What place do they have in the beauty scheme?

One observation applies to nearly all of them. They are generally stimulating, tonic and bracing in their action.

A tonic by itself is not really a good cleanser. For that reason it is better used in conjunction with a cleansing cream as I suggested last week.

Both tonics and astringents should be used on pads of cotton wool that

have previously been squeezed out of cold water.

When using the tonic, pat the skin upwards and outwards. With the astringent, begin patting under the chin and move along the jawbone to the ear, first one side and then the other.

Toning lotions are always to be recommended as a supplementary treatment after a cleansing or cold cream treatment. It helps to ensure that no excess cream is left on the skin.

They also help to stimulate the flow of blood to the skin, and this is all to the good, for modern life has a way of making this circulation sluggish. After you have patted and slapped your skin with toning lotion you will notice the effect in the slight tingling sensation which it produces.

Strong astringents are used for really obstinate cases of open pores and excess greasiness. They are useful also for extremely flabby muscles. They are always somewhat drying in effect, so all but the very greasy skinned may find it necessary to use a little cream afterwards to prevent scaliness.

Complexion milk is another excellent toilet aid. It is a cleansing treatment in itself when the skin is blotched or sore from wind and sun. It is excellent for those who suffer from flushed faces. And it may be used for removing cream from the face when the skin is a delicate and sensitive one.

After the complexion milk has been used, the face should be rinsed with cold or tepid water.

Yet another bottled beauty aid is liquid powder. Liquid powder needs to be applied skillfully. Most women make the mistake of applying too heavily, with the result that they appear over powdered or patchy. The best way to apply a liquid powder is with cotton wool squeezed out of cold water. This spreads a smooth imperceptible film of powder over the skin. It is very useful when you want to conceal slight pimples and other small blemishes.

Shake the bottle well so that the powder is evenly distributed in the liquid base before you apply it. Nowadays liquid powders and liquid foundations are prepared in a range of shades to suit all skins. Besides hiding blemishes, the liquid powder also provides a good soft foundation to which powder will cling. See that the powder is of exactly the same shade as the liquid powder.

U. E. (Yeovil).—Bath satin is obtainable in three sizes—12s. 6d., 9s. and 5s. A trial box of three small bottles in assorted perfumes is also available at 4s. 6d. a box. Messrs. Fortnum and Mason, Ltd., of Piccadilly, W.1, are the distributors for London.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss B. BURGONE, 207 Kingsbridge Drive, Bankhead, Rutherglen, Glasgow, for:—

Only Yesterday
Platinum Blonde
Before Morning
Redhead

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to: J. Weston, 87 Lisvane St., Cardiff, for:—

The Clock Strikes Eight
The Curtain Rises
Get Off My Foot
Murder in the Stalls

Gerald Beard, Park Rd., Gullfield, Montgomeryshire, for:—

Two Lame Ducks
Pursued
Dinner at Eight
Duck Soup

K. Stewart, 33 Paignton Rd., Rotton Park, Birmingham, 16, for:—

Quiet House
The Cry in the Night
Mammy
Mr. Cohen Takes a Walk

Stanley Shaw (aged 14), 8 Great Central Parade, Ickenham, Middlesex, for:—

Song of the West
Three Cheers for Love
Hips, Hips, Hurray

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no other rules, except that I must insist that your "titles" are submitted on a postcard and only one attempt on each card.

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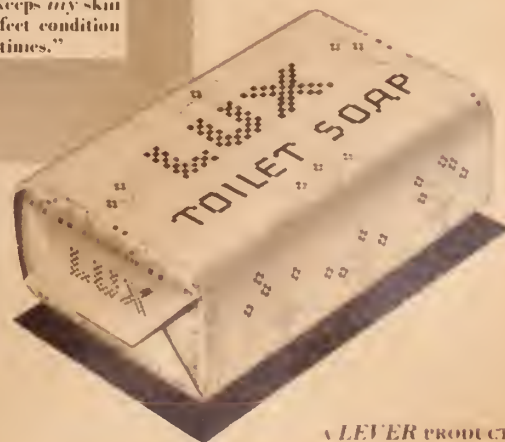
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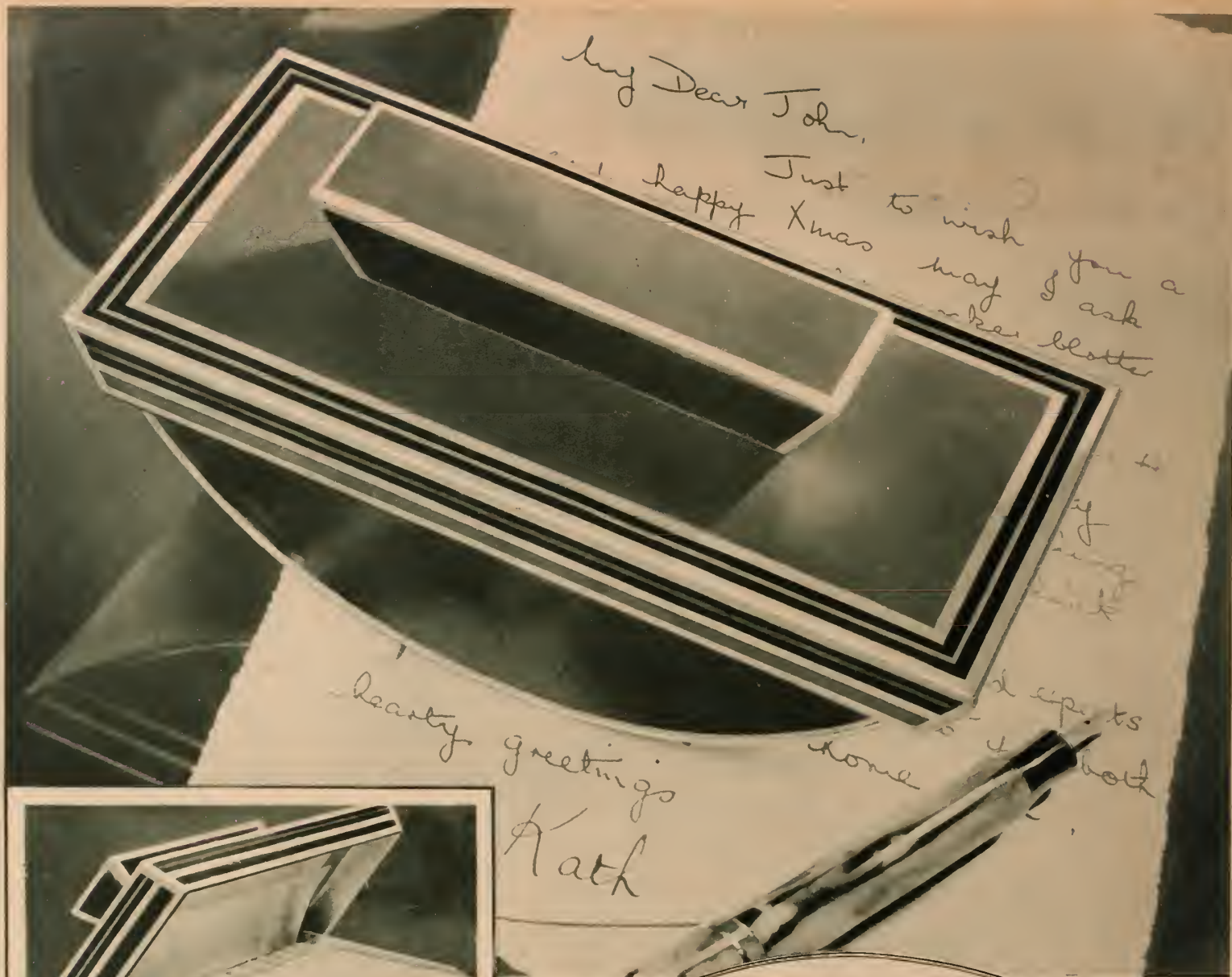
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December 12, 1936

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All the GOSSIP



Marian Marsh selected this exotic evening gown of gold lame with overskirt of cerise chiffon bordered in ostrich plumes for her role in "Come Closer Folks."

A BIG battle is coming between the stars and the movie kings over the already bitter issue of film contracts and salaries.

Although Bette Davis has gone back to California from the British courts with her banners trailing in the dust and James Cagney, threatened with Hollywood's dreaded black list, has departed for the wilderness talking of retirement, the real fight is only just beginning.

The failure of Miss Davis's London legal skirmish, particularly, is having its repercussions in the studios. It has awakened the players to a realisation of the invidious position in which most of them stand under the existing contract system and they are now mobilising their forces to bring about a change.

The trouble is that for some years those long-term contracts that look so dazzling when referred to in newspaper print by

sentimental press agents have been heavily weighted in favour of the studios.

They are nearly all one-way contracts. That is to say, they contain option clauses which can only be exercised by the producer.

No Freedom

The artist can hold the studio to the agreement for the first three, six or, in some rare cases, twelve months, but after that he has no freedom of choice.

A seven-year contract that binds one party and not the other, it is pointed out, is not based on equity at all.

The star's only remedy lies in what readjustment he can get from walking out, sulking or any of the other forms of "direct action" which have filled the Hollywood air with the sounds of martial conflict lately.

Then the studios usually have the last word.

Unbeatable Boycott

Nobody yet has been able successfully to beat the Hollywood boycott which Cagney now finds himself up against.

Howard Hughes, the independent producer and a multi-millionaire, once tried. He was threatened with the industry's black list when

he announced his intention a few years ago to make a film of *Queer People*, a biting satire on Hollywood and all its works. He replied by saying that he would build his own theatres in which to show the picture.

Nothing, however, ever came of it.

Why Stars Strike

The exchanges are accompanied by high-sounding battle cries of "Artistic Liberty" but the salary question is really the main point at stake in the present hostilities.

In movie-making talent is almost as much a commercial commodity as celluloid stock. The producers naturally buy their stellar merchandise in the cheapest market. Their motto is catch 'em young, treat 'em rough, and tie 'em up for so long that when you've finished with 'em they won't be any good to anyone else.

It is easy to be cynical about "slavery at hundreds of pounds a week," but a star is entitled to a reasonable share of what his name draws into the box-office.

What happens is that an actor like Robert Taylor, who has just signed a new contract at £400 a week rising to £1,000 a week in some years' time, wakes up one morning and finds that there are several other leading men on the studio pay-roll who, though they do not mean half so much at the cinema ticket windows, are drawing three times the salary because they were able to negotiate their contracts as established stars at other studios. Other players, secured by contract at, say, £100 a week, are lent out to rival studios at £1,000.

That is the real reason behind most of the recent revolts in Hollywood.

The Producers' Side

There is, of course, another side to the argument. The producer who has exercised some astuteness and spent a small fortune on discovering and developing a star is entitled to protection against having his "find" pirated by another studio as soon as his pictures begin to earn real money.

Making a star is an expensive business. Darryl Zanuck, who should know, puts the cost at £200,000, taking into account the fact that only one out of fifty candidates succeeds.

So we have a deadlock. The lawyers will have to work it out; there will be no peace in picture-land until they do.

Shearer to Retire—Temporarily

Norma Shearer, as I predicted here recently, will leave the screen for at least a year.

The actress has moved from her beach home at Santa Monica to a desert resort, the address of which is being kept a secret, even from her studio. With her are the two Thalberg children, a nurse and a secretary.

Norma, who has been more seriously ill than is generally known, says that her first concern now is the rearing of her two youngsters. Her

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

studio interests will be looked after by her brother-in-law, Larry Weingarten.

Will the Fur Fly?

The film world is sitting back watching for the fur to fly at Twentieth-Century-Fox.

It has long been rumoured that after *Bright Eyes*, which Jane Withers nearly succeeded in stealing from Shirley Temple, there have been some signs of ill feeling between the camps of the company's two infant prodigies.

Jane and Shirley have never appeared together in a picture since and have never even worked on the same lot, the former's films having been made away from the main studio.

Now the branch at Western Avenue has been closed down and Jane is back on the big lot.

Hollywood is eagerly waiting the meeting between Mrs. Gertrude Temple and Mrs. Ruth E. Withers.

Frances Joins Young Turks

Frances Farmer is the latest recruit to the ranks of Talkieland's Young Turks, that bright, brave little band of rebels which is headed by the capricious Katharine Hepburn and the so-modern Margaret Sullavan.

Frances, whose name is by no means a household word yet, has, among other things, put her dainty foot down about "leg art" publicity. Leg Art publicity, in case you don't know, consists of those decorative "stills" in bathing costume, lingerie or sports "shorts," which, because for some reason or other, they are in demand by editors, are used by press agents to get their unknown protégées on the front pages. Most of the big feminine stars have at one time or another had literally to "show a leg" in order to put their names and features before the public. Even Greta Garbo had to pose in a track suit and with the studio lions.

A Well-known Act

There may be two opinions about the dignity of leg art. What is causing the smiles in film circles is the explanation of her attitude offered by this newcomer who arrived in the studios less than a year ago as the winner of a stunt Seattle newspaper competition to find "the most marriageable girl in the state."

"Why should I pose for leg pictures?" she solemnly demanded. "Ann Harding doesn't."

Asked how she liked working away from her home studios for *Come and Get It*, she announced that she preferred it because she didn't have to say "good morning" to people and could therefore keep in the mood of her characterisation.

Frances, in fact, seems to be running through the entire routine of the well-known Bright Young Thing act. She is, terrifically, terribly sincere about her art. She says what she thinks and she doesn't care what anyone thinks about her. In any case, she coyly confides, she believes that she is destined to be one of the greatest stage actresses of all time, and the screen is just a stepping stone to higher things. . . .

Snap Out of It!

Had Miss Farmer been in films longer she would have known that we have heard it all before. Someone should introduce her to Jean Muir, the last screen discovery who was too terrifically, terribly sincere about her art to be bothered about the people who pay to see it.

Miss Muir, one of the great White Hopes of recent years, revelled in the reputation of being the actress who defied Hollywood and said what she pleased. She told directors how to direct, commiserated with Kay Francis for stealing her picture, criticised the stars, told Reinhardt how to produce Shakespeare, and established herself as a severe pain in the neck of the Warner publicity department.

In the end she nearly talked herself out of talkies. When last I heard of her she had just completed a part that was little more than a bit in *White Fang* and was contritely confessing to interviewers the error of her past ways.

I hope Frances will grow out of it because she is the most promising newcomer I have seen on the screen for a long time (she scores



again in *Come and Get It*, incidentally) and the screen needs promising newcomers.

The only star so far who has been able to get away with the studio Young Turk number is its originator, but Katharine Hepburn stepped into the queenship of the Radio lot almost with her first picture.

Katie Criticised

Even so film circles are wondering how long it will last. We have become used to the actresses' boorishness to the humble minions of the Press, but Katie has brought a lot of criticism from fellow artistes down on her head over an incident on the *Quality Street* set the other day.

A reporter went to the studio by appointment to interview Franchot Tone, leading man in the picture.

"Who is that woman?" demanded Miss Hepburn of the assistant director when she noticed the writer on the sound stage.

"She's a newspaper woman here to see Mr. Tone," the Great One was told.

"Don't you know, I allow no newspaper people on my set?" the star replied angrily. "Get her off."

Franchot and the reporter meekly left the stage and did the interview in a dressing-room, but it would not be surprising if there is a strained atmosphere about the love scenes in *Quality Street* when it eventually reaches the screen.

Ribbing Ray

Talking of leg art, Ray Milland, the handsome young Englishman who is rapidly becoming one of the screen's most popular leading men, is seeking vengeance on *The Big Broadcast* company.

When he finished working with them he went straight into *Queen of the Jungle*, for his part in which he had to wear those khaki shorts that are the fashion in the tropics.

When next he walked into the studio restaurant he was exposing his stalwart nether limbs in the new costume.

Jack Benny, Burns and Allen and Martha Raye immediately sent a waitress over with a note asking for an autograph.

It was addressed to "Marlene Milland."

The Forgotten Man

The recent rise of Ray Milland is one of the romances of talkies. A year or so ago he dropped out of sight altogether for no apparent reason at all.

He had been doing well in featured roles, his name was well known to thousands of filmgoers and to every producer in Hollywood, but he just could not get any work.

Finally he was reduced to taking a job at £3 a week at a petrol station. Then one day a call came from the Paramount casting department asking him if he were free for a good role in *Bolero*. They didn't even know that he hadn't been in a studio for a year. The salary was £120 weekly!

Since the *Bolero* role Milland has never looked back. To-day he is headed for major stardom.

Helen Doesn't Like Our Taxes

British pictures will have to get along without Helen Vinson, the film actress wife of tennis champion Fred Perry, in future. After making three movies here Helen has gone back to Hollywood with a grievance.

"I'll stay in America after this," she says. "The experience abroad is worth it—so far as experience goes, but I found the English income tax was much greater than ours."

"I was signed for four weeks on my last picture there, for example. Production difficulties arose and I was kept working for twelve weeks. By this time, however, my salary had gone



The present plan is to co-star them in *Idiot's Delight*, the talkie version of the Broadway stage success.

Translating the play, which is no children's hour piece, into screen terms is, incidentally, causing some headaches in the script department at Culver City. They are talking of re-writing it altogether and giving it a Great War setting. It won't be the first time that has happened to a stage hit.

A Talkie Test for You

Can you say "Fifty-fifty Mississippi" without any difficulty?

If the words trip off your tongue without a stutter or undue hissing sounds your diction is probably good enough for the talkies, according to Douglas Shearer, who as every fan who studies his credit titles knows, is the chief sound recorder at M.-G.-M.

Well, it has possibilities as a Christmas party diversion, at any rate.

Olivia's Sister

Films are becoming a family affair. In the supporting cast of *Quality Street*, I notice the name of Joan Fontaine.

Joan is the younger sister of Olivia de Havilland, and has chosen that different *nom de theatre* so as not to be accused of "cashing in" on the De Havilland fame.

Jesse Lasky tells me he has big plans for her.

Proboscis Shrinkage

W. C. Fields, who I am glad to say will be back at work almost any day now, has lost two inches around the nose as a result of his five months' illness.

Anyway, that's what he claims in an announcement from Las Encinas Sanatorium, Pasadena, where he's been confined for a general physical overhauling following an attack of pneumonia.

The Fields' nose has shrunk perceptibly during his illness, along with the rest of his corpulent body, his friends say. Altogether, the Paramount comedian has lost 20 pounds, but has begun to gain weight, and loyal associates hold out every hope that his famous proboscis will be itself again in a month or two.

Meanwhile, Cecil B. DeMille has sent him a photograph of an India brave whose nasal proportions put the Fields nose into the junior division. It was taken on the Cheyenne reservation in Montana, while the DeMille location unit was filming *The Plainsman*.

"The Indian's name is See-in-The-Dark," wrote DeMille, "he can't really see in the dark, of course, but the other Indians think he can on account of that headlight around on his face."

Fields, who has become a little sensitive about his own nose, was delighted, and wrote back that he has pasted the Indian's picture on his shaving mirror.

He Doesn't Want Stardom

The latest featured player to turn his back on stardom is Joel McCrea. Joel does not want to be a star, and insisted on having a clause to that effect included in his new Goldwyn contract.

McCrea's idea is that while a star's career is usually of limited duration that of the featured player goes on and on and McCrea says that he wants to go on and on.

"And when a star falls," he adds, "the poor fellow is usually flattened out and finished, but the featured player is like a rubber ball—he invariably bounces back."

"Stardom is all very well if you figure on retiring to your back garden at forty or so,

but I want to keep in harness indefinitely, like my friend Aubrey Smith, who at the age of 74 is one of the world's most popular featured players."

Darlene Said "No"

The outstanding phenomenon of the picture scene this week, however, is twenty-two year old Darlene Taylor, a Hollywood cloakroom girl who has just turned down the opportunity of a film career.

For three years Darlene has stood in her small room at the Trocadero night club, one of Hollywood's favourite pleasure centres, guarding the wraps and coats of leading stars and directors. Many times she has been told "you ought to be in pictures."

Recently the casting director of the Selznick International studios persuaded her to take the day off and play a small part in David O. Selznick's Technicolour production *A Star is Born*, starring Fredric March and Janet Gaynor.

Darlene did well. The studio suggested a contract. The young lady was flattered, but she said "no" all the same.

To-day Darlene is back on her old job, the object of wonder and awe among the screen favourites whose clothes she minds.

Full-length Disney

George Kamen, the artist's European representative, who got back from a Hollywood trip the other day, promises me that *Snow White and The Seven Dwarfs*, Walt Disney's first full-length film, will definitely be completed by September or October, 1937.

The picture, which will run for 75 to 90 minutes, was originally scheduled to cost £50,000, but it is now considered impossible to finish it under £200,000.

By the time the last drawing is done the cartoon will have been in hand for over two years.

Louise Dresser Returns

Louise Dresser has returned to the studio lights to take up her career again after spending the happiest two years of her life learning to be a housewife.

She appears with Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray in *Maid of Salem*. Perhaps you had wondered what had happened to her.

Miss Dresser has been married for 28 years, and to the same man—Jack Gardner. For 26 of those years they lived the life of the theatre and the screen, working at their careers from morning until night and dining out.

At the end of 26 years, the usually placid Miss Dresser called a halt. She finished *The County Chairman* with the late Will Rogers and announced she was going to finish.

Two years, apparently, were enough to give free rein to her life-long desire to cook dinner and work in the garden. Film players, like horses, are given to champing at the bit. Thus she was overjoyed when Frank Lloyd summoned her from retirement to play a leading role in his first Paramount production.

Short Shots

William Wyler, the director, was unable to get into the trade show of *Come and Get It*; the doorman didn't know him—Sam Goldwyn considered nearly 600 suggestions submitted by studio employees before deciding on *Beloved Enemy* as the title of the new Merle Oberon film; the winner was a carpenter and he was awarded £20—William Powell was a surprise addition to the cast of *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney* in the role of Charles the Butler—Joan Crawford has fewer costume changes in *Love on the Run* than in any picture for years—Dick Powell has presented Joan Blondell with the biggest car in Hollywood—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers given monthly award of Screen Actors' Guild for their performances in *Swing Time*—Reported from Moscow that Charles Chaplin will produce a picture in Russia shortly—Miriam Hopkins and Herbert Marshall are co-starred in Radio's *Escadrille*—Marion Davies wants to do *Tovarich*—Irene Dunne is asking for £30,000 a picture—Germany has banned *Romeo and Juliet*—Peggy Wood, the musical comedy actress, has been signed for a role in *A Star is Born*.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.



When Hollis Barnes, the hairdresser on the "Night Waitress" set, had a birthday, the company gave her a party. She is shown here cutting the first piece of birthday cake, while Gordon Jones, Margot Grahame and Director Lew Landers look on.

up into the higher brackets, and the government deducted a greater percentage of tax. The result was that I didn't earn any more for 12 weeks' work than I would have earned in four weeks' work."

Now that he has turned pro., by the way, hubby Fred will be seen on the screen in a series of tennis shorts, for which, I learn, he is being paid £10,000.

Garbo and Gable

We may see Greta Garbo and Clark Gable as a talkie team again soon. They appeared together in *The Rise of Helga* about the time that Gable was just moving up into the matinee idol class.

Never WOMEN don't GROW OLD

YOUTH is not a matter of years—but of charm and enthusiasm. Anyone can acquire and retain those two priceless qualities—this inspiring story by Mark Dowling tells you how.

AS calmly as if she were not making revolutionary statements about one of the world's most fascinating topics, Jeanette MacDonald told me that almost every woman who seeks to remain young goes about it in the wrong way.

She spoke with the authority of an intimate knowledge of Hollywood, where many glamorous stars have grown-up sons and daughters, and where Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson and Billie Burke—to name just three—appear so young that their years before the public are almost incredible!

"Rest," she said, amazingly, "has little to do with it. Massage, special exercises, special diets and trick ways of caring for one's skin can hardly help at all."

She admitted that she herself, looking a good deal younger than the twenty-odd upon her birth certificate, suffers from insomnia and sometimes can only sleep an hour or two even after a twelve-hours' spell of work at the studios!

And she gave me a prescription for youth and charm which any woman may follow, whether movie star, secretary or housewife.

She said first, practically, "Let's take a look at the women we both know who are staying young—despite their years. You think of everyone you know, and I'll do the same. I'll bet our lists have one thing in common. *Every young-looking woman has something to do—a business, career or profession!*"

Amazingly enough, it's true.

Definitely old-fashioned is the idea that only women of leisure and fortune, who can pamper themselves and spend time and money on massage, special diets, and beauty aids, know the secret of lasting youth. Check off the successful young women of your own acquaintance, and you'll discover the same startling fact.

Said Jeanette triumphantly: "This gives us the first rule for youth. **BE ACTIVE!** Whatever you do, whether it's singing for the screen, writing, managing a home or keeping books in an office, work at it—hard.

"There's another pointer we can learn from these women," she added. "Not only do they work, but they also work at something they enjoy. *It's absolutely fatal to youth to mope along doing jobs you hate.* I can remember playing parts I loathed. I'd wake up in the morning hating the mere idea of starting out, losing my enthusiasm, letting hatred sap my energy. I felt old as Time—and probably looked it.

"I'll grant," she said soberly, "there are times when you must go through with a distasteful job. I've known that, naturally. But all the time I was planning and scheming and working

to finish it as quickly as possible—and get into something I liked.

"That very idea gave me back my zest for living—and my youth! I began to enjoy myself again. And that's the second important rule. **BE HAPPY**—by working at something constructive, something you feel to be good for you."

She paused for a moment, smiling. "Don't you believe the secret of youth can be so simple? I've worked ever since I was fourteen years old. I had *two* jobs at first—one in school and the other dancing in a chorus.

"Imagine how thrilling that was to a young girl. Every job I've had since, with one or two exceptions, has been just as thrilling. You *can't* grow old if you have this vital, engrossing interest in the things you do."

And Jeanette is only one of the amazingly youthful women of Hollywood who have worked—and worked hard—since their early teens. Mary Pickford began in pictures as a child actress, and ever since, as a star, business executive, and now head of an important film company, she had held difficult, responsible jobs.

Gloria Swanson has been a star for years, and has produced as well as starred in her own pictures. Carole Lombard, Joan Crawford, Marion Davies—almost every one of Hollywood's most fascinating beauties—has been a working girl since her early teens!

We asked Jeanette, for even more definite proof, just exactly how she had spent this day. How much time for her business affairs—how much for exercise—how much for rest.

She laughed a little. "Rest? I got up this morning at eight-thirty. I had breakfast, did my exercises, and dictated letters to my secretary until ten-thirty. Then I had my voice lesson, which usually lasts until noon. To-day I managed a full two hours, since my teacher had no conflicting appointments.

"I lunched in Hollywood with a friend and chatted afterward until almost two. Then I



Billie Burke (left) and Mary Pickford (above) both look so young that it is hard to believe that they have been before the public for years.

went to the studio for some portraits and stayed there until time to drive home to meet you. Soon I'll have my French lesson. Usually my piano lesson follows that, but to-day it couldn't be arranged. So I'll take the dogs for a walk before dinner.

"After dinner there's a picture I must see—about an hour's drive from here. When I get home I'll study for a little before going to bed—the script of the scene of *Maytime* I'm to do at the studio to-morrow. Then I'll try to sleep, or will at least relax—even if sleep refuses to come. I have an early call to-morrow and must be up by six-thirty."

And this was a day off for Jeanette—a "vacation" from her regular job of acting in pictures!

She added calmly: "It's not, you see, a terribly crammed sort of day. I've allowed time for meeting friends—at lunch—and for a nap, if I choose, just before dinner. The reason it's not crammed is because I have a definite schedule, a certain set time for doing certain set things.

"Which, incidentally, is another important rule for youth. **MAP OUT YOUR DAYS!** Don't waste time over bridge tables—unless that is the form of relaxation your nature craves. Don't dawdle over unimportant things, ruining your day. Above all, don't fail to allow definite times for relaxation—I don't mean rest—but just doing something different.

"People wonder, sometimes, why I bother to take so many lessons when I might get by on the things I know now. Without admitting that I *would* get by, I tell them that I enjoy learning new things. Sometimes the daily French lesson itself is tedious—but I'm amply repaid when I visit France and can do things and appreciate things that would be impossible if I didn't speak French.

"In this way you can **AVOID BOREDOM**—which is certainly another highly important rule for youth. For a bored woman cannot possibly be a young woman, no matter how young she is in years."

And the glamorous stars of Hollywood prove Jeanette's words by constantly seeking new fields of endeavour in addition to their own highly demanding profession.

Carole Lombard is at this moment supervising the decoration of her new home, studying colour-schemes and materials and measurements and prices.

Joan Crawford is working with her own

Gloria Swanson appears more beautiful to-day than ever.



Jeanette MacDonald doesn't give her birth date, but admits that she looks younger than she is—and tells you why.

"little theatre," planning to embark upon a stage career eventually.

Mary Pickford's radio broadcasts are highly successful.

Others—Norma Shearer is a perfect example—made a "secondary" career of managing their homes and raising their children.

Jeanette told me: "I have used my own daily régime of living to illustrate what I mean, but the same ideas could be applied by any woman, whatever her occupation. The managing of a home can be a profession in itself. Housewives needn't feel that this scheme for youth is harder for them. In a way it's easier.

"I know girls back East who are married and still keeping young—in spite of the demands of their homes, their growing children and husbands. I don't mean women who have servants. These girls do their own work, and still find time for their club and social activities.

"And they're staying young because they're clever—smart enough to schedule their lives, do the things they enjoy, and keep on being the girls their husbands fell in love with.

"That's why I say that clever women don't grow old—not in this modern world. Clever women are happy, busy women. And you don't grow old—there isn't time—if you're working!"



Christmas SHOPPING with the STARS

by MARY WHIRTER

THE stars as you can see by the pictures here have been buying their Christmas presents early and our special correspondent, who has accompanied several of them on their shopping expeditions, tells you what they are purchasing this year.

HARDLY a woman to-day but is interested in make-up, so I am making no apology for mentioning the beauty gifts first. If you know what kind of powder, cream or lipstick she uses, the choice is easy. If you don't—here are some suggestions which are absolutely safe.

One of the most charming presents for a woman which I have seen is the new Yardley travelling case, a dressing case in grey leather and fitted with lock and key which will take you away comfortably for a week-end. There is a large mirror on the inside of the lid, and fitted compactly into the case a complete beauty outfit of Yardley foundation cream, skin food, English complexion cream, powder, and a pochette covered to match the case to hold your cleansing tissues, and a cubby hole for manicure oddments and cotton wool. A delightful gift for 27s. 6d.

Most people know and love the fragrance of Yardley lavender, and while I was looking at the travel cases, I made a special note of a new giant gift bottle, as modern and streamlined as one could wish, with a gilt stopper and packed in an exciting gift box. At 21s. I thought it a lovely gift suggestion, even for the girl who does not usually care for scent.

New and exciting Yardley vanity cases, too, among which I made a special note of the Orchis, a square case in a matt silver finish with a black, green or blue raised rim and a coral clip, as modern and slick as the Orchis powder it holds. There is a captive lipstick in this case which saves a deal of fumbling in one's handbag in the dark. Complete in a moire envelope, and with a presentation box, this vanity case is 10s. 6d.

Talking of handbags, a miniature beauty case to hold all one's make-up gadgets is one of the neatest and most practical presents for the business girl who is out all day, and you will find it useful for evening wear, too. The slim enamel Cosmetist is actually no bigger than a cigarette case. In it there is Fifth Avenue cleansing cream, foundation cream, rouge, powder, lipstick, and a comb, mirror and puff. The pots are all non-spill, and have snap lids, so you can be completely easy in your mind about spills and leakages. The case costs 10s. 6d. and the refill set is 2s. 9d.

Make-up, by the way, should not be the chancey thing it sometimes is. If you are choosing a gift for a young girl who is just beginning to use a lipstick and finding out the best one for her type and colouring, send her a matched make-up outfit.

Choosing the right one is a very simple matter with the Richard Hudnut eye-matched sets, for powder, lipstick, rouge, eye shadow and mascara are keyed to the colour of the eyes. So you have only to mention whether your friend's eyes are blue or grey, brown or hazel, to be sure of getting the exact match for her colouring. The special introductory box makes a nice "envelope" present, and it only costs 3s. 6d. The black cases have a smart scarlet line, and I am sure you will like them as much as I did.

Then Max Factor, the famous Hollywood make-up expert, is waiting to give you a personal make-up analysis, just as he does for the Hollywood stars. You send a description of yourself, all the details being set out for you on a form, with 6d. in stamps, and back comes your own make-up colour harmony chart, with samples of the correct powder, rouge and

lipstick. The knowledge that your make-up is absolutely right for your type is one of the best Christmas presents you could possibly give yourself, so this is a purely selfish suggestion!

The name of Coty conjures up a vision of delightful powders, creams, lotions to match the Coty perfumes, but here's something which you may not know: I put one of their new gift cases down against the name of a man friend. It contains shaving lotion, shaving cream, talc and hair set, all with the fresh tangy feel about them that men usually like.

Coming back to the purely feminine, Tangee rouge and lipstick are an excellent gift suggestion, for they magically change colour so that they blend with our own natural complexion. Tangee face powder also contains this colour principle; it produces a soft underglow and prevents that "face dipped in the flour bag" look. If you are thinking of giving a make-up set for the evening, there is the new deeper shade of Tangee called Theatrical, a more vivid tone which is particularly suitable for artificial light.

Ava have got some most attractive presentation caskets ready for Christmas. There are shaving outfits for men, and I specially liked the lady's gift case containing two cushion tablets of Ava lavender soap, with compact perfume and bath cube to match. This is 2s., and there is another outfit at 3s. 6d. which holds everything necessary for real hair beauty; soapless shampoo, setting lotion, brillantine and compact perfume.

A name which has long been famous in the theatre is Leichner, and their rouge, powder and lipstick give the effect of the soft, natural colour glowing through a fine-textured skin, which is as much as anyone could want, isn't it? The powder is made in most becoming shades, and if you are sending it as a gift you won't be very far out if you choose apricot-peach, a flattering shade which suits either blonde or brunette. Leichner, by the way, have also recently invented a facial pack for the elimination of blackheads, a useful beauty tip to keep to yourself for future reference.

Whatever else she may do without, a woman would feel lost without the powder bowl on her dressing table and the flapjack in her handbag, but that doesn't mean that she has to be powdering all day! Piver have invented a powder called Mattever, which actually tones the skin, gives you a fresh and exhilarating feeling, and it stays matt and cool for hours. It is a great boon if you happen to be one of the people who simply can't keep powder on for five minutes together. It is made in nine different shades, and there are day and night cream, talcum, and lotions to match.

"Everything to match" is specially important if you use perfume, so make a note that you can get powder, cream, talcum and bath crystals to match Phul-Nana. A bouquet of Indian flowers was the inspiration of this fascinating, elusive scent, which I like specially for evening wear.

The West has its own glamour too, and the gayest of cities inspired Bourjois' "Evening in Paris" perfume, a lovely, lingering fragrance. I fell first for the midnight blue and silver bottle, and I was delighted to find that you can get it in a gift case with a box of the matching powder—a gift suggestion for the girl who goes out a good deal.

From aunts downwards, I don't know anyone who would say "No" to eau-de-Cologne, but did you know that you can now get the famous "4711" combined with Tosca or Rheingold perfume? Use it as you would the ordinary eau-de-Cologne, in your bath or to soften the water in the hand-basin. When the eau-de-Cologne has done its refreshing work, the fragrance of the perfume lingers behind.

A gift box of Rheingold costs 5s. 3d., wicker



Ann Harding, the charming star of "Love from a Stranger," bought perfumes and cosmetics.



Betty Furness gets down to work on her Christmas shopping list. Betty has lots of friends and it's a long one.

bottle of Tosca, also in a gift box, 6s. 6d. If you are not sure whether she likes scent at all, you can't go far wrong if you send her a coffret containing the standard "4711" eau-de-Cologne and cream toilet soap. This costs 5s. 9d. Other gift boxes go from 5s. up to 36s., the latter a really sumptuous gift suggestion!

Houbigant have just brought out a new perfume called "Demi-Jour" (Twilight), a lovely idea for a gift, for both the flacon containing the perfume and the presentation case harmonise down to the tiniest detail, and give you a good idea of the dreamy-peaceful atmosphere of serene happiness suggested by the scent.

With any perfume, the secret of charm is to be discreet about it. A touch on the hair, behind the ears, and on the hands produces an elusive fragrance which is far more appealing than scent carelessly sprinkled or sprayed.

You will find this very simple with the Aziadé solid perfumes. They come in neat little round

boxes, most compact for the handbag, in sizes from 1s. to 2s. 6d. You can get most of the flower perfumes: there is a brand new one called "Ecstasy," and as a gift I can't imagine anything nicer than to send a selection of, say, three or four: lavender, carnation, sweet pea or lily of the valley for day use; Ecstasy, gardenia, or Chypre for the evening.

Complete beauty outfits for the hands make charming presents, too. Even if she is the proud possessor of a manicure set, an outfit of polish, cuticle remover, and so on, is sure to please her. You will like the Vareen manicure outfits, which, by the way, are British made.

The case is Morocco grain leather in red, green, fawn or black to harmonise with dressing table appointments, and the bottles are held in a rigid cork base. When the case is opened, they come automatically into an upright position ready for use, and you cannot spill any of the contents accidentally. A very good idea for the business girl who usually does her

manicuring in bed! In addition to the liquid nail polish (you can choose this in any colour) and the polish remover there is a bottle of cuticle remover with a neat gadget fixed into the bakelite top which applies the remover and shapes the cuticles at the same time.

Cuticle cream, nail white pencil, nail file, emery boards, rubber hoof orange stick and a good supply of cotton wool complete this most comprehensive outfit. Standard size bottles of Vareen are used for refills. The whole outfit is 7s. 6d.

Cutex have a manicure set for every purse and for most types of women, too. The little Compact set is only 2s. 6d., and the Five-Minute set at 5s. struck me as a good gift for the girl who has not much time to spend on her hands but likes a regular manicure. Everything for a quick manicure is here. The travelling set, a compact outfit to slip into your suitcase, is 8s. 6d. Cutex, by the way, have just perfected a new liquid polish which stays liquid and flowing as long as there is a drop left in the bottle. It will never become thick or gummy.

A new colour called "Coronation," a deep clear shade of scarlet, is now available in the Kraska range of liquid and cream polishes, and this is a really up-to-the-minute gift. There are altogether no fewer than 42 colours available in Kraska, and my idea for an original gift is to send one of the big bottles (2s. 6d.) in Coronation or one of the pretty rose or coral shades together with a bottle of one of the pearl effects. These are lovely for evening wear.

We all know Amami shampoos, but their manicure sets were new to me. They start off at as little as 6d., but I personally fell for the 5s. pack in a cream or green leatherette case which contains everything you want for a complete manicure, including the file, emery boards and orange stick. The 1s. 6d. pack is thoroughly comprehensive, too, containing full-size bottles of liquid polish, the oily remover which is so much better for the nails than the old harsh type, and cuticle remover.

Above all, don't forget that the effect of a manicure can be ruined if your hands themselves are not as soft and white as they might be. White hands are not one of Nature's gifts; you can cultivate them if you make it a rule to pat in a little cream after washing and before you go out to protect the skin from the roughness and redness which follows on exposure. Dubarry's Crème Shalimar is made specially for the hands, and is put up in tubes which I find most convenient for either handbag or dressing table. The larger decorative jars are a splendid idea for a Christmas gift.

"Something to wear" is a good gift slogan, and undies are one of the safe choices, because your own good taste in these is almost certain to please whoever receives them. Fine materials trimmed with good lace or embroidery appeal to everybody.

The embroidery was what first attracted me to Conlown undies, which, although they are made to wear, are a marvel of delicacy. They wash well, too, which is a point worth thinking about when choosing a gift, and prices are very moderate.

Celanese rayon is a household word nowadays, and I was amazed at the range of lovely fabrics which are made of it. If you are choosing undies, have a look at the Celanese Locknit de luxe, crêpe de Chine and crêpe satin, all three beautiful materials which will wear and wear.

Lingerie ribbons are one of the smaller items which can be rather expensive, but if you already know the wearing qualities of Cash's names, you will like their ribbons. They actually often last longer than the garment itself, which is the reason I recommend them for shoulder straps, and I was delighted to find that they are being put up in a selection of colours and patterns in gift boxes for Christmas. Prices are from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d., and a special greeting card is enclosed with the ribbons.

On my very special gift list, for man or woman, I always put down a good fountain pen first, and this year I have found one which will appeal to people who like everything about them to have the modern streamlined touch. This is the new Parker Vacumatic pen, and Binnie Hale has one amongst her gifts pictured overleaf. The barrel is made of laminated pearl and jet, and when you hold it to the light you

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(Continued from page 11)

find that it is translucent and you can see the full column of ink inside the pen. The ink capacity of the barrel is extra large, and filling is simplicity itself. The pen costs from 20s. to 40s., and there are pencils to match at 17s. 6d. and 12s. 6d.

A piece of fine jewellery or a watch is another special present which one should not forget at Christmas time. I have not space to mention all the lovely stones and settings which can be got from Bravingtons, but I strongly advise you to send for their catalogues and study them before you complete your list.

There is the Bride book for the girl who is planning a Christmas wedding, the Ring book, Watch book, and a special book dealing with clocks. A good clock is an excellent family presentation for one's parents.

Something practical for the house should always go down on your Christmas gift list, because women in particular often like to get something which they would otherwise have to buy for themselves. Remembering that the experts are promising us a cold winter, the Valor oil heater seems to me to be a very good suggestion for a Christmas gift.

You can take it from one room to another, and it radiates cosy warmth wherever you put it,

burning for hours without attention and with no risk of smoke or smell. What about one of these for that spare room which you are almost certain to be using over the holidays? Prices are from 14s., and I can specially recommend the family size at 22s. This will warm quite a large room.

Cigarettes are one of the things which are certain to please nearly everybody. They are real presents for the lazy-minded, for this year nearly all of them are thoughtfully sold in festive packings ready for the post. Make a note of them for the people you have forgotten until very nearly the eleventh hour!

Player's packings are gay and colourful, and when you have written the name and address in the space provided you simply put them in the nearest pillar box. There are some postal cartons containing five packets of 20 for those people who prefer the smaller packings. Prices are not increased: they range from 2s. 5d. for a Christmas packing of 50 up to 7s. 3d. for the 150 tin, and the five packets of 20 cost 4s. 9½d.

Plain or cork tipped—some people prefer the tipped cigarette, and it is good to know that you can get Wills's Gold Flake in both varieties.

The flat fifties and hundreds are available packed in Christmas greeting cartons without any extra charge.

If you are sending Craven "A" the recipient will have a double gift: cigarettes and a useful rocker blotter to keep on the writing desk. The blotter is really a casket containing 75 cigarettes, and it costs 4s. 6d. There are, of course, the ready-to-post packings as well. This year these are carried out in red and silver and have a most festive look about them.

De Reszke Minors, which are an excellent short smoke for between the acts or between dances, have a special appeal to women and you can get these with Christmas wrappings, all ready to post, in the usual sizes, from 60 upwards.

We must also have a good supply of sweets and chocolates for over the holidays, and, of course, the special boxes and packings make them excellent gift suggestions, too. One of the most delightful among the new Cadbury boxes is the ivory casket containing Princess Elizabeth chocolates. The 1 lb. casket is 3s. 6d., and there are other sizes at 10s. 6d., 7s., and 2s.

Rowntrees evidently mean their Christmas packing to be useful, for the gold casket which holds their fruit pastilles will make a trinket box later on. It comes in the gayest Christmas wrapping and will brighten someone's plate on Christmas morning. The casket holds 1 lb. of pastilles and costs 2s.

And be sure to have a good supply of Walters Palm toffee for the children. They can eat as much as they like, for the toffee contains rich milk and palm butter for nourishment and glucose for energy, if I may be forgiven for mentioning such practical subjects in connection with Christmas.

Have sweet dishes filled with all these put with the dessert on the Christmas dinner table, and don't forget, by the way, to put everyone into good temper and a mellow frame of mind for the fun to come. Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy is made from an old English recipe and is as good as a good liqueur ought to be. You can get it in two varieties—Queen's Sweet and Sportsman's Dry, and one of these is sure to please most people.

The after-dinner hour is the time for cracker-pulling and jokes. So, you younger generation have a look at Ellisdon's list in good time. It includes all kinds of amusing ideas, such as the device which goes under the table cloth and makes one's plate revolve and rock in an alarming way! There are complete theatrical make-up outfits, too, which you will want for charades and amateur theatricals.

We all know the old story about diaries, New Year resolutions, and all that, but this year I have found the diary which you will still want to keep after Christmas is forgotten. It is a special diary for Film Fans; it is slim enough to go in your handbag, and it only costs 2s. in leather cloth or 3s. in soft leather. Jessie Matthews has written the foreword, and inside there are over sixty portraits and biographies of the stars. It is one of the most attractive little books I have come across for a long time.

Film stars are the theme of Jigstar, a new jigsaw puzzle card game which I found most absorbing. The favourite movie stars appear in it. It costs 1s. 6d. a pack, and is a great idea for the Christmas party.

Last, but by no means least, here is an unusual idea for a Christmas gift which may not have occurred to you. What about giving a "perm"? The Superma machineless system won the world championship, first prize and three gold medals at Olympia Hair and Beauty Fair, so you may know that it is safe and good, and I have found that the waves and curls stay well groomed whatever the weather. There is an interesting little booklet which tells you all about the system, and if you are looking about for a Christmas gift to yourself, book your appointment in good time before the holidays.

Binnie Hale, another early shopper, shows "Picturegoer" a few of her purchases.



To HAZEL- with Love from Ellen Terry

HAZEL TERRY, eighteen-year-old grand-niece of the immortal Ellen Terry, makes her screen debut next week in *The Marriage of Corbal*. Here, in an imaginary letter, Ellen Terry gives her counsel.

HAZEL, MY DEAR,
When I saw that photograph of you side by side with an old drawing of myself by the Duchess of Rutland, I was amazed at the resemblance; so much so, my dear, that I now feel towards you a more proprietary interest than a mere great-auntship (is there such a word?) possibly allows. It is as if I were allowed to see myself at your age from the perspective of my experience over many years, and what veteran does not pray for this privilege? If youth but knew—they say—and if old age but dared! Hence this letter; bear with me, Hazel, while you read it.

I know so well how impatient you young things are when we old people sit down to give you advice; had I not to put up with all that sort of thing myself? Indeed one of my earliest recollections is my mortification at being publicly reprimanded at a rehearsal by Mr. Charles Kean. I was eight years old then, rehearsing the part of Fairy Dragonetta, and quite inaudible. (Do the dear dramatic critics still say that inaudibility is the curse of the present-day theatre? Bless them! They always did!) My line, if I remember rightly, was:

"But on this puling brat reveng'd I'll be."
"BUT" said Mr. Kean. . . "BUT! You must plaster that 'but' on the white wall at the back of the gallery!"

I was so annoyed then; but oh! how often have I longed in a theatre to ask actors and actresses to do a bit of plastering on that same wall, and to make themselves heard.

Your responsibility, my child, is greater than mine ever was in this respect, for I dare say our English language has become even more slipshod in general use in your time than ever it was in mine.

Indeed, it has always seemed to me that to become an actress is like entering into a second childhood, for not only does one have to learn to speak all over again, but the apparently easy accomplishment of walking also has to be learnt.

Above all—and this may sound strange—an actress has to learn to submerge her own personality. "How so?" you may protest. "Are not the greatest actresses those who have imposed their personalities on the world?" Alas! when one is both a woman and an actress it is so easy to be accused of spitefulness, and I only dare to whisper therefore that just possibly those are the cases where the personality submerges the artist and is used as a cloak to hide the defects.

But oh! the difficulties! You are, of course, already aware, Hazel, of these difficulties; I have often wondered if the audiences are, too. It must all look so easy from the front. Have you noticed, as I have often, how surprised the average member of the public is when he is admitted for the first time *dans les coulisses*?



What a sorry disillusionment it must be—all that confusion, bustle, gesticulation and apparent disorder behind, while before the assembled flats Romeo protests his love for Juliet!

Even so, the footlights dazzle the eyes, and the audience in front and the confusion behind can be forgotten; in the profession you have now chosen even greater difficulties than these confront you. I, my dear, was a veteran already when I appeared for the first time, nervous as a débutante at her court presentation, before a film camera. Gracious, what an ordeal! You poor things! Don't think that I am criticising films; I made two of them, and I believe that the kinema is a theatrical art with beautiful possibilities, many of which are already realised and many of which are yet to be discovered; but who would be a film actress?

From now on your life ceases to be your own and becomes your public's. That always sounds a hard punishment for success, doesn't it, yet I think it's a just one in its way. After all, your success is created by the public, so let them have their pound of flesh, I say—meaning, of course, their newspaper column of gossip. Nothing infuriates me more than the artist who is contemptuous of his public or hers. Oh! the impertinence of it. How dare they! The whole point of acting is that you are being watched while doing it, else why do it? And so the audience is as important to the actress as the stage she acts on; is as much of an adjunct to her art as the footlights or the make-up or the scenery. So never, never, *never*, frown on the public, Hazel, or hesitate to do it service.

Finally, there's the purely technical rub. For sheer brutality and the searing of the soul you must go a long way to beat film acting technique. The public knows little or nothing of it, and



"When I saw your photo beside an old drawing of myself I was amazed at the resemblance."

perhaps it is as well. Of all the *mechanised* processes!

First of all those nerve-wracking endless waits while *things* are fiddled with. (They always seem to be endlessly fiddling with wires and things in a film studio.) Then you stand there while they take the distance between the tip of your nose and the lens of the camera. Then more fiddling and then, by Heaven! you have to stand there and ACT, just like that. Of course all this is familiar to you, but don't you still wonder at it all? And wonder, too, how people can act in those circumstances? Yet they do—and how well! This, after having every other gesture cut in its prime so that the tiresome camera can be moved off again to another place. Heaven knows, mine is not a revengeful nature, but what I should like to have done to that camera!

And, finally there is this question of marriage. Should an actress marry? And if yes, then whom? Now that's a silly question, I always think. May as well say: Should an actress fall in love? A nice cup of tea if she *doesn't* I say.

But it is wrong, oh! so wrong to suppose an actress cannot add the role of a wife and mother to her repertoire. Goodness me, I wasn't off the stage very much, yet I reared a family, and I flatter myself—not so badly. Remember, it is the people who preach most against marriage who are themselves the best arguments for it. Witness my friend Mr. Bernard Shaw as the great example of this. He used to warn me against it!

There now, as soon as I take up pen it seems to flow on and on and nothing will stem the flow unless I take myself in hand about it. I really meant only to make this a short note, congratulating you on your successful début, and to wish you all the luck and happiness in the world both in the work you have undertaken and outside it.

Bless you Hazel, and bless you again for keeping up the family tradition. Oh yes! I'm quite a snob about *that*!

With love—a lot of it—from your great-aunt

ELLEN.



MERLE OBERON and BRIAN AHERNE

Make an interesting new talkie team in "Beloved Enemy," a story of the Irish "troubles." Merle is back in England to play opposite Charles Laughton in "I Claudius."

E. G. Cousins covers the BRITISH Studios

NO business ever got into the doldrums quite so easily as the British Film Industry, which fairly leaps into them at the slightest provocation.

Quite frequently I meet my fellow-filmscribes in the jungle that is Wardour Street, as well as in the studios, and just because there is a slacking-off of production at Shepherd's Bush, owing to the uncertainty created by the Merger, they pull a face as long as a sea-boot and say: "Things pretty quiet, aren't they? I never knew such a dull time in the studios."

Well, it's fatally easy to get into the way of agreeing; but if we cast a quick glance round the studios, and especially the more outlying ones, I think we're apt to find quite a considerable puff of life still left in the old near-corpse.

Ready? Let's go!

In Disgrace

At Elstree, two important films are still on the floor; *The Dominant Sex*, with Diana Churchill and Phillips Holmes, and *Aren't Men Beasts*, with Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, June Clyde, and Billy Milton.

By the way, I'm in sackcloth and ashes again over the former; British International Pictures' Director of Productions, Walter Mycroft, protests against my reference in a recent issue to his firm's *Someone at the Door*, because, having criticised that picture adversely, I then said that Herbert Brenon, who directed it, was also making *The Dominant Sex*, and Mr. Mycroft took this to be a criticism of the latter picture, in advance.

Need I assure you that nothing was farther from my thoughts? And does the fact that I didn't think much of one picture necessarily mean that I condemn unseen all that director's subsequent pictures? In fact, I don't quite know what I'm doing in this sackcloth at all.

Herbert Brenon directed the immensely successful *Living Dangerously*. Enough said.

In Father's Footsteps

Then at Ealing Green, A.T.P. are busy feathering their nest with *Feather Your Nest*, in which William Beaudine is directing George Formby—one of the very few comedians' sons who have ever followed successfully in their fathers' footsteps.

Ee, laads, I remember George in t'ould days! Real daft, 'e were, but chaampion comic. He'd have been glad to know that his son was going to be so popular on the screen.

Under the same spreading roof-tree we have Lionel Atwill and Lucie Mannheim in *The General Goes Too Far*, frankly a melodrama, and I'm glad of it. I think we stand in need of a few strong dramas on our screens—and there's nothing more effective than a good strong "meller" provided the cast knows its job.

This cast does; when you realise that among

the "support" there are such names as James Mason, Leslie Perrins, Wally Patch, Henry Hewitt, Aubrey Pollock, and Druilla Wills, you know that every character will be given its full value.

Rib-Ticklers

At Shepherd's Bush, as you know, things are quiet; but *King Solomon's Mines*, with Roland Young, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Paul Robeson, Anna Lee, and John Loder in the cast, is an important production for its personnel alone.

And down in Islington, two rib-ticklers are in course of production; one, *Good-morning Boys*, has Marcel Varnel directing it and Will Hay playing the lead; and the other, *Okay for Sound*, has Nervo and Knox, Flanagan and Allen, and Naughton and Gold.

At Sound City, Shepperton, a big circus picture has taken the floor, or ring; this is *Make Up*, in which Nils Asther is the clown and June Clyde the charming young girl on the flying trapeze.

And there, also, *Auld Lang Syne* is being produced by James Fitzpatrick Pictures, Ltd., for distribution by Fox.

And I almost forgot to mention *Dr. Zander*, which Quality Films, Ltd., are producing. This is their second production, their first being the Thames Steamer melodrama *Royal Eagle*, which they made "on spec." and which gathered in a great many shekels for them.

I tell you, there's money in "meller."

The cast of *Dr. Zander* is a notable one; Basil Sydney, John Garrick, Percy Marmont, Ian Fleming, Dorothy Boyd, James Carew, and Fred Groves. Nothing wrong with *that*.

Arnold Ridley, the author of the phenomenally



A gentle awakening for Sydney Howard—by Sergt. Richard Hearn—in "Splinters in the Air."

successful plays *The Ghost Train* and *The Wrecker*, who wrote and directed *Royal Eagle*, is doing the same double office for this one. We need enterprising young Englishmen like Mr. Ridley, and I hope *Dr. Zander* will present him with another fortune.

He spent his last one in presenting plays.

Down at Teddington, Ralph Ince is directing *Side Street Angel* for Warner Bros.—First National. This is the one in which Lesley Brook (nee Learoyd) is receiving her baptism of celluloid, and she has two first-rate actors to play opposite—Hugh Williams and Henry Kendall.

Twickenham, spread out from Hammersmith to Elstree, is full of activity.

At St. Margarets, their original and spiritual home, they are just putting the finishing touches to the Sherlock Holmes picture *Silver Blaze*, in which Arthur Wontner, our most illustrious Sherlock Holmes, is being just that, aided and abetted by Ian Fleming, Lyn Harding, Judy Gunn, Minnie Rayner, John Turnbull, and Eve Grey.

"Sam, Sam!"

At Hammersmith Henry Edwards is directing Stanley Holloway in *The Vicar of Bray*; and if you saw Stan as Father O'Flynn in *The Lily of Killarney* you'll want to see him as a jolly parson again.

And at the J. H. Studios at Elstree, which is the third of the Twickenham strongholds, Albert

(Continued on page 17)

CUTEX CLUB KIT—A de-luxe case with an expensive look. Genuine leather in green, red, black or blue. Zip fastener. 17/6



CUTEX TRAVELLING SET—A boon to the globe trotters and a joy to stay-at-homes. Pig grain leather. 8/6



CUTEX FIVE MINUTE SET—All the essentials for a manicure tucked neatly in a handsome bakelite box. Six pastel shades 5/-



A Gift SHE HERSELF WOULD CHOOSE

SMART women the world over long have favoured Cutex for its quality and style. Give a Cutex Set this year. Join the select company of those who choose their gift as she would choose it — something she will keep and use and cherish for months to come. See them at the stores and chemists. A wide selection of styles priced from 2/6 to 17/6. Made in Great Britain.

CUTEX COMPACT SET—A stunning box in white and gold. Especially prized by younger people. 2/6



CUTEX Gift SETS

THE BRITISH STUDIOS—Continued

de Courville is directing Americans Rod La Roque, Tucker McGuire, George E. Stone, and Dorothy Dare, and Britishers Constance Collier, Alistair Sim, and Renee Gadd, in *She Got What She Wanted*, a story of private life in a public school.

A girls' public school.

Now for Pinewood. Herbert Wilcox Productions have *The Navy Eternal* afloat in their studio, commanded by Capt. Norman Walker, with Richard Cromwell, Hazel Terry, H. B. Warner, Noah Beery, Robert Douglas, George Pughe, and Julie Suedo as crew.

Also British National are doing a film in which Arthur Tracy plays the lead, and which Reginald Arkell has written, but for which they have not yet hit upon a title; Arthur Riscoe and Margaret Lockwood are both in this.

Then the other Pinewood production is *Cross My Heart*, for Paramount-British, in which Kathleen Gibson (who played opposite Jack Buchanan in the stage production *Mr. Whittington*) and Ken Duncan are playing the leads, supported by Aubrey FitzGerald and Tully Comber.

Bernard Mainwaring is directing this for Paramount-British.

New Companies

At Worton Hall, Doug. Fairbanks jun. and Valerie Hobson are playing in Criterion's *For Ever and Ever*, all about a cat-burglar; and also Fortune Films (this week's new company, ladies and gentlemen) are making *Big Fella*, which sounds a highly appropriate name for Paul Robeson, one of the biggest fellas in our studios, and a grand actor.

Once more Elizabeth Welch is playing his wife, and Roy Emerton, Tonie Edgar Bruce, and Dino Galvani head a strong supporting cast; and J. Elder Willis is directing it.

Did I say "this week's new company"? It should have been "one of this week's new companies."

Here are the other two; Rowland Productions are operating in the Rock Studios at Elstree, making *Star Dust*, with Lupe Velez, Ben Lyon, Wallace Ford, Jean Colin, and Francis Lister (a strong combination, I'll say!); and the Crusade Film Co. are making *Landslide* at Wembley, with Dinah Sheridan playing opposite young Jimmy Hanley.

Donovan Pedelty is directing this one for Paramount-British.

Majors

Last, and I think we may say most important, at Denham we have four major productions in progress.

Knight Without Armour, starring Marlene Dietrich and Robert Donat under the direction of Jacques Feyder, has also Austin Trevor, Basil Gill, Lawrence Hanray, and Peter Evan-Thomas.

Victor Saville Productions are making *Storm In a Teacup*, with Vivien Leigh, Cecil Parker, Sara Allgood, Ursula Jeans, Quinton McPherson, Robert Hale, Eliot Makeham, Edgar Bruce (who was very good in the stage version), and Scruffy, the dog of remarkably mixed ancestry whom all the fuss is about.

Trafalgar Films are completing *Love from a Stranger*, the Ann Harding-Basil Rathbone picture with Binnie Hale, Jean Cadell and Colin Keith-Johnston.

And Erich Pommer has gone into action with his second production, *Troopship*, in which he again has Flora Robson, star of his first British production, *Fire Over England*.

In fact, the only studio in which no film is being made at the moment of writing is Cricklewood, and I understand they are preparing one there.

Things to Come

And when you take into consideration all the important things at present being lined up in the other studios, I think you'll agree that the doldrums are still quite a long way off.

For instance, here is what B.I.P. have to say about the immediate future.

They are just about to start down at Elstree with a screen version of the Bobby Howes Hippodrome success *Please, Teacher*—of course with Bobby in the lead.

I'm glad to hear of his return to the screen after all this time, because I feel he's a comedian that we can ill afford to spare from our studios.

With him will be Wylie Watson, Vera Pearce, and Bertha Belmore.

Almost simultaneously, John Lodge will start being Bulldog Drummond in *Bulldog Drummond at Bay*.

Dorothy Mackaill was over here on one of her periodic visits, and just as she was buzzing off again, Walter Mycroft grabbed her to play opposite Lodge.

Glamour

This is the second B.I.P. film for which Gertrude Michael was announced, the first being *The Dominant Sex*; she was taken ill in New York, you remember, and has now returned to Hollywood to fulfil her next engagement there. But I understand she is still on contract to B.I.P., and will be coming over to play in a film at Elstree early next year.

Then, quite shortly, B.I.P. will put into production the Drury Lane success *Glamorous Night*, but I am afraid Ivor Novello will not play his original role. However, Mary Ellis will be in hers.

Brian Desmond Hurst, who directed the highly successful B.I.P. film *Ourselves Alone*, will tackle his first musical picture in this one; he has just finished *Sensation*, in which John Lodge plays a crime reporter.

When is an amateur not an amateur? That question, so often asked in lawn tennis circles, will come to the surface again when B.I.P. produce their film based on the B.B.C. "amateur hour," directed by Carol Levis, who organised that hour, and featuring the pick of the amateurs he found.

Repairing Omissions

I've been puzzled for a long time by the omission of all companies, British and Hollywood alike, to make a talking version of Wilkie Collins's famous story *The Woman in White*, of which a silent film was made some years ago.

Now B.I.P. are going to do it; and they're also set to repair another omission, with a talkie version of Arnold Bennett's novel of the Five Towns, *The Card*, which offers a grand part for a character actor.

That's about all at B.I.P. for the moment, and plenty too.

Paramount-British are to make a film of Anthony Gibb's novel *The Elder Brother*, which will be directed by George King at Sound City, with John Stuart in the lead.

You remember I told you that British Lion and Joe Rock were both producing films with the title *Calling All Stars*? Well, the parties concerned have now had a Round Table Conference.

What the film world would do without its Round Table Conferences I have no idea; at this one they have solemnly decided that British Lion should use the title *Calling All Stars*. However, no title was chosen for the Joe Rock production; presumably that will require another conference.

Clerical

If you had happened to stray on to the set of *The Scarab Murder Case* (which Paramount-British have just completed at Pinewood) as I did, you might have heard someone bawling "Hi, Best!"

That would be a summons for the new second assistant director; but it would also have brought running the Reverend C. B. Digby-Best, who has recently deserted the pulpit for the megaphone, having decided that he had no vocation for the ministry.

They say it's an elocutionary treat to hear him intoning "Quiet, PLEASE!"

The Victor Saville production, *Storm In a Teacup*, is one I am looking forward to. If it's anything like as good in its sphere as the stage-play from which it derives, it will be a wow.

Arduous Part

It's the story of an unholy rumpus in the little west-coast Scottish town of Baikie. The storm-centre is "Patsy," a dog of doubtful parentage but engaging manners; but the blame for the whole thing rests on the fact that William Gow, the Provost, who has visions of becoming Dictator of Scotland, has no sense of humour.

Cecil Parker is playing this arduous and unsympathetic part, and Vivien Leigh plays the Provost's daughter, Victoria. Here is a slight divergence from the original, in which Victoria was the Provost's wife, but on the screen we are not allowed to see a married woman falling for another man—which Victoria does.

I am not always wholeheartedly in favour of filming stage-plays, but this is a case in which I think the practice will be fully justified



Anna Neagle "goes Italian" in her latest film "London Melody."

THE Royal Canadian Mounted Police have nothing on Elaine Barrie, who, after many setbacks, is now the wife of John Barrymore.

Hollywood was scarcely surprised when it heard the news. Jack and Elaine "eloped" to Yuma, Arizona, accompanied by the young lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs, of New York.

Undoubtedly the bride will seek to win fame in the movies by using the name Elaine Barrymore. She makes no secret of her histrionic ambitions.

In Retirement

Romeo and Juliet may be Norma Shearer's last picture for an indefinite period. The shock of her husband's death, coupled with a recent attack of bronchial pneumonia, makes it impossible for the star to consider future productions.

Norma has no financial worries, for the estate left her and her two children by Thalberg is estimated at between £1,600,000 and £2,000,000.

Lucky Orphans

The famous Cradle in Evanston, near Chicago, is likely to be empty if the movie stars continue their raids.

Irene Dunne plans to adopt a child from this orphanage. Adolphe Menjou and his wife, Verree Teasdale, have acquired a son, whilst another boy has joined Pat O'Brien's family.

Other children have been taken from the place by Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler, George Burns and Gracie Allen, and Constance Bennett.

Feathering His Nest

Since it was announced that many Hollywoodites are planning to make trips to New York, the players have been deluged with strange offers from their fans.

To Eleanor Powell, who is going to New York to bring her grandparents to Hollywood, one fan wrote saying that he and his family of four have a second-hand auto trailer. He added that he would be willing to take Miss Powell to New York with them, if she would pay for the gas and food en route!

Needless to say, Eleanor did not accept the offer.

Too Much Admiration

Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck sigh for privacy which is rarely theirs, for the fans mob them wherever they go, demanding autographs. Whether they are at the beach, a polo game, or a premiere, the fans hem them in.

Taylor's popularity is increasing every day, and he now ranks as one of the greatest drawing cards in filmdom.

When he made his first trip to New York several months ago he was stampeded and in



Even the cameraman refuses to leave them alone—Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck find that their popularity with the fans allows them no privacy.

An indication of his prosperity is evidenced by the fact that he recently paid £20,000 for an estate in the San Fernando Valley.

Jackie, his mother and brother Robert will occupy the new home.

His Winning Way

It pays to be yourself in Hollywood.

Ra Hould, 12-year-old budding film star, receives £80 a week because he is said to be the most natural child actor. Producer Samuel Goldwyn has ever seen.

When the boy was tested for an important role in Goldwyn's *Beloved Enemy* he was completely himself before the camera, and his wistful, unaffected manner charmed the producer into selecting him over a dozen boys tested for the role.

Fans in Ambush

The stars are still bothered by camera fiends who hide behind hedges and attempt to catch the players in unconventional poses. Celebrities enjoying sunbaths are fair game, as Garbo found to her cost.

A star falling on a tennis court, missing a swing on a golf course, or tumbling from a polo pony is often "snapped" by the camera addicts, who occasionally sell the prints at a handsome profit.

Clever Star

One of the busiest places in Hollywood is the tiny portable structure which Joan Bennett uses for her dressing

room during the filming of a picture.

The actress is doing her own interior decorating for a new home being built in Holmby Hills, and the dressing bungalow is a whirlwind of charts, sketches, fabric samples, water colours, minor architects, fussed hairdressers, and seething assistant directors!

Roughing It

With one table to eat off, one davenport to sit on, and just enough beds to sleep in, the Bartholomews moved to their new home in Westwood Hills.

That is all the furniture the Bartholomews own at the moment and, due to Freddie's constant work in the films, Aunt Millicent, who is required to accompany him to the set, has had no chance to go out and buy any.

So, until Freddie's present picture is completed, the family will get along with a minimum of chairs, bureaus and lamps.

Odd Footage

Olivia de Havilland was born in Tokyo, Japan.

Gertrude Michael gave piano recitals at the age of 12.

George Brent is considering a trip to the Himalayas for unusual photographic material.

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

SHOT BY PHIL LONERGAN

the mêlée lost a handkerchief his mother had made for him. A letter came to Taylor the other day with the missing handkerchief enclosed. The writer, a girl, admitted she had stolen it from his pocket, but had been troubled by a guilty conscience. All she asked was Taylor's forgiveness.

Bob autographed the handkerchief and sent it back to her.

Love Again!

Isabel Jewell recently announced that her romance with Owen Crump was off because her career came first.

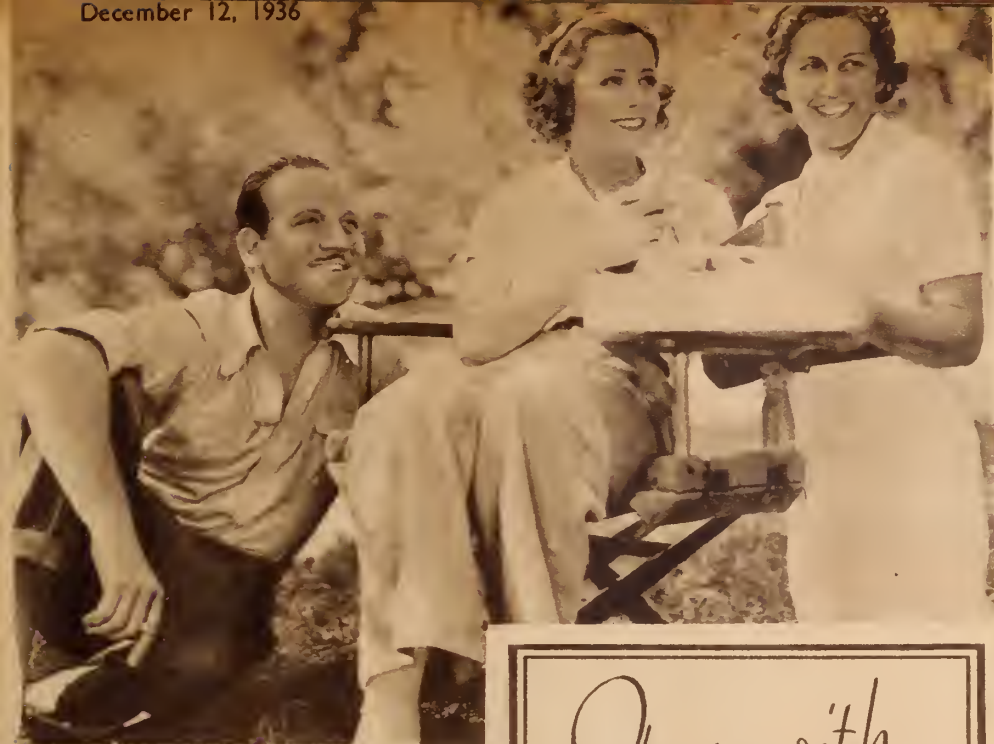
However, the little lady has exercised a woman's privilege and changed her mind, so the engagement is on again!

An Old Friend

Abdullah Abbas, Victor McLaglen's trainer, has been in the employ of the actor for twenty-one years, dating from the time when they met in Mesopotamia during the World War, McLaglen being a Provost Marshal in the British army. Abdullah, an Arab, was then only 11 years old.

Prosperous Jackie

Jackie Coogan is no longer very active in the movies, where he once was a famous boy star, but he is amply blessed with the world's goods.



It's not all work in the studios. Melvyn Douglas, Irene Dunne and her maid, Anita Sacks, sit on the sidelines enjoying the comic antics of co-workers between scenes on the "Theodora Goes Wild" set.

Shots with our **CANDID CAMERA**



Above: The Candid cameraman visits Tom Walls at his Ewell and Chertsey estates and obtained some unconventional shots of the star of "Dishonour Bright."



Inset: The comedian off for his morning ride. He never misses it whether he is filming or not.



Fashion's popular broad shoulder line is obtained in Ginger Rogers' silver cloth ensemble by using silver cording to make modified epaulets on her brief jacket. The outfit was designed by Bernard Newman, Radio stylist, for the star to wear in "Swing Time."

Left, Walls presents Markab (April the Fifth-Moya) on his Chertsey stud farm. Here is Tom's tip for the Derby, 1938



The Countess, widowed early in the War, sadly watches more soldiers marching off—to be killed.

Countess Alexandra (Marlene Dietrich) and Ainsley Fothergill (Robert Donat) try to escape from the revolutionaries, disguised as Red soldiers.

KNIGHT *without*



Alexandra fits on her wedding dress for her marriage to Colonel Adraxine (Austin Trevor), who is killed in the War shortly afterwards.



ARMOUR

(Above) This ought to make Cecil B. de Mille jealous. Marlene in one of the lighter moments of the film.

Marlene Dietrich makes her British film debut as an aristocrat who is caught in the Red Revolution in Russia and escapes after many adventures with the help of Robert Donat, an Englishman posing as a Bolshevist Commissar.

It is, it is claimed, a part quite different from anything the glamour queen has attempted before. The picture is directed by Jacques Feyder and produced by Alexander Korda.



The Countess and her father, General Vladinoff (Herbert Lomas) visit the Russian Embassy in London.



Ascot Gold Cup Day, 1913—the last day in England before Alexandra returns to Russia, war and revolution.



Arriving at her St. Petersburg villa, Countess Alexandra is warmly welcomed by her staff and the villagers.

Mary Astor and Charles Quigley
who play the leads are said
to form a very engaging love
team.

LADY From Nowhere

A new team of screen lovers appears in *Lady From Nowhere* in the persons of Mary Astor and Charles Quigley, who are starred in this story dealing with gangsters and kidnapping. The picture was directed by Gordon Wiles, and the cast includes Thurston Hall, Victor Kilian, Spencer Charters and Norman Willis.



The new team demonstrates the tenderness of their love - making in this attractively posed still.

(Above) Rita La Roy and Mary Astor in a hospital scene from the picture.

(Left) Norman Willis, the villain of the piece, who abducts the heroine in a car, in a scene with the "victim."



"**H**MM . . . just as I thought. Your wife's brother was deaf you said. Your child's case is one of hereditary deafness."

Christopher Freyman, widowed sexton of the Protestant church in Zanebruck on the Austro-Italian border, in the year 1900, stared helplessly at his thirteen-months-old son lying on the hospital examination table. He had never foreseen this tragedy.

"You mean my son is deaf doctor. He won't be able to hear."

"I'm afraid not; nor since the power of learning by sounds is absent, will he be able to speak. I'm very sorry, Freyman, very sorry."

Tenderly carrying the deaf-mute child in its shawl, Chris came back to the wooden cottage by the church with its belfry open to the village square and unassuming spire rising against the background of the snow-clad Alps. More than anything he had craved for this second son, built all hope upon him seeing that he had cost his mother's life.

Beyond home and children Chris worshipped music—music as interpreted by the church bells he rang with such ardour and precision every Sunday. At the age of ten, Karl, the elder boy was not shaping as his father would have liked. One with the village boys who sang in the choir, Karl was frequently inattentive and generally out of tune. He was more interested in model making, the value of which trait, Chris could not acknowledge so paramount as his interest in harmony.

But Gabriel was to have had his father's ear and compose the masterpieces he had been unable through lack of education, to accomplish. No wonder Chris carried a heavy burden to the well-worn armchair.

Ten years passed and Gabriel remained deaf-mute, a silent member of the household whose affection for Karl and his father, was none the

less patent. Chris's attitude towards his elder son had not altered. "What are you reading?" he asked sharply as Anna removed the soup plates after the first course of the mid-day meal.

"Elementary Principles of Aeronautics, that's all, father."

"So, And if it isn't aeronautics one day, it's chemistry another. The Bible is out of fashion, I suppose."

"Not altogether but times change father. In your day they had a horse and buggy. Now we have cars and aeroplanes."

"Tch. Well, a buggy's good enough for me. I suppose next you'll tell me they're going to invent a machine for ringing church bells."

"A very simple matter, father, if it were important enough in everyday life."

"Important! Enough of your crazy nonsense. It's . . . it's unholy."

"The boy didn't mean any harm," Chris's brother Anton put in, but the lad had left the table and the father was left to grumble that his dinner had been spoilt. Worse occurred the following evening when Karl broke into the living-room with the two-days-old newspaper.

"Look father. It's happened just as I said it would. American aviator

wins ten thousand dollar prize." "Glen Curtiss flies from Albany to New York." Isn't it thrilling? Just think, a hundred and forty-two miles in less than three hours."

Even Karl's enthusiasm wilted before his father's look.

"I suppose every village has its crazy man," Chris said bitterly. You with your models of flying machines sending them off into your neighbour's gardens, ruining their vegetables. The tragedy is that you're my son."

I'm sorry if that's what the narrow-minded folk in this village think of me. Father we've had many quarrels before about my work. Ever since I was small you've interfered because I didn't want to be a bell-ringer. Now I don't want to hurt you, but I believe in aviation and its great future and what's more I want to follow it."

Something in his son's face, in the words spoken quietly without temper, caused Chris to lose his.

"I've had enough of your tomfoolery," he countered. "I've given up every hope that you'd follow me in my work, but whatever you choose to do, while you're under my roof, you must behave like my son."

The Story of the Film **SINS of MAN** by Marjory Williams

Freely based on the film, "Sins of Man," by permission of Twentieth Century-Fox. See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 8, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

Chris was quite unprepared for the shock next morning of finding Karl gone. A note left behind told that he had sailed for New York.

Sunk in his own bitter disappointment, Chris was quite unprepared for the shock next morning of finding Karl gone. A note left on the pillow of the made-up bed, read that he had sailed for America. Furious, Chris continued reading—"Do not be angry with me dear father. One day, I'll make you proud of me. Say good-bye for me to Anna, uncle Anton and little Gabriel. Love to you all; Karl." Stirred to the depths as he had never been, Chris called heaven to witness that had he not been a religious man he would have called upon God to curse the journey of a son. "From now on Karl is dead," he pronounced. "Anna . . . Anton, you hear me, Karl is dead. I never want to hear his name again."

For nearly four years he stood by the determination, refusing to see the tears in Anna's eyes when letters from America were consigned unread to the stove. It was natural that he should turn to Gabriel for comfort finding an increased affection in the child who undoubtedly missed his brother. It had struck Chris more than once that Gabriel was acquiring a slightly more alert look. One evening, nursing the boy on his knee, Chris accidentally touched a glass of mulled beer beside him with a spoon. Gabriel raised himself. Chris repeated the sound effect. No doubt that Gabriel reacted. He seized the spoon, knocking the glass again and again, listening with the light of joy growing in his eyes.

Chris's happiness took on a religious fervour. "God has answered our prayers," he said to Anna. "Gabriel has begun to hear." The doctor's report bore testimony to the gradualness of the changes of nature. "There is no doubt your son can hear high-pitched sound vibrations, but he can hear nothing else," he said after thorough examination.

"Can something be done about it doctor?"

"Several things; experimental to (continued on page 24)

★
He calls me a
"good pal" but
I wish I were
more than that.
What can I do?



Miss Dorothy Dickson

has a wealth of worldly wisdom and the truest sympathy for all human problems. Her answer to this problem may solve your difficulties.

How to make friendship ripen into love is a problem many girls face. Now here is my advice to you and all women who want to win and hold love—*make yourself more vitally attractive*. How? Well, imagine your face with the soft rosy blush of youth on your cheeks—*natural*, vibrant colour—wouldn't it make a difference? Khasana Blush Cream is a soft, fragrant cream which brings a delicate, rosy *natural* blush to your cheeks the moment you apply it—*natural*, vibrant colour that spells youthful attractiveness. No matter what your type of colouring is, dark or fair or redhead, Khasana Blush Cream is *your* colouring—your *natural* skin tone. So easy to apply, it is waterproof and kiss proof—one application lasts all day. Dare to be your loveliest self—that vital you! It is *natural* colour that brings you this beauty.

Dorothy Dickson

Khasana BLUSH CREAM

Khasana Blush Cream can be had in four colours: Blush Light for Blondes; Blush Dark for Brunettes; also Coral and Carmine for those who favour deeper colouring.

Trial size 6d.

Blush Light and Blush Dark only.

★ Ask for Khasana Lipstick in matching colours



be sure, but worth while. Unfortunately they're expensive and can't be done here. I only know of two men who do important work on these lines. One is in Berlin, the other in New York."

For Chris, to visit either city, let alone take his son, was out of the question, but the ray of hope had warmed the chill of the father's heart in respect to Karl. Anton was in fact reading a charming letter he had received from the lad when Chris arrived at the open house door.

"I beg of you to write and let me know how father is," Anton read aloud to Anna whom Chris could see in the Windsor chair drinking in every word. "I have written so many letters and had no reply. I don't think it will do for you to tell him that I'm working in a large engineering company and making good progress. Just say that I am well and happy in my work. How is Gabriel? I miss him so much, as I do all of you. My love to everyone. Devotedly, Karl. P.S.—Tell father before you tell him anything else about me, that I go to church every Sunday morning."

A rush of fatherly pride and affection overcame Chris. "I heard everything," he said. "I can't pretend any longer. I was wrong about the boy."

"You can make it up to him now," Anna reminded. So Chris wrote to America and in due course was able to mount the belfry and from the platform where he rang his beloved bells, called on the villagers in the square below, to listen to a piece of news.

"My good friends," he addressed them. "I've just received another letter from Karl. He wants me to go to America. Look? He has sent me a steamship ticket with two hundred American dollars."

The actual leave-taking, despite the excitement of his mission, despite too, Anna's gifts of mittens and cookies for the journey, was a wrench.

"Poor Gabriel—you look so unhappy wondering where your father's going and I'm so powerless to tell you," Chris murmured, hugging the child. Arrival in New York with its delays in docking and getting through the customs was compensated for by seeing Karl's face behind the barrier in the forefront of those meeting friends. Nor could Chris find anything but praise for the room Chris had engaged in a brownstone house on the East side, with another for himself and Gabriel when he should arrive.

Karl, very much the host laying the cloth and serving the sauerkraut and red wine pleased his father immensely by saying. "I thought we could send for Gabriel in a few weeks. I can deal with the formalities. It'll be necessary for us to deposit a bond as a guarantee to the American government that Gabriel will be sent home if he isn't cured."

"But that would mean money and I..."

"Don't worry about that, father. My employers have offered to lend me the money and besides I'm to be paid one thousand dollars on Saturday for flying a new 'plane from here to Washington. It's quite an important event. The papers are writing about it every day."

"I'd like to be there," Chris said. The visit to the flying field interested him more than he could have imagined. Chiefly he was impressed

THE STORY of the

by the scanty accommodation for the pilot of the 'plane in which Karl was to take off.

"Contact." The word spoken by Karl was echoed by the mechanics as the propeller in the rear started to revolve. To the shouts of the crowd, the bird-like creature moved forward and gradually lifted above the tree-tops. For a long time Chris stared fascinated into the sky, then went home not to eat or sleep, but to spend his time waiting... waiting for Karl's safe return. The lad's eager face framed by the leather helmet, the fragility of the strange new machine, haunted him. By six o'clock he had been up from his chair a dozen times to find other people going past corridor and stairs. At half-past came a knock. Two elderly men entered—grave and restrained.

"Please take a chair Mr. Freyman," one said. "Your son has had an accident. His plane crashed."

"My son... Karl. Is he dead?" Such was the overwhelming truth. When Chris had recovered a little from the shock, he tried to be grateful that Karl's employers had offered to defray a passage home. He booked one for August 3rd, 1914, quite unaware in his sorrow that the imminence of a world war was about to affect him personally.

News in the "Evening Gazette" of Austria's declaration of war drove him however to the Austro-Hungarian Consulate. "I was to sail for my home in the Tyrol last week, but my papers were taken from me and my passage cancelled," he said to the clerk. "I come from Zanebruck, on the border."

Zanebruck, Nadelberg, Wessenand all border villages were destroyed in the first bombardment and are no longer in existence," the clerk told him. "As regards the inhabitants we are sorry reports are so little available, but when one comes a casualty list will be posted."

When down the list of dead and missing, Chris, among an anxious group of compatriots, read the name of Gabriel Freyman, he thought to have drained the last drop of the cup of sorrow. The desolation of realising himself a stranger, homeless, penniless in a great city had still to be tasted.

Chris recalled to principles of life he had learned and taught left the building determined to find work.

He found it as a cleaner in the music shop of a Mr. Twitchelesco. The job, depressing in the last degree to a man who had been honoured in his own village, added to the shock of a double sorrow, aged Chris sadly. The figure bending over the pail of suds one morning as Mr. Twitchelesco put on a gramophone record and started the needle, was that of an old and destitute man. Suddenly he left his pail and moved up to the counter, shaken to the depths of his being by the sounds which filled the shop.

"Did you hear those bells?" he demanded of his employer. "They sound like the ones I used to ring in Zanebruck years ago. Please Mr. Twitchelesco give me the record." His hands shook as he stared at the disc. "The Bells Symphony. Mario Singarelli," he read. "... Mario Singarelli. Did you ever hear of him?"

"Of course, you fool. Everyone's

FILM

Continued

heard of Singarelli, the great Italian composer and Maestro.

"Mr. Twitcheslesco, I'll never ask a favour again but I must have that record."

His employer drove a hard bargain—three days work for nothing—but Chris left for his common lodging-house on the Bowery with the precious disc under his arm. Life in that miserable apology for home would have been unbearable had it not been for Crusty, tough down-and-out who had taken a fancy to Chris whom he good-naturedly called Pop.

The day following proved that he had taken the old man's troubles to heart.

"Hey, give me that piece o' board-ing Pop. You ain't strong enough to keep moving," Crusty ordered, meeting Chris on the pavement while his job at the music store was temporarily in abeyance. Chris allowed the transfer of the sandwich board he had been carrying, to Crusty's shoulders. For the first time the notice displayed caught Chris's eye.

"He's coming," he gasped. "Singarelli's coming; playing at the Carnegie Hall to-night in a symphony concert. Crusty, the man pays two tickets for the performance or fifty cents for carrying these boards. If I have the tickets will you take me to hear the Maestro?"

"But Pop, the cash would sleep you for two nights."

"I don't want sleep. I want to see the Maestro. Maybe he can tell me something about Zanebruck."

But having arrived in a gallery seat and seen the fair haired conductor with his baton open the concert, when the first few bars of the melody filled the four corners of the hall, things became too much for Chris. He started up, stared, mumbled excited words. Finally Crusty was obliged to take him outside.

"You don't understand. I must

"Did you hear those bells?
Chris demanded of his employer.
"Please Mr. Twitcheslesco give
me the record."

see the Maestro. He must be one of my choir boys," he urged.

"All right. All right Pop. We'll see what we can do. Get a hold of yourself," Crusty soothed. He was even better than his word for an attempt to get past the stage doorman proved hopeless.

"Try the Maestro's suite at Savoy Towers hotel," was all the functionary would concede and Crusty, after expressing a wish that all the doorman's children might follow their father's calling took Pop thither. An impressive secretary opening the door, having several times stated that the Maestro was out, at last consented to deliver a message. Worn out with excitement and delay, Chris would have been thankful of rest, but remembered he was due that evening to wash-up dishes at Mr. Twitcheslesco's on the occasion of his daughter's wedding. He was at the sink when his employer tapped his shoulder.

"Hey Chris. Someone to see you. Hurry." He had almost forgotten between weariness and anxiety about breaking things, that he had given the Maestro's secretary Mr. Twitcheslesco's address as better-sounding than that of a common lodging house. Wiping his hands on his apron, he followed the bride's father to the living room where the guests were grouped in attitudes of manifest respect about a fair young man occupying a chair.

"I understand you have lived in Zanebruck and wish to see me," the young man observed kindly. "You know my real name is not Singarelli. It belongs to an Italian couple who brought me up. I never knew my real name. I was deaf until the terrific bombardment in the war restored my hearing. . . ."

Chris had fallen on his knees. In the maelstrom of emotion prides, joy, relief, gratitude, and a knowledge of faith justified, one idea emerged triumphant. "It was the bells, the bells that brought me to you, Gabriel, my son," he murmured. Moreover it was the bells that Chris played at Singarelli's next concert, no church bells indeed, but a modern musician's bells, such as Karl would have loved to see and handle, bells such as Crusty, resplendent in a box with cigar, was satisfied to hear, bells that rang in a new era for one who had not been allowed to suffer for ever for the "Sins of Man."



"No other 'perm' is as good as Superma!" SAYS

Elzie Randolph

"Superma is in a class by itself. The waves and curls are not only more beautiful, but they last far longer than any other 'perm' I have ever tried. I would never go back to a system that depended on machines. Superma is quicker and much more comfortable. From my own experience, I can honestly say that no other 'perm' is as good as Superma."

(Signed) *Elzie Randolph*

Superma machineless won the World's Championship and Three Gold Medals at Olympia, 1936, and the European Championship at Brussels, 1936.

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PREVIEWS

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THE GREEN PASTURES

SUCH an exposition of the child mind, as exemplified by negroes in their conception of religion, has never been expressed in any medium with such simplicity nor with such innate beauty and inner spirituality as in this artistically perfect adaptation of Marc Connelly's stage play, which has been running successfully for five years in America.

I do not intend to enter here into the controversies that have raged round its presentation in this country, where it is banned from the stage but allowed on the screen.

It is sufficient to say that the idea and its execution is, to me, as reverent as it could well be and its childlike fantasy has a grandeur which many a church could do worse than emulate.

The picture is based on the idea that a negro preacher is holding a Sunday school meeting and telling the children the story of the Old Testament in a manner which will bring it vividly before their eyes—that is, in everyday language—describing the settings with which they are familiar and investing the Biblical characters with personalities approximating to people they know.

Thus the conception of "de Lawd" is a composite assembly of all the good qualities in the hearers' neighbours, and He resembles the man for whom each individual member of the class has the most respect.

The preacher himself had the utmost admiration for another older preacher, so in consequence his mental picture of "de Lawd" takes that form.

The Heaven in which "de Lawd" lives is a place where the angels enjoy a sort of succession of picnics or "fish fries," where they sing out of sheer joyousness of heart and where they behave in most respects just like a coloured community.

The Angel Gabriel acts as secretary in a highly solicitous manner to "de Lawd" and hates to see Him worried by the disturbing events that take place in a world He created in order to draw off the superfluous "firmament." He had obtained in Heaven by "passing a miracle" when there was a shortage of it. The miracle, in fact, had proved too wholesale and had made Heaven a trifle too damp, temporarily, for comfort.

The preacher then proceeds to picture the events in the Old Testament in the same matter of fact manner which yet expresses a spiritual sincerity which is at

times terribly moving in its childlike intensity of purpose.

The creation of Adam and Eve, the slaying of Abel, the Flood in which "de Lawd" has a heart to heart talk with Noah and negatives the latter's proposal to take two casks of liquor as well as two of every living animal, are all played against everyday backgrounds.

The humour of the liquor incident which results in Noah only taking one cask is backed by the submission with which he eventually receives "de Lawd's" ultimatum.

The scenes of the Flood are remarkable in their artistic unsophistication, a quality which is paramount throughout the entire production.

In all these incidents "de Lawd's" concern for the world he had created is emphasised. The Flood is to wash away its sins, but it fails, and up in Heaven we have a conception of the Almighty pondering what He can do to prevent these everlasting lapses into sinfulness.

He puts the Hebrews under Pharaoh's whip as a cure and then visits Moses, a man suggested to him as a leader by Abraham in a conference in Heaven, and shows him the "tricks" he is to use to make Pharaoh "let the children go."

These sequences dealing with Moses are some of the most moving in the picture. As an old man worn with travelling and sorrows, Moses watches his followers proceed towards Jericho and the land of Canaan. He is almost blind, and as each man passes him a hand is laid in silent farewell on his shoulder, each one indicative of the age or youth of his people.

Then "de Lawd" comes and leads him away to a land that is "far better than that of Canaan."

Once more the world lapses into sinfulness, and in Babylon the

prophet of "de Lawd" is slain, and "in His wrath" He speaks to the assassins and says that he will no longer seek to help mankind.

But "de Lawd" is still concerned although He receives deputations of His angels and dismisses their pleas for a further intervention in world affairs.

Then one day He hears a voice praying to Him, the voice of one, Hezdrel, who is engaged in battling for the sake of "de Lawd."

At first He does not listen, but gradually He decides to investigate more closely and goes to converse with this man, and asks to whom he prays.

And He learns that Hezdrel has a conception of a God of Mercy, not of wrath, that "de Lawd" has in fact changed in character and that through suffering man will merit mercy.

"De Lawd" goes back to His Heaven and the idea fruitifies to end in a vision of a Man carrying a heavy Cross up a hill to atone for the sins of mankind.

The whole of these episodes, which are spoken in negro dialogue, written with a restraint and expressiveness that compel admiration, are accompanied by the singing of spirituals by the Hall Johnson choir.

They are not obtrusive, but weld into the scheme of things in such a manner that they seem part and parcel of the action. They charm the senses without their inclusion being, at times, apparent. Twenty-five spirituals are sung, but I do not think I could state at what specified moments in the development of the theme they were introduced.

Such a musical background is masterly.

The acting is in complete accord with the simplicity of the production as a whole. It is marked with sincerity and reverence, even though the type of humour that causes a sympathetic smile is never far distant. It is, indeed, as near as are tears on occasions.

Rex Ingram's rendering of "de Lawd" is magnificent. It is dignified and yet profoundly simple. It has strength made more strong by its one touch of human weakness. His expressions are compelling and the idea of "wrath" is expressed all the more vividly because it is restrained.

Rex Ingram also plays the rôle of Hezdrel, a character invented by Marc Connelly to convey the

personification of man pleading with "de Lawd" to show mercy after He had been so consistently reviled, and of Adam.

Oscar Polk is indescribably effective as the Archangel Gabriel. His solicitude for "de Lawd," and his childlike manner which can at will stiffen into a commanding personality, must be seen to be understood.

The Moses of George Reed is another outstanding piece of acting, as is the serio-comic characterisation of Noah by Frank Wilson.

I have not space to deal individually with the long list of artistes who appear, but I do not think you will find a flaw anywhere.

Viewed on its histrionic value alone, this picture is outstanding in the history of the kinema.

As I have indicated, the settings are well characterised by a naturalness that suggests that the negroes themselves could have chosen them.

Pharaoh's palace, for example, looks like a side-show at a fair and his retinue are attired in costumes which represent various modern walks of life.

I cannot leave this production without a word of praise to the children who appear in the Sunday school; I have never seen more likeable or more natural little artistes on the screen.

Between them, Marc Connelly and William Keighley have made a picture which will remain a landmark in screen history.

COME AND GET IT

Frances Farmer looks to me like walking right out of this picture into stardom. She is, I think, one of the most compelling personalities we have seen since Dietrich and Hepburn attracted our attention and applause.

She is cast as a dance hall girl in Iron Ridge, in the Wisconsin lumberlands of 1900, who fascinates a lumberjack and is taken by him from her environment only to be deserted by him when his ambitions cause him to marry the daughter of a mill-owner and thus gain a partnership in the business.

On her first appearance she fascinated me quite as much as she did the lumberjack, and her rendering of a song in a rich contralto was irresistibly attractive.

However, having married the lumberjack's best friend, the dance hall girl bears a daughter to him and dies.

Frances Farmer next comes on the scene as this daughter, and the way she contrasts the gay unsophistication of the latter with the world weariness of the former, denotes a talent of no mean proportion. More than that, she sings the same song she sang in the rôle of her mother in a sweet soprano voice; a clever touch to emphasise the divergent characters of the two rôles.

Apart from Frances Farmer, this picture as a whole provides very good entertainment, although I have doubts of its psychological accuracy and also a slight revulsion of feeling at the implications of theme.

For the lumberjack, having left his sweetheart, gained riches and success and produced a son and a daughter, proceeds to fall in love with his old friend's child.

If it had been handled less delicately or the part had been played by a less polished and attractive

(Continued on page 28)



De Lawd (Rex Ingram) among his angels in the negroes' idea of Heaven. With him is the Angel Gabriel in this scene from "The Green Pastures."

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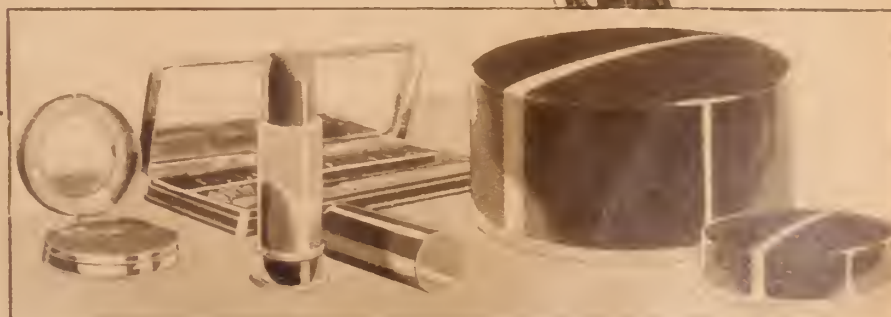
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Reviews by

LIONEL COLLIER

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

- **THE MARRIAGE OF CORBAL
- **SNOWED UNDER
- c**THE LAST OUTLAW
- **SINS OF MAN
- *—AND SUDDEN DEATH
- *PRISON SHADOWS
- c**THE WESTERNER
- *GIPSY MELODY
- *BORN TO GAMBLE

What the asterisks mean—
 ***** An outstanding feature.
 *** Very good. ** Good.
 * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

(Continued from page 26)

actor than Edward Arnold, it might have been rather nauseating, but as it is, Howard Hawks and William Wyler's treatment is subtle and Edward Arnold is remarkably sincere.

The opening sequences are full of action and show in magnificently picturesque manner the work of the lumberjacks, and they end in one of the best "free-for-all" fights I have seen.

Follows the infatuation of the now prosperous millowner for a girl young enough to be his daughter, who falls in love with his son and finally opens the elderly man's eyes to his folly.

He had lived in a dream world with a re-created sweetheart whom he had passed over in favour of power and riches.

Another newcomer makes an entirely favourable impression in this picture, Andrea Leeds, as the lumberjack's daughter; she is certainly worth watching.

Joel McCrea is very well cast as the son who rebels against his father's wishes, and Walter Brennan gives a strong characterisation of a simple Swede, the millowner's greatest friend.

Mady Christians contributes a sterling performance as the Swede's niece.

DREAMS COME TRUE

Some time ago I reviewed an Austrian picture called *Liebesmelodie* which starred Martha Eggerth and was based on Franz Lehár's operetta *Clo-Clo*. *Dreams Come True* is a carbon copy of that film and while it does not contain quite the delicacy of touch or the consummate charm of its original it does provide pleasant light entertainment and Reginald Denham is to be congratulated on his treatment of the subject.

It deals with a certain Hungarian landowner Adalbert von Wadenau who goes to the Agricultural Show in Vienna accompanied by his son, Peter, and his faithful retainer, Anton.

On arrival at the hotel both father and son are attracted by the poster of an Hungarian actress, Ilona Ratkay, and each, unknown to the

other, books seats for the night's performance.

Peter proves to be the lucky one and persuades Ilona to have supper with him but by a mis-directed message Adalbert arrives at the restaurant as well.

However, he is soon in his cups and joins a riotous party while Peter starts winning the heart of the lady. He invites her down to his father's country house and she, having learned that her manager had published a false story about her being the daughter of a notorious dancer, Gaby Aranay and a country gentleman, decides to accept the invitation in order to teach him a lesson.

Meanwhile, Anton is feverishly seeking for his master and when he does find him, joins the hectic party and becomes deplorably drunk.

Next morning finds Peter and Ilona in the country and Adalbert in bed with a bad headache which is made worse when he reads in the paper that he is cited as Ilona's father, and seeing that he had had an early affair with Gaby Aranay, has no reason to doubt the report's accuracy.

He flies home to stop his son's romantic love making with a girl he believes to be his daughter.

He informs Peter of the facts but his wife is so taken with Ilona that she insists she must stay with them.

Anton takes a hand and disclosing the fact that Peter has a fiancée succeeds in getting Ilona to go back to Vienna.

On arrival at the theatre she learns that her manager has denied the story of her birth and she understands why Peter had suddenly become cold to her.

Meanwhile, Peter had also heard the news and motoring to town succeeds in bringing his romance to a successful conclusion.

Frances Day plays the role of Ilona Ratkay with a gay abandon and does justice to Lehár's tuneful music.

As Adalbert, Hugh Wakefield hardly suggests an Hungarian nobleman but he gives the character its full amusement value while Nelson Keys is very good as Anton, the harassed retainer.

Frederick Brasdaw, although inclined to overwork his smile, is nevertheless, a personable and intelligent juvenile lead.

Marie Lohr graces the small role of Adalbert's wife.

Settings are very picturesque and the camera work is exceedingly good.

On the Screens Now

**THE MARRIAGE OF CORBAL

General F.D. British. "U" certificate. Romantic drama. Runs 89 minutes.
 NILS ASTHER.....Varenes
 HUGH SINCLAIR.....Marquis de Corbal
 HAZEL TERRY.....Cleonie
 NOAH BEERY.....The Sergeant
 ERNEST DEUTSCH.....The Fugitive
 DAVY BURNABY.....Pierre
 CLIFFORD MCLAGLEN.....Jean
 ARTHUR RIGBY, JUN.....Major
 RALPH TRUMAN.....Charles
 BRIAN BICHEL.....Roger
 GORDON BEGG.....Shepherd
 VINCENT STERNROVD.....Deaf Peasant
 CHARLES PATON.....Commandant
 PERCY WALSH.....Gamekeeper
 WALTER SONDERS.....Chaplain
 HUBERT LESLIE.....General
 MOYNA LYND.....Hostess at Inn
 Directed by Karl Grüne. Based on Rafael Sabatini's novel. Previewed June 20, 1936.

Otto Kanturek's exquisite camera work is the main reason I have for awarding this somewhat disappointing picture two stars. Presenting a cross section of the French Revolution as it affected the people of a small outlying town, it has a full quota of romance and ingenuity but its presentation fails to realise its possibilities.

Karl Grüne, the director, has achieved scenic excellence, but he has not made his characters convincing, and he is not helped in that by the poorness of the dialogue and the diversity of the accents of the players concerned.



Nils Asther in "The Marriage of Corbal."

As a revolutionary deputy who goes to round up the Marquis of Corbal, and while doing so becomes fascinated by a little aristocrat, Cleonie, whom he takes with him disguised as a boy, Nils Asther is too melodramatically sinister. He forces his acting to the point of artificiality.

Hazel Terry is unable to cope with the difficult role of Cleonie which necessitates her disguising herself as a boy; a disguise which would not have deceived the simplest minded revolutionary. It was rather a lot to ask a young actress of her limited experience to undertake.

Hugh Sinclair is sound as the Marquis with whom Cleonie falls in love, and who is chivalrously allowed to escape by the deputy when he discovers that he cannot win the girl's affection.

Noah Beery is very theatrical as a sergeant, but Ernest Deutsch gives a dignified and highly imperious little study of an aristocrat who is guillotined in the village square.

This scene in which the villagers refuse to come and see the execution is the most dramatic in the production.

**SNOWED UNDER

First National. American. "A" certificate. Farce. Runs 63 minutes.

GEORGE BRENT.....Alan Tanner
 GENEVIEVE TOBIN.....Alice Merritt
 GLENDA FARRELL.....Daisy Lowell
 PATRICIA ELLIS.....Pat Quinn
 FRANK MCHUGH.....Orlando Rowe
 JOHN ELDREDGE.....Robert McBride
 PORTER HALL.....Arthur Layton
 HELEN LOWELL.....Mrs. Canterbury
 Directed by Raymond Enright.

Bright dialogue, quick action, good characterisations all go to make this an entertaining and amusing farce, with rather more than the usual quota of laughs.

George Brent is distinctly happy in the comedy role of a young dramatist who goes to a lonely

farmhouse to finish a play, and is followed thither by Alice, his first wife, whom his backers have sent, believing she can supply the necessary inspiration.

She is, in turn, followed by his ex-wife number two, Daisy, who arrives accompanied by her lawyer and the sheriff to demand the payment of alimony. And then the fun starts!

Genevieve Tobin and Glenda Farrell play up to each other excellently as Alice and Daisy respectively, in their battle of the sexes, and deliver their wisecracks and withering sarcasms with full regard to their point.

Frank McHugh is on top of his form as a deputy sheriff, and, indeed, the cast as a whole deserves praise for its excellent support.

Slapstick, too, plays an important role in the development of the farce, and it is put over with boisterous spirit.

**THE LAST OUTLAW

Radio. American. "U" certificate. Western melodrama. Runs 70 minutes.

HARRY CAREY.....Dean Payton
 HOOT GIBSON.....Chuck Wilson
 MARGARET CALLAHAN.....Sally Mason
 TOM TYLER.....Al Goss
 HENRY B. WALTHALL.....Cal. Yates
 RAY MAYER.....Joe
 HARRY JANS.....Jess
 FRANK M. THOMAS.....Doctor Mason
 RUSSELL HOPTON.....Billings
 FRANK JENKS.....Tom
 MAXINE JENNINGS.....Billings' Secretary
 FRED SCOTT.....Larry Dixon
 Directed by Christie Cabanne.

Good example of the modern Western which has all the old ingredients served up with rather more polish and better story values than the majority of its earlier prototypes.

The picture shows, too, what a really good actor Harry Carey is. He is one of the old-time Western stars, who is just as capable of a convincing characterisation as he is of demonstrating equestrian skill and elegance.

He is cast here as Dean Payton, who, after serving twenty-five years in gaol for a hold-up, returns to his old haunts and finds a prosperous city.

He becomes friends with his old enemy, the sheriff, now assistant to a young man, and with Doc Mason, a man who had brought up his little daughter.

Al Goss, a bandit, makes a bank raid with his gang, and it is largely owing to Dean that they are eventually captured.

A romantic element is introduced between Dean's daughter and Chuck Wilson, a young cattleman who assists in the round-up.

This last-mentioned role is played by Hoot Gibson, and another "old timer," Tom Tyler, is cast as Goss.

The late Henry B. Walthall played Yates with full sympathy and feeling, and makes us conscious of the loss the screen has sustained in his death.

Margaret Callahan is very good indeed as Sally.

The action includes a lot of thrills, including street scenes, wild rides, a motor car chase, and the raid on the bandit's hide-out in a mountain shack.

**SINS OF MAN

Fox. American. "U" certificate. Human biographical drama. Runs 78 minutes.

JEAN HERSHOLT.....Christopher Freyman
 DON AMECHE.....Karl Freyman
 { Mario Sincarelli
 ALLEN JENKINS.....Cruddy
 J. EDWARD BROMBERG.....Anton Engel
 ANN SHOEMAKER.....Anna Engel
 DE WITT JENNINGS.....Twitchelesko
 FRITZ LEIBER.....Father Prior
 FRANCIS FORD.....Town Drunk

(Continued on page 30)

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REVIEWS - Contd.

CHRISTIAN RUB Fritz
ADRIAN ROSLEY Singarelli's Butler
GENE REYNOLDS Karl Freyman (as a boy)
MICKEY RENTSCHLER Gabriel Freyman (as a boy)
JOHN MILTERN Mr. Hall
PAUL STANTON Minister
EDWARD VAN SLOAN Austrian Army Doctor
EGON BRECHER Doctor
FRED KOHLER, JUN. Town Bully
MAXINE REINER Bella Twitchesko
RUTH ROBINSON Frieda Freyman
Directed by Otto Brewer and Gregory Ratoff.
Based on the story by Joseph Roth. For story
freely based on the film by Marjory Williams,
see page 23.

There is a wealth of sensitiveness and human feeling in this somewhat unusual production which is devoid of sex-appeal and romance and concentrates on telling a simple story of a man weighed down with sorrows in a sincere and moving manner.

Jean Hersholt's performance is remarkably good. As the sexton of the Austrian village of Zanebruck, who is bereft by fate of one son and, at first, disappointed in the other because he was born deaf and could not become a musician, he runs through the entire gamut of emotion without a single exaggerated touch.

His gradual ageing—the film opens in 1900 and carries through to the present day—is exceedingly natural, and his make-up perfect.

The newcomer, Don Ameche, is also very good in a dual role. He plays the two brothers and differentiates extremely well between them.

As a tramp of kindly disposition, Allen Jenkins shows to advantage, and minor characters are all well drawn and enacted.

The action is somewhat leisurely, but the atmosphere is always realistic, and the earlier Tyrolean settings picturesque. I think you will find this a welcome change from the usual run of films.

*—AND SUDDEN DEATH

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Propaganda melodrama. Runs 64 minutes.
RANDOLPH SCOTT Lieut. James Knox
FRANCES DRAKE Betty Winslow
TOM BROWN Jackie Winslow
FUZZY KNIGHT Steve Bartlett
PORTER HALL District Attorney
JOSEPH SAWYER Sergeant Sanborn
OSCAR APPEL Counsel for the Defence
TERRY WALKER "Bangs"
BILLY LEE Bobby Sanborn
MAIDEL TURNER Dodie Sloan
CHARLES ARNT Archie Sloan
JIMMY CONLIN Mr. Tweets
JOHN HYAMS J. R. Winslow
DON ROWAN Sergeant Maloney
Directed by Charles Barton from a story by
Theodore Reeves and Madeleine Rulven.

Propaganda for its own sake and entertainment pure and simple rarely mix well, and they certainly do not in this case.

Opening with the terrible effects of careless driving—and they are horrifying enough for anybody—the picture proceeds to introduce a naive melodramatic plot which negatives the excellence of the first two reels, and becomes distinctly boring.

The main point of interest is the way in which American police methods with "road hogs" are depicted.

The crashes are realistic, and they certainly carry a lesson.

In the story proper, Randolph Scott is weak as a young American traffic police chief who falls in love with a girl, Betty Winslow, whom he had taken to task for reckless driving.

True love is running smoothly when Betty's brother takes the wheel of a car, in a drunken condition, whilst returning from a party, and kills a child.

Betty takes the blame, and is



George Brent and Genevieve Tobin in "Snowed Under."

sentenced to imprisonment. Her lover, however, believes in her innocence and gets on the right track. However, he is saved trouble by the fact that the real culprit gets into a panic, drives away in his car and is smashed up.

Frances Drake does not enlist a lot of sympathy as Betty. Actually, the best performance comes from Tom Brown as the brother; his is a sincere and convincing character study.

*PRISON SHADOWS

Pathe. American. "A" certificate. Boxing melodrama. Runs 68 minutes.
EDDIE NUGENT Gene Harris
LUCILLE LUND Claire Thomas
JOAN BARCLAY Mary Grant
FORREST TAYLOR George Miller
SID SAYLOR Dave Moran
MONTE BLUE Bert McNamee
JOHN ELLIOTT Police Captain
WALTER O'KEEFE Referee
Directed by Bob Hill. Screen play by Al Martin.

There is plenty of action in this story, which includes in its scope, boxing, chases, romance, and a dog interest.

It is conventional enough in design, but has angles of popular appeal which make it fair entertainment.

Eddie Nugent is quite good as Gene, a professional boxer who, after serving a long term of imprisonment for manslaughter, is paroled and re-establishes himself. He unfortunately again kills a man in a championship bout.

Suspecting foul play he proceeds to investigate, and is helped in his inquiries by the fact that his dog dies after smelling a towel that had been used by one of his opponent's seconds.

Eddie Nugent puts plenty of vim into his fights.

As a woman for whom he falls, and who is mixed up with crooks, Lucille Lund is sound, while Joan Barclay provides a fitting contrast as the heroine.

Monte Blue, Forrest Taylor, Sid Saylor and John Elliott make the supporting characters interesting enough.

*THE WESTERNER

Columbia. American. "U" certificate. Western melodrama. Runs 56 minutes.
TIM MCCOY Tim Addison
MARION SHILLING Juanita Barnes
JOSEPH SAUERS Bob Lockhart
HOOPER ATCHLEY Wallace
JOHN H. DILSON Senator Lockhart
EDWARD LE SAINT Jack Addison
HARRY TODD Uncle Ben
EDDIE COBB Joe Allen
ALBERT J. SMITH Sheriff
Directed by David Selman.

Conventional Western with the usual gun play, fights, and horsemanship, put over with a punch, and likely to be very acceptable to juveniles.

The action is fast and the direction slick, with Tim McCoy putting up a good performance as the dashing hero.

The plot shows how Tim, a cowboy on the Juanita Barnes ranch, returning home after an injury while riding a wild horse, Midnight, at the local rodeo, discovers that his employer's cattle are being stolen and that his father has been killed by Midnight, which he had purchased for his son. Tim buys a ranch situated between Juanita's range and Senator Lockhart's territory. The son, Bob, is jealous of Tim, and seeks Juanita for himself.

There is a murder on Tim's property on the first day of his tenancy. By a series of investigations and thrilling escapades, how-



Lupe Velez in "Gipsy Melody."

ever, Tim proves the innocence of Bob, who was at first believed to be guilty of the crime, and, at the same time, rounds up the rustlers and wins the hand of Juanita.

Marion Shilling is sound as Juanita, and Joseph Sauers scores as Bob.

A worthwhile performance is given by Eddie Cobb as Tim's right-hand man.

*GIPSY MELODY

Wardour. British. "A" certificate. Ruritanian comedy drama with music. Runs 77 minutes.
LUPE VELEZ Mila
ALFRED RODE Captain Eric Danilo
JERRY VERNON Madame Beatrice
FRED DUPREZ Herbert P. Melon
WYN WEAVER Grand Duke
MARGARET YARDE Grand Duchess
RAYMOND LOVELL Court Chamberlain
MONTI DE LYLE Marco
LOUIS DARNLEY Hotel Manager
HECTOR ABBASS Biergarten Manager
G. DE JONCOURT Doctor Ipstein
and ALFRED RODE'S TZIGANE ORCHESTRA.
Directed by Edmond T. Greville. Lyrics by
Bruce Sievier.

Lack of a correlated story appears to be the main defect of this musical, which has some good music, amusing gags, and well-handled individual situations.

The plot deals with Eric Danilo, Captain of the Guard of the Grand Duchy of Seeburg, who is imprisoned for wounding the umpire during a duel in the fog. He escapes, and blunders into a gipsy encampment, where he wins the heart of Mila, a dancer. Danilo and Mila join a Biergarten orchestra, and the whole company is engaged by an American impresario to go to London, where

they have a successful season.

They then set off by aeroplane to visit all the capitals of Europe, when the plane crashes in Seeburg. Danilo is arrested, but is subsequently rehabilitated and made Lord Chancellor, and is married to Mila by gipsy rites.

Alfred Rode conducts his orchestra admirably, but is not very convincing as Danilo, while Lupe Velez has little material at her command as Mila, although she makes the most of the chances she has to sing and dance.

I have a great regard for the comedy possibilities of Jerry Verno, but he is rarely given a chance to exercise them, and he certainly is not here.

Fred Duprez also works hard to make bricks without straw as the impresario.

Supporting roles generally, however, are not all adequately filled.

*BORN TO GAMBLE

A.B.F.D. American. "A" certificate. Melodrama. Runs 64 minutes.
ONSLOR STEVENS "Ace" Cartwright
H. B. WARNER Henry Mathews
MAXINE DOYLE Cora Strickland
ERIC LINDEN Earl Mathews
LOIS WILSON Paula Mathews
WILLIAM JANNEY Fred Mathews
BEN ALEXANDER Paul Mathews
LUCIEN PRIVAL Al Schultz
Directed by Phil Rosen. Adapted from a story
by Edgar Wallace.

The taint of hereditary gambling is the basis of this regeneration story, which is very obvious both in development and moral, and familiar in treatment.

H. B. Warner tends to over-act as Carter Mathews, who, to prove a clubroom theory that gambling is behind most of life's activities, tells his own story. He had married the daughter of a notorious gambler, and had four sons, all of whom, with the exception of the last, inherit their grandfather's traits. One goes down in the *Lusitania*, another is shot in a gang war, and the third commits suicide.

To revenge his brother, the fourth becomes an associate of the gangster who killed the former, and is finally accused of the bad man's murder, only to be found not guilty, whereupon he forsakes his gambling ways and retrieves the fortunes of his father's bankrupt business.

As Mathews' wife, Lois Wilson is adequate.

The best acting comes from ONSLOR STEVENS, who doubles the roles of the youngest son with that of the gambling-obsessed grandfather.

The parts of the other sons are competently filled by Eric Linden, William Janney, and Ben Alexander.



Frances Drake and Randolph Scott in "—And Sudden Death."

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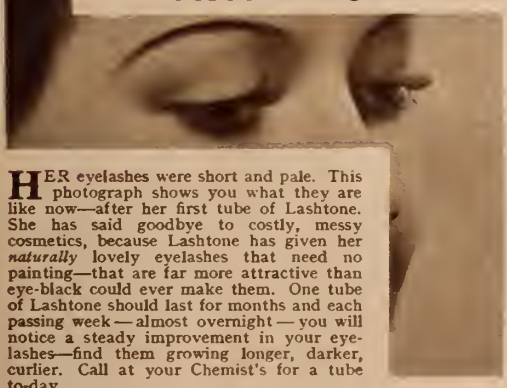
soap nor oil, just cannot make the sticky, unremovable film old-fashioned shampoos leave to cover up the natural lustre of your hair. In less time, with less trouble, every hair is washed absolutely clean. Drene reveals for the first time the true gleaming beauty of your hair—highlights and loveliness you never knew were there.

Drene brings this miracle of loveliness to every shade and type of hair. Even dyed hair becomes soft and natural with regular Drene care and you'll be amazed how much longer "perms" last.

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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

1,600 CHILDREN CAN'T BE WRONG!

The schoolboys and schoolgirls of to-day take a highly intelligent interest in films. This week "The Thinker" has made a selection from their letters.

A READER said that the children of to-day are not so enthusiastic about the film-stars as they were in his days. But this not true.

I am eleven and attend a big school of 400 girls; almost every girl collects a special film star. The seniors collect Robert Taylor, Gable, Robert Donat, Fred and Ginger, Garbo, Shirley, Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer and they laugh at us "juniors" for collecting Tom Walls, Yvonne Arnaud, Ralph Lynn, Robertson Hare, Zasu Pitts, and Eddie Cantor.

We are not allowed to go to the pictures at school, but we make up for it in the holidays! Nor are we allowed to have film magazines, but we always manage to have our copy of PICTUREGOER, because our parents keep them for us while we are at school, and when we come home in the holidays we read all about our favourites and cut out pictures of them which we stick into our scrap books. My favourite is Eddie Cantor.—*Renee Smith, Parciau, Marianglas, Anglesey, N. Wales.*



Eddie Cantor

400 Boys

Having read several readers' letters on school-girls' tastes in films I should like to give in contrast the ideas of schoolboys and as I go to a school of over 400 boys I think I can do it.

So let me start by giving a few of the most popular stars. Most boys like Merle Oberon, Maureen O'Sullivan, Dolores Del Rio, Claudette Colbert, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, while Jessie Matthews is a general favourite, but although they like some of the same stars their taste in films is really very different from that of the girls. They like plenty of action, spectacle and sentiment and enjoy spotting the murderer in a mystery thriller.

They have no preference for English or American films, and as for their tastes in male stars they like he-men, and anyone that isn't really tough is immediately labelled a "Cissy Boy," but with boys as well the PICTUREGOER is the favourite magazine.—*A. R. Rose, Beroni, Stuart Road, High Wycombe, Bucks.*

800 More Girls

As a member of the younger generation who patronise the pictures frequently, may I, through the courtesy of the PICTUREGOER columns, offer suggestions to the film producers which I think would increase the receipts.

It is estimated that one-third of the patrons of cinemas are children. If this is correct should not their opinion be taken into account?

May I suggest that films suitable should be made. Speaking on behalf of a majority of our school of 800 children, we would like more Mickey Mouse, Shirley Temple, Our Gang and films of animal actors like the late Rin Tin Tin; cowboy films, railway films and modern industry films are popular features too.

History films, period costumes—of these we read enough at school. Crooners—we hear enough of these on the radio.

May I beg of producers to cater for us? Do not make 9 out of 10 "A" films. We are cinema patrons for a long time to come.—*Margaret Mitchell (age 14), 27 Tavistock Drive, Mapperly, Sherwood, Nottingham.*

Cowboys for Schoolboys?

A reader recently declared that the only kind of film that children enjoy comes in the "cowboy or detective line." Being a schoolboy myself I feel called upon to contradict this rather wide statement.

It is only infants that really enjoy this type of film, for the same kind of situations are served out time and time again. Owing to the advance in education, children are growing far more sensible and can appreciate a good film better than some adults.

To my knowledge schoolchildren, at any rate, prefer films such as *China Seas*, *Front Page Woman*, or any films in which Gracie Fields, Jessie Matthews or Will Hay appears, to these stupid westerns.

In the last western I saw, the heroine murdered the same sentimentality to the smug hero seven times consecutively. I counted it each time for want of something better to do, deeply wondering what idiot directed the film.

I won't mention his name for I am sure he would wish to remain anonymous. If parents like their children to see this weak type of film, then they must be weak types of parents.—*T. Yandell, c/o Mrs. E. Maycock, Banbury Lane, Byfield, Rugby.*

Banishing Monotony

I have just received my copy of PICTUREGOER and am very interested in a schoolgirl's letter. She asked for other girls' opinions so I will give her a few. Although only 14, I work in a warehouse packing flour and sugar which is dreadfully monotonous. There are four of us in our room and we are all keen film fans. We talk about films and stars while we are working, which helps wonderfully in driving the monotony away. On the walls are portraits, all out of our favourite film paper—PICTUREGOER. Our favourites are rather different from the school, except that we, too, like Donat very much. They are Bob Montgomery, Franchot Tone, Joan Crawford, John Loder and Gable. My own particular favourite is Bob, he is such a charming, irresistible scamp. The two most popular films are *It Happened One Night* and *Hide Out*.—*Marjorie Johnson, 63 Station Road, Hephthorne Lane, near Chesterfield, Derbyshire, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.*

Madge Begs to Differ

Lately a letter was published on the Thinker's page entitled "Films for Kids." This condemned the rising generation for being unenthusiastic about the usual love affair type of film.

I, however, have a different opinion regarding this. Whether you would term me a "kid" at fourteen, I don't know, but I do know that I enjoy films with romance or pathos in them.

The educational value in films of camp life, etc., is, I agree, very high, often a benefit to the average child but looking differently at the subject, I think that the former type of film gives the child more insight into the trials of life often inducing him to find a way out of the difficulty

(Continued on page 34)



A Jealous Wife's Confession

"I KNEW my husband's affection was cooling off. At 20 I had a pretty face and fresh clear skin. But housework and bringing up two children soon brought lines and wrinkles. At 30 I could easily have been taken for 40. Then I read about the amazing discovery of Biocel by some great doctor in Vienna, which enables women to get back their youthful looks. I got a jar of Biocel Skinfood at once, and used it that night. The very next morning my skin seemed to be fresher and clearer. In a week my husband said: 'Why, Emily, you actually look younger.' In a month all my friends were commenting on the change in my appearance."



Biocel is a vital cell food obtained from carefully selected young animals by Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna. It is contained exclusively in Tokalon Rose Skinfood. This nourishes and rejuvenates the skin while you sleep. Removes lines and wrinkles. Use Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (non-greasy) during the day. Dissolves away blackheads; tightens up enlarged pores; makes the dark, rough skin soft, white and smooth. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.



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What girl hasn't thought at times: "If only my fiance would say the kind of things to me those gay, reckless screen-lovers say! If only I knew he was *really* thrilled and carried away by being with me!" So he will if you make him feel the allure of the glamorous film-stars in you—and you can do this by using *their* lipstick, the famous indelible KISSPROOF! Hollywood experts put it in the stars' dressing-rooms in preference to all expensive preparations. Be sure and try the fascinating new KISSPROOF AUTOMATIC at 1/—it's the smartest, most attractive lipstick you've ever seen! At all chemists, hairdressers and department stores. See also the new exotic baton at 6d.



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Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-.

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P.3.



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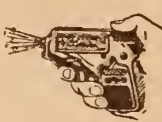
into a trunk, under the bed, or anywhere. Lots of fun fooling teacher, policemen, or friends.

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Made of rubber. Blown up like a balloon and placed on a chair, couch, seat, etc. When the victim unsuspectingly sits on the cushion it gives forth noises which can be better imagined than described. Price 1s. Postage 2d.

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WHO'S WHO

Irene Dunne

ONE of the first ladies of the screen, Irene was born in Louisville, Kentucky, on December 21, 1904. She was educated at the fashionable Loretta Academy there, and later at a St. Louis Convent and the Chicago College of Music, from which she graduated in 1926.

Her success in musical comedy on the stage was almost immediate, and it was as a musical comedy star that she went to Hollywood in 1931, and amazed the rustics by winning the plum dramatic role of "Sabra Cravat" in *Cimarron* from under the noses of the better-known home talent. Ever since then, Miss Dunne has held her own both as a dramatic and singing star. Her films include: *Melody of Life*, *Back Street*, *Stingaree*, *Sweet Adeline*, *Roberta*, *Magnificent Obsession*, *Show Boat*, and her latest, *Theodora Goes Wild*. The star is 5 ft. 4 in. tall, and weighs 8 st. 5 lb.

Jimmy Durante

TWENTY years ago two men worked for a few dollars a week in a Coney Island café—a pianist and a singing waiter. The waiter was Eddie Cantor and the pianist Jimmy Durante. The Great Schnozzle is the son of a New York barber and, like most successful comedians, he rubbed against the rough edges of life before he made his name on Broadway.

What Do You Think?—Cont.

set before him, different to that on the screen.

If this letter is published I hope the adults who write on "films for kids" will understand and perhaps agree with the opinion of a "kid." —(Miss) Madge Shorter, 76 Dane Road, Luton, Beds.

Give Them Horror!

I'm just about fed up with reading letters from adults stating they know what kind of pictures children like.

How are adults to know what pictures children like? "Give them cowboys," they say. "Give them cowboys!" But NO! Children are sick of cowboys; now I am going to tell you what they do like.

The children of to-day would far rather see a real good Boris Karloff horror film or gangster and G-Men films; what's more they would rather see the films that are shown to adults at evening performances than any of their children's special matinees.

True, the children of years ago liked cowboys, but not the modern child.—F. Dalton (aged 15), 17 Regina Road, Aintree, Liverpool 9.

"A" and "U"

I have spoken to many people on the subject and they all agree with me.

When an "A" film is being shown, why, to be an "adult," must one be over sixteen, but, in a "U" film, one has to be under twelve to go in for half?

I myself am fourteen and, therefore, placed in an awkward position. I am classed as a child in an "A" but have to pay full in a "U."

I have also seen women come out of the cinema showing an "A" saying that they would not see that film again for a thousand pounds, while their children come out looking happy and delighted, saying that it was a jolly good picture.

Also, it means that children cannot go in without their parents, and when their parents declare that they have "no time," it is very hard on the children.—"Schoolgirl."

Is Pat Mad?

I am a schoolgirl of fifteen years. My relations seem to think I am mad because (a) when I come home from school, I look forward to seeing at least two films a week; (b) because I spend money on film papers (which said relations also read) and (c) because I am especially enthusiastic about certain actors and actresses.

They say:—

"Films! That's all you can think of! What

He made his screen debut in *Roadhouse Nights* in 1929 and the Durante proboscis and his "ha-tcha-tcha" catch line almost instantly became world famous.

Jimmy is 43 and off the screen is almost exactly the same as he is on. And despite his recent association with Tauber in *Land Without Music*, he still wards off the traditional funny man's Pagliacci complex.

Ann Dvorak

ANN, whose career has never quite recovered from her walk out on Hollywood to marry Leslie Fenton, was once a chorus girl and later a dance instructor at M.-G.-M. Howard Hughes discovered her and gave her a big role in *Scarface* which led to overnight fame.

The actress was born in New York on August 2, 1912, is 5 ft. 4 1/2 in. tall and weighs 8 st. Recent films include: *Bright Lights* and *Thanks a Million*.

Buddy Ebsen

THE long-haired dancing comedian who scored a hit in *Broadway Melody* of 1936, was once a soda jerker in New York. Later he was a chorus boy in Ziegfeld's *Whoopie*, and after that with his sister, Vilma, he made a name for himself as a night club entertainer. Film contracts followed. He will be seen again with Eleanor Powell in *Born to Dance*.

good will all these kinema-visits do you?"

I could not live happily without films. They provide scope for the imagination.

To girls and boys who have never had the chance to see life, the films are a substitute good enough.

Such pictures as *Tudor Rose* are educative.

Films like *Bengal Lancer* encourage patriotism in young minds.

The Thirty-nine Steps appealed to the adventures.

The Unguarded Hour gave me a chance of concentrating and using my brain.

Can't the older generation realise that films take the place of the theatre which it revelled in?

I am sure there are many more young people who will agree with me, and, I hope, if this letter is published, it will give those who disapprove of films a chance to think over their objections.—Pat Hood, 10 Arnison Road, East Molesey, Surrey, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

"Futile and Fantastic"

I wonder if film producers realise that about one third of the filmgoers are children between the ages of five and fifteen years.

I am thirteen years old, and judging by the opinions of myself and my friends, some older and some younger than myself, I am sure that most children would appreciate films of the adventures of school children of their own age, more than some of the futile and fantastic love films that are shown on the screen.

At nearly all kinemas there is a children's matinee on Saturday afternoons, and there is always a full house.

Why should we juvenile filmgoers always have to put up with detective or love films on Saturday afternoons?

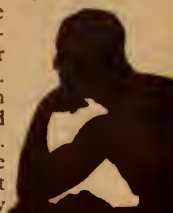
If producers don't think it worth the money to make films specially for children, why couldn't we have more films of educational value, which might interest adults also.—(Miss) M. Shepherd, 2,354 Coventry Road, Sheldon, Birmingham.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 is. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.

The THINKER



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The gentle, luxuriant lather is wonderfully soothing to the skin. It has a mildly anti-septic action which purifies the pores, cleansing away tiny specks of dirt which lead to blackheads, pimples, and skin eruptions. Your skin is healthier than ever before, because it is not merely "surface-clean," but clean to the depths of the pores. It feels fresh, comforted, smooth as velvet. Used with Cuticura Brand Ointment, it provides a quick and inexpensive treatment that quickly ends skin troubles.

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How we love the stories of the colourless girl who blossoms into a radiant beauty! Such stories happen in real life every day, and here's the latest way another page is being turned in the life of many a "lovely." **Colour Wave Set**—"Alura" Colour Wave Set. That's the secret. No matter if you have raven tresses, like Kay Francis, or hair of the rich auburn of Ginger Rogers, or the gleaming smoothness of Carole Lombard's, there's an "Alura" Colour Wave Set to match it. Not a dye—leaves no deposit—15 Colour Wave Sets for 1/—but read all about it in the Alura Booklet which will be sent you free if you write (mentioning "Picturegoer") to C. Nestlé & Co., Ltd., 48 South Molton Street, London, W.1.

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Trade enquiries invited.

1/6

Why the library girl is always "booked"



No one who works indoors can afford to take risks with "Tired Skin." Stuffy town air can do untold damage to the skin unless you protect it with Knight's Castile, the soap that is specially made to keep the face soft and beautiful. Start the simple Knight's Castile beauty treatment now. Made by John Knights, with their century-old tradition in the manufacture of fine soaps, Knight's Castile will keep your complexion eternally young. It costs only fourpence per tablet.



Knight's Castile

SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE

Let GEORGE DO IT!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

EDDIE FAN.—Edmund Lowe, b. Mar. 3, 1893, San Jose, California, married (a) Lilyan Tashman (dec.), (b) Rita Kaufmann. Latest film *Seven Sinners*. We have not published any articles on Mr. Lowe, Art Plates—April 14, 1934, Summer, 1934, and June 1, 1935. Back numbers obtainable from The Publishing Dept., 6 Catharine St., London, W.C.2.

CRAZY.—Gary Cooper, b. Helena, Montana, May 7, 1901, 6 ft. 2½ in., 175 lb., light blue eyes, brown hair, married Sandra Shaw. Latest films—*The General Died at Dawn*, *The Plainsman*, scheduled for *The Adventures of Marco Polo*, *Souls at Sea* and *The Real Glory*.

DOUGHNUT LOVER.—Robert Donat, b. Mar. 18, 1907, Withington, Manchester, 6 ft., 154 lb., brown hair and eyes, married Ella Voysey, and has two children, John and Joanna. Latest film *Knight Without Armour*, and scheduled for *Clementina* for Radio in America.

READER (Dagenham).—Photographs of John Loder, Donald Woods, Fredric March, Jeanette MacDonald, Katharine Hepburn, and Elizabeth Allan obtainable from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.

MARIE ROSE.—Frances Langford, b. Lakeland, Fla., about 23 years ago, 5 ft. 3½ in., 100 lb., fresh complexion and raven hair. Her photograph is not obtainable from the Postcard Salon. I suggest you write to her c/o Paramount Studios, enclosing an international money order for 1s., asking her to let you have an autographed photograph.

AN ADMIRER.—Latest films for Fred MacMurray—*Champagne Waltz*, *Morning, Noon and Night*, and scheduled for *To Have and To Hold* with Gladys Swarthout for Paramount.

D. H. (Streatham).—Ronald Colman's films since 1933 and centre-spread dates where issued—*The Masquerader*, Sept. 2, 1933, and story Sept. 30, 1933, and Oct. 7, 1933. *Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back*, Oct. 20, 1934, and story Feb. 16, 1935. *Clive of India. A Tale of Two Cities*, Jan. 11, 1936, and supplement Oct. 2, 1936. *Man Who Broke the Bank of Monte Carlo*. *Under Two Flags*, June 20, 1936, and story Oct. 31, 1936. *Lost Horizon*.

INQUISITIVE (N.16).—*The Gorgeous Husband*, released Feb. 1, 1937, and *His Brother's Wife*, Jan. 18, 1937. You must write to the film company, Metro-Goldwyn Mayer, asking them at which cinema these films are likely to be shown in your district.

C. H. (Coventry).—You can obtain a photograph of Bing Crosby from the Postcard Salon, address above, for 3d. each.

NEW READER (Edinburgh).—(1) Robert Taylor is playing opposite Greta Garbo in *Camille*. (2) Nils Asther's latest film—*Guilty Melody*. (3) Peter Lorre, b. Roenburg, Hungary, about 31 years ago, is making *Crack Up* for Twentieth Century Fox Studios.

J. M. H. (Bradford).—Brian Donlevy, b. Feb. 9, Portadown, Ireland; light brown hair and grey-green eyes, 5 ft. 11 in., 190 lb.; not married; real name Brian Waldo

Donlevy. Films include: *Barbary Coast*, *Mary Burns Fugitive*, *Strike Me Pink*, *It Happened in Hollywood*, *Thirteen Hours by Air*, *Half Angel*, *Human Cargo*, *High Tension*, *Thirty Six Hours to Kill*, *Crack Up*, *Across The Aisles*.

A. D. (Walthamstow). You must write to Gaumont British about the possible re-issuing of *First a Girl* to any of your local cinemas.

WILLOW GINGER.—(1) Duke Ellington was born Edward Kennedy Ellington, at Washington, U.S.A., April 29, 1899. Received nickname of "Duke" when quite young. (2) Harry Roy, b. Jan. 12, 1900, real name Harry Lipman.

T. M. (Batley).—"Live, Love and Laugh" was sung in the film *Congress Dances*.

ADMIRER (Devon).—Yes, Lionel and John Barrymore are brothers. (2) Marlene Dietrich married Rudolf Sieber. June Knight married Paul Ames (mar. dis.).

M. P. (Salford).—(1) Warner Oland, b. 1880, Umea, Sweden, 5 ft. 11 in., brown hair and eyes, hobbies—golf and tennis, latest film—*Charlie Chan at the Race Track*, and *Charlie Chan at the Opera*. (2) Ralph Bellamy, b. Chicago, Ill., June 17, 1904, 6 ft. 1½ in., 12 st. 10 lb., brown hair and blue eyes, married Catharine Willard, latest film—*Straight from the Shoulder*, *The Man who lived Twice*. (3) Buck Jones, b. Dec. 4, 1889, Vincennes, Indiana, 5 ft. 11 in., brown hair and grey eyes, married Odille Osborne, has a daughter Maxine. Latest film—*The Phantom Rider*. (4) George Raft, b. Sept. 27, 1903, New York, 5 ft. 10 lb., olive complexion, black hair, brown eyes, married Grace Mulrooney, (sep.) latest film—*Yours for the Asking*.

DORIS (London).—*Under Two Flags* was produced in Sept. 1902, at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill, and in July, 1907, at the Stratford Royal Theatre, but, so far as we know, it was not produced at the Lyceum Theatre. (2) Full score of "Southern Maid" as sung by José Collins published by Ascherberg, Hopwood and Crew, additional numbers written specially for the film, include "My Southern Maid," published by Keith Prowse, and "Miss What's Her Name," published by Campbell & Connelly, and by Francis, Day and Hunter.

REGULAR READER (Switzerland).—(1) James Cagney, Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, and Dick Powell took the chief roles in *Footlight Parade*. (2) Music in *Forty-Second Street* as follows:—"Forty-Second Street," "Shuffle off to Buffalo," "Young and Healthy," "You're getting to be a Habit with Me," published by B. Feldman & Co. (3) Release dates—*Forty-Second Street*, Sept. 4, 1933, and *Footlight Parade*, April 16, 1934.

J. C. W. (Ireland).—The following are of Irish nationality: Maureen O'Sullivan, Errol Flynn, Sally O'Neill, Brian Donlevy, Dudley Digges, Paul Kelly, Una O'Connor, and Patsy Kelly.

ANGELA (Mon.).—James Stewart, b. May 20, Indiana, Pa.; 150 lb., light brown hair, grey-green eyes, 6 ft. 2 in.; latest films *Born to Dance* with Eleanor Powell, and *The Foundry* with Wallace Beery, Spencer Tracy and Jean Harlow.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

Admirers of Ginger Rogers and Myrna Loy should write to Syd Briggs, INTERNATIONAL FILM CLUB, 27 Belgrave Square, Blackpool, for full particulars.

THE GARY COOPER FAN CLUB welcomes new members. All readers interested should write to George Gilbert, 2 The Parade, Staines Road, Bedford, Middlesex.

THE HAMILTONIANS have just welcomed Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., to their honorary ranks. This club will shortly have out a new issue of their paper "Hamil-Tones" which is sent post free to all members, and as usual it will contain items of interest concerning Neil Hamilton and pictures in general. New members are cordially welcomed and all enquiries should be addressed to the President, Jim Ramsay, 41 Holburne Terrace, Menstrie, Scotland, who will mail full particulars. The club is a bonafide organisation conducted with the help and personal backing of Neil Hamilton.

All readers interested in an ERROL FLYNN FAN CLUB should write to the President, Miss Dorothea Rupp, 1015 Bellevue Road, San Bernardino, California, U.S.A., for full particulars.

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to Fan Clubs to ensure a reply.

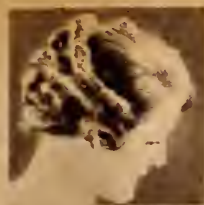
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Also in 6d. packets.

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ONE CREAM DOES FOUR JOBS

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FOUR PURPOSE CREAM

2/6—also in tubes for your handbag and trial size jars at 6d. For a free trial Beauty Outfit—trial size Four Purpose Cream, Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder, two shades of lipstick, write to Crystal Products Co. Ltd. (Dept. C64), 32-36 City Road, London, E.C.1. Send 3d. in stamps to cover postage.

Insure your FACE ARMS & LEGS against UNSIGHTLY HAIR with



Bellin's WONDERSTOEN DRY METHOD

Bellin's Wonderstoen erases needless Hair instantly and with no unpleasant chemicals. You just rotate the dainty disc over the skin and embarrassing hair is soon whisked away. A few minutes before the dance or social event will ensure hairless, satin smooth skin. Bellin's Wonderstoen has been recommended by the Medical Profession for many years.

Facial size (for Chin, Cheeks and Upper Lip) 5/6.
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From all Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers. If any difficulty in obtaining send P.O. to

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Wonderstoen FOR REMOVING HAIR FROM FACE & LIMBS



THE GIPSY'S WARNING



Don't let housework give you 'HOUSEWORK HANDS'

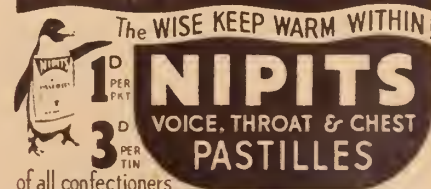
There's no need to let your hands 'go'—because you've got a house to run. The hardest-working woman can keep her hands soft and lovely with "Vaseline" Jelly. Just smooth a little on your hands at night—before you go to bed. Very soon that 'housework' look will vanish entirely. Your hands will become soft and smooth. Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.



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2 WEEKS TO CHRISTMAS. STILL TIME TO BECOME A PIANO PLAYER

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No previous knowledge required. Full instructions given, which can be easily followed. Satisfaction guaranteed or money instantly returned. Order now,
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'Then my sister told me about Odo-ro-no—thank heavens

GOODNESS knows how long I'd have gone on thinking that good honest baths were enough to keep one from the sin of perspiration odour. But they are not!

Perspiration goes stale so soon, and becomes unpleasant. You don't notice it yourself—but others do. Now I play for safety—I use Odo-ro-no regularly.'

**Guards freshness—
saves clothes**

Perspiration ruins your clothes, too—one evening in a hot dance-place may spoil a good

dress completely, unless you use Odo-ro-no. Save your clothes—and save yourself, too.

Odo-ro-no was invented by a surgeon to stop his hands perspiring while he operated. His daughter immediately saw what a boon it would be to women to check underarm perspiration. So when it had been proved *safe*, she began to use it—and now it has its recognised place in the toilet routine of practically every civilised woman. It both *checks* perspiration and prevents it smelling.

ODO-RO-NO

★ Try both kinds of Odo-ro-no. Send 4d. in stamps for trial bottles of both Instant (clear) and Regular (red) Odo-ro-no (with a sample of Depilatory Cream Odo-ro-no also). Use coupon.

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**PREVENTS
underarm
perspiration
and saves dresses**

1/6 Also larger and smaller sizes

2 KINDS OF ODO-RO-NO

1. INSTANT (or 'clear') Odo-ro-no gives protection for two to three days.
2. REGULAR (or 'red') Odo-ro-no is stronger. One application keeps you free from perspiration for a week.

Both bottles carry, attached to the stopper, a convenient sponge 'applicator'.

Leave IT to ANNE

WINTER brings its own beauty problems. Tell me yours. I am sure that I can help you. Send your letter accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope to "Anne," c/o The Picturegoer, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

PERSONAL freshness is, at all times, a matter of importance. But at Christmas time, it is of paramount importance. We romp about with the children. We join in boisterous games, and we dance a great deal. In consequence we tend to get hot and sticky, and if we have not taken the necessary steps to preserve personal daintiness, dresses are spoiled and reputations for feminine charm are lost.

Some readers ask if it is dangerous to check perspiration? Here are the facts. Excessive local perspiration comes from an abnormal activity of certain glands.

These glands in many people are very easily stimulated to this action. Not only physical exertion, but mental exhilaration and emotional disturbance cause them to work overtime. In a few seconds a dress is ruined and the wearer is conscious and all those around are conscious too, of the peculiar and unpleasant odour.

If something is abnormal, it may well be regularised, and that is what a perspiration corrective does. It is safe to say that medical authorities are agreed that no harm is done by checking this purely localised activity. The check provided under the armpits in no way interferes with the healthy process of invisible perspiration that goes on over the entire body.

That is not unpleasant when it is removed by the daily bath. But half a dozen baths a day would not do away with the unpleasantness of the other flow.

A good corrective may, therefore, be used with confidence by any one whose skin is in a healthy condition. Naturally, if you have a skin disease, a bruise or an abrasion, a boil, or any kind of skin eruption, then the use of the corrective must be suspended temporarily.

The corrective may also be used *before* a depilatory or shaving. It must not be used for two or three days afterwards. The removal of the hair causes a certain amount of sensitiveness. If you are getting ready for a party, use the corrective first and then the depilatory. There will be no discomfort.

There are a small minority of people with hyper-sensitive skins. These may experience a certain amount of tingling after using a corrective. There is nothing serious about that, and it soon subsides if the underarms are rinsed with clear water and soothed with a little cold cream of talcum powder.

Three Types

Users have a choice of three types of corrective. The best for general use is the liquid and this should be found in every bathroom. It is applied to the armpits with the special stopper, allowed to dry, after which the armpits are wiped with a damp cloth, dried and talc dusted on.

Then there is a cream corrective. It is known by the name of "ice." It is absolutely non greasy. In fact it is like a very cold vanishing cream. It disappears immediately it is applied to the skin. It is very useful for travelling because it is non-spillable, and, of course, a tiny pot of it could well be carried in the handbag for emergency use.

Also easily carried in the handbag is the corrective compact. In this case the corrective is in pressed powder form, and the compact appears in no way different from an ordinary compact. This really prevents both excessive flow and odour and is ideal for parties and dances.

All these products are harmless to fabrics. There are some fortunate women who do not have to worry about this intimate matter. They know they are quite safe as far as

excess is concerned. Even so, they too do well to use a deodorant powder.

This has no effect on the flow, but it is a fragrant talcum powder that instantly deodorises any tendency to stuffiness. Such a guard is very useful in the winter. Warm frocks and woolly jumpers need this safeguard. Regularly used, such a powder will save a great deal in cleaner's bills.

Having the same effect is a crème deodorant. This is of the non-greasy vanishing type, and ensures personal freshness in all circumstances. This is put up in a collapsible tube.

The drinking of a good deal of cold tap water is a natural means of achieving personal freshness. This gives other bodily functions an opportunity of carrying off the waste products of the body, and thus giving the perspiration glands less work to do. The impurities have to go. If you drink say two glasses of water between meals, the work is divided.

Hot hands are always uncomfortable, but we notice them more at a festive season like Christmas. It isn't nice to catch someone's hand in a round game, and find it sticky and clammy.

Formalin soap is a great help to people who suffer in this way, and that is a remedy that can be recommended to my masculine readers. Many a dress has been spoiled by a hot hand during dancing.

Wash with the formalin soap every night, and before going out or during a dance, dust the palms of the hands with the following powder: any chemist will make this up for you: Powdered starch, 2 ozs. Powdered talc, 1 oz. Powdered alum, 15 grains.

NOW a word about Christmas presents. Perfume is always popular. A perfume which has been a favourite for years and never shows any sign of losing that proud position, is Californian Poppy. One might almost call it a dual personality scent, for it always seems in tune with its surroundings, however simple or sophisticated they may be. Many society women use it, and yet it is anything but extravagant. Prices go from 1s. 6d. to 9s. a bottle.

From dignity to—"Mischief!" I can't think of a more descriptive name for an entirely new perfume I have just discovered, a chic and intriguing fragrance which puts you on top of the world. The flask is black and chromium, exceedingly smart on a modern dressing table. You can get a trial one for 1s. 3d., and if you like the perfume as much as I think you will, bigger sizes are available at 3s., 5s. 6d., and 12s. 6d.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to A. A. PAYNE, 441 Barking Road, Plaistow, E.13, for:—

Wedding Group
Our Relations
Strike Me Pink!
Don't Turn 'Em Loose

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to: M. M. BURLY, Pinewood, Shelton, Shrewsbury, Shrop, for:—
Herr Comes the Bride
The Bride Comes Home
A Cuckoo in the Nest
The Bride Walks Out

"MY WEEKLY HOBBY," Kenilworth, for:—
Million Dollar Legs
Desire
One Hundred Per Cent Pure
Silk Stockings

Mrs. M. MALKIN, 99a Tennyson Street, S.W.8, for:—
The Littlest Rebel
Dangerous
Chatterbox
No Limit

N. WALTON, Room 2, Block 5, "B" Squadron, 2nd Wing, R.A.F., Halton, Bucks for:—

The Tunnel
Two In The Dark
Monkey Business
He Who Gets Slapped

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard c/o THE PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no other rules, except that I must insist on your "titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

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COMPLEXION
IS PURE
GOLD . . .



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Icilma CREAM

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In jars 1 3 and 9d.

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CREAMS & FACE POWDER

Send your name and address and 3d. in stamps to Icilma (Dept. S.S.71A, 39 King's Road, London, N.W.1, and by return you will get three tubes of the famous Icilma creams and two samples of powder. This is your chance to see how much lovelier your complexion can be. Write at once! Your envelope should be sealed and bear a t.d. stamp.

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PRECIOUS HERITAGE. DON'T
RISK SPOILING YOUR HAIR
JUST AT THE TIME IT
MUST LOOK ITS BEST

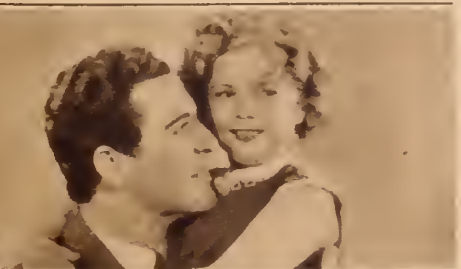
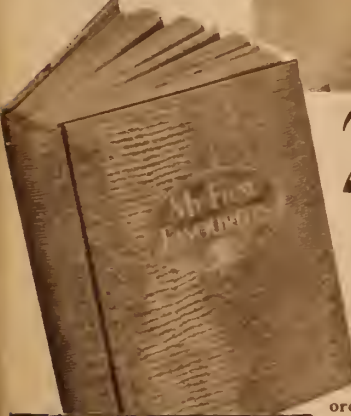
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THE SHAMPOO YOU KNOW
IS SAFE

- To give your hair a lovely sheen,
Use Evan Williams BRILLANTINE

In "Poor
Little Rich
Girl"



25 SHIRLEY POSTCARDS

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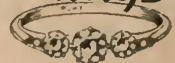
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The Picturegoer Weekly,
No. 291 (New Series), Vol. 6

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

December 19, 1936

Picturegoer

The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

2^d
WEEKLY



*Merle Oberon
& Brian Aherne*

Magnificent New Year Number

of the thrilling New-Style Journal of Beauty

The January Number of "WOMAN'S FAIR," the thrilling New-Style Journal of Beauty, is out, Friday, December 18 . . . more lavishly produced than ever . . . more exciting . . . fascinating . . . daring. EIGHTY big, sparkling pages—scores of superb illustrations—enthraling ideas as new as 1937 itself—secrets about yourself that will amaze you—up-to-the-minute advice about your health, your charm, your clothes, that you will get in no other magazine.

And there's a host of other dazzling features, too—stories of Romance and Adventure by brilliant authors, and . . . but look in the panel on the right! You'll see a few—only a few—of the delights in store for you in this great New Year Number.

It will be on sale at all newsagents and bookstalls—only sixpence, as usual . . . The demand will be stupendous. Don't wait—order your copy to-day.

Look for this coloured illustration on the cover of January "Woman's Fair," at all newsagents and booksellers.



Here's a glimpse of some of the things in "WOMAN'S FAIR"

GLAMOUR OF CELLOPHANE.

Twist a moonbeam round your hair! "Woman's Fair" shows you how to make glittering cellophane head-bands, belts, flowers, bat and neck ornaments.

BEAUTY BY NUMBERS.

Here's a snappy Beauty Budget for Miss 18, Miss 22, Miss 25, Mrs. 30, Mrs. 40, Mrs. 50.

NEW YEAR FACES.

Can you face up to 1937? "Woman's Fair" Beauty expert gives you advance information on Coronation Year make-up.

THE WOMAN ALWAYS PAYS.

Do you know what your Beauty Treatments should cost? Read this before your next visit to your Salon. It may save you pounds every year.

A "CROWNING GLORY" GIFT.

Here's hair news! Jean Barrie offers you a marvellous sample Shampoo and baby bottle of Hair Tonic FREE—and she shows you how to slay all those old hair bogeys of dandruff, dryness, oiliness and what not.

ON YOUR GUARD

Fencing is the fashion—and my, how it slickens the figure "Woman's Fair" tells you why and shows you how—in pictures.

"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD."

You'll be intrigued when you read this outspoken article by Alan Kennington. And what about these—"Goldie Makes a Sale," "Is It Goodbye?" and "Remote Control." You'll read these enthralling stories even if you have to sit up all night to do it!

MUSTN'T finish this column without a reference to the designs for Fancy Dresses and Knifty Knitwear for 1937—and the pages and pages sparkling with Dame Fashion's newest notions. Remember—there's heaps more in "Woman's Fair"! Order your copy to-day.

SIXPENCE

OUT

FRIDAY

DEC. 18

WOMAN'S FAIR

NEW YEAR NUMBER—6d. AS USUAL





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Picturegoer—The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

Wonder what's in this one—Julie Haydon, a bit impatient this year, holds a Christmas pre-view of her own.

All the GOSSIP

expensive silks and satins and don the coarse, uncomfortable and old-fashioned underwear provided by the prison for its guests.

She wrote the Warden a poem about it.

Now the Nudies

Ever since the last Purity Push the Hays office has frowned on screen stripping. There is much more undressing in English films these days than in those from Hollywood.

Now they are even making "shorts" of some of the notoriously nude non-stop girl shows of the West End.

I heard of one film submitted to the censor the other day with a scene depicting an almost completely naked woman. Lord Tyrrell, it is understood, took one horrified look at it and reached for the scissors.

New Lingerie Queen

Then a new British Lingerie Queen has arisen in the unlikely person of Elsie Randolph.

Elsie has some scenes in *This'll Make You Whistle* that nearly justify the claim of the new Jack Buchanan talkie's title.

In comparison, the earlier Jean Harlow was overdressed.

Jack, you may remember, had a little trouble with the censorial authorities in America over *Brewster's Millions*—it was that bit where he played the hind legs of a horse.

I imagine that art would suffer no great loss if Miss Randolph were always to appear fully clothed in future, but a little undressing will not do much harm provided producers do not try to sell pictures on audacity as Hollywood once did.

And doubtless Frances Day is more sinned against than sinning in being billed during the London run as "lovelier and naughtier" than ever in *Dreams Come True*.

Something, however, ought to be done about cleaning up the English screen comedies. An appalling amount of raw material has been put over lately in most of the films devoted to the exploitation of our funny men.

A Different Colbert

Frank Lloyd, the famous Glasgow-born director, has made a new Claudette Colbert in *Maid of Salem*.

Minus the customary bangles and short curly chestnut brown locks, she appears as a Puritan maiden—sweet and demure in an ankle-length blue dress with high white collar.

Her hair is long and almost blonde, but the same attractive Colbert voice and the large sparkling eyes are still there to attract Fred MacMurray.

Jessie Comes Back

It is good to hear that Jessie Matthews is quite well again after her long illness and back at work on the interrupted *Head Over Heels*.

Jessie, who has been convalescing in Cornwall (Continued on page 6)

WILL HAY'S diplomatically steered clear of the subject of "cleavage" during his recent visit, but it is disturbing to note that now that Hollywood has put its house in order all the signs of a sex revival are coming from the British studios. "But, surely they don't allow such nudity in English pictures," a well-known French musical comedy actress said to me on a film set the other day as she stared in obvious amazement at the vast expanse of female form divine on view in the ranks of the chorus.

Clara Bow once appeared on the screen in "the altogether," and there was a time not so long ago when Norma Shearer and Jeanette MacDonald always had to have at

least one good snappy scene in their step-ins in all their pictures. Miss MacDonald's underwear became so famous that on one occasion when she offered to sing at a charity bazaar the organisers asked her instead for a pair of her panties for exhibition.

When Mae Wrote a Poem

Mae West, the High Priestess of sex herself, was seen in pyjamas in *Night After Night*, but in all her own starring pictures since the West chassis has, through either natural coyness or necessity, been concealed and draped with loving care.

Mae, in fact, has so far appeared in only one lingerie incident.

When she served that ten-day sentence at Welfare Island over her stage play *Sex* her greatest hardship was having to give up her own



(Continued from page 5)

and gives the Duchy a boost by putting her recovery down to the famous local cream.

For the first time for years, she says, she's been able to have as much cream as she's wanted. The trouble was not weight, but a troublesome appendix, now happily removed.

They Don't Diet

Jessie is one of those fortunate stars who do not have to worry about diet. Believe it or not, there are a number of talkie top-liners who, so far from having to worry about excessive avoirdupois, are actually compelled to undergo a process of "fattening up" before being allowed to begin a picture.

Among these curiosities are Loretta Young, Ida Lupino, Constance Bennett, Joel McCrea, Brian Aherne, Miriam Hopkins and Madeleine Carroll. For weeks before being scheduled to start work they supplement their usual diet with liberal quantities of milk, potatoes, rice puddings and other fattening dishes, and they stop gorging only when the end of the picture is well in sight.

These folk are the envy of those of their colleagues who are obliged to live on an austere diet of celery and fruit juice, constant "slimmers" like Joan Blondell, Ann Sothorn, Paul Lukas, Herbert Marshall, Sylvia Sydney, Ruth Chatterton, Charles Boyer and Tilly Losch.

Cinderellas of the Screen

The talent shortage has brought the Cinderella days back to the studios. Once again an unknown girl can step into a studio and win fame overnight. Not only are the unknowns getting the breaks, but actresses who have been playing bits are suddenly finding themselves in the big money.

Frances Farmer, now hailed as a star and the find of the year after her fourth picture, was a kinema usherette not so long ago. She had never acted in her life before victory in a newspaper contest led to her getting a film test.

Spotted in Cafe

Then there is the case of the Danish girl from Minnesota, Gale Sondergaard. She had never seen the inside of a motion-picture studio when she went to Hollywood a few months ago. She had had some

IMPORTANT

In view of the Christmas Holiday, next week's issue of the "Picturegoer" will be on sale WEDNESDAY, December 23rd.

Make certain of your copy by placing an order with your newsagent to-day.

experience on the legitimate stage. Warner Brothers decided to trust her with the role of "Faith" in *Anthony Adverse*. She was such a hit that Paramount grabbed her for a long-term contract and cast her in a role second only to that of Claudette Colbert in *Maid of Salem*.

June Gets a Lead

Helen Burgess' sole experience consisted of a play in a Hollywood Little Theatre. A talent scout signed her. Cecil B. DeMille was searching for someone to play the role of Buffalo Bill's wife in *The Plainsman*, the second feminine lead to Jean Arthur. He saw Miss Burgess in the studio cafe. She got the role.

June Martel, a red-head, had had a little experience on the stage. She made a screen-test at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Adolph Zukor, chairman of the board at Paramount, saw the test and ordered her signed.

She walked into the studio to sign the contract, was spotted by Director James Hogan, and a very dazed young lady found herself cast in the leading role of a Joe Cook comedy, *Arizona Mahoney*, before the ink was dry on her contract.

Scramble for New Names

Dorothy Lamour's sum total of experience was singing on the radio. A studio executive saw her photograph in a radio magazine, arranged a screen test, and she was immediately handed the leading role of *The Jungle Princess*.

Shirley Ross had played a number of bits at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer but was finally released from her contract. About that time Mitchell Leisen needed a girl to play the leading feminine romantic role in *The Big Broadcast of 1937*. Someone thought of Miss Ross, who is a former radio singer. She got the role and came through in such fashion that she also got a long-term contract.

There have been several others. The reason is Hollywood's present scramble for new box-office names.

Vilma Banky To-day

Vilma Banky, one of the few stars who have relinquished film fame gracefully and with a fortune, appeared as glamorously beautiful as ever when I met her at a cocktail party the other evening.

She has no regrets about her retirement and very little intention of returning to the screen. "Perhaps," she says, "if a marvellous part comes along, but marvellous parts never do come along. . . ."

She still has that Hungarian accent, by the way, though her English vocabulary is extensive.

Vilma's main interests at the moment are Hubby Rod La Rocque and sport. She plays a really good game of golf and has a mantelpiece full of trophies she has won in America recently.

Meet Michael

Another interesting visitor from Hollywood is Michael Bartlett, here to make *The Lilac Domino*. Bartlett is the operatic tenor who played opposite Grace Moore in *On Wings of Song*. As an opera artiste he takes his music seriously, but he enjoyed singing "The Old Grey Mare Ain't What She Used to Be" with Claudette Colbert in *She Married Her Boss*.

Michael (his real name he confessed, is Edwin Alonzo Bartlett, but he acquired the nickname "Mike" at school) is not married. He travelled to England with his mother, who has long since forgiven him for defying parental authority by taking up a musical career instead of going into the family textile business in Massachusetts.

The Most Beautiful Stars

Marion Davies and Andrea Leeds are the "most spiritually beautiful blonde and brunette," respectively, of all Hollywood's actresses according to Albert Colfs, portrait miniaturist to the Belgian Royal Family, who is visiting the film capital.

Kay Wins a Vote

Other outstanding beautiful women are Kay Francis, who gets the artist's vote for Determination; Norma Shearer for Sincerity; Gloria Swanson for Americanism; Luise Rainer for Simplicity; Jean Harlow for Radiance; Merle Oberon for Vivacity; and Frances Farmer for Controlled Ambition.

Colfs places Marion Davies at the top because he "finds in her blonde loveliness the epitome of generosity and joy of living," and Andrea Leeds, who only recently made her screen debut in



(Above) Doris Nolan and Michael Whalen make an interesting new team of screen lovers in "The Man I Marry."

(Left) Joan Crawford and Clark Gable are together again in "Love on the Run." How do you like the new fashion in fur-lined stratosphere suits.





Elsie Randolph is elected the screen's latest lingerie queen. She wears this can-can costume in "This'll Make You Whistle" and has some of the most spectacular underwear scenes since Jean Harlow became a dramatic actress.

Claudette Colbert loves to hear Stokowski and his Philadelphia orchestra play their recording Bach's Fugue in G Minor—the so-called "Little Giant."

Jack Benny really hates "Love in Bloom," the tune he has ruined on his fiddle so many hundreds of times. He likes to hear any hot band swinging itself apart on "The St. Louis Blues" or "The Beale Street Blues."

Frauk Forest goes for opera and rauks the tenor and baritone duet from *Forza la Destino* top among things of its sort. Carole Lombard thinks that Arensky's Waltz for Two Pianos cannot be surpassed, particularly the recording made by Baur and Gabrilowitch.

Hollywood's Saddest Story

A tall, middle-aged extra shuffled through a scene with 150 other crowd players in Walter Wanger's *You Only Live Once* at the United Artists' studios the other day. He was working in a studio that brought back memories.

Not so many years ago he was playing featured roles at this same studio, and twenty and more years ago he was leading man for Mary Pickford, now one of the owners of United Artists, and other stars of the silent picture era.

His name is Alan Sears, a screen idol in his day. He played leads with the old Biograph company and was prominent in Hollywood when D. W. Griffith was the outstanding producer-director.

Laurel Tries an Experiment

Stan Laurel in *Way Out West* is trying the experiment of cutting his dialogue to a minimum and reverting to pantomime.

"It is not a question that 'I won't talk'—rather that we want to try out how the theatre-going public will take to our picture with less talk and more action," Stan says.

"Of course, we will have dialogue, songs and a musical score in *Way Out West*," he adds. "We are simply curtailing wherever we can. I am not an advocate of silent pictures and have a full appreciation of the advancement made in film entertainment with the recording of sound."

Short Shots

Now it is James Stewart and Simone Simon who are scheduled for the Farrell-Gaynor roles in the re-make of *Seventh Heaven*—Warners are to do a life of Robert Burns in colour—Jean Harlow is studying French—the new Lily Pons picture is now called *That Girl From Paris*.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

Come and Get It! gets top marks because "her dark beauty signifies the very epitome of grace."

Their Favourite Tunes

Most of the stars have their favourite dance and other music and here are some of the tunes they request the orchestra to play at least once during the evening when they step out to the night spots.

"I Surrender, Dear," is and always will be Bing Crosby's most-beloved song. It was the

final straw that broke down Dixie Lee's resistance to his first proposals. After the first time he sang it over the air he called Dixie, for the umpteenth time, and she gave in.

He Hates "Love in Bloom"

Fred MacMurray likes "It's a Sin to Tell a Lie." Bob Burns' idea of something to listen to is any modern choral group of mixed voices singing Stephen Foster melodies, particularly "Gentle Annie."

LOVES of ROBERT TAYLOR—

Do you wonder what kind of girls the "great lovers" of the screen "fall for"? Robert Taylor has had his tender moments, and reveals his intimate views on this subject. "I must have been about six when I became conscious of Marilyn in the next seat to me," he said laughingly, when Sonia Lee interviewed him. "If I must remember the loves of my life, we must definitely begin with Marilyn."

"When I was a kid I could run like a deer, but there was a stolid chunky little gal who could leave me blocks behind in any race. And my admiration went out to her. Marilyn is now very properly married to the leading butcher of the town, but I don't think that her claim on his heart began in foot races!" Bob discusses his loves of more mature years in just the same frank way in "Picturegoer Xmas Annual" which contains 100 pages of excellent reading for filmgoers.

For instance, it tells you how Merle Oberon first met Norma Shearer. It happened that the (then) lovely Merle was at a Hollywood ball,

and choosing a between-dance lull to make her exit (there was a certain lack of friendliness on the part of the "natives"), her heel caught in the hem of her frock, and "down came baby, cradle and all."

The result? Titters, amused glances, except from one woman whose heart warmed towards the lonely exile. That woman was Norma Shearer. Merle has never forgotten that kindly gesture of sympathy. To-day Norma has no more fervent admirer than the lovely Merle.

Another big feature that will appeal to PICTUREGOER readers is the true story of Myrna Loy's marriage. Nobody knew of her romance for two years!

Seems impossible, doesn't it? Yet Myrna and Arthur Hornblow kept their devotion hidden and secure for that long time. Characteristically, Hornblow's first remark to his future wife was not "Darling, I love you" but "You're not the

type for the exotic roles you are at present playing!" As you know, Myrna took this sound advice and became one of the most charming girls on the screen.

There's also an intimate article about another happy filmdom couple—Mr. and Mrs. Boris Karloff. Karloff may be a monster on the movies, but he's just a darling to his wife. He is really just a gentle friendly ex-public school fellow. With him make-up is an absorbing interest, and you will be fascinated by the secrets which the article in the Annual reveals.

The original story on which was based "My Man Godfrey"—one of the big hits of 1937—is also in the "Picturegoer Xmas Annual." It would be impossible here to tell you of a quarter of what this splendid 100-page publication contains—art plates of the stars, stories from the new films, fashions, and hosts of other remarkable features. The price of the Annual is sixpence. It's in big demand, so—get a copy at once.

Merle Oberon

TAKES STOCK

by Max
BREEN

FOUR and a half years ago—just a year after PICTUREGOER had become a weekly—I went down to the Wembley studios to interview John Loder.

He was playing in Korda's first independent production after leaving Paramount—*Wedding Rehearsal*, the first picture to bear the now famous trade-mark (I almost wrote "hall-mark"!) of London Films.

Having polished off my interview—I'd known John for some time, and it didn't take long—I proceeded to have a social afternoon.

There were dozens of beautiful girls down there in the wedding scenes; and of these, four were particularly interesting, because they had all just been signed up on long contract by Alexander Korda.

They were Joan Gardner (now Alex's sister-in-law, having married Zoltan Korda last summer), Diana Napier (now Mrs. Richard Tauber), Wendy Barrie (recently reported engaged to a Woolworth millionaire), and a quiet, reserved little person called all sorts of things.

When I had first met her at Elstree, she was Merle O'Brien; here at Wembley, just before lunch, her name was Stella Merle; soon after lunch it had changed to Merle Auberon—another garbled version of her real name, which is Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson; and by the time I reluctantly took my leave it had become Merle Oberon.

The reason for this frenzied groping for the best available name was that Ann Todd had been in a motor accident, and injured her face.

And Ann Todd had been all set to play the lead in *Wedding Rehearsal*.

The quiet, reserved little person (who probably seemed like that because the other three were considerably more flamboyant) had been picked by Alex Korda to do a "bit" in *Service for Ladies*; and on the strength of that, dead against the advice of the know-alls, he decided to risk putting her in the Ann Todd part.

"You ought to meet this Thompson girl," said the publicity man (this was in the morning, when her name was still in the lap of the gods); "of these four girls Mr. Korda has put on contract, she's the one who will go farthest."

So far, he's dead right.

"There's simply nothing to tell you," she

Above, a charming portrait of the British star; on the right you see her as her friends know her.

protested—obviously overwhelmed by her big chance.

"All right," I said, always the little gentleman, "I won't worry you now. But when you're a star, I'll come and interview you."

"Done!" she smiled gratefully; and at that smile I had to agree with the publicity man.

I've seen Merle a good many times since then, but I never interviewed her officially until now.

I burst in on her in her Park Lane hotel and found her curled up in a corner of a sofa by her sitting-room fire—and for about the first time since I've known her, she didn't seem to be doing anything.

"Busy, Merle?" I asked.

"Come in!" she smiled. "I'm taking stock."

"You're what?" I said, occupying the other end of the sofa, from which I could command a perfect view of the famous features with their touch of Oriental mystery which disappears like a summer mist when her very cheerful smile breaks through.

"When I come to London," she explained,

FEW British players have ever gone such a long way in so a short time as Merle Oberon. Here she pauses in her meteoric career to discuss her past, present, and future.



"I'm usually run off my feet for a week or two—I have been up to now, as a matter of fact—and then at last I get a chance to sit down for a few minutes' annual stock-taking."

"That is to say, I try to decide how far I've gone in the last year, what I've gained, what I've lost. It's a rather healthy exercise, I find."

"You've certainly gained a great deal of something since I saw you last," I remarked. "What is it?"

"I think it's just that I'm beginning to get a glimmer of the best way to exploit my own personality," she replied.

"By being yourself," I suggested.

"Yes. You know, it's very interesting; I've noticed with quite a number of players that they begin by 'putting on an act'—appearing for professional purposes to be quite different from their real selves."

"They develop it, and shape it, and modify it, and gradually slough it off, and presently you find they've made a full circle and returned to their original personality . . . only with that personality increased and emphasised."

"That's beginning to happen to me—and it's rather pleasant. It's . . . finding oneself."

"And what else have you gained?" I pursued.

"Well . . . I think I take direction better; I hope so, anyway. And off the set, I've got a great deal more confidence, more poise, I suppose. And I'm beginning to form my own opinions—about books, and music, and so on—and discovering why they're my opinions."

"Besides, I've had a chance—a marvellous chance—to mix with the people who know; and I'm beginning to develop a faculty for sensing which are the people who know, and following their advice."

"You certainly have made strides in your work," I put in. "That goes down on the credit side of the ledger. And you're world-famous—"

I broke off as she sat up suddenly.

"Will you do something for me?" she asked.

"Anything!" I said devoutly. (Well, so would you have.)

"The last time I was here, I heard that people were saying, rather indignantly, 'What has this girl done to deserve all the publicity she's had?'"

"Well, I wish I could have talked to them, and

said: 'But I know I haven't done anything! I know I'm about the most fortunate person in the world in the way of publicity! I know that I just happened to get in with the right people, at the right time, in the right way.'

"I know that a great deal of my publicity is based on what Sam Goldwyn and Alexander Korda believe I will do, rather than on what I've already done. But what can I do about it?—except to try to live up to my publicity. Anyway, will you say in your interview that I realise it as fully as anyone?"

"I will," I promised rather breathlessly, scribbling away for dear life in an effort to keep up with her, and cursing for the thousandth time the fact that I've never learnt shorthand. "But all the same, I hope you're not going to worry too much about what's said about you."

Merle was born in Tasmania, where her father and mother were visiting relatives; her father died a few weeks before she was born.

At the age of seven she was taken to India, and stayed there until about five years ago, when her uncle brought her on a holiday trip to England.

However, Merle had tasted the delights of "show business" with the famous "Cats"—the Calcutta Amateur Theatrical Society—and when she found herself right in the place where stage and screen reputations are made overnight, she decided that London was the place for her, and stayed; and Uncle returned to India, leaving little Estelle in the Big Smoke with £20 and her return ticket—assuming, reasonably but rashly, that as soon as the £20 was exhausted she would come toddling back home to India.

(Reasonably, because that's how a sensible girl would behave; rashly, because it's a well-known fact that girls don't behave sensibly.)

Instead, she plugged doggedly away at trying to get on to the screen until at last she *did* get—well, no, not quite on to the screen, because she didn't appear in the finished film, which was *Alf's Button*—but at any rate into the studio.

This spurred her to fresh efforts, and in *Ebb Tide* she actually had a little part; it was a poor picture, but it deserves to go down to posterity as the film that launched Merle Oberon on her screen career.

Then came Korda, and a small part in *Service for Ladies*, as a result of which he signed her up on a long contract; and that brings us back to where we started, at Wembley.

"Now, as to the future?" I asked her.

"Well, there's this Charles Laughton picture on which I'm starting at Denham in a few days—I, *Claudius*. My part in that, Claudius's wife, Messalina, is a marvellous one—it has simply everything. Most people think of Messalina as a rather poisonous person—they forget she began as a Vestal Virgin."

"Then after that I have two more lined up—a comedy called *The Divorce of Lady X* and a lovely story about young Anne Boleyn."

"You're over for some time, then?"

"Ten months. And when I go back to Hollywood, I'm to play opposite Gary Cooper in *Angels Making Music*."

That should mark another very definite milestone in Merle's career—and when you consider that until *These Three* she was regarded more as a beautiful girl, eminently photogenic, than as a serious actress, her recent progress really has been phenomenal.

I have William Wyler's authority for that; he directed her in *These Three*, and he told me the other day that he was amazed at her acting ability.

What she thinks of him as a director is everybody's business; in fact, they're a fully constituted Mutual Admiration Society of two.

Talking of admiration, by the way, I asked her if she were going to marry David Niven, with whom she has just been playing in her latest Sam Goldwyn picture, *Beloved Enemy*, and she laughed at me.

"I'm not going to marry anyone until I'm simply head-over-heels in love," she declared.

Well, someone's going to be lucky, some time; for Merle Oberon is one of the sweetest and most gracious people I know.

And I know!



"I'm not going to marry David Niven." Here they are together in "Beloved Enemy."

IT'LL give you a pretty fair indication of Rod La Rocque's personality when I tell you that I hadn't been more than two minutes in his company before he began to interview me.

One thing that may be said about Rod's personality is that there's a great deal of it; coming into a crowded studio restaurant you don't have to ask half a dozen people, "Excuse me, are you Mr. Rod La Rocque?"

You see him.

For one thing, he's extremely large; he stands 6 ft. 3 in. in his socks, though he doesn't seem quite so tall, because he has about the broadest pair of shoulders that ever took up extra footage of celluloid.

As a matter of fact, those shoulders had been causing a spot of bother that morning; three different London firms had been approached to supply him with a bath-robe for use in a certain scene, and one robe after another had split in the shoulders with a heart-rending *krrrch*!

I believe finally they had to call in a clothing contractor.

But for all his size, Rod weighs only 13 stone, being a very fit man; and he wears his hair cropped fairly short, and a small hair-line moustache.

And as an interviewer he's terrific.

"You're Mr. Beacon; how are you? Glad to know you. Meet Jack, meet Tom, sit down, have some lunch, the tomato soup's quite good. Some tomato soup for Mr. Beacon, please. Say, can you tell me . . .?"

And the interview starts. Just like that. Exactly the kind of interviewer I've always wanted to be. Hold your man down with one hand and pound answers and the living daylights out of him with the other. Fine!

I may as well tell you right at the start that I'm not going to quote Rod La Rocque *verbatim*. No, sir!

His vocabulary is high, wide, and handsome, rather like a Brock's Benefit at the late Crystal Palace; and when he suffers (as he frequently does, being temperamentally incapable of suffering fools gladly) from a fit of temporary indignation, it fairly sizzles.

And yet, curiously enough, when he touches on any subject about which he really cares, his conversation is as mild as milk.

Curious cove.

"Say, can you tell me why Englishmen have such a down on British films? I've discussed the subject with dozens, and they're all prepared to admit that *Henry Eight* (most Americans call it that) and *Ghost Goes West* and maybe *Thirty-Nine Steps* and *It's Love Again* and *The Man Who Knew Too Much* and *Blossom Time* are all right, but they won't admit that any other British film is good. Yet they're going over big in our country. Why is that?"

"It's because," I said slowly and clearly, as I always like stars to speak while they're being interviewed, and looking sideways to see whether he had his notebook out, "we have an inferiority complex about our films—for two excellent reasons. We realise that the direction, photography, setting, casting, acting, music, recording, and cutting—thanks largely to foreign influence—are all pretty good; but we also realise that in the writing department, and particularly in dialogue, we're hams.

"Also that we're woefully lacking in that common sense which will embark on a £40,000 picture and spend just £40,000 on it. In other words, we, a nation of organisers, just can't seem to organise our film production so that we get twelve pence value for every shilling spent."

He considered this seriously for a moment before launching his next attack. Why were British studios so scattered? Why was there so little apparent co-operation between companies? Why this? Why that?—not criticising, but with the eager thirst for information of a

The Impressive ROD La ROCQUE

THE famous star of silent days
turns the tables on the inter-
viewer, in this intimate article

by Guy Beacon

man who knows movie-making inside-out.

At this point I felt it would be more seemly if I were to start interviewing him; so I did, and here is a portrait—no, not a close-up, for you'd have to stand too far back to see him all at once, but a mid-shot—of Rod La Rocque.

When you consider that he played opposite Mae Murray in *Jazzmania* seventeen years ago, he really is a remarkably young-looking man.

But he started in show-business considerably before that—to wit, at the age of seven, when the young French-English Chicagoan played in *Salome Jane* in Duluth, followed by other child parts.

At the age of nine he decided his education wasn't quite complete, so he went back to school, and didn't take to vaudeville until he was about eleven and grown up.

After another year he returned to school, but even then he didn't quit show-business, for with three young stage acquaintances he organised "The Newsboys' Quartet," singing at six every evening in the hotel lobbies. Rod's voice was falsetto, and he could "yodel good." Kids have been slain for less, but Rod was tough.

Well, and then, maybe on account of the yodelling, the La Rocques moved to Omaha, Nebraska, and Rod went to school there, but only for a year.

They couldn't keep a good man down, and he bounced right up on to the musical-comedy stage in *The Blue Girl*.

Before long he was playing in pictures for Essanay (do you remember Essanay?) and early established his versatility by alternating juvenile leads with a long series of "heavies" in films made by Bryant Washburn.

And then Essanay neatly folded flat, and Rod tried the New York stage; and as pictures were

then being made in New York, he combined stage and screen work in a highly profitable manner—until he wisely decided it was a physical impossibility, and concentrated on one thing at a time.

Then Hollywood claimed him, and for some years till the coming of talkies he was one of the hardest worked leading men.

He made some successful talkie appearances, too—notably in *Let Us Be Gay*, with Norma Shearer and Marie Dressler.

But meanwhile something had happened. Rod had married one of the most beautiful women in Filmland, the Hungarian Vilma Banky, and English-speaking talkies didn't suit her so well.

So they did a very unusual thing. At the height of their popularity, they retired.

They could very well afford to, having "husbanded their resources" and become comparatively wealthy people; and whereas a great many stars lost huge fortunes in the Wall-street crash, Rod rode the market safely and actually made money instead of losing it.

So he and his wife make telescopes for fun and study the sky for instruction and to preserve their sense of proportion.

But the acting-bug is ensconced under the La Rocque pelt, and he does a good deal of stage work (he and Vilma recently played together in one show for forty weeks—non-stop). He also breaks out on to the screen every so often, always with a polished performance.

S.O.S. Iceberg, *Till We Meet Again*, and *Hi, Gaucho* are some of his interim outbreaks; and now he has been grabbed by that highly intelligent showman, Julius Hagen, and starred at Elstree in his first British picture, a comedy in a girls' boarding-school, entitled *She Got What She Wanted*.

I'm afraid Vilma Banky is more definitely retired; she reappeared, radiant and youthful, in *The Rebel* a few years ago, but now seems determined to concentrate on being Mrs. Rod La Rocque.

A great many girls would agree with Vilma that that's a pretty swell job—and certainly Vilma makes a swell job of it!



A recent portrait of the subject of this article; he certainly hasn't changed much!



SHOTS WITH

Our Candid Camera

Look pleasant, please . . . Harry Jans, the Radio player, chooses Barbara Pepper as the lovely subject for an informal photograph on the lot. Barbara recently completed a role in "Night Waitress."

Bathing beauties are back, and Eric Blore welcomes the revival. The girls, Blore and the strange effects in natty gent's bathing attire are in aid of "The Smartest Girl in Town."



Contrast in costume—a typical scene in the studio lunchroom. Florence Lake is dressed up for her role in "Quality Street," and Lee Tracy is in tails for scenes in "Criminal Lawyer."

Left: Marlene Dietrich signs the visitors' book at the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children, which she went over the other day.



My ALL-STAR

Above is Shirley Temple's party in "The Littlest Rebel"; on the left Myrna Loy ("the best fun"); and below, in "David Copperfield," are Frank Lawton, W. C. Fields and Roland Young.

WE all know whom we should like to invite to our Christmas party—some group of people who would represent the very best of good company.

As a filmgoer, you would like to invite every star in Hollywood and Elstree—to have a party such as even Hollywood itself has never seen. That goes for me, too, but I should be satisfied, nevertheless, with a small percentage of the talkie "Who's Who."

I have been to a few star gatherings—especially since I moved to Elstree—and have met some memorably interesting guests, but I have yet to throw my ideal Yuletide party, and I should like to tell you just which stars I should invite, and why.

The first person to whom I should send an invitation is Aubrey Smith. One morning, some weeks ago, Basil Rathbone and I sat talking about Aubrey for a solid half-hour, before breakfast, too!

Through Basil, I got to know Aubrey even better. "Aubrey would have been a Knight of the Round Table," said Basil. "His youthful energy and physique, despite his 73 years, are amazing. He is the best loved man in Hollywood, in American as well as British circles."

I should have Aubrey, not merely because of his immense popularity, but because he represents that type necessary for the Christmas party, a man just as popular with the six-year-olds as the sixty-year-olds—a man in the winter of his life with the spring in his heart; a man, in fact, who personifies Santa Claus.

I should next invite Richard Tauber and his wife, Diana Napier. Richard Tauber would sing for us, and, to me, his voice is unsurpassed.

But Diana would be just as important to my party as Richard. Diana said to me, when we were talking about parties, that her ideal party is one where there are plenty of children, and,





Christmas PARTY

by

Herbert HARRIS



"I would put Claire Dodd before turkey and plum pudding!" Would you?



Bert Wheeler evidently agrees that Dorothy Lee is good at a party. Here they are in "Silly Billies."

WHOM would you invite to your party, if you could have the pick of Filmland? Would your list tally with the one given below, or have your favourites been left out in the cold?

on this confession alone, I know that she is ideal for my festive gathering.

And mention of children reminds me that I must on no account forget to invite Shirley Temple and Freddie Bartholomew. I would have them just for the pleasure of watching them kiss under the mistletoe!

I would sit them together at the table, and would try to, have Aubrey Smith and May Robson on each side of them, so that the very spirit of Christmas—the getting together of the old and the young—would be literally created and form an inspiration that we should all feel.

I would arrange for a ghost story to be told in the good old Yuletide manner, with only the flickering of the log fire to light the room. And Bela Lugosi and Boris Karloff would be among my guests to render this service.

I have not met Karloff, but I did meet Lugosi one day in Elstree. There is a little hypnotic flash in his eye and a certain sombreness in his voice, and I know that Lugosi, at least,

could spin a ghost yarn with the right degree of horror even without any make-up to aid him.

And now I intend to do a dangerous thing. I am going to pick my "Party girls"—that is, the girls I consider to be the best fun at a social gathering like this—girls I would put before turkey and Christmas pudding!

They are (wait for it!) Leila Hyams, Myrna Loy, Joan Bennett, Loretta Young, Jessie Matthews, Dorothy Lee, Claire Dodd, Judy Kelly, Jean Parker.

Well, there's the list and I wouldn't offer any serious opposition if someone suggested Postman's Knock or insisted on the observance of the fine old mistletoe custom.

Gracie Fields would have an invitation, not just because she could sing to us and make the rafters ring with those amazing top notes of hers, but because Gracie is a superbly human person, full of fun, a good "mixer" in any company, not the least bit "swollen-headed."

In fact, she might easily be the life of the party, or—if I asked Jack Buchanan—part of the life of the party.

Yes, I think I should have to have Jack. It's almost inevitable. Do you remember the film *Limelight*; the bit when they were throwing a big party in honour of Anna Neagle's rise from the chorus?

Remember how the party seemed to be lifted to the skies when breezy Jack Buchanan popped

in for a quick drink? Jack's like that, the same off the screen as on, a gift from Heaven when it comes to parties.

I should ask Bob Montgomery for a similar reason. Bob looks as though he fits naturally into parties. He has a fund of wit and wisdom and after all the practice he has had on the screen, he shakes as pretty a cocktail as anyone in films.

Rene Clair would also be on my guest list. This director has a flair for fantasy. He likes—in fact, he lives for—all those fantastic things that make the spirit of Christmas what it is. He makes unbelievable things seem credible.

He has something of the Dickens touch.

If possible, I would get Charles Laughton to attend my party in his costume of Henry VIII. I would sit him at the head of the table, and ask him to throw poultry-bones over his shoulder just as he did in his portrayal of the Merry Monarch. If this didn't lend colour to my Christmas dinner table, what would?

Perhaps on second thoughts, I would ask Shirley Temple and Freddie Bartholomew to come in costume, too. Shirley would wear the delightful period "party" dress she wore in *The Littlest Rebel*, and Freddie the costume he wore in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. What a pretty picture they would make!

And for the grand finale to my party I would have the whole cast of *David Copperfield* turn up in their Dickensian costumes. Charles Dickens, the man who helped to "make" Christmas, would live again through his characters at my party. What an idea! And what a Christmas party!



(Inset) The men in Mae's life: Warren William, her press agent; Randolph Scott, a poor but honest inventor, and Lyle Talbot, a politician. It is part of her publicity man's job to try to control her love affairs.

GO WEST YOUNG MAN



(Above) The famous star goes rural in this scene with Randolph Scott. (Left) Supporting Mae in the feminine department are Elizabeth Patterson, Isabel Jewell and, of course, Alice Brady, who, if you remember, wasn't allowed to wear false eyelashes.

MAE WEST this time—and wisely, according to many critics—uses a popular stage play, *Personal Appearance*, as her starring vehicle. As a film star on a personal appearance tour she wears modern costumes, but the wisecracks come over with the same devastating force, the male members of the cast still fall as heavily and the star has coined the words “swivel-swing” in honour of her famous strut's contribution to the picture.

A GREAT ACTRESS Comes to TOWN



An exclusive picture of ZaSu Pitts with Claude Dampier, with whom she is to co-star in "Wanted."

ZASU PITTS has given London a grand impersonation of ZaSu Pitts, but there is something more to the story of the famous comedienne than those fluttering hands and plaintive "Oh dears." Malcolm Phillips here reveals it.

ZASU PITTS, fluttering hands and plaintive "Oh mys" working overtime (yes, she does it off the screen, too) in the bewilderment of her first trip abroad, captured the hearts of London's newspapermen as few of the glamour queens have done.

She had a better press than any American star for years. Even Kay Francis, who came on the same boat with a new official medal proclaiming her the best-dressed woman in the world in her luggage and a rumoured new marriage in the offing, was for once among the "also arrived's" in the dailies.

ZaSu Pitts' impersonation of ZaSu Pitts was immense. She even got flustered over her luggage and lost her handbag three times in fifteen minutes.

"Oh my, o'oh de-ear," she sighed, "I didn't expect there were so many people here who know my face."

In columns of print next day London was told that hers was one film personality who was exactly the same off the screen as on.

The famous hands flapped all over the front pages and the "Oh my, o'oh de-ears" flowed across the headlines in cascades of printer's ink, but after it all I wonder if we have really and so easily fathomed the secret of the off-screen ZaSu Pitts.

In the flesh she is extraordinarily like the famous screen character. The fluttering hands (very beautiful hands when you see them at close range), the big, sorrowful eyes and the melancholy voice are all there.

Yet when she smiles a miracle is performed. Her whole personality is transformed and one wonders why one has never noticed her tremendous charm before, and even if Von Stroheim wasn't really right when he described her, amid the laughter of the populace, as one of the most lovely women in Hollywood.

She is rarely permitted to smile in films. It's a pity.

ZaSu has a shy and quite obviously genuine homeliness that is immensely appealing.

And she is human enough to be bewildered in a new land and just a little homesick for Hollywood. She has never been out of the States previously—"never further than Coney Island," as she puts it herself.

"Don't talk to me about Christmas or I'll break down completely," she warned me. "I have two children, you know, and we've never been parted at Christmas before."

One is her own daughter Ann. She tries to discourage her friends from calling her ZaSu Junior. The star, by the way, pronounces the name Zay-Zoo, and is particular about that capital S.

The other is the son of the late Barbara La Marr. When that ill-fated actress was finally laid to rest in a tomb provided by the charity of Paul Bern, her fortune pilfered by her so-called friends and her unprovided-for baby threatened with an orphanage, ZaSu stepped in and adopted the boy. She didn't tell me all that, of course. It is a matter of history, but she did reveal that the youngster has inherited his mother's looks. Both children are now fourteen.

ZaSu, in a confused and troubled situation, acted firmly and decisively in the matter of Barbara's baby. For all the futile flutterings, she is actually one of the few actresses in pictures who know what they want, go after it and get it.

Since the days when Chaplin signed her at £10 a week and failed to use her in a picture she has, she says, never tied herself up with a film contract. But in the last ten years she has probably had more work than any other actress in films and has earned more money than many of the top-flight stars.

She recalled how Mary Pickford gave her her first break in pictures in *The Little Princess* way back in 1917. "It was only a bit," she explains, "but I owe a tremendous lot to Mary." It was the World's Sweetheart who first saw that the comedienne had dramatic possibilities.

Before that she had done extra work, mostly in the comedy studios. Mack Sennett nodded for once and missed a "discovery."

"I asked him for a job. He looked me over carefully. 'Not a chance in the world,' he said."

Then, when she was almost down to her last dollar, Universal, which subsequently paid her thousands, gave her a part in a comedy. "Somebody at the studio," she remembers, "thought I was funny. Then one day they told me that



ZaSu as she appeared in "Greed," her greatest dramatic role.

someone in the New York office didn't think I was funny, so I had to leave."

She even tried to get a chorus job on the stage.

ZaSu, incidentally, does not subscribe to the ambition fashionable among film stars just now to win success in the theatre. "I should be terrified," she confesses.

An added note of wistfulness creeps into that plaintive voice, though, when she talks of the days when she used to play dramatic roles.

"Yes," she said with an assumed flippancy that did not completely succeed in masking the extra melancholy in those large, expressive eyes, "they used to have me dying in childbirth once a week and even playing cripple girls with drunken fathers."

"You know, I still want to make people cry as well as laugh sometimes. And," she adds, hands fluttering wildly in modest embarrassment at making such a claim, "I think I could do it if I were given a chance."

That is the real tragedy of ZaSu Pitts. A great dramatic actress, she is doomed to comedy on the screen. She does not know if she will ever be able to essay an emotional role again.

The story of her last attempt, in *All Quiet on the Western Front* is, I think, fairly well known. She was cast in the role of the mother and gave a tender and beautiful performance that might, had luck been with her, have established her as one of the important serious actresses of talkies.

Immediately she appeared on the screen at the preview, however, the audience, anticipating a comedy scene, tittered expectantly. A tremendous sum of money was tied up in the film. Universal could not afford to take a risk. The picture was sent back for re-takes with Beryl Mercer, a reliable actress, but no genius, in the part.

Now ZaSu flutters those long, artistic fingers in a gesture which one takes to be philosophic and goes on making comedies—and money.

But I wonder if ZaSu Pitts, as well as Art, sometimes weeps because ZaSu Pitts has always to be funny. . . .

It's Not Just a Legend

IT is very difficult to explain why I consider her a great emotional actress . . . very difficult to define the quality that makes her so . . . for it is this very quality . . . this elusive, whimsical, indefinable something . . . that is the secret of the personality wherein lies her greatness. . . . Mystery . . . she breathes it . . . it encircles her . . . a woman of sweet and gentle moods . . . capable of unsurpassing tenderness . . . a woman of fire . . . capable of tremendous conflicting emotions ever smouldering within her. . . .

No, that is not a review of Garbo's performance in "Camille." It is a critical appraisal of ZaSu Pitts from our 1924 files!

E. G. Cousins covers the BRITISH Studios

LAST week, if you remember, we made a dutiful, pedestrian, comprehensive tour of all the studios to see what was going on. But that kind of a diet would pall on us connoisseurs.

It's like corn-beef and carrots; this week let us devote ourselves to the pickles and chutney, flitting lightly from table to table and sampling whatever takes our fancy.

Tell me, you fans, has Buster Keaton ever been known to laugh heartily?

Bah! Call yourself a fan? He certainly has.

Only once, it's true. He laughed immoderately at the antics of a Hungarian comedian.

That same comedian, some years earlier, had performed the somewhat easier feat of making the late Emperor Franz Josef laugh.

In Hungary it is the custom for a village to present visiting royalty or nobility with a pair of geese. The comedian when a child was selected to make such a presentation to his emperor, but when he was in the act of doing it, one goose laid an egg.

Unembarrassed, the child remarked: "Your Majesty, this is only one of my tricks."

Colour News

That comedian has now come to England to play in the Capitol-Grafton production, *Lilac Domino*; his name is Szocke Szakall, which in itself is a bit of a joke.

Call that a jaw-breaker? I call it a Szocke in the jaw.

Speaking of Capitol, another Capitol associate company, Capitol-Trafalgar, has just come to a momentous decision.

When the company made *Pagliacci*, about a third of it was made in the new British Chemi-colour process, which has not yet been seen by the public or even the press.

Now, after a special viewing of the film, it has been decided to keep all the colour sequences in the finished film—a pretty important decision, for it is no fun risking an expensive film like *Pagliacci* just for an experiment in colour.

The experiment, of course, will be tried on the critics, and the trade, and afterwards the public; and I hope it will be entirely successful, for Karl Grune and Otto Kanturek are two of the three inventors, and I like them both.

Besides, as most of you know, I am a colour fan.

Little Audrey and I

While I think of it, my best thanks to the reader who sent me the following "little Audrey" story this week.

Little Audrey was reading the PICTUREGOER.



Who wouldn't want to go ski-ing with Nancy Burne in this attractive outfit? She will be seen next in Atlantic's "Thunder in the City"

"Mummie," she said, "isn't E. G. Cousins a fat man?"

"Don't be silly," said her mother; "you don't know."

And little Audrey laughed and she laughed, because she knew he covered the British studios.

And now here's a story of a slightly different tempo, not to say calibre; and it's about Bruce Seton.

Bruce is a hefty and good-looking man who (a) hopes not to be a baronet, because that would entail the death of his elder brother, (b) hopes to become a film star, and (c) has sworn a mighty oath to restore the fallen fortunes of his family.

As a matter of fact, the family fortunes were lost a good long time ago; in the 1745 rebellion, when the Setons backed the wrong horse—to wit, Bonny Prince Charlie—and lost pretty nearly everything they had, except the kilts they stood up in.

Starting Right

"O.kay," remarked Bruce (or more probably "A' richt"), "I'll get it all back."

So, having heard that film stars got paid most handsomely, he decided to be one. Accordingly he chucked up a promising career in the Army (he had held a commission in the Black Watch for three years) and, having taken lessons in singing and acting, squeezed himself into the chorus of the London Hippodrome (in *Wild Violets*) at £4 a week.

But you can't make a permanent Wild Violet of a man whose ancestor was first Chancellor of Scotland three hundred years ago. He was spotted and given an important part in the revue *Stop Press*, and then played in the film *Blue Smoke* opposite Tamara Desni, whom he wooed and won off-screen as well as on.

And now he has played the role of Ann Harding's fiancé in *Love from a Stranger*, which may be the beginning of the affluence he is after—especially if, as he hopes, it leads to a Hollywood contract.

Recruiting

Did I say recently that *Splinters in the Air* would be less of a recruiting film than *O.H.M.S.* and *The Navy Eternal*?

I take it all back. This Sydney Howard comedy has turned the Pinewood studios into a recruiting booth.

Three young extras, dressed in R.A.F. uniform and looking after the three aeroplanes that have been ornamenting the set, felt the urge to go and do the same thing in real life.

So they've all applied for commissions as flying officers in the R.A.F.

Heavens, if the recruiting has started already, what will happen when the film is released?

The Army, Navy, and Air Force are certainly very much in the limelight these days; is this accidental, or has it any significance?

Certainly the Services have never been so

ready to co-operate with the movie-makers in ensuring authenticity; and producers are taking full advantage of this.

Some weeks it's difficult to find a studio in which some sort of Service uniform is not being worn.

Gore Lumme!

Speaking of *The Navy Eternal*, two old enemies are re-united in that.

Noah Beery is playing the president of a Southern republic, and Richard Cromwell is a British naval lieutenant who is on his side in a revolution, so they can be decently civil to each other for a change.

The last time they've met, there has been gore, and plenty! First Cromwell, then running a small art and curio shop in Hollywood, decided to apply for the title rôle in the revival of *Tol'ble David* (the part which made Richard Barthelmess famous) and got it—and found himself being most fearfully beaten-up by Noah as the villain.

And then, in *The Blood Ship*, young Cromwell had to be knocked all round the deck by Noah at his most ferocious.

He is apt to eye Mr. Beery a little warily even now.

When Charles Was King

They have gone all Carolean at Hammersmith, where *The Vicar of Bray* is going well ahead.

Esmond Knight, one of our outstanding period actors, and Margaret Vines are playing respectively Dennis, an ardent Cromwellian, and Norah, the daughter of an Irish nobleman who is in the confidence of Charles I.

Their love affair, which began when they were teeny tiny toddlers, is nearly brought to tragedy by the arrest and sentence of Dennis by Charles II on his restoration; but that celebrated turncoat, the Vicar of Bray, saves the situation—and seeing that that worthy is played by Stanley Holloway, one can't profess surprise.

Hugh Miller plays Charles I, and Felix Aylmer his adviser, Lord Brendon. And some generous and impulsive collector has lent to director Henry Edwards the actual and authentic cloak that Charles wore at his execution, and I hope to goodness they don't get any grease-paint on it, but I shall be surprised if they don't.

Holloway confided in me that when they first tried his costume on him, he looked the dead spit 'n' image of Little Lord Fauntleroy, so they modified it to suit him a little better. I don't think previously he's gone any further back in history than the battle of Waterloo.

Tracy in Reverse

Good heavens! Arthur Tracy, the Street Singer, is playing a street singer again! Well, who'd have guessed it!

This time he starts by being a great singer, who takes to street-singing for romance. Quite different, you see.

Arthur Riscoe plays a retired juggler, Margaret Lockwood provides the essential youth and beauty (extraordinary how appealing that child can look!), Ellen Pollock is a temperamental star, Hugh Wakefield comes into the story somehow, though I'm not quite clear how, John Deverell plays an "important butler," and Emil Boreo is also in the cast.

The film is being called *Interval for Romance*, and I understand there will be quite a number of intervals for music. Jean de Marguenat is directing. He's French, and the singing star American. And the producers are British National.

Hugh Scrubs

I was amazed, on looking in at Teddington this week, to find Hugh Williams scrubbing a floor; about the last person I should ever have expected to see doing this, but we all come to it in time.

Hugh's job o' work was for the benefit of the film *Side Street Angel*, in which he is the owner of a mansion and the employer of a comedy butler in the somewhat unexpected person of Henry Kendall.

For some reason which I found it difficult to fathom, Hugh was doing his scrubbing under his butler's instruction; interrupted by the arrival

of an ex-fiancée, Hugh scrubbed determinedly in the direction of a swing-door, behind which he disappeared.

A very prettily-timed bit of comedy. If this is a fair sample of the film, I shall look forward to seeing it.

I Forgot

By the way, I mentioned Szoce Szakall in *The Lilac Domino*, but in my anxiety to spell it correctly I forgot to give you the rest of the cast; it's a pretty important one, too.

The leading role is played by Michael Bartlett, the American operatic star who warbled his way to film fame opposite Grace Moore in *On Wings of Song*, and afterwards played a straight role with Claudette Colbert in *She Married Her Boss*; he has come over specially to play in this, his first British picture.

Another comparatively new Hollywood star, June Knight, plays opposite Bartlett, in the rôle of "Shari"; June first swam (or maybe "floated" is a better word) into my ken in *Broadway Melody* of 1936, in which she danced divinely.

She has made several other films in Hollywood (which, by the way, happens to be her birth-place) but this is her first British picture.

The rest of the cast has not been absolutely fixed as I write, but the following are expected to figure in it: Fred Emney, Athene Seyler, Richard Dolman, Cameron Hall, Paul Blake, and Joan Hickson.

Girls in Bed

The Lilac Domino was a war-baby, having been born at the Empire Theatre, London, in February, 1918; and it certainly grew into a healthy child, running for 747 consecutive performances.

Fred Zelnik, who directed the Capitol-Grafton film *Southern Roses* (the first to be made at Denham), is in charge of this one, which is being produced at the Welwyn studios.

We seem to have embarked on—no, mounted, I mean—a cycle of girls' dormitory films.

She Got What She Wanted, in which Rod La Rocque and Tucker Maguire are playing at the J. H. Studios at Elstree, has most of its fun in a girls' boarding-school; and the first shots taken of *The Lilac Domino* were set in a schoolgirls'

dormitory, the girls including Isabel Scaife, Joan Newell, Sylvia Marriott, Flora Milne, and Daphne Raglan.

Well, it's a *venue* with great possibilities.

Realism

I have the honour to report that the new Jack Hulbert-Cicely Courtneidge comedy at Shepherd's Bush, originally titled *The Count's Livery*, has been changed.

You may remember that I pointed out that this title was capable of misinterpretation. Gaumont-British have decided to take my tip, and have re-named it *Take My Tip*—a clever title, as applied to a story of nobility posing as domestic servants.

A great and startling concession to realism is made in this production. Those of you who watch our kinematic progress with real solicitude will be deeply interested to hear that the barber presiding over the barber-shop in the barber-shop sequence is no fake barber or dummy barber, but a real barber, a genuine barber.

I am also quite credibly informed that his name is George Partleton, but I don't know how much importance you will be prepared to attach to that.

To me it's more important that Herbert Mason is directing.

Dust Up

Under the supervision of producer Erich Pommer there was an unholy dust-up at Denham this week, when shots were taken of a quarrel among soldiers on board the troopship in his new film, *Troopship*.

As a result of Pommer's passion for realism, a number of black eyes and sore heads will be nursed over Christmas; the set was littered with broken furniture, and a pugnacious time was had by all.

This film will show the repercussions on a large number of different strata of Society when a ship-load of troops who have come home on leave are ordered off on foreign service again immediately.

The Colonel and his lady are played by Leslie Banks and Flora Robson. This, my hearties, is going to be a film to see.



Merle Oberon and Charles Laughton at Denham, where they are to play together in London Films' "I, Claudius."

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

SHOT BY PHIL LONERGAN

AS the result of her coming marriage to Buddy Rogers, Mary Pickford admits that Pickfair, her famous home, is to let or for sale. Buddy plans a ranch home, and Mary is very much in favour of the idea.

It was only a short time ago when Mary, as is the custom of film stars contemplating matrimony, declared that she was not engaged to young Mr. Rogers. Hollywood smiled. The film colony has been there before!

The couple say that the wedding will take place in the spring, at which time they will both be in England, so they may have a London wedding.

About the only way for Mary to occupy Pickfair with her new husband would be to change the name, which is a constant reminder of Douglas Fairbanks, sen.!

A Deep Mystery

Hollywood is wondering why Charlie Chaplin refuses to say whether he has or has not been married to Paulette Goddard for more than a year. The Sphinx has nothing on the taciturn little English star. Paulette is as inscrutable as Charlie, showing that a woman can keep a secret if she so desires!

There is no doubt that records of marriages have been scanned in all cities visited by the pair during the past year or so, as a Chaplin marriage licence would be a great story for any newspaper.

But at present everyone is guessing.

Stars in Seclusion

All of Hollywood's most famous stars are well represented on the walls of the Ambassador Hotel's exclusive and novel Turf and Field Club, a private cocktail lounge open only to members, which includes many film celebrities.

In this sumptuous room, which can be opened only by a member's key, are caricatures of every celebrated film luminary, under which the stars have written a genial or humorous note to Ben Frank,

managing director of the famous hostelry.

Mae West, Marion Davies, Charlie Chaplin, Anna Sten, Carole Lombard, Mary Brian, and Eddie Robinson, to mention a few, are displayed prominently.

Stars like the place, because there they secure a temporary respite from autograph hunters.

A Rumour Denied

Irene Dunne, who recently returned from a trip to New York, declares there is no basis for reports that she intends to adopt a child from the famous Cradle in Evanston, Illinois, which has given many orphans to Hollywood stars.

At the present time, Miss Dunne says she is very much occupied selecting furnishings for her new home in Holmby Hills.

Modern Trilby

Mae West has now another claim to fame. Emile Rigadoux, noted sculptor, was asked by the actress to make a cast of her feet. He did so, and reports that she has the most perfect feet in Hollywood. They are also in

proper proportion to her figure. Her feet are size 4-B.

So feminine fans, if you have a 4-B foot without blemishes, you are in Mae West's class!

Sky Diversions

Whilst chatting with a charming little stewardess of the United Air Lines, I learned that movie stars all have their own method for whiling away time when aloft in a plane.

Robert Taylor makes photographs of the landscape below and the cloud formations; Wallace Beery reads detective stories; Hugh Herbert sings to himself and watches the scenery; Stuart Erwin works wire puzzles and Mary Brian catches up with her correspondence.

Mother Made Them!

A big flurry was caused in the Brown Derby when Jack Oakie's famous mother, Mrs. Evelyn Offield, arrived with several pumpkin pies which she induced the management to serve to a number of her friends equally well known in the film colony, who chanced to be present.

It was only a matter of minutes until all the delicacies had entirely disappeared, dispatched by such stalwart pie fanciers as Pat O'Brien, Lionel Stander, Victor McLaglen, James Cagney and Fred MacMurray.

I have partaken of Mrs. Offield's pumpkin pies and know they are most satisfying.

Three Smart Girls

Deanna Durbin, Nan Grey and Barbara Reid, playing the leading roles in *Three Smart Girls* for Universal, must be smart, for a professor of psychology at Whittier College says they are.

The learned man arrived at the studio accompanied by intelligence testing machines and other psychological material, and, after giving the girls the once-over, reported that they were a grade above the average for their age.

By the way, I wonder if the girls are really so smart. Readers of my page will recall that they all fell out of a sailboat whilst doing a water scene in *Three Smart Girls*!

Carillo's Side-line

Leo Carillo demonstrates that all actors are not improvident, for he recently built a big apartment house in Santa Monica, and has just launched a new realty venture in Hollywood.

The new venture is to be known as "Carillo's Corral," and will consist of a group of unique Spanish structures in Vine Street, near Hollywood Boulevard.

These will include several novel shops and a unique outdoor kitchen in which guests can cook their own barbecue dinners or blend their own salads.

Ground has already been broken and the project will be completed during January.

Odd Footage

Robert Taylor's fan mail averages 9,000 letters and postcards weekly.

Clark Gable is planning a trip around the world in an automobile trailer.

Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sydney star in Walter Wanger's "You Only Live Once." This is the first film they have made since their return to America.



MEN *are not* GODS

TRIANGLE drama approached from a novel angle in which Miriam Hopkins makes her British screen debut. Written and directed by Walter Reisch, it has a strong cast including Gertrude Lawrence, Sebastian Shaw and Rex Harrison. Right, Sebastian Shaw as the actor in *Othello*, a stage presentation of which is a highlight of the film.



Left: Ann Williams (Miriam Hopkins), secretary to a dramatic critic, is brought to task by him for having altered his critique of "Othello" and so made Edmond Davey (Sebastian Shaw) famous over-night.



Left: Barbara Halford (Gertrude Lawrence), Davey's wife, pleads with Ann to give up her husband whom she has learnt to love.

Right: Tommy (Tommy Stapleton), a young sub-editor tells Anne that he is in love with her, but her affections are fixed on the actor, Davey.



Theodora (Irene Dunne), having written a successful novel, develops an unprofessional interest in Michael Grant (Melvyn Douglas), her illustrator.



Like "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," the picture is set partly in a New England village and is notable for its presentation of small town types.

Theodora GOES WILD



The young best-seller writer sets out to shock the inhabitants of her puritanical home town.

Irene Dunne
Melvyn Douglas
Theodora Goes Wild

THE versatile Irene Dunne, at home in drama as well as musicals, successfully tackles comedy here as a repressed small town spinster who writes a daring best seller and tries to live up to it. Melvyn Douglas is an excellent romantic partner for Miss Dunne and three fine character performances are contributed by those reliable veterans, Spring Byington, Margaret McWade and Elisabeth Risdon. Richard Boleslawski directed.



The sophisticated Michael Grant twitted Theodora about her primness. That is why "Theodora went wild."



and Melvyn Douglas is as delightful as a actress in the past.

Grant follows Theodora from the city to her New England home, where her conduct causes a

Daniel Boone



GEORGE O'BRIEN has one of his biggest roles for years as Daniel Boone, the famous American pioneer who led the colonization of Kentucky in 1775. Heather Angel and Ralph Forbes are also in the cast.



Marlowe (Ralph Forbes), a lawyer and secret agent for politicians who subsequently claim Boone's new land, is accused of shirking his duty to protect the rest of the party. The colonists are continually faced by the menace of hostile Indian tribes, and renegade white men.

Boone charges Marlowe with his betrayal of the settlers. The film is based on the exploits of one of America's greatest frontier heroes, who was robbed of his rewards by political string-pulling.



Virginia (Heather Angel), daughter of Sir John Randolph (played by Huntley Gordon), gives Boone added incentive to ensure the success of the expedition.





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Far from ideal was the licence bureau Mike had chosen; dingy and drab, presided over by a clerk kept busy tying the knot at two dollars a time.

The Bride WALKS OUT—

Freely based on the film, "The Bride Walks Out," by permission of Radio Pictures Ltd. See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 28, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

ON a Coney Island pleasure boat, not for the first time, Mike Martin, surveyor, earning thirty-five dollars a week, expressed his conviction to his betrothed that wives shouldn't work.

Overlooking the moonlit river, Carolyn Wells thereupon resigned herself to the vanished gilt from the gingerbread of romance. Two minutes ago she had felt romantic, escaping with Mike into the cool from the saloon where he had whirled her back and forth in a particularly hot dance number. So long as Mike with golden hair any woman would be proud to own, and a hundred-per-cent. virility, allowed his personality to do the talking, Carolyn was in harmony. It was his expressed predilection for stay-at-home wives that jangled, this insistence that a paltry thirty-five dollars was a living for two.

"But women work all the time," she argued. "If I choose to get my fifty dollars a week as a mannequin and have all the things I want, rather than work in the kitchen, why shouldn't I? Answer me that."

"I can't. My reason agrees with you, but there's something in me that's stronger than reason. Ever

the
STORY OF
THE FILM
by
Marjory
Williams

since I was a boy, I've dreamed of laying the world at the feet of the right girl. You are the right girl you know."

"Am I?" When Mike wandered off about ideals, Carolyn most doubted the fact.

Yet something in Mike which enabled him to swarm up a telegraph pole and stay there grappling with refractory wires, made his arms tighten round Carolyn.

"What are we doing. What's all this talking about," he murmured.

Though emotionally swayed, Carolyn's reason told her she was doing a foolish thing in agreeing to Mike's proposal that they should marry in next day's lunch hour. If he had dreams about marriage, so had she about a wedding day. Far from ideal was the licence bureau Mike had chosen; dingy, drab, presided over by a clerk kept busy tying the knot at two dollars a time.

Mike was late for the appointment—fault number two. In a huff, Carolyn was leaving when hauled back from the elevator by Paul

his boon companion, a gloomy individual whose unlighted cigar appeared a permanent fixture to one side of his mouth.

"Skip the 'for better for worse—take thee in sickness and in health' I know it all by heart," Mike said, hunting in his pockets.

"Mike, no. We can't do it that way. I want to walk down an aisle miles long with thousands of bridesmaids, hundreds of ushers and tons and tons of flowers," Carolyn wailed.

Listen honey. You can divorce me and I'll marry you again the way you want, but right now I've got to get back to my job."

What did it matter that Mike clinched the matter by producing the money and stamping the licence himself? Carolyn was miserable and said so. When her husband let fall a remark about waiting till September, his holiday month, for a honeymoon, she felt more miserable and said so with fervour amounting to hysteria. A policeman took part by reproving them for quarrelling and ordering them out. "Take that dizzy dame and scram," Carolyn believed were the words uttered by the officer. She was far too busy crying to realise that Mike's response was to sock him on the jaw. The result was as to be expected. After a few hours in the cells Mike was brought to trial.

Carolyn waiting for his case to come on, tried to soothe her misery by watching the other prisoners. Like the bureau she found them drab and singularly uninteresting. Suddenly she saw a young man take the prisoner's stand. He was in evening dress and had a frank, devil-may-care expression which survived his being fined twenty dollars for starting a strike at a night club. He paid the fine. She saw him look at her; next he was sitting beside her saying.

"Don't you know you're the loveliest woman I've ever seen? Do get some mutual friend to introduce us."

Mad of course! All the same the incident, on Mike's being charged, enabled Carolyn to approach the judge and make a carefully-planned

plea. "Your honour, please it was my fault. I'm Mrs. Michael Martin. I started the whole thing when we were being married this afternoon. It wasn't his fault at all... please judge..."

"Thirty days or fifty dollars fine," His Honour said as one who is conferring a favour.

"I've got fifty dollars in the apartment but I didn't want you to go there until I took you myself," Mike confessed.

"I'd be very glad to advance you the money if it's any help," the young man was speaking. "You've heard my name... Hugh McKenzie."

"That'll be swell of you, Mike affirmed frankly. "I'll pay you soon as we get home. Better come with us right now."

It was dark when they reached the staircase outside the flat that Carolyn was to call home. Mike opened up with his latchkey.

There was not much to be seen.

"Sorry I forgot to have the electricity turned on," Mike apologised. "Take a look at this chair." With the help of matches and Hugh's cigarette-lighter, the apartment was vaguely explored. It pleased Carolyn that Hugh was very nice about the fifty dollars, hesitating to take it when he heard it had been intended for honeymoon expenses and doing so when Mike insisted. Finally he touched his top hat and murmured quaintly, "Forgive an old man his peccadilloes," before departing.

Life for the next three months was like that, letting things go as far as she dared and pulling herself up with a jerk. Expenses were the trouble. Carolyn had no notion of running a home economically and didn't propose to try. Instead she ran bills, went to the sales with Mattie, Paul's middle-aged, humorous wife and came home with another new dress that wasn't, strictly speaking, wanted.

The pulling-up part consisted in the reminder from within that a reckoning day was bound to come, particularly as in the meantime, Mike thought the weekly budget was not being exceeded.

(Continued on page 26)

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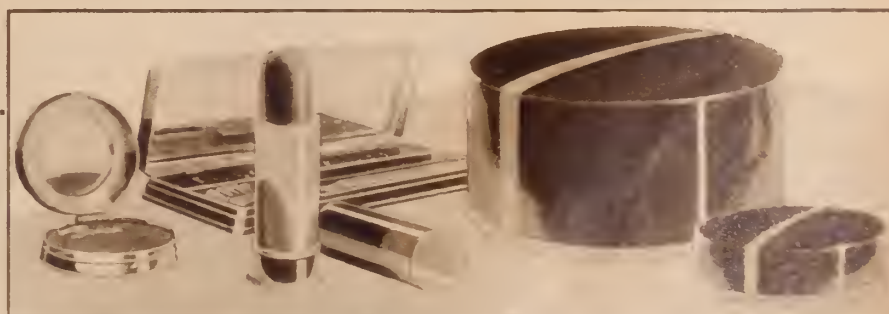
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THE BRIDE WALKS OUT — Continued

Reckoning day arrived however on New Year's eve in the bluff person of Mr. Donovan of the Acme Furnishing Company.

"Don't you think you should be in bed?" Carolyn said hopefully, mindful of her visitor's appalling cold and the snow which had been falling since midnight.

"Thank you. I'm in perfect health. One payment only in three months. The Acme company is very disappointed in you, Mrs. Martin. A-tish-oo. It just isn't cricket," Mr. Donovan countered and calling his minions proceeded to a systematic removal of the apartment furniture. Fortunately the telephone remained for Carolyn to answer when it rang. She returned the instrument to the floor and addressed Mattie whose genial presence in time of stress made up for much that was lacking in mahogany.

"Mike wants us to bring his and Paul's dress clothes with a bite of something to the office. He's blowing fifty dollars on a New Year's celebration. The Martin tradition," he says.

"Rather a shock for him to find he hasn't a bed to sleep it off on," was Mattie's contribution to Carolyn's endeavour to see the funny side.

"And all these months he's thought I've been getting on so nicely," she said soberly. "When he finds out the truth it'll be like a bridge he's built collapsing." She was trying to hide her own sense of collapse made more acute by the removal of the room's last two chairs when a figure appeared in the open doorway, a debonnaire figure of a young man with a magnum in each hand.

"Champagne! Come right in," Mattie invited.

"Spring cleaning already?" Hugh inquired.

"No. Just starting early. Out with the old and in with the new,"

Carolyn explained. She could joke now. What followed was a joke, accentuated every time Hugh, sitting on the floor beside her, filled her glass. Ultimately the furniture removers were asked to participate in the toasts. Two of them must have hauled back the piano, for Carolyn had hazy recollections of accompanying the party which included Mr. Donovan, stifling sneezes at intervals, in singing "Ole Virginny."

Awakening to reality occurred partially in the elevator where, after Hugh had gone, Caroline and Mattie, too overcome to make the requested journey to the office, remained until discovered by their respective and anxious husbands. In one way the delay was an advantage for Mike arguing that there was no time to waste, insisted that he and Paul should change in the elevator. Relief at not having immediately to face the music, in Carolyn was short-lived. By the time the chosen rendezvous was reached, her mood no more favoured balloons and paper streamers than that of any other woman who has invited forgetfulness by premature conviviality.

"Mike, do you mind if I go back to work," she said desperately at the supper table, Mattie and Paul having decided to dance.

"A fine time to pull something like that on New Year's Eve at ten dollars a plate," Mike retorted.

"Well, I'm tired of playing governess to a three-room apartment and a canary."

And I thought you were a nice home-loving wife," Mike claimed acridly. The old quarrel flared anew. At twelve o'clock, Mike having forged his way to the door, Carolyn was left to bite her lips in a roomful of couples holding hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne." Joined by Mattie and Paul, she at

once declared she must go home. Going up the apartment stairs she ran into Mike, dodging him persistently till his arms went round her and a passer-by was heard to remark something about "glad to think that they were married."

But even in the warmth of reconciliation, the empty apartment had to be faced. Already Mike was fitting his key. Desperate, Carolyn stalled. "Mike . . . you're not angry now. Say you love me. Do you?"

"Mildly in a furious kind of way."

"Kiss me."

"Seems like old times kissing you in the hallway." One more embrace while Carolyn wished there and then to die, then Mike again put in his key. In another few seconds what would he be saying? The few seconds passed. Mike after clicking on the light had not spoken. He had not spoken because the room was not empty. Through the open door Carolyn could see that the rest of the apartment was also as it had been before the onslaught of Mr. Donovan. Piano, divan, fireside chair, centre table—all were in place and on the music stool a bucket containing ice and a bottle hung round with a note. "I came by and found the place looking rather empty, so I left something to make it look more like home. Hugh McKenzie, the man with the dreamy eyes," it read.

To Carolyn that moment meant the gingerbread of romance lavish in untouched gilt. But as in the acquisition of the more ordinary type of gingerbread, she found she had to pay.

To go back to the mannequin's job, engage her one-time negro maid to cook, pay Hugh off in instalments and keep Mike in the dark about all three facts, was Carolyn's method of squaring matters with her conscience. It ended in Mike's discovery of the triple deception, her fury and departure from home, prior to filing a petition for divorce in the Supreme Court against Michael Martin.

Hugh's attitude to the affair proved a complete surprise. Carolyn had never dreamed that on her account the rich playboy would cut out drinks, take on the managership of his flourishing furniture store and propose marriage. But though he introduced his father and took her over the apartment prepared for Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McKenzie, Carolyn couldn't bring herself to say "yes." She had had enough of marriage.

His invitation to join the house-party at his week-end cottage on the coast could less easily be refused. For a few days she could relax in the joyous knowledge that whatever sport was the order of the day, she would be Hugh's chosen companion.

He was in fact teaching her to fish from the foreshore, his arms guiding hers, lips refraining from touching the back of her head when Mattie's unmistakable voice sounded along the beach and Mattie's breathless figure came into view by the drawn-up boats.

"Carolyn . . . I'm sorry but I made Paul bring me. He's got to talk to you about Mike."

"Is he hurt?"

"No. He will be if you don't stop him from going to South America. He's got a job in the wilds and its a fifty-to-one chance he won't get back alive. He's only doing it on account of the big screw; says he must have it to give to you. Carolyn, you must stop him. The boat sails in an hour."

"Perhaps Mr. McKenzie would loan us one of his high-powered

cars," Paul put in. Hugh ignored the irony. "It's all very well," he said. "Is love a luxury only the poor can afford. Just because I have a million dollars why can't I love Carolyn too? If I take her down to the dock, I'll lose her."

"Please, Hugh."

"Then you are throwing me back like the fish we caught just now."

Despite the darkness, in the eyes searching hers, Carolyn saw the real man reflected. "Do you love him?"

Hugh persisted.

"No," she said untruthfully, "but I can't let anyone die over me."

"You can't keep me from that Carolyn. Let's go."

Doing ninety, the car reached the dock. Mike's fair head was distinguishable above the crowd moving up the gangplank. Carolyn seized his arm.

"Mike . . . Mike, you can't go. I'm your wife. I don't want you to do this for me. You promised to love and honour. . . ."

"Nonsense. The papers your lawyer served on me relieve me of that responsibility. Let me go."

"It's a grand gesture Mike and it isn't necessary."

"All ashore that's going ashore," shouted a steward. Mike moved resolutely towards the plank. "Won't you even stay if I keep house properly and learn to cook?" Carolyn entreated. Something stronger than love for Hugh was behind the words. Indeed she had forgotten him though he stood in the background talking hurriedly and emphatically to his chauffeur.

Moreover she didn't recognise Hugh's man as he came up to Mike and after some rather vague remarks about not liking his face, dealt an attempted knock-out. Instantly Mike closed with him. The two were still struggling when Paul joined the contest. The fight became general. Carolyn heard the hoot of sirens as the ship left the dock. Someone shouted "police." By the time two uniformed representatives of the law with one plain-clothesman arrived at the quayside, Paul's position justified the shout from Mattie. "He's dead."

"Just knocked out cold that's all," pronounced an officer kneeling.

"Who started this? Here you. . . ."

"This is a frame-up to keep me here. I can explain," protested Mike.

"Certainly," Carolyn declared. "I'm his wife and he's deserting me."

"Charged with assault and abandoning his wife," the officer repeated. "Take him to the patrol wagon." Seeing Mike hustled protesting into the vehicle, Carolyn tried her best powers of persuasion. "Officer we've been very naughty," she pleaded to Authority standing by the wagon door. "We were only fooling. You see I was trying to keep my husband from getting on the boat and he. . . ."

"Oh! you were trying to keep him from getting on the boat eh?"

"Get in there, get in there," ordered the plain-clothesman arriving on the scene. "Yes, I mean you, young woman." Stumbling in at the ungentle touch as the wagon started, Carolyn was too startled to realise that while she had been talking Mike had achieved an exit.

His cheery voice addressed her from the running board. "I'll get you out of this cage," he promised. "I do want my wife even if she is a goalbird. She put her face to the grille and touched Mike's lips. Neither of them saw Hugh alone on the quay blowing her a kiss.

Carolyn went with Mattie and alas came home with another new dress that wasn't, strictly speaking, wanted



*Racing and Wrestling!
Fillies and Follies!
Laughter and Lynn!*

RALPH LYNN

in

ALL IN

with

CERT A

**GINA MALO
JACK BARTY
CLAUDE DAMPIER**

*A silly ass gets
saddled with a
racing stable, a
wrestling stadium
and romance*

A
GAINSBOROUGH
PICTURE

Directed by
**MARCEL
VARNEL**



SHOWING EVERYWHERE DECEMBER 21ST AND ONWARDS

PREVIEWS

Criticisms of the LATEST FILMS

THE TENTH MAN

BRIAN DESMOND HURST, the director who was responsible for *Ourselves Alone*, has not been so successful in dealing with this adaptation of an early Somerset Maugham play as he was with the story of the Irish "troubles."

It seems to me that there are a lot of loose ends and too many scenes which do not lead anywhere in particular. Also, his tempo is far too leisurely and discursive and takes a long time getting into its stride.

Actually, the "meat" of the plot is contained in the last few sequences, and even though these do provide some strong, well-handled drama, they do not counterbalance the rather impersonal sense that characterises the opening.

John Lodge certainly expresses dominant power as a ruthless business man who had even married to advance his success and gain a lord as a father-in-law.

He acts well and brings to the role a forceful personality which brings him a meed of sympathy in spite of the unsympathetic nature of the part.

He is cast as George Winter who, when the picture opens, buys a gold mine solely because his business rival was in the market for it.

To provide the large sum of money required for its purchase he transforms trust stock to his own account.

George Winter is M.P. for a Liverpool division and his chances in a forthcoming election are seriously endangered by the fact that his wife, Catherine, had decided to divorce him; she had fallen in love

with another man and her husband had insulted her by flaunting his women in their home.

In spite of threats by George Winter she adheres to her purpose until it is brought home to her that the scandal will affect the career of the man she loves.

Having gained his point, Winter learns that the gold mine he bought is worthless.

He fights the election vigorously and wins, and in the course of it his wife learns to respect him more than she had ever done.

Then his election agent learns about the trust money and threatens him with exposure.

Rather than face prison, George Winter commits suicide—before he is told that a rich vein of ore had been struck in the apparently worthless gold mine.

While John Lodge is definitely sound and makes even his sudden change of attitude towards his wife seem plausible, Antoinette Cellier is not too good in the latter role.

Hers is a somewhat nebulous part and her acting stilted.

Athole Stewart gives a good character study of Winter's fatuous father-in-law.

As Ford, Winter's friend and election agent, Clifford Evans is very good indeed; he will be remembered, for his fine study of a gunman in *Ourselves Alone*.

An entirely superfluous subsidiary romance is introduced by Aileen Marson as Catherine's sister, and her fiancé. It is weak in conception and acting.

George Graves supplies a modicum of humour as one of the election committee and several minor characters are well drawn.

Election scenes are very well done and strike a realistic note, which atones in some measure for the vague sense of artificiality which colours the preceding sequences.

Technical qualities are good, but one feels that in attempting to pad out the main theme, which depends solely on a character study, the director has introduced too many rather meaningless little scenes instead of concentrating on sidelights more intimately connected with the central figure.

SABOTAGE

In attempting to transform Joseph Conrad's purely psychological novel *Secret Agent* into an action melodrama, Alfred Hitchcock has been a trifle ponderous and slow, but he has also used his characteristically pictorial imagination to give the story a sense of polished technique and competent craftsmanship.

The picture presents interesting characters and provides quite good entertainment although looked at dispassionately it is all rather vague and involved in plot.

It deals with a Mr. Verloc, the tool of a foreign agent, who ostensibly runs a small cinema but who is engaged in acts of sabotage for an interested unknown party.

His first achievement in this



Desmond Tester and John Loder in "Sabotage."

direction is to tamper with the power station of London and throw the city into darkness.

Verloc lives over the kinema with his wife and her young brother, Stevie; she had apparently married him to provide a home for the latter.

At the nearby greengrocer's, Ted, a detective, posing as a shop assistant is keeping his eye on Verloc as a suspect and his eye also smiles more kindly on his wife, Sylvia.

Verloc's employers, disappointed with the effect of the black-out on Londoners, commission their agent to place a bomb in Piccadilly Tube Station and blow up the Circus.

Meanwhile Ted has become more suspicious but because of a growing affection for Sylvia throws up the case and tackles Verloc frankly when he discovers several suspicious characters have visited him.

Unable, because he is being watched, to place the bomb in position himself, Verloc gives it in a parcel to Stevie to be delivered at the cloakroom at Piccadilly.

Delayed by the Lord Mayor's procession and other less important incidents Stevie is late and while travelling in a bus is blown to pieces.

Sylvia learns the news and stabs Verloc, while she is almost in an unconscious stupor, with a carving knife.

Ted arrives to arrest Verloc having obtained sufficient evidence, and learning of the tragedy tries to make Sylvia run away with him.

However, fate takes a hand and the man who had made the bomb and delivered it in the bottom of a cage of canaries comes to try and regain possession of the incriminating piece of evidence.

He has been trailed and finding himself surrounded blows the place to smithereens with a bomb.

Thus Sylvia is left free of suspicion and Ted is enabled to do his duty and pursue his romance.

The London atmosphere is exceptionally good and the scenes in crowded streets, in the little kinema, and elsewhere are presented with a full share of realism.

The vagueness about the real relations of Verloc and his wife and the motives underlying the attempted terrorism is somewhat disconcerting but it is minimised by the cleverness with which the principal characters are drawn.

The main climax in which Ted is blown to bits lost a lot of its effect, so far as I was concerned, by the fact that the suspense was unduly prolonged.

The various incidents which hold

up the boy's progress to his destination are ingeniously pictured but they would have been more effective if they had been curtailed.

As in all Hitchcock films, the detail touches are clever, but one feels sometimes that they are introduced more for their own sake than for furthering the development of the plot.

Oscar Homolka gives Verloc a suitable air of mystery and acts extremely well but as here presented one does not learn as much as one should about the man's true psychology which is the mainspring of the entire story.

Sylvia Sidney also acts well and rises to strong dramatic heights in the scenes where she receives the news of her brother's death. Her performance when, in the kinema, she laughs half hysterically at the antics of Mickey Mouse in "Who Killed Cock Robin?"—an ominous title—is fine.

Desmond Tester is natural and unaffected as Stevie and John Loder is sound as Ted.

An unusually good study of the "professor," a seemingly kindly man who deals in deadly bombs, is given by William Dewhurst; it has just the right sinister touch.

LIONEL COLLIER.

On the Screen Now

***THE BRIDE WALKS OUT
Radio. American. "A" certificate.
Marital comedy. Runs 80 minutes.

BARBARA STANWYCK.....	Carolyn Martin
GENE RAYMOND.....	A Bridegroom
ROBERT YOUNG.....	Hugh McKenzie
NED SPARKS.....	Mike's Friend
HELEN BRODERICK.....	Paul's Wife
ANITA COLBY.....	A Saleslady
VIVIAN OAKLAND.....	A Saleslady
WILLIE BEST.....	Smokie
ROBERT WARWICK.....	Mr. McKenzie
BILLY GILBERT.....	Donovan
EDDY DUNN.....	A Milkman
WARD BOND.....	A Taxi Driver
EDGAR DEERING.....	A Cop
WADE BOTELER.....	A Field Manager
JAMES FARLEY.....	A Store Detective
MARGARET MORRIS.....	A Secretary
HATTIE McDANIELS.....	A Maid

Directed by Leigh Jason. From story freely based on the film by Marjory Williams, see page 2A. Previewed November 28, 1936.

An amusing and generally very human little comedy which deals with the harassed married life of a young man who objects to his wife doing anything but housework, and a young woman who likes the unessentials of life, and seeing that her husband has not enough money to provide them, is ready to take a job in order to obtain them.

Barbara Stanwyck is very good as the wife though she is not called upon to exercise her histrionic ability to any very great extent, and Gene Raymond is sound as the

(continued on page 30)

Ginger Rogers

LOOK out at the book-stalls and newsagents for the lovely coloured picture of Ginger Rogers on the front cover of "Picturegoer Christmas Annual." This wonderful annual contains 100 all-photogravure pages for only sixpence. You will agree that never before has such an excellent feast of film fare been produced at this price—but it's selling out fast and you may miss your copy unless you get it at once.



What is Santa
Claus' telephone
number? My dear,
-"4711" of course!

For all the legion of sisters, aunts, nieces and feminine friends—"4711"! For brothers, uncles, nephews and others—"4711"! Gifts that ought to cost a fortune but don't! There is the inimitable "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne itself... a gift which carries the words "only the perfect is good enough for you!" Or something new, a real discovery—such as a bottle of the new "4711" perfumed Eau de Colognes—the world's loveliest toilet aid combined with adorable perfumes. "4711" provides heaps of other bright ideas, too—beautiful gift coffrets containing "4711" Beauty Aids, or Men's Toiletries. Here is Santa's own selection!



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(ABOVE) In its Gift Box, this bottle of 'Rhinegold' Eau de Cologne costs 5/3. Other bottles from 1/6 to 25/- . Bottles of 'Tosca' Eau de Cologne, many in special Christmas Coffrets, cost from 1/3 to 20/-

(RIGHT) In a special Gift Box as shown, the Standard Bottle of "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne costs 9/- Half size 5/- . Other bottles from 2/6 to 52/6



Gifts

BLUE & GOLD LABEL Ger. A 46

Other special Christmas Coffrets, many containing "4711" Beauty Aids as well as Eau de Cologne, cost from 2/9 up to 36/- . See the parfumeur.

LORD WARWICK

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Every Sunday in the
SUNDAY GRAPHIC



Reviews

LIONEL COLLIER

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

***THE BRIDE WALKS OUT
**THE INTERRUPTED HONEYMOON
**FORGET ME NOT
c**EVERYBODY'S OLD MAN

**HOT MONEY
**ALL IN
c**FANG AND CLAW
c**BORDER FLIGHT
*SHAKEDOWN

c**SKULL AND CROWN
*SONS O' GUNS
*CAFE MASCOT
cBOSS RIDER OF GUN CREEK

c***TRADER HORN (re-issue)

What the asterisks mean—

**** An outstanding feature.

*** Very good. ** Good.

* Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

(Continued from page 28)

husband for whom, however, one cannot raise much sympathy.

Most of that goes to Robert Young as a wealthy man-about-town who falls for the young bride, obtrudes himself on her company, and is ready to marry her when she walks out on her husband.

This love affair has the effect of reforming the lover who hitherto had been in the habit of walking about in a partially inebriated condition.

Two sound character studies are given by Ned Sparks and Helen Broderick as a very much married older couple who live in a perpetual state of quarrelling.

The extravagances of the young wife, the arrival of the broker's men, the intervention of the wealthy young man, the girl's efforts to keep her husband in ignorance about a job she had secured, which eventually leads to their temporary separation are all excellently depicted in a human and humorous manner.

The dialogue is bright and snappy, and Leigh Jason's direction is slick and sustains the interest very well.

**THE INTERRUPTED HONEYMOON

British-Lion. British. "A" certificate. Farce. Runs 72 minutes.

CLAUDE HULBERT.....Victor Hobson
FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN.....Alphonse
HUGH WAKEFIELD.....Uncle John
JANE CARR.....Greta
GLENNIS LORIMER.....Edith Holson
ROBB WILTON.....Henry Briggs
DAVID HORNE.....Col. Craddock
JACK HOBBS.....George
MARTITA HUNT.....Nora Briggs
JANINE BERRY.....Arlette
HELEN HAYE.....Aunt Harriet
WALLY PATCH.....Policeman
HAL WALTERS.....Valet

Directed by Leslie Hiscott.

Broad gags and bright slapstick make this good entertainment of its type, and Leslie Hiscott, the director, while not particularly well served by the dialogue puts plenty of action into the familiar situations common to a marital mix-up.

Claude Hulbert is in good form as Victor, who, newly married,

gets inadvertently involved with the wife of a jealous hotel proprietor, while Francis L. Sullivan is also most amusing as the husband in question.

As George, Victor's friend whose uncle gets mixed up with a girl friend, Jack Hobbs is sound, and Hugh Wakefield is well in character as the uncle.

The distaff side is well served by Glennis Lorimer, Jane Carr and Martita Hunt.

There is nothing very subtle about the proceedings but they succeed in being funny, and there is an excellent slapstick sequence dealing with an aeroplane.

**FORGET ME NOT

United Artists. British. "U" certificate.

Musical Romance. Runs 72 minutes.

BENIAMINO GIGLI.....Enzo Curti
JOAN GARDNER.....Helen
IVAN BRANDT.....Hugh Anderson
HUGH WAKEFIELD.....Curt's Manager
JEANNE STUART.....Irene
ALLAN JEAYES.....London Manager
RAY PETRIE.....New York Manager
CHARLES CARSON.....Arnold
RICHARD GOFÉ.....Bevenuto
Directed by Zoltan Korda. Scenario by Hugh Gray and Arthur Wimperis. Previewed August 27, 1936.

It is not the play but the singing of the famous tenor, Beniamino Gigli, that is the thing in this musical romance which will doubtless appeal to music lovers.

It succeeds in exploiting the tenor's voice well, but it does not give similar service to the slight plot.

Gigli is not a remarkable actor, but he manages to evoke sympathy as a husband who is fearful that his wife will fall again for her first love, after an affair with whom she had married him "on the rebound."

Joan Gardner's part as the wife gives her few opportunities, and the character remains rather aloof and cold.

Ivan Brandt is weak as the wife's first lover, but Richard Gofé is excellent as the tenor's small son by a former wife.

Zoltan Korda has directed the picture in a very leisurely manner, but it is polished and the settings, including shipboard and operatic sequences, well chosen.

The musical score is very good indeed.

c**EVERYBODY'S OLD MAN

Fox. American. "U" certificate. Business and romantic comedy. Runs 84 minutes.

IRVIN S. COBB.....William Franklin
ROCHELLE HUDSON.....Cynthia Sampson
JOHNNY DOWNS.....Tommy Sampson
NORMAN FOSTER.....Ronald Franklin
ALAN DINEHART.....Frederick Gillespie
SARA HADEN.....Susan Franklin
DONALD MEER.....Finney
WARREN HYMER.....Mike Murphy
MAURICE CASS.....Dr. Phillips
CHARLES COLEMAN.....Mansfield
RAMSEY HILL.....Earl of Spearforth
JOHN MILTERN.....Judge Larsen
WALTER WALKER.....Haslett
FREDERICK BURTON.....Aylesworth
HAL K. DAWSON.....Jameson
DELMA BYRON.....Miss Martin
HILDA VAUGHN.....Helen
Directed by James Flood from an original scene play by Patterson McNutt and A. E. Thomas. Previewed May 30, 1936.

Irvin S. Cobb, who has been hailed, quite unjustifiably, as the legitimate successor to the late Will Rogers, gives an exceedingly good performance as a wily and benevolent business man in this artless but nevertheless refreshingly human little story. His personality, incidentally, is all his own. He was a close friend of the late star's and is a noted journalist and author.

The story deals with his kindness to the extravagant and wilful children of his business rival who are left orphans on their father's death.

How he succeeds in bringing them to heel and engineers a romance between the daughter and his nephew is played with a sound sense of comedy values and human characteristics.

Rochelle Hudson and Johnny Downs are fair as the children whom the old man saves from ruin, and Norman Foster is well in character as his conceited nephew whom he also teaches a lesson.

**HOT MONEY

Warner. American. "U" certificate.

Business comedy-drama. Runs 73 minutes.

ROSS ALEXANDER.....Chick Randall
BEVERLY ROBERTS.....Grace Lane
JOSEPH CAWTHORN.....Max Dourfuss
PAUL GRAETZ.....Dr. David
ANDREW TOMBS.....Willie
HARRY BURNS.....Pasquale Romenetti
ED CONRAD.....Antonio Romenetti
ANNE NAGEL.....Ruth McElmney
FRANK ORTH.....Hank Ford
CY KENDALL.....Joe Morgan
ANDRE BERANGER.....Ed Biddle
JOE CUNNINGHAM.....Gus Vanderbilt
ADDISON RICHARDS.....Forbes
CHARLEY FOY.....Ratto
R. EMMETT KEANE.....Prof. Kimberly
ED STANLEY.....Joe Thomas
Directed by William McGann. Screen play by William Jacobs.

Quite an ingenious plot dealing with big business, and well written, snappy dialogue make this quite good entertainment. While humour represents the film's main asset it is not lacking in suspense values and good characterisation.

Ross Alexander turns in a very good performance as Chick, who floats a company formed to market a chemical which will turn water into petrol.

He is very bright in his "sales" talk, and is admirably backed up by Joseph Cawthorn as Max, his financial backer.

As the inventor of the chemical, who does the disappearing act and nearly causes Chick to abscond for the umpteenth time in his hectic career, Paul Graetz is admirable, whilst Beverley Roberts supplies the feminine interest with personality and charm.

**ALL IN

G.F.D. British. "A" certificate.

Broad farce. Runs 71 minutes.

RALPH LYNN.....Archie Slott
SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER.....Genesta Slott
ROBERT NAINBY.....Eustace Slott
GINA MALO.....Kay Toop
CLAUDE DAMPIER.....Samuel Toop
GIBB McLAUGHLIN.....Rev. Cuppleditch
W. GRAHAM BROWN.....Sir James Santor
JOAN KEMP-WELCH.....Agnes Santor
O. B. CLARENCE.....Hemingway
JACK BARTY.....Ting-a-Ling Tom
GARRY MARSH.....Lillywhite
GLENNIS LORIMER.....Kitty
FLEWASS LLEWELLYN.....Dean of Plinge

All-In-Wrestlers:
JACK PYE, JAN GOTCH, BOB GREGORY, ROUGH-HOUSE KING CURTIS, MIKE SULLIVAN, LEO WAX, LEGS LANGEVIN, CHOPPER SIMS. Directed by Marcel Varnel. Adapted from the play "Tattenham Corner," by Brandon Fleming and Bernard Merivale.

In spite of its artlessness there is plenty of broad slapstick fooling of a spacious order to provide you with laughs in this well directed farce; well directed because it's gags are well-timed.

It is the action more than the dialogue—which by the way allows for one or two quips which could well have been eliminated—that is amusing.

Ralph Lynn is in very good form as an asinine young man who is left a racing stable by his rich uncle, and falls in love with the daughter of the trainer.

The fun starts when his aunt, who had dominated him from youth, insists that he turn his legacy into a home for working girls. So Lynn becomes the rope in a tug-of-war between the Aunt, who hates gambling, and the girl who wants the racing stables to be kept up.

It resolves Lynn into buying a wrestling stadium, and it is here that the best of the slapstick incidents take place.

Jack Barty enters into these comic wrestling scenes with gusto, and excellent support comes from Sydney Fairbrother as the aunt, Claude Dampier as the trainer, and Gibb McLaughlin as a clergyman.

Gina Malo is delightful as the trainer's very attractive young daughter.

In spite of certain stage conventionalities, the picture provides quite good fun.

c**FANG AND CLAW

Radio. American. "U" certificate.

Documentary. Runs 63 minutes.

Secured by Frank Buck on a Malayan expedition.

Frank Buck, who led the Van Beuren expedition in the Malayan jungle, presents here another series of animal trapping on the same lines as those screened for *Bring 'Em Back Alive*.

More attention is devoted in this picture to the snares with which wild animals and birds are entrapped ready for transport to America.

Frank Buck is a good showman, but I feel that perhaps the stage artifices used to enhance the natural comedy and drama sometimes defeat their object by bringing a touch of artificiality.

The highlights of a production which will please all nature enthusiasts include the trapping of a tiger, the capture of a vanload of monkeys, and the snaring of a bird of paradise.

c**BORDER FLIGHT

Paramount. American. "U" certificate.

Spectacular melodrama. Runs 59 minutes.

FRANCES FARMER.....Anne Blane
JOHN HOWARD.....Lieut. (Senior) Dan Conlon
ROSCOE KARNs.....Calico Smith
ROBERT CUMMINGS.....Lieut. (Junior) Bob Dixon
GRANT WITHERS

Lieut. (Senior) Pat Domell
SAMUEL S. HINDS.....Commander Moseley
DONALD KIRKE.....Heming
MATTY FAIN.....Jettie
FRANK FAYLEN.....Jimmie
TED OLIVER.....Turk
PAUL BARRETT.....Radio Operator
Directed by Otto Lovering. Based on a story by Ewing Scott.

Unsophisticated and obvious story of the rivalry between two aerial coast-guards for the love of a girl.

One of them gets dismissed the service and joins up with crooks, which leads to Anne being kidnapped, and noble sacrifice on his part.

There is plenty of action and the aerial thrills are vivid but there is not much in the characterisations or in their interplay.

John Howard and Grant Witheres put up adequate performances as the rivals, and the supporting team do all they can with rather too obvious material.

Frances Farmer, who has since made a big hit in *Come and Get It*, displays that appeal and intelligence as the heroine which is going to carry her far up the stellar pathway.

*SHAKEDOWN

Columbia. American. "A" certificate.

Blackmail melodrama. Runs 56 minutes.

LEW AYRES.....Bob Sanderson
JOAN PERRY.....Edith Stuart
THURSTON HALL.....T. Gregory Stuart
VICTOR KILIAN.....Caretaker
GENE MORGAN.....Presto Mullins
HENRY MOLLISON.....Ralph Gurney
JOHN GALLAUDET.....Hawley
GEORGE MCKAY.....Spud

Directed by David Selman.

Improbable plot dealing with a blackmailer which introduces a murder mystery element. The picture has punch but not much plausibility.

Lew Ayres is vigorously fresh as a young engineer who is in love with his employer's daughter, and is instrumental in saving her from a

murder charge and rounding up a gang of blackmailers.

Joan Perry does well too, as the heroine who allows herself to be kidnapped so that her lover may rescue her and earn promotion; a scheme which leads to serious consequences.

As the father, Thurston Hall shows to advantage, and Henry Mollison makes an effective villain.

Action is rapid and there is a well developed thrilling climax.

*SKULL AND CROWN

Pathe. American. "U" certificate. Smuggler Melodrama. Runs 58 minutes.
RIN TIN TIN JR. Bob Franklin
MOLLY O'DAY. Ann Norton
JACK MULHALL. Ed
JACK MOWER. Zorro
JAMES MURRAY. Matt Brent
LOIS JANUARY. Barbara Franklin
TOM LONDON. Jennings
JOHN ELLIOTT. John Norton
ROBERT WALKER. Saunders

Directed by Elmer Clifton.

Simple story of a Government Agent who sets out to catch a notorious smuggler who has murdered his sister. For this purpose he resigns from the service and uses unorthodox methods which, with the help of his dog, enable him to bring the criminal to book.

Regis Toomey appears to advantage in this unsophisticated plot and Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr., is put through his canine paces effectively.

Action is quite fast and while it is all very familiar material it should please juveniles more especially.

*SONS 'O GUNS

First National. American. "U" certificate. War-time farce. Runs 79 minutes.

JOE E. BROWN. Jimmy Canfield
JOAN BLONDELL. Yvonne
BEVERLY ROBERTS. Mary Harper
WINIFRED SHAW. Bernice Pearce
JOSEPH KING. Colonel Harper
ROBERT BARRAT. Pierre
G. P. HUNTLEY, Jr. Capt. Ponsonby-Falcke
FRANK MITCHELL. Ritter
BERT ROACH. Vogel
ERIC BLORE. Hobson
CRAIG REYNOLDS. Lieut. Burton
DAVID WORTH. Arthur Travers
HANS JOBY. Fritz
MICHAEL MARK. Carl
OTTO FRIES. German Spy
MISCHA AUER. German Spy
Directed by Lloyd Bacon from the well-known stage play. Music and lyrics by Harry Warren and Al Dubin.

Dated war-time farce which exploits a type of humour more likely to appeal to audiences who were not brought up on the sophisticated farces of the present day.

Joe E. Brown works hard as Jim, a comedian, who refuses to enlist for active service, but joins the Army by mistake, goes to France, falls in love with a French barmaid, and, accidentally again, captures an entire German regiment.

The gags, however, are very familiar, as are the situations; however, the clowning is of a hearty, broad variety which will please the unsophisticated.

Eric Blore is good as Jim's valet who becomes a sergeant and is torn between duty and loyalty to his master, while Joan Blondell makes an attractive heroine.

The characters have very little in common with real life, which is one reason why the farce does not hold one.

*CAFE MASCOT

Paramount. British. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy. Runs 77 minutes.

GERALDINE FITZGERALD. Moira O'Flynn
DERRICK DE MARNEY. Jerry Wilson
GEORGE MOZART. George Juppely
CLIFFORD HEATHERLEY. Dudhope
RICHARD NORRIS. Nat Dawson
GEOFFREY CLARK. Benton
PAUL NEVILLE. Peters
JULIEN VEDEY. Vrancois
GEORGE TURNER. Miles
WALTER TOBIAS. Arthur
FRANK FORSYTH. Harcourt
VICTOR HAGAN. Henniker
Directed by Lawrence Huntington from a story by Cecil Lewis.

While not wholly convincing, there is quite a deal of charm

about this little romantic comedy. It is well directed and its technical qualities are sound.

Geraldine Fitzgerald gives a natural performance as a little Irish girl down in her luck who is befriended by two men, Jerry and Nat, also down on their luck; she has both charm and poise.

As the self-confident Jerry who finds a thousand pounds in notes and decides to use them to inspire confidence in business deals without spending them, Derrick de Marney is definitely good. Richard Norris is fair as his friend, Nat.

As a taxi driver in whose cab Jerry finds the money and who shares in the latter's rapid rise to success, George Mozart is amusing, and Clifford Heatherley gives a sound character study of a North country business man with whom Jerry has dealings.

The development of the theme is amusing although it is at times a little involved, while the romance is neatly introduced.

*BOSS RIDER OF GUN CREEK

General F.D. American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 57 minutes.

BUCK JONES. Lary Day
HARVEY CLARK. Gary Elliott
MURIEL EVANS. Pop Greer
TOM CHATTERTON. Startt Anderson
JOSEPH SWICKARD. Sheriff Blaine
LEE PHELPS. Lufe Turner
ERNEST HILLIARD. Sheriff Marsden
MAHLON HAMILTON. Ed Randall
ALPHONSE ETHIER. Red Vall
Directed by Les Selander.

Buck Jones plays a dual role in this highly conventional Western, turning on the hackneyed theme of mistaken identity. He acts as well as the traditions of the story material will allow him.

As the heroine, Muriel Evans has quite a deal of charm, but the support is weak.

Action and thrills are not nearly as vivid as they should be in an out-of-doors drama and there is far too much dialogue.

It cannot be described as a good example of its type.

*TRADER HORN (re-issue)

M.G.M. American. "U" certificate. Jungle melodrama. Runs 110 minutes.

HARRY CAREY. Trader Horn
EDWINA BOOTH. Nina
DUNCAN RENALDO. Peru
MUTIA OMOOLU. Renchero
OLIVE GOLDEN. Edith Trend
Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Screen play by Richard Schayer. Reviewed in the issue of October 17, 1931.

I am reproducing here a criticism of the picture when it was first released.

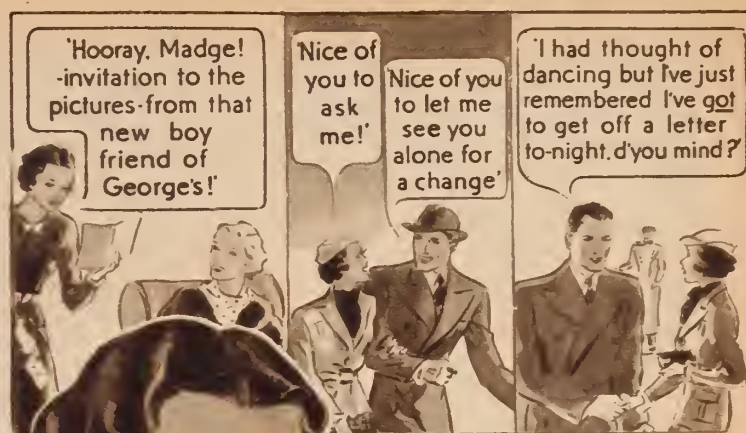
Easily the most remarkable jungle picture combining adventure, animal interest, drama and romance, that has yet been put on the screen.

The story, while somewhat improbable nevertheless forms a very efficient connecting link for the amazing pictures of native and animal life in Africa. It is based on an adventure of the late Aloysius Horn.

It is a great pleasure to see Harry Carey, one of the screen's most famous old-timers, giving a brilliant performance as Horn. It is a mystery to me why he has been allowed to drift into semi-obscurity.

Among the high-spots of adventure are crocodile-invested rivers, hazardous escapes from maddened natives, the killing of a lion single-handed by a native, and a fight between a number of lions over the carcass of an animal.

W. S. Van Dyke's direction is brilliant, as one would expect from the producer of that other pictorial triumph, *Shadows in the South Seas*.



'Thank goodness
that excuse made me think
—of Odo-ro-no

I HADN'T realised, you see, how a hot cinema can make one—well, offend. I'd trusted the honest old bath to keep me fresh, but—it just doesn't. Because perspiration goes stale and becomes unpleasant so very soon. So now I use Odo-ro-no—and keep fresh all day.'

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underarm
perspiration
and saves dresses



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What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

There Seems to be Something in These

I DISCOVERED upon looking in a reference book that the meaning of the name "Robert" is "bright in fame." Judging by the number of highly-successful actors who bear this name, I think this definition must be the right one. There are Robert Young, Robert Taylor, Robert Montgomery, Robert Donat, Robert Armstrong, and Robert Cummings, to name a few of those who are bright and famous. Therefore, to achieve fame, the rising young actor should apparently begin by calling himself Robert.

Whilst on the subject of names and their meaning, I found that the French word "claudé" means a simpleton. Three of the screen's best-known "silly asses" are Claude Dampier, Claude Hulbert, and Claude Allister, which seems a strange coincidence.—(Miss) M. Stonier, 30 Paignton Road, Liverpool, 16.



Robert Young

Try It Yourself!

It is not until the ordinary film fan starts amateur theatricals that he or she is able to realise the trials that beset those concerned in the making of a film. All those concerned in amateur dramatic societies and players, can appreciate the difficulty in assembling a suitable cast for a particular production.

They can also appreciate to the full the patience required when learning dialogue and can sympathise with the producer of any picture.

I myself can understand the common fault of over-acting. When one has a good part, one likes to make the very best of it and therefore is apt to unintentionally over-act.

When our amateur shows are compared with the polished films of to-day we are able to appreciate the genuine hard work and showmanship which puts the film industry where it is.—Harry A. T. Double, 16 Walnut Tree Walk, Stowmarket, Suffolk, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

Audience Reaction

There is sometimes as much entertainment in a cinema audience as there is in a cinema film!

Now and then one hears things.

We in the cheapest seats had sat through *The Devil is a Woman*. I was revolted but resigned. Instead of listening to PICTUREGOER WEEKLY I had let my admiration for Dietrich overcome my sense.

An old man behind was enthralled by her, but could not express himself. At last—"It was a rotten picture, but still sort of interesting!"

I once heard a boy of twelve enviously watching a love scene of Connie Bennett's say to a friend: "Don't you wish you were kissing her?" "No," came the stern reply, "It's purely mechanical."

Another time my dreary watching of *Back Street* was lightened by a little boy audibly counting the kisses!

Not all children are gangster mad. My enjoyment of one such picture was marred by a girl whining to her mother, "I don't want to

see this stinkin' picture! I don't want to see this stinkin' picture!"

Best of all, an unemployed man's opinion of *Funny Little Bunnies*. He said quietly, "That alone was worth my fourpence."—(Mrs.) A. Morgan, 47 Cum Celyn Roaa, Blaenau, Mon., who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

A Valuable Volume

I have just read the "Picturegoer's Who's Who and Encyclopedia (First Edition)" borrowed from the local library. I found it a very interesting volume and wondered if a more recent edition was published and the price of same. In reading the articles written therein—"Making a Film," by Victor Saville; "Make-up Art," by Arthur Kempner; "Property Rooms," by Rolf Berndt; "Conservation of Sound"; "Dressing the Stars," by Adrian; "Sound Effects and Hair Problems"; and finally "The Studio Accounting Department"—I began to realise how cheaply we view these costly productions.

I did not realise until I read this book what an enormous amount of money, time and care and detail is spent on making films which we are so fond of seeing and sometimes finding fault with. I was also surprised at the laws contained in the Cinematograph Act, another article in this very handy volume, which is one that all interested in kinemas, films and stars should buy or read, as it covers the whole industry from A to Z.—G. W. Ruston, 3 Hampden Street, Nottingham.

What the Deaf Want

I was interested to read in a recent PICTUREGOER WEEKLY the views of a blind man on film-going.

Perhaps you would care to hear of a deaf person's experiences.

Of course, the type of films we like are totally different from those a blind man finds enjoyable. Where he desires sound we desire action, and there are certain pictures which are impossible for us to enjoy.

Involved plots which depend chiefly on dialogue for disentanglement are, of course, out of the question. Similarly, comedies wherein the humour lies in the spoken word are irritating rather than laughable, though we can enjoy some good slapstick.

Mysteries and detective films are rather difficult to follow unless there is sufficient action to render them thrilling.

We prefer films with a minimum of dialogue, spectacular films, or simple, straightforward stories that do not involve strained listening.

However, thanks to your weekly previews and reviews of films, picture-going is much more enjoyable than it would otherwise be.—"One of the Deaf."

A Pick-me-Up

I feel I must write and tell you about your PICTUREGOER CHRISTMAS ANNUAL. It really is the best of all the film annuals this year, and has to be seen to be believed.

If any of your readers have the blues I advise them to spend sixpence on this wonderful "pick-me-up."—(Miss) M. Enderby, 84 Lees Hall Avenue, Norton Lees, Sheffield 8.

A Faithful Fan

About a couple of years ago several of us in the same form at school were very interested in the movies. Quite by accident we found ourselves taking the sides of various companies. One of the fellows was definitely a Garbo fan and he spoke for M.-G.-M.; another gave his

(Continued on page 34)

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hike!"



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WHO'S WHO

Nelson Eddy

Probably the only operatic baritone handsome enough to be a romantic film hero, Eddy was born in Providence on June 29, 1901. He first developed his voice as a boy soprano in church choirs. A job in an iron foundry was followed by ten years as a newspaperman in Philadelphia.

He took the plunge into a stage career in *The Marriage Tax* and soon became a star of the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company, making his New York debut with them in *Pagliacci*. Further opera engagements and concert and radio work built up his fame. With his first leading role in *Naughty Marietta*, Nelson Eddy established himself as a screen favourite, a position he has maintained and improved on in *Rose Marie*. He will be seen again with Jeanette MacDonald in *Maytime*.

The actor is 6 ft. tall, has blond hair, blue eyes; weighs 12 st. 5 lbs.

Sally Eilers

Was discovered by Mack Sennett when she visited Carole Lombard at the studio one day, and made good immediately.

Sally had moved to Hollywood from New York, her birthplace, with her family in 1926 and received part of her education at the Fairfax High School there, before setting out in search of extra work in films. For a long time after her initial success, however, she was just another Hollywood ingénue. Then came *Bad Girl* and fame.

Sally was one of the first of the Hollywood stars to come to work in English talkies—she appeared in *I Spy* in 1933 and she recently completed *Talk of The Devil* at Pinewood.

The star is 28 years old, 5 ft. 3 in. tall and weighs 7 st. 12 lbs.

Florence Eldridge

Is mostly content to play her real life role of Mrs. Fredric March, but has a distinguished acting record on the stage and has contributed some fine work to the screen in such pictures as *Les Misérables* and *Mary of Scotland*, in which she played "Queen Elizabeth." Her attitude is that an "occasional not-too-big part is good fun, even if I am only the star's wife."

Mrs. March, now 32, started in the chorus in 1918, and was an established New York favourite for years.

Mary Ellis

Mary Ellis, an American, reversed tradition by being discovered for the films by Britain. She made her first screen bow here in *Bella Donna*. Mary is a New Yorker; she was born and educated there and commenced her career at the age of 16 at the famous Metropolitan Opera House. In 1924 she created the title role in the Broadway production of *Rose Marie*, which was written specially for her.

Her other films include, *All the King's Horses*, *Paris In Spring* and *Fatal Lady*. The star is in her early thirties.

What Do You Think?—Cont.

support to Radio because of his liking for Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

As for myself, three of my favourites were (and still are) Jean Muir, Paul Muni and James Cagney; at any rate, I found that they belonged to Warner Bros.-First National, and this became my company.

The arguments we used to have waxed furious but quite friendly, and by the time we left school our knowledge of the films and our enthusiasm for them had increased very much.

Now, after a year's absence from school, I am still a Warner-First National fan—and since the beginning of 1934 I have seen 101 of the 130 odd films that company has released, including such epics as *I Am a Fugitive*, *The Wax Museum*, *G Men*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Captain Blood*.—W. Blake, 19 Hawarden Grove, Herne Hill, S.E.24.

Films and Bacon

At a local cinema, a fifteen minutes scratched and well-worn publicity film is screened, advertising shops in the vicinity. This film has been shown in every performance for more than a year. Since there are three shows daily, it has passed through the projector over 1,095 times.

Those who attend this theatre regularly are sick and tired of being forced to watch the same slogans, the same catch-phrases, and the same flickering white letters that jump about the screen, before the big picture is shown.

Is it right that the working man should pay his 1s. 6d. to be told to buy his bacon from So-and-so's stores? Surely it would be possible for the lights to be switched on during this fifteen minutes interval in order that he could read his newspaper.

I am curious to know whether this practice is carried on at other small town cinemas.—N. E. Lord, "Little Bedwell," High Street, Harlington, Middlesex.

Old Friends

Travelling around in odd corners of the country one often comes across an old friend, a forgotten film. It makes one exclaim, "Why, I saw that years ago!" Sometimes it would be as well to go in and re-live that old thrill.

I am not ashamed to say I experienced such

a joy last week. An old friend, *Squibs*, was billed. The cinema was little better than a cleansed cowshed, it was crowded to excess by at least 50 souls, but what hilarious joy the battered and torn old silent film of *Squibs* with Betty Balfour gave them, and I am not ashamed to admit I rocked with laughter just as I did when I saw it at least ten years ago.

I greeted it as an old friend, and there are other dear old films of a past age I should like to meet again.—G. V. Pepper, 50 Elspeth Road, S.W.11.

Thrilling Moments

Strange, almost all Mr. Barrymore's "thrilling moments" are M.-G.-M.!

Here are a few of mine.

Walter Brennan in *Three Godfathers* repeating "Gentle Jesus" before going out to die in the desert.

Vic McLaglen in *What Price Glory*, leaning on his rifle in bewilderment over the dead body of Barry Norton, while Leslie Fenton cries, "What price Glory now?"

Peter Lorre in *M*, on his knees before the Underworld.

The scene in *One Way Ticket* where Walter Connolly turns the guns on the convicts, although his own men are there, as prisoners.

Wagons rolling over the nameless grave of an old woman in *Covered Wagon*.

Antonio Moreno's face in *Mare Nostrum*, when he learns of his son's death.

Richard Dix in *Cimarron*, standing back to the camera, with the dead negro boy in his arms.

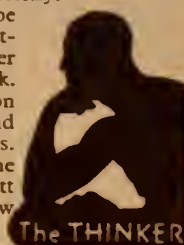
Emil Jannings in any big scene.

But why go on? Their name is legion!—"Memory."

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 is. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.



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Let GEORGE Do It!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

E. P. (King's Norton).—Write to the Houston Sisters, c/o this paper, and we will forward the letter on for you.

J. L. (Kent).—The issue of this paper Dec. 7, 1935, containing the portrait of Richard Dix is obtainable from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catharine Street, London, W.C.2, for 3d. post free.

G. H. (London).—You can only visit a film studio by a special permit obtainable from a Studio Executive.

R. D. K. (Tottenham).—(1) Yes, Boris Karloff took the role of Sport Williams in the film *Smart Money* with Edward G. Robinson and James Cagney. (2) Under *Cover Man*, in which George Raft appeared, was made at the end of 1932 and first shown in Feb., 1933.

E. H. (Hull).—Leslie Howard is at present appearing on the stage in America in *Hamlet*. (2) William Powell's latest film *Libelled Lady* and making *After the Thin Man* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. (3) Richard Cromwell making the *The Navy Eternal* for British International Pictures. (4) Fred Astaire, b. May 10, 1900.

GREEN EYES (Devon).—(1) Gary Cooper married Sandra Shaw; Virginia Bruce mar. John Gilbert (dec.). (2) Anna Neagle is of British nationality.

M. F. (Sheffield).—Ronald Colman's latest film *Lost Horizon* for Twentieth Century Fox Studios.

F. B. (Bristol).—Latest films: Nelson Eddy, *Maytime*; Bing Crosby, *Pennies from Heaven*; Robert Taylor, *Camille*.

INTRIGUED (Edinburgh).—(1) Tom Helmore plays a leading role in *The Right Ace To Marry*, that of Stephen (released Oct. 21, 36). (2) No, Franchot Tone did not appear in *Captain Courageous*. (3) Write to Tom Helmore, c/o Radio British and John Stuart, c/o British International Pictures. (4) Ralph Bellamy's latest film, *The Man Who Lived Twice* (Columbia).

I. K. A. (Faversham).—(1) Fletcher Christian, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, lived the remainder of his life on the island, Pitcairn, where his descendants still live now. (2) Peter Heywood was not in the film of *Mutiny on the Bounty*; Roger Byam was a fictitious character in the film. (3) Pitcairn Island was uninhabited when Christian reached it. The language spoken there now is a mixture of Tahitian and English. (4) Yes, Otaheite, the name mentioned in the book is the same as Tahiti. (5) Copies of the book obtainable from J. M. Dent, 10 Bedford St., W.C.2. 1s. 9d. post free.

A DEREK OLDHAM FAN (Cheshire).—*Melody of My Heart*, Butcher, was released Sept. 28, 1936, and *Charing Cross Road*, British Lion, Jan. 27, 36, so, as they have not reached your town yet I suggest you write to the film companies and make enquiries as to whether or not you are likely to see these films.

B. P. (Finchley).—Write to Ralph Bellamy, c/o Columbia.

D. H. (Bow).—Chic Sale's latest film *Man Hunt* for First National.

OPTIMIST.—(1) Nova Pilbeam did not appear in *The Great Defender*. (2) *The Tales of Hoffman* was announced as a vehicle for Nelson Eddy, but nothing definite has been

settled yet. Other films scheduled for him are *The Silent Night and Command Performance*, both with Jeanette MacDonald. (3) *The Water Nymph*, by Yves Mirande, was made into the film, *Man of the Moment*, with Douglas Fairbanks, jun., and Laura La Plante starring. (4) Leslie Howard is at present appearing in *Hamlet* in America and has not decided on any future films. (5) Robert Taylor did not sing in *Small Town Girl*. (6) Yes, John Loder sang himself in *Queen of Hearts*.

L. C. (Devon).—We did not publish a centre spread or the story of *In Person* in this magazine. (2) Ginger Rogers at present making *Mother Carey's Chickens*.

CURIOUS (Durham).—Patrick Waddington b. Aug. 19, 1903; Ed. Gresham's School, Holt, and St. John's College, Oxford (M.A.); hobbies, sailing riding, and dancing. Write to him c/o British International Pictures, where he made *I Give My Heart*.

CURIOUS FILM FAN (Merthyr Tydfil).—Thomas Beck took the part of the young hero in *Charlie Chan in Egypt* and was in *Music in Magic*, with Bebe Daniels. He was b. New York City; 6 ft., 168 lb. Latest film, *White Fang*.

EGAR (Malvern).—Hans Sonker, age 30; blue-grey eyes, brown hair, 6 ft. 1 in.; married. Appeared in *Faithful* with Jean Muir for Irving Asher.

DAINTY (Durham).—Anne Shirley took the role of Anne in *Anne of Green Gables*.

LODER MAD.—John Loder's latest film is *King Solomon's Mines*, for Gaumont-British Studios.

J. M. R. (Walmer).—(1) Latest films: Gene Raymond, *Street Girl*, for Radio; Gary Cooper, *The Plainsman*, for Paramount; Jack Buchanan, *This'll Make You Whistle*, for British and Dominions; Ronald Colman, *Lost Horizon*, for Twentieth Century-Fox Studios; Randolph Scott, *High, Wide, and Handsome*, for Paramount; Myrna Loy, *After the Thin Man*, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Leslie Howard is appearing in *Hamlet* on the stage in America.

W. F. (Kent).—(1) *The Devil Takes the Count* released Feb. 22, 1937. (2) Stills of David Copperfield may be obtainable from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Co., Ltd., head offices.

M. E. H. (Angus).—(1) No, Edna May Oliver and the Edna May of *Belle of New York* fame are not the same person. (2) Edna May (Pettie) was born Syracuse, New York, Sept. 2, 1878; married Oscar Lewisohn. She retired from the stage in 1907, but returned for one week in 1911 in her old part in *The Belle of New York* for a series of performances given in aid of the Prince Francis of Teck Memorial Fund. (3) Edna May Oliver, b. Boston, Mass., U.S.A., Sept., 1885; married D. W. Pratt (mar. dis.); real name, Nutter. Is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and her latest film was *Romeo and Juliet*.

TERRY (Wallasey).—(1) Nils Asther's latest film, *Make Up* for Standard International Productions. (2) Leslie Banks at present appearing in *Till the Cows Come Home* at St. Martin's Theatre, London W.C.2. (3) Nova Pilbeam is to make *Non-Stop New York*. (4) Yes, Leslie Howard's daughter, Leslie, is to appear in *National Velvet*.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

A club for GEORGE FORMBY, run under the personal supervision of Mr. Formby and his wife, has recently been formed. An autographed photograph and the club magazine, published every other month, will be sent to each member. This club hopes soon to be able to establish branches in the provincial towns to hold social and other gatherings for the enjoyment of members. There is a small subscription which, after expenses have been deducted, is devoted to the Wireless for the Blind Ex-Service Men Fund. All those interested should write to GEORGE FORMBY'S CLUB, A.T.P. Studios, Ealing, London, W.5, for full particulars.

All readers interested in the BRIAN LAWRENCE FAN CLUB should write to the secretary, Miss Barbara Williams, 5 Fen Pond Road, Ightham, near Sevenoaks, Kent.

A fan club for MISS NOVA PILBEAM is in course of formation. Full particulars can be obtained from Mr. John T. Bennett, 37a Wrotham Road, Gravesend, Kent.

THE MERLE OBERON FAN CLUB welcomes new members. All interested should write to the secretary, Miss Dorothy Hacking, 110 Rectory Road, Burnley, Lancs.

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply.

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Leave IT to ANNE

PLEASE accept the title of this article as an invitation to pass on your worries to me. Send a stamped addressed envelope with your query and address your letter to Anne, "The Picturegoer," Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

NATURALLY, you wish to look your best at Christmas. There is every reason why you should. A shampoo and set, carefully chosen make-up skillfully applied, and behold, the plainest Jane is turned into an attractive young woman.

For the benefit of young girls who are going to use make-up for the first time this Christmas, and may be for those who are not quite sure if they have the correct technique, shall we take this beauty business step by step?

There are a number of simple rules. If you follow these one by one, the result must be success.

Make-up must be applied to a skin that is scrupulously clean. The normal skin is best cleansed with soap and warm water. A rubber sponge or complexion glove helps to tone up the pores. A dry skin should be prepared with complexion milk applied on a pad of cotton wool squeezed out of cold water. Oily skins should be splashed with cold water and a skin tonic applied.

Next comes the foundation cream—a special cream if your skin is dry. On the other hand, if it is greasy, use a foundation lotion. Apply a spot of the cream to cheeks, forehead, chin and nose. Rub it in with the finger tips, working away from the middle of the face. When this operation is complete the cream will have disappeared and the skin will be just moist and velvety.

A liquid foundation is dabbed on with a pad of cotton wool on the same places as the cream, and worked in with the finger tips. Any that remains unabsorbed is wiped off with cotton wool.

Rouge

Use a compact rouge for normal and oily skins, and a cream rouge for dry skins. The order of using is different. A cream rouge is applied directly after the foundation. A compact rouge is applied after powdering.

If using a cream rouge, place two or three tiny dabs on the parts of the cheeks you wish to colour. Blend in very lightly with the finger tips, working out the edges so that they merge into such natural colour as you have. There must be no hard edges. The colour must neither begin nor end. Be quite sure, too, that you apply the colour equally to both cheeks, and in the same positions.

A broad face needs the rouge placed well in towards the nose, thus minimizing the white spaces left in the middle of the face. A long narrow face looks best with the rouge more widely spaced. If you have high cheek bones, place the rouge low. If the cheeks are hollow, rouge but very lightly in the hollows.

Compact rouge is applied with the small pad provided and the edges smoothed out in the manner described above.

There is great art in powdering. If you use a swansdown puff, shake out the surplus powder before you dust it over your face. If it is a lamb's wool puff, apply the powder with pats. Begin with the chin and follow with the cheeks, nose and, lastly, the forehead. Now take your soft "baby" brush, wiping off all surplus powder. This should never be omitted. It gives a remarkably soft bloom to the skin and prevents that over-powdered look.

Finally, take a scrap of butter muslin, moistened with cold water, and remove all powder from your lashes and eyebrows.

After foundation, rouge and powder, comes eye make-up. If you use eye shadow, apply it lightly with the finger tips to the upper lids

only. Blend it upwards and outwards. No hard edges, please.

Moisten the eyelash brush with a tiny bit of vaseline and brush the lashes. Take the tiny brush and comb sold for the purpose and groom the eyebrows. Dip the damp eyelash brush into the eyelash cosmetic and lightly brush on upper lashes only. Use upward strokes to encourage the lashes to curl.

If an eyebrow pencil is used, sketch the brows in with short, light strokes. Take care that your pencil is approximately the colour of your hair, or lighter. There is nothing more ageing than brows shades darker than the hair.

Lipstick

Lipstick should be applied to the centre of the upper lip first, blending out the colour with the tip of the little finger so that it becomes fainter towards the corners of the mouth. Then colour the lower lip, but let it be fainter than the upper lip. Heavily rouged lower lips are very ugly. When the colour is well distributed, take a tissue or a scrap of butter muslin and remove all smears. Take care not only of the edges, but of the corners of the mouth. Smudginess there is fatal to good make-up.

Wash your hands to remove all traces of rouge and lipstick, and apply cream and powder, or liquid powder, to your neck. If in evening dress, apply it also to back and arms. Rub in your hand lotion and your make-up is complete.

These rules reduce make-up to a simple formula and, if it is carefully followed, you must be successful.

Of course you have chosen lipstick that tones with the powder and rouge, and a powder that is suitable for your skin. Do not choose too light a powder. So many women make this mistake. Remember also that in the evening you can wear brighter shades of make-up than in the day time. Electric light takes about three tones from all shades.

Answers to Correspondents

Hoping.—See an early issue of this paper. I am devoting an article to packs.

Bandy.—Your make-up should be as follows: Powder, Gitané; rouge, peche cendré; lipstick, foncé.

V. Tweed (Tottenham).—A weather cream as a powder base would help to prevent redness. Apply calamine lotions at night time.

Fifteen.—Use a liquid powder base in peach tint. Send a stamped addressed envelope for full treatment for blackheads and pimples.

E. D. (Reading).—Why not buy your little nephews and nieces some good toffee? I can thoroughly recommend "Palm" toffee and you can get some really attractive tins.

Nineteen.—As you are 19 with a slim, good figure, there is no reason why you should take to corsets if you do not wish to. Do some exercises each day to keep your slimmest. As your face is long, you should not wear your hair long. Give width at the sides by keeping hair flat on top and fluffing it out softly at the sides, with only half the ears uncovered.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to **GERALD BEARD**, Park Road, Guildfield, Montgomery, for:—

Valiant is the Word for Carrie
She
Pursued
King Kong

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to: **MISS C. KERRACHER**, 22 Holyrood Road, Edinburgh, Scotland, for:—

Personal Maid's Secret
Let's Talk It Over
What Happened Then?
Blackmail

M. DAWSON, 22 Hardiman Road, Drumcondra, Dublin, I.F.S., for:—

The Imperfect Lady
In Search of Beauty
Cleaning Up
Freckles

MISS MARY MOUNSEY, Lane End House, Hoyland Common, near Barnsley, for:—

The Nit Wits
Crazy People
Mad Hatters
Are These Our Children?

A. HUGGETT 24 Greatfields Road, Barking, Essex, for:—

Holiday
Rain
Stormy Weather
Grumpy

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee and there are no other rules, except that I must insist that your titles be submitted on a postcard and only one attempt on each card. **GUY BEACON.**

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The Picturegoer Weekly.
No. 292 (New Series), Vol. 6

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

December 26, 1936

Picturegoer

The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

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WEEKLY



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Picturegoer-The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

All the GOSSIP

HOLLYWOOD stars have taken a fortune out of British films during the year that is just ending.

The results so far, have not been strikingly successful, though it is a pleasant seasonal thought that we have been able to provide some of our importations with a Christmas dinner they might have had to go without had they been left to rely on the current demand for their services in the Coast film capital.

Nevertheless, the English studios are rapidly acquiring a bad name among the front-rank American stars.

Stories (whether circulated through the legitimate or imagined complaints of the stars concerned or manufactured by Hollywood's own powerful propaganda machinery) of stellar troubles encountered in production here are doing a lot of harm to our newly-won film prestige.

Alleged Grievances

Among the alleged grievances of stars who have worked here recently are "sudden changes in scripts and directors, failure to start on time, inability to get the right leading men or women and other troubles that do not occur in Hollywood or are quickly overcome there."

The "temperament-trying problems" faced by Constance Bennett, Miriam Hopkins and Ann Harding are mentioned, among others, in the Hollywood trade press as examples why "the enthusiasm of big American names for British film gold is cooling."

This is an issue that should be brought into the open. The actresses concerned should either publicly disassociate themselves from these stories or justify their charges.

More New Film Faces

Nineteen thirty seven, as I have indicated here, will be a year of new screen faces. Last week I told you something of Paramount's "white hopes."

Now Universal introduces its entries in the stardom stakes. Among them are Deanna Durbin, the 13-year-old Hollywood schoolgirl who was discovered by Eddie Cantor, and Doris Nolan, both of whom are already known to PICTUREGOER readers.

Here are some other names for those new notebooks from Santa Claus. The studio has big plans for Jack Dunn, the handsome British Olympic games skating champion, Henry Hunter, an acquisition from radio; Dave Oliver, a comedian, who was a newsreel cameraman a few months ago, and Robert Whitney, a former San Francisco steamship office clerk.

They hope to find a second Clark Gable somewhere in the batch.

Magazines to Movies

In the feminine sex appeal department, the company offers Janice Jarratt, of Texas, official sweetheart of the Texas Centennials and known as the most photographed girl in America. Janice went to Hollywood via the magazine covers.

Since the studio's success with Jane Wyatt, formerly of the famous New York "400," the casting office has smiled favourably on the aspiring society girls. There are no fewer than three in the new list: Marjorie Gage, who appears, appropriately, in *Top of the Town*, Polly Rowles, daughter of a Pittsburgh steel king, who will be seen in *Love Letters of a Star*, and Lynn Gilbert, a member of Chicago's upper ten.

A Second Taylor?

Meanwhile, the most formidable candidate for the title of "second Robert Taylor" is Tyrone Power, jun.

We have seen Power, so far, in comparatively small parts in *Girls' Dormitory* and *Ladies In Love*.

He did very well, but it was against the advice of all the experts that Darryl Zanuck cast him in the male lead of *Lloyds of London*. After the pre-view, however, the film capital was acclaiming a new star.

The "Hollywood Reporter" describes his performance as a triumph that will send him to the top of the tree as soon as *Lloyds of London* reaches the screens. "He is," it adds, "another Taylor type, but better at this stage of his development than was Taylor."

Shirley's Christmas Present

One of Shirley Temple's first Christmas presents was from a studio worker and took the form of a 9-weeks-old Pekingese puppy, which she promptly christened "Ching-Ching,"

Christmas Greetings

PICTUREGOER and its staff take pleasure in wishing readers a Merry Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year.



Jane Hamilton and Betty Grable take this neat way of greeting the fans. It's a pity they couldn't give us a little of that Californian sunshine as well.

after a character she plays in *Stowaway*.

Shirley already had two dogs—a cocker spaniel named Rowdy, and Corky, a wire-haired terrier; but Ching-Ching is so tiny that he is able to be her constant companion on the set—in a basket.

The Boosting of the Breen

Has Shirley passed the peak of her popularity? Sol Lesser thinks so and is gambling a fortune on his opinion.

Lesser is embarking on a big campaign to establish Bobby Breen as the ruling infant prodigy.

The first film with the eight-year-old boy, *Let's Sing Again*, was unusually successful and with the second, *Rainbow On the River* now ready for release, elaborate plans are being made.

The average sum spent on exploiting a big feature is a little more than £20,000. Over

(Continued on page 4)

(Continued from page 3)

£50,000 has been appropriated for advertising the new film in America alone.

Bette Returns

Marked Women, a night-club-cum-gangster story, has been chosen as the first picture for Bette Davis on her return to the Warner fold.

It will be directed by Lloyd Bacon. In the meantime Bette is entertaining the film colony with the story of her London adventures. Bette, it seems, replenished her wardrobe while she was here, spending some hundreds of pounds, but waited in vain for the bills to arrive. Inquiries revealed that the shopkeepers knew she was a film star, but thought she was Constance Bennett.

It is not quite clear who was the most annoyed, Bette who thought everyone knew her by now, or Connie, who got the bills.

Historic Film

Queen Elizabeth, the screen's first feature-length film, which was made in 1912, will be shown again next month as part of the Adolph Zukor jubilee celebrations. Zukor has been the head of Paramount for a quarter of a century.

Queen Elizabeth marked the beginning of a new era in entertainment and the end of one of the most illustrious careers in the history of the theatre.

Sarah Bernhardt was long past her best when she appeared in the picture. It was one of the most pathetic episodes in her career. Her fortune dissipated and her health and one leg gone, the poor old woman was propped up in front of the camera—to earn a little money.

The four-reel movie has, perhaps, preserved something of her art for the future. And it is fitting that the name of the great tragedienne will always be associated with the birth of the kinema as we know it to-day.

Alison on the War Path

The latest outburst of temperament comes from Alison Skipworth.

Miss Skipworth, who has for years held the record of being the screen's most complacent actress, broke down the other day on the *White Hunter* set after her first look at the stand-in selected for her.

A blood-curdling scream escaped the usually composed Miss Skipworth. "I'm not that fat," she cried wildly. "I've never been that fat!"

It took the combined efforts of Director Cummings, Warner Baxter, June Lang, the stand-in and a pair of scales to placate her.

Alison won the day by weighing in forty pounds lighter.

Stars and Civil War

The Spanish civil war is having its minor repercussions in the film world. Madeleine Carroll is one of the stars who own property there.

Grace Moore is trying to rescue her niece, Luisita Parera, from battle-wracked Madrid.

Grace proposes to adopt the child, who is four years old, and she has sought the assistance of the U.S. government and the American Ambassador in getting the little girl out of Spain.

Polite, Anyway

The best film test story I have heard for some time comes from Radio and concerns that studio's new discovery, John Gordon.

He had to make a test for a lead in a picture with Margo and the script called upon him to kiss the young lady.

According to the official account he kissed, blushed and exclaimed "Gee, thanks!"

Van Dyke's Little Joke

They are still having fun on the *After the Thin Man* set. In one scene, William Powell had to be incarcerated in prison with several young ladies.

After securely locking the party in a cell, Director Woody Van Dyke called the lunch interval and marched the crew off the set.

Van Dyke is full of little gags like that. Also in the film is a Broadway newcomer, Sam Levene.

After the first rehearsal the director asked Levene to show more of his profile. Levene complied and they went over it once more. Van Dyke asked for still more profile and he got it and they shot the scene.

"How was I?" asked Levene. "I don't know," replied Van Dyke, "you aren't in this scene."

Sonja Got Her Own Back

Hollywood seems to spend most of its spare time practical joking. When Clark Gable arrived at a radio studio the other night to play George Washington in an air version of *Valley Forge*, he found his dressing-room littered with cherry trees and miniature axes, while on the mirror was a sign proclaiming him the "Father of His Country." It was suspected to be the work of Carole Lombard. Gable retorted by sending her a sixpenny pop-gun for her birthday.

Sonja Henie, the European skating star, who came in for the usual initiation, seems to have got her own back.

One day the star excitedly called the cast and director to a corner of the rink. "Look!" she cried in alarm, pointing to long, white worms in the ice, "Ice worms! They'll ruin the rink and cost the studio thousands!"

What could they do, asked the assembled

scene stealing often became a gentle but unfair art.

"The scene stealer, to be accurate, is a person who dominates a scene which he is not intended to. He does it wilfully. The star may be speaking lines which are important and all attention should be directed to the star. The scene stealer will draw that attention to himself by some trick such as pulling out a handkerchief, doing pantomime or clearing his throat.

No One Likes a "Scene Stealer"

Youngsters on the stage sometimes do this because they think it's smart or because they want to be noticed," the actor adds. "They soon learn better. Usually an old hand at all the stage tricks will give the youth the trimming of his career.

"No one likes a real scene stealer. He not only hurts other players, but helps ruin a play, where interest is lost in the major plot, and also mistreats the audience by coaxing them off on a blind alley.

"But picture or play stealers! Ah, that's different. A picture stealer is someone who is so ideally suited to his part, is such a grand actor or has such a fine part that his role just naturally stands out. He is a credit to acting and a benefit to any picture. That's not scene stealing. I'd prefer to call such a man a scene stand-out."

Desmond Raises His Standard

The unique fan-mail map at the Gaumont-British studios is well known. It is a large map of the world, dotted with tiny coloured flags which indicate the places from which come the film fans' letters to their screen favourites.

Each star has her own particular flag. Jessie Matthews' is red, Jack Hulbert's brown, Anna Lee's admirers wave the green standard, Cicely Courtneidge has a black pennant, Sonnie Hale's is orange and Nova Pilbeam's colour is yellow.

Fans are now taking an interest in young 16-year-old Desmond Tester, who gave the brilliant portrayal of the youthful King Edward VI in *Tudor Rose* and who is to be seen with Sylvia Sidney and Oscar Homolka in Hitchcock's thriller *Sabotage*.

Many letters have been arriving at the G.B. studios for him and young Desmond was told he could now have his flag on the fan-mail map.

He returned the other day with his own design and now, poking its sinister head among the reds, yellows and greens which cover the world, is the grim black and white emblem of the skull and crossbones.

Search for "Carmen"

One of the most acute problems at present confronting Paramount is that of finding the ideal "Carmen," for the production on the screen of the celebrated opera of that name.

A world-wide search is now being undertaken, and William LeBaron, managing director of production, has been conferring with Frank



Youth and age. Bobby Breen and May Robson in "Rainbow on the River." The eight-year-old star is after Shirley Temple's crown.

crowd. Sonja explained that ice worms work only in the dark, so for the entire day the director had a couple of electricians training lights on the infected ice areas.

When two more were hired to keep the lights going all night, Sonja admitted putting strips of material in the water before it was frozen to give the cast the worm scare.

Try This At Your Party

Aнна Lee sends me an idea for the Christmas festivities—snap-dragon.

Anna puts almonds and raisins in a dish, pours brandy over them, and sets it alight.

The game apparently is to eat the almonds and raisins while they are still flaming!

Last year the G.B. star gave a Christmas party to all the policemen on the beat in the vicinity of her home on Bankside. Snap-dragon was the success of the evening.

Morgan Pleads "Not Guilty"

Franks Morgan has been accused of scene stealing so frequently that he thinks it time that the distinction between scene stealing and picture stealing was pointed out. "I would be proud to be called a picture stealer," he says, "but it's fighting words with me if anyone refers to me as a scene stealer."

"A scene stealer is a detestable sort of chap," the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer actor explains. "Movies adopted the word from the stage, where



Lloyd, who will probably direct the film. It is possible that a young actress, not well known to picture-goers, but possessing a beautiful operatic voice, will be chosen for the principal role.

Oakie Goes Operatic

Ordinarily Lily Pons sings to others, but in one scene of her latest picture, which has now, finally we hope, been titled, *That Girl From Paris*, the world-renowned grand opera star played the role of listener while Jack Oakie did the singing.

Oakie modestly admitted that he reaches his greatest vocal heights when singing to, or with, an opera star, because he "thrives on competition."

Songs from the Shows

One of the new H.M.V. recordings which is likely to prove most attractive to fans is DH1537, on which Jeannette Macdonald and Nelson Eddy sing "The Indian Love Call" from *Rose Marie* and "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" from *Naughty Marietta*. They are both excellently rendered.

Cain and Mabel is represented by "I'll Sing You a Thousand Love Songs," sung by Denny Dennis on BD390.

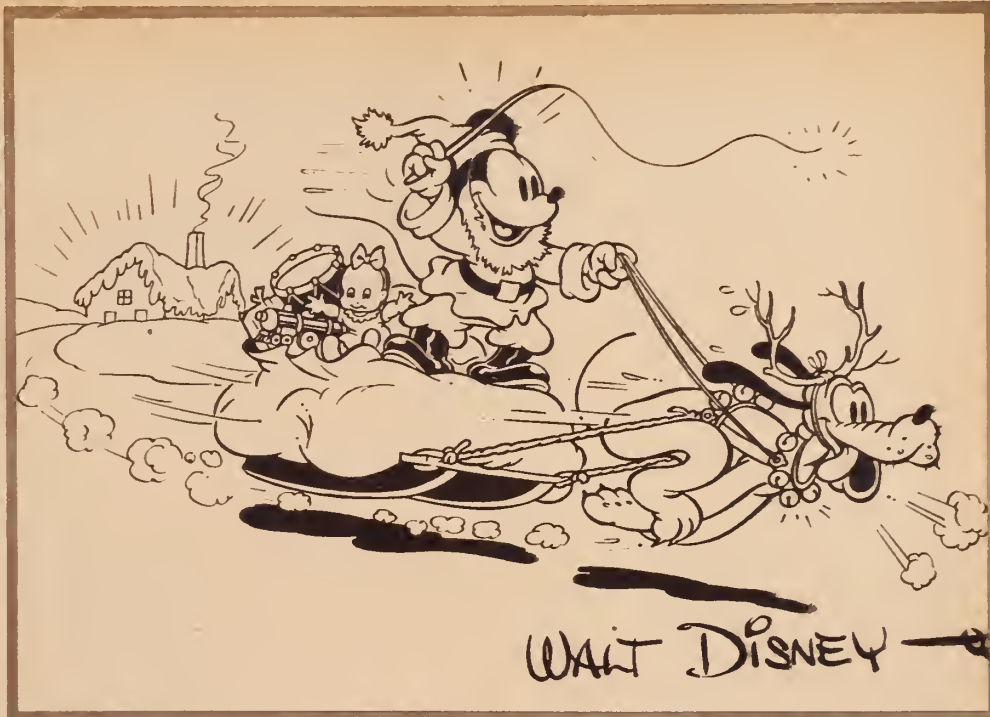
The famous opera star, Beniamino Gigli, who starred in *You Are My Life*, gives a brilliant rendering of the title aria on DA1537 and on the reverse a highly melodious ballad, "Night In Venice."

—And Dance Music

BD5129. The Four Stars present a somewhat dull instrumental orchestration of "One Rainy Afternoon," from the film of that same name, while on BD5138, Roy Fox gives a spirited rendering of "I'll Sing You a Thousand Love Songs" from *Cain and Mabel*.

Jack Hylton's contribution this month consists of two numbers from *Sing Baby Sing*—the theme song of "You Turned the Tables on Me." A fairly good effort on BD5127.

Hylton also presents, on C2883, a party, the



Introducing Mickey Mouse in the role of Santa Claus with Pluto the Pup disguised as a reindeer.

guests of which include Tommy Handley, Nelson Keys, Tom Webster and Jack Barty. The humour is of a rather crude order, but Jack Barty manages to score a good laugh here and there.

A real laughter tonic is provided by Leslie Henson and Fred Emmery on C2888. They present the German commissionaire scene from *Seeing Stars* and the middle scene from *Swing Along*; both are excellent.

For the children, there could be nothing more fitting than "Mickey's Grand Opera" and "Orphans' Benefit," both on BD382. While "Nursery Rhymes," played by Wayne King and his Orchestra on BD5134, provide another item eminently suited to children.

A Quarter-Century

My colleague, Guy Beacon, has been reading "Twenty-five Years of Films," by G. R. Doyle, recently published by the Mitre Press at 10s. 6d.

Four of the comedians in "Top of the Town" serenade Ella Logan. Left to right: Gregory Ratoff, Mischa Auer, Ella, Hugh Herbert and Henry Ammetta.



He says: "I find it hard to decide to which 25 years the title of this book refers, as its scope covers a period from 1885 to *Things to Come*—a half-century span.

"It is also interesting to speculate when it was written, as many recent changes appear to have entirely escaped the author's attention; for instance, he solemnly records the fact that 'Pictures' has changed to a monthly magazine called 'Picturegoer.' Quite a number of his readers could inform him that the monthly changed to a phenomenally popular weekly in 1931.

"It is obvious that Mr. Doyle's heart is in the pre-talkie period; he can apparently see little good in talking pictures, and views the whole business of film-making (with a few surprising exceptions) with cynical amusement as a butt for his somewhat mordant though frequently effective witticisms.

"As a permanent record of early attempts in film-making, however, the book has undoubted value to the historian or the antiquarian.

Start 1937 Well

Here's one New Year resolution that you shouldn't have any difficulty in keeping, if you act early, of course—and one that, unlike some New Year resolutions, will give you a great deal of pleasure. Make up your mind not to miss next week's PICTUREGOER, a magnificent double number that will ensure a Happy New Year for filmgoers by enabling them to get the best out of the film entertainment to come. The Film Guide to the programmes of 1937, compiled by PICTUREGOER experts, will tell you the pictures to see, while on other pages producers, directors and stars let you into the secrets of their schedules and plans.

Among the many contributors are Charles Laughton, who discloses his "Five Year Plan," Errol Flynn, Richard Tauber, Michael Balcon, Julius Hagen, Jack Mulhall and Norman Walker.

Perhaps you had better make another New Year's resolution. Order your copy early and make sure of getting it.

Short Shots

Broadway Melody of 1937 is due to go into production any day now with Eleanor Powell, Buddy Ebsen and Sophie Tucker in the leads. William Powell and Rosalind Russell will co-star in *The Emperor's Candlesticks*, adaptation of the Baroness Orczy story. Herbert Marshall and Margot Grahame had to go all the way to Hollywood to meet—on the set of *Make Way For a Lady*. MALCOLM PHILLIPS

A REAL DAY with Robert TAYLOR

by Ben MADDOX

HOW does to-day's movie idol spend his day off? Here's the answer.

WHAT is Robert Taylor like without benefit of ballyhoo?

I'm telling *All*! I have just spent an entire day with him, informally. It was his first day away from Garbo and *Camille*, the only free time he's had in more than a month. He wasn't on guard for a regular interview.

So what? Oh, the things he did and the things he said—! If you think you have already heard the Facts about the handsomest guy in town, you're in for a flock of genuine surprises. I went to his house for breakfast and stayed on. Bob was one big surprise after another and the joke was on me, too; I'd often talked to him at M.-G.-M. and thought I had him perfectly catalogued. Now I've learned something important: for the absolute low-down on your favourite movie star one must tag along on a *real* day, when he's far from a studio.

Bob phoned at 8 in the morning. "I'm finally a free soul. I'm going to relax to-day, but I need company. Maybe we can get in some tennis. Or I'll take you for a ride!"

Little did I realise what these offers portended. He has acquired a serve that is definitely maddening. And as for the latter crack!

It appeared he had found a telegram under his front door when he'd arrived home at 11 the night before. It advised him that he wouldn't have to work this day—the studio resorting to a wire when nobody was at home to answer the telephone. Bob had been moonlight driving down Malibu road with Barbara Stanwyck and Joe, his "man," had been celebrating his own night off by calling on his girl.

I hurried to the Taylor establishment, which is a compact, one-story bachelor cottage on a beautiful tree-shaded street in Beverly Hills. There is no wall secluding it, and the porch is decked with flowering plants. Inside the rooms are all in warm brown shades and are furnished in simple but excellent taste. They aren't cluttered up and the sunlight pours in through many windows.

He came to let me in himself, in a gaily checkered lounging robe. "I wanted to sleep until noon," he confessed, "but I'm so used to waking up at 7 that I gave up the fight to go back to sleep again!"

A lot of Taylor addicts, afraid he's too grand to be true, have sighed, "I imagine he isn't half as good-looking in person." Yet he is. The cameras picture Bob exactly, although Techni-

color is required to duplicate the splendid azure blueness of his eyes. He's what every male ought to look like, and the virility and character so evident on the screen are not assumed.

What interests me more than his dashing mien, however, is the stuff of which he's made. Bob's rise has been meteoric, but he has too much common sense and too sane an outlook on life to be spoiled by his luck. Furthermore, he has enough gumption to stick firmly to his honest preferences, to refuse to deny them. Certainly this indicates a fundamental sincerity. For instance, there isn't a bookcase in his whole house!

"I never read," Bob admitted to me. "I had to do plenty of reading in college, of course. But since I've been working so continuously, on stuffy sound stages, I want to be out in the fresh air when I have any chance."

I glanced around for the morning papers. "Sorry," he grinned. "There aren't any. Never read 'em! They're generally so biased. And consume precious time."

"Then, you listen in to the radio news?"

"Nope," he replied candidly. "It's too cut-and-dried."

"What do you do to keep up on what's going on?" I demanded. "Wait until someone tells you?"

"That's right!"

So Taylor is merely the latest sensation? He's the new deal in heart-throbs, yes; but he isn't a puppet. He dares to remain distinct'y himself and this, undoubtedly, is one of the main reasons for his success. He is such an exciting person because he's so thoroughly individual.

The radio was jazzing merrily. I soon discovered that it always is around Bob—he wishes music while he's driving, wherever he goes

to eat, and Joe has orders to turn on the living-room radio the minute Bob's awake. Melodies flood the house and Joe flicks on the music when Bob's car rolls into the driveway after a day at the studio. You know how many folks try to awe you with their zeal for classical pieces? Bob studied the 'cello for years and he can appreciate the finest symphonies. But he hasn't a piano—because "I can't play one." He tunes in on classical numbers "only when I'm in the mood, which seems to be seldom." He thrills, frankly, to swing rhythm. "Bennie Goodman's orchestra is the best in my estimation. Next Lud Gluskin, then The Casa Loma band." His pet songs are *I'll Get By*, *Avalon*, *China Boy*, and *When Did You Leave Heaven*?

Joe bought in orange juice, toast and coffee, and served it on the coffee table before the fireplace in the living-room.

"Guess you'll have to take a beating on your breakfast," mine host smiled. "I hate breakfast myself; it's a hideous ordeal for me, getting up and suddenly commencing to eat. And I can't ask Joe to bring in more—for there isn't anything else in the house!"

The refrigerator at Bob Taylor's is bare—except for cream and butter! I was stumbling on to one of the most amazing, hitherto undisclosed Taylor idiosyncrasies. Bob is not to be won *via* his stomach! He actually classifies food as just a necessary evil, and meals are routines to be rushed through. All you who aspire to be Mrs. Taylor can now not only stop struggling with the Harvard Classics, but you can throw away your jolly old cook-book. If you slave over a hot stove it's love's labour lost.

"I have breakfast, such as it is, out here in the living-room," Bob went on to explain. "I can't stand formality in meals and I don't like to sit in there at the dining-room table. I don't have any other food here."

"But don't you get tired of restaurants?"

"I've been eating in them since I was five, and I'm not tired of them yet," he vowed.

I gasped, "But—when you were at home with your parents—?"

"We ate out," he retorted. "We liked to!" Still, here's more surprising data on Bob. He never touches vegetables, salads, or fruits—the orange juice in the morning being his only concession. "I don't like any kind of vegetables. Spinach? Ugh! Carrots, and lettuce, and apples—? I've never liked anything like that



The star in thoughtful mood—and he has far more to think with than most stars.



Bob tunes in to jazz as soon as he's awake.



In the circle we have Taylor coping with autograph hunters, whom he treats very seriously.

(Left) A happy portrait of Bob at his cottage in Beverly Hills.



(Above) At the end of a long day the star thinks things over with the help of a final pipe by his fireside.

and never indulge." Bob goes for meat and potatoes and gravy, with ample salting. The easier to swallow, the better. He avoids joints—"too much trouble to cut around the bone"—and requests mince! He doesn't care for a cocktail before dinner. "So far as I'm concerned, they could eliminate all *hors-d'oeuvres* and desserts, also." Fashionable lingering over coffee cups bores him.

After we finished breakfast Bob retired to put on brown slacks and a white polo shirt and comfortable golf shoes. He never wears a suit until he has to. He remembered his desk in the corner of the living-room. "Mind if I do something there before we go forth?" I didn't, naturally, so he phoned his secretary, who lives at his mother's. "Bring over the photos you have for me to sign," he instructed her. Bob won't let anyone, even her, autograph a picture for him. Every single photograph for which a dime or a quarter is enclosed to help cover costs carries his very own personal greeting. He was relating how he values the letters that reach him when the secretary came. For an hour and a half I watched him read and write. By 11.15 he was through.

"How about that ride?" I inquired. "Okay," he chuckled. "Let's go!" He led me to the garage. "Better stand outside until I back her out." There was a noise akin to the China Clipper taking off, a violent crescendo of sputters, and out backed Bob Taylor in the speediest racer you've ever seen! There were no mud-guards and remarkably little of the body was left. The wheels were specially braced and when I clambered in I was practically pals with a red-hot exhaust pipe—the enterprising Mr. Taylor had eagerly ripped out the floorboard!

"I wangled this from a race-track demon. He paid a lot for it. Look how the motor's 'hotted' up. You can whoop up to 70 in a few yards," Bob gloated.

But, having due respect for Beverly's traffic cops, he chugged us toward a handy canyon at a modest speed. Once on a clear, little-travelled road, he monkeyed with the accelerator and opened the cut-out. He's crazy about the noise-making traits of this car—his Packard's annoyingly quiet. With a roar we shot ahead, and I was on the ride of a lifetime. Bob tingled with a furious pleasure at the 80-mile speed—and I held on for dear life. The wind ruffled his thick hair, but fortunately not into his eyes. He brought me back alive!

When he slowed down and turned around, we

drove into the city through the canyon where Bob starts building next month. He's going to own his first home, and it'll be a rambling Early American farmhouse.

"Filling it with antiques?" I probed. "Don't like 'em!" he responded. "I'm having all the furniture built, so it'll be appropriate and yet modern."

As we lurched into his driveway again I wondered why he had no sun trap on the verandah. "I never take sunbaths," he asserted. "A tan's keen if I can get it while I'm swimming or playing tennis, but I haven't the patience to just lie still and let the sun pour on me."

He proposed lunch at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club, so we could get out on the courts there afterwards. Bob hasn't joined a super-social club. "To me a club's for the sport; I don't want to sit about having cocktails. I want to be able to get mugged up and not care."

When he'd changed into flannels and shoes we were fit for the Packard.

He's never had the top up, revelling in invigorating breezes. When it rains, and usually to and from the studio, he uses the new Ford coupe he's invested in. In the quiet tennis club restaurant the radio was turned on at his entrance. He ordered hot cakes with tiny sausages, a fried egg, and coffee. (Well, he's never had a stomach-ache yet!) Then we went to my defeat. Lately Bob's been squeezing in considerable tennis practice and the best way of estimating the wallop in his serve and the finesse with which he places the ball teasingly on the line is to attempt to trim him.

Instead of showering in the locker room, Bob headed straight for home. "I don't object to changing clothes if I can do it at the house. I'm funny—I accustom myself to things and then prefer familiar surroundings. I like a particular shower and don't want any part of any other; I adjust the lights on my bathroom mirror and park my pipe-holder on the mantel; I've a hankering, then, for things to be where they belong." Well-brought-up young man!

While he was having a quick shower I had a chance to play with Bob's dog, the most beautiful brown Irish setter in Hollywood. I noticed the ribbons the dog had captured in local kennel shows were on the desk.

Joe confided that his master never entertains at home. "He's not given a single party. Mr. Taylor doesn't care for dinner parties. He isn't here much. He's on the go as much as he can be."

"You bet I am," announced Bob, emerging in a grey suit. "Pardon me while I make an urgent call!"

I couldn't help listening—over the radio's interference, even. Would Barbara be free to go to the movies to-night? Oh, great! He'd be by at eight.

Joe tactfully reminded him of the two suits that had been at the tailor's for six months. Bob, it seems, detests fittings, and postpones them. We got into the good car again—chauffeurage is as unnecessary an art for Joe as cooking—and zoomed up to Sunset Boulevard and the smart tailor shop there. Bob was received with extra consideration, but there was no silly fawning upon him. He joked and never let on that he didn't relish the fitting. He's not a growler, ever. He shops as little as possible—because he doesn't enjoy the parking problem!

I hadn't learned quite all. Bob invited me to dine with him. He always patronises one of three favourite cafes on Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly—unless he's at Barbara Stanwyck's or his mother's. The head waiter's face lit up as he appeared in the doorway. Swiftly I was handed a menu, but Bob wasn't. "I don't have to bother ordering. That's why I come here. They bring me things I don't have to work on!"

Many a pretty miss attempted to flirt with him. But Bob's not a roving type of Romeo. He's the sort who's positive the girl of his current dreams has just left heaven. And when you can court an angel, sent to you from heaven, why philander?

"Will you end up night-clubbing after the movies?"

"Don't like 'em—night-clubs, I mean," Bob announced, driving me to his house so I could pick up my own car. "I like to dance. When Bennie Goodman was at the Palomar last summer I went there often. But these night-spots are too smoky. I'd rather bundle up and drive fast in the moonlight, with the temperature cold and—" He blushed. "Here we are and in the nick o' time; I'm beginning to sound foolish!"

With a wave of his hand he whirled off to Barbara's. When the most popular man in Hollywood goes to a public dance-hall instead of the Troc, because he prefers a certain orchestra to being seen with the movie colony's social set, he's worth admiring with no reservations. And if being incurably romantic is foolish, it's some consolation that Robert Taylor, no less, believes in falling in love, too!



STEFFI DUNA

Steffi Duna would make any Christmas party go with a bang. The brilliant little Hungarian dancer was the first of the "colour" stars, and she scores again in "Dancing Pirate." She will shortly be seen in colour in the British film "Pagliacci."

IF you're going to be a criminal, you might as well go in for it properly; so, at any rate, thinks Lionel Atwill, one of Hollywood's leading " heavies," who has come to England to star in *The General Goes Too Far* for Fanfare Productions.

I should have said "come home to England" for he started here, having been born in Croydon fifty years ago.

Bearding the villain in his Park Lane hotel, I put the question to which every fan wants to know the answer—"What made you a criminal?"

"That's easy," he laughed—a big jolly hearty laugh, not at all the snarl of sinister amusement you might expect from such an out-and-out screen rogue. "When an actor reaches a certain time of life, at which he can no longer play hero or juvenile roles with conviction, he has five avenues open to him.

"He can retire, which is unthinkable; or he can go on playing juvenile roles, which is tragic; or he can play 'character' parts, which usually means small dialect roles, unless 'vehicles' are written for him; or he can become a screen father, in which he is usually just supporting the heroine and the scenery; or he can take to a life of crime, which besides being much more interesting is also far more remunerative.

"You're an amateur criminologist, aren't you?" I asked.

"Oh, in a very small way," he protested modestly. "I know the District Attorney of Los Angeles, Burton Fitts; and his assistant, Willard Burgess, is a very good friend of mine.

"These two afford me special facilities for studying crime and criminals."

"And did your interest in criminology make you turn to crime on the screen, or was it the fact of playing villains that gave you an interest in villainy?"

"Oh, both! I certainly was interested in criminology before I took to screen villainy; but the portrayal of black-hearted monsters has given me a kind of—well, you might almost say a brotherly interest in them," he laughed.

"And do you find that you can apply the knowledge you gain of criminals and their ways to your screen performances?"

"Undoubtedly! Once you have an idea what the criminal is *thinking*, it's much easier to bring conviction to the way he looks when he's thinking it.

"The mind of the criminal is a most fascinating study; sometimes it's simple, sometimes tortuous, but it always has some predominating trait whose origin is most interesting to discover or conjecture."

"And you find that screen-vice pays?"

"Rather! The sympathetic character usually has to have the star billing, but the 'heavy' is frequently better paid—and when you have been in the business as long as I have you will appreciate the importance of that!

"But occasionally, of course, the 'heavy' gets the chief billing as well, in such films as *Mark of the Vampire*, *Mystery of the Wax Museum*, *Murders in the Zoo* and *Absolute Quiet*.

"I met you at the Paramount studios in Hollywood when you were making that 'Zoo' one," I reminded him.

"So you did! But you weren't there when we did the python scenes, were you?"

"What an experience I had in that picture! You remember I had to be crushed to death by a huge python? Well, first of all they got a 'snake-man' to double for me—just about my height and build—one of those people who wrestle with snakes.

"I don't know how much those fellows are paid, but it isn't enough. . . . Anyway, he looked sufficiently like me to be deceptive, and the fight was very convincing on the screen.

"Then they had a rubber snake made for me to be throttled by in the close-ups. But when they saw the 'rushes,' it didn't look realistic enough; where I dug my fingers into him in my death-agony he just looked like rubber.

"So they asked me whether I would mind



He in REVELS in CRIME!

EVIL-DOING "off" as well as "on" the screen is the chief interest of Lionel Atwill; yet he is no criminal

declares

Max BREEN

wearing the real brute, just for the close-up, if he were unconscious.

"How unconscious?" I asked.

"Gassed," they said.

"Well, gas him, and I'll have a look at him first," I suggested.

"So they gassed him and also tied his mouth up with adhesive-tape in case he woke up too soon; and I must say he looked extremely dead.

"So I said I'd do it; but I didn't altogether bargain on his weighing three hundredweight.

"Doing my death-agony like anything, I bent my legs; and the coils of python weighed so heavily on me that I couldn't support it and crashed down on my knees.

"Fortunately the floor was thinly covered with sawdust or bark, so I didn't break any bones but I had tender knees for weeks. And the stench of that brute—pah!

"That was one time I didn't need any criminal to tell me how to look like a murderer getting his just deserts."

As a young man, Atwill studied architecture, but he forsook skylights for footlights, and had a most distinguished stage career, as a star with the famous Belasco and N.Y. Theatre Guild before coming into movies.

He made his London stage debut in 1906 (thirty years of acting! A pretty swell record) in *The Walls of Jericho* at the Garrick Theatre, in which he played a footman, and in 1916 he visited America as leading man with a company headed by the famous Mrs. Langtry—and stayed.

He has never been naturalised, though; an Englishman he remains and an Englishman he sounds—and, for that matter, he looks more like a prosperous English business man than anything else.

He came into films in *The Silent Witness*, and films have been the richer for his coming. (So, I am happy to say, has he.)

Since then he has chalked up a large number of

successful appearances: *Dr. X*, *The Secret of Madame Blanche*, *The Mystery of the Wax Museum* (perhaps his most successful effort to date), *Murders in the Zoo*, *Lady of the Boulevards*, *The Age of Innocence*, *The Man Who Reclaimed His Head*, *Song of Songs*, *The Murder Man*, *Captain Blood*, *The Devil is a Woman*, and many others.

In most he has played the leading role, in others he has made a comparatively brief appearance; but always his skilful delineation of character and his arresting personality have dominated the scenes in which he appeared.

"To return to the subject of crime," I said, "do you suppose there are any crimes which have not been portrayed on the screen?"

"No—I think probably not—except of course the more sadistic or the sex-crimes, which of course the Censor—very rightly—won't allow."

A man of great intelligence, acting skill, and driving-force, this Lionel Atwill. I hope, now we've got him here, we'll keep him.

He crept into England unheralded; and since he arrived, three prominent directors have said to me: "If I'd known he was coming, I'd have tried to get him for my new picture."

That's what the Men Who Know think of Lionel Atwill.

BESIDES French history, mathematics and the sciences, every girl should be forced to take a course in the Art and Science of Men!

It should start in school and carry right on through college, and there should be periodical exams and practical problems and surveys—just as there is in geology, biology and physiology—and no girl should be allowed to take her first toddling step out into the great, cruel business world without a diploma.

"You see, it's a man-made world and still a man-run world in spite of all reports to the contrary. Get along with men and you'll get along with the world. Don't—and the world can and will get along without you!"

Mae West stopped her slow pacing up and down the white and gold boudoir. "Of course, I'm not setting myself up to be any Beatrice Fairfax," She smiled slyly. "I couldn't if I wanted to.

"Still I do feel entitled to at least one small-sized soap box, because, like all actresses, I've had to make a study of men. And my grandmother's Book of Etiquette didn't help me much either.

"Of all the silly bunk! 'Never speak to strangers . . . be modest and shy at all times . . . always let the man take the initiative . . . keep your conversation impersonal, and—just in case—your hat pin handy.' Doesn't that hand you a laugh?

"And that wasn't the half of it. There were whole chapters on when to put on your white kid gloves and when to take them off, when to lower your lashes and when to curl them up—and so on and on through the whole dull book.

"As if that sort of stuff told us anything about men—how to make the shy ones not so shy, how to put the bold ones in their place, and very important, how to handle the boys who imbibe too much. And does it tell us anything about making proper headway with strangers?

"Yesterday's girls were told never to speak to them at all. Yet in this day and age, if you waited for your friends to introduce you to attractive men, you'd seldom meet one, especially if you're a girl who left home and fireside to be on your own in the big city. So the new rule is 'Don't give strangers the eye, unless they eye you first.'

"Pick-ups are still looked upon with a raised eyebrow, as they've always been, but picking someone up along the street, or in a store is not what I'm talking about.

"But suppose there's a man working in a far part of your office you sort of have a yen for, but it seems that you don't have any mutual friend to do the honours.

"You see him every day in the elevator and as he seems to know you're around, I always say, give him a friendly 'Hello' instead of an aloof stare and, who knows what that hello might lead to? Who knows!

"Or suppose you're waiting in your doctor's or your lawyer's or anyone else's office and, if a man, also waiting, says something original about the weather, is there any reason why you shouldn't join him in the engaging conversation that's sure to follow?

"Of course, you don't have to get chummy and you should think before dashing off to lunch with him. Still that can be done on the up and up if you pick the restaurant.

"An out-of-the-way hole-in-the-wall or a place with private dining-rooms is certainly not the place. An ordinary restaurant, preferably a busy one in the centre of the town, is. And then, unless it's love at first bite, you can each go your separate ways afterward, and there's no need for his seeing you home in a taxi.

"It's so silly for a girl always to be suspicious of men. Entirely too many girls are brought up that way, mistaking even kindly ones for villains twirling their moustaches.

"I made a mistake like that once. It wasn't long after I had left my cradle that I went to see a famous producer for a job. I had to wait in the outer office and there was an equally



A Lesson on Men by Professor MAE WEST

famous director, though I didn't know who he was at the time, waiting, too.

"He asked me a dozen questions that I answered with either 'Yes' or 'No.' I was being just as snooty as I could, because I was sure he was out for no good. He finally gave up.

"I found out afterwards that he had been looking for a blonde for his own repertoire company. He liked my looks at first, but after a sample of my smugness, he *didn't* like my type.

"How do I know? Because years later we became friends and he told me. My silly stiffness had robbed me of a job. Because he had asked me so many personal questions, I just knew he was out to do me wrong.

"I have since found out that out-to-do-wrongers ask no questions at all. They are too busy telling you about themselves.

"Girls can't afford to be high-hat and smug in these days, especially about jobs. Good sportsmanship is the thing that counts. The girl who is always pleasant and friendly and who doesn't fret about working late hours always has an edge over the girl who is constantly kicking up a fuss.

"Maybe it isn't glamorous to be known as a good sport, but glamour doesn't belong in a business world."

Mae paused for a moment, stared straight at the wall thoughtfully, then snapped her fingers.

"Yes, even though it does shatter some

illusions, let me say right here and now that glamour doesn't belong any place but in the movies.

"Oh, I know a lot of people think differently. Look at the hundreds of interviews that movie people give every year on 'How to Get Glamour.' Well, I don't believe in it. Not for ordinary, every-day people in an ordinary, every-day world.

"Glamour, like a train, gets in a girl's way and keeps her from having fun.

"What man, for example, is going to ask a glamorous creature to a happy-go-lucky picnic in the woods? Nor can he picture glamour riding in a rattletrap car or going to an amusement park.

"If a man is planning a Sunday trip to the shore, he's taking the girl who will be cheerful even in the face of punctures, hamburgers and rain. That's why I say glamour girls miss out on a lot of fun.

"Another erroneous belief about men is the one that they always like to do all the chasing. If that were the truth, hundreds of girls wouldn't have a man or home to-day.

"How often have you sat around and waited for the 'current' apple of your eye to ask for a date? And how often have you discovered, after it was too late, that he had wanted to ask you, but hadn't dared because you had always treated him as though he were just your little brother's scooter?

"Yes, some men, like some horses, just have to be led. You can usually recognise the kind



Above: Randolph Scott is Mae's heart interest in her latest, "Go West, Young Man." Right: A striking new study of the star.



THE subject of the Art and Science of Men ought to be taught in schools, says the famous star, who makes a start in her campaign in this outspoken interview by revising the etiquette book and bringing it up-to-date.

by his complete indifference. And if you can't let yourself take a too-friendly initiative, then tease him. At least do something to let him know you know he's alive.

"Another phoney belief is that men always prefer girls who are modest. Well, modesty is all right in some respects. But not about the things which, in your Aunt Effie's day, were 'unmentionables'—make-up, girdles, ladies' room and such. Frankness about these things not only puts you at ease, but your escort as well.

"Still there are exceptions. Modesty where evening clothes are concerned is something else again. Your beau may say, 'Boy! Ain't that somethin'!' on beholding a girl's *décolleté* on the dance floor. But he'd probably have a fit if you turned out in the same outfit—backless, shoulderless and next to nothing underneath.

"Maybe he's goofy in this respect, but it's a goofiness that should be appreciated, because if he doesn't object to you in just one yard of satin, then there's something wrong somewhere, and you'll probably never have the chance of hitting your best friend in the face with a bridal bouquet. Most men feel that a too revealing gown is just brazen!

"Another thing, my grandmother may have found that the way to grandfather's heart was through his tummy but that was in the days before chain restaurants. There is nothing that gets results to-day like 'appeal' and I don't mean just sex appeal either.

"No matter how efficient a business woman you are, it's smart to sometimes be deep in a quandary and to seek the advice of your boss

or your beau. Don't go the whole extreme, however. Don't be too helpless and frilly. Don't just throw your whole problem in the lap of your god. Explain it sensibly, be it finances or family. Then ask him for his expert help.

"Remember, whether they own up to it or not, the paternal instinct is strong in men. And, give a man a chance to advise and guide you and you'll get a raise or a date—maybe both.

"As for my advice on what to do about the men you feel that you don't want to have anything to do with . . . my advice is do nothing. Nothing at all. Neither sneer nor tilt your nose. Just act as though he didn't darken your door. If he asks for a date, say, 'Sure, I'll meet you at eight,' and then let him try and find you at eight.

"Yes, I mean it literally. Be completely absent minded about the man you want to

ignore. Don't stop speaking to him or laughing at him . . . and don't sneak around corners or you'll run into him for sure. And then won't you look silly—and won't he know right then and there that he has a power over you? And true, there are some men," Mae laughed, "who delight in such power. Like cats, they dote on trapping their mouse.

"No, because I'm naturally a peaceful soul and because I personally believe it's bad ever to make an enemy, my rules on men are trusting.

"I think if I were originating a course, the rules would go something like this: Always give the man the benefit of the doubt. Fraternise, don't glamourise. If he can afford to pay, let him, but pick up the check yourself once in a while."

Mae stretched and yawned. "That's all for to-day. If you don't mind, I'm tired and I'm hoarse . . . and the soap box is yours."



Joe Penner's not so dumb as he appears on the screen. He invented the mistletoe hat decoration himself. With girls like Patricia Wilder, Lucille Ball and Betty Grable on the lot we wish we'd thought of it.



Diana Gibson, the young Radio starlet, Christmas shopping in Hollywood Boulevard.

Shots with our Candid Camera



In order to get her lines properly, Grace Moore accompanies the study of her words by acting out the scene as if at rehearsal. She usually finds a quiet corner on the sound stage for the purpose, but the candid cameraman caught her at it this time.



Jack Oakie, assisted by Mischa Auer, brightens up rehearsals for Lucille Ball and her dance director, Hermes Pan. They appear in "That Girl from Paris."

PAINT, POWDER and PLUMAGE

by Pauline STACK

HERE are some hints from the stars that will help you solve that problem about fancy dress for those parties this Christmas.

CHRISTMAS wouldn't really be Christmas without at least one fancy-dress party to our credit. Like holly and mistletoe, turkey, plum pudding and Christmas shopping, dressing up is part and parcel of the festive season. And though the event may not happen till well through January there's enchantment enough left over from Christmas to give us the excuse we seem to need to return for a brief while to the days of our childhood.

At no other time of the year do we abandon ourselves so wholeheartedly to the joys of paper hats, balloons, crackers and the more serious business of dressing up.

Old and young, it is inherent in all of us, this urge to forsake our conventional self for a spell and take on the guise of some favourite character, to fling restraint and convention to the wind, to be gay and irresponsible—in fact to forget that the gas meter is ticking over more than its normal number of bobs, that last winter's coat is only just getting-by this season, and that a first instalment is going to make inroads on our hardy earned savings.

Christmas has a way of making us forget such trifles—and with the spirit willing, the flesh can do much.

The girl with more than the usual quota of ingenuity scores heavily just now. And that she has a slim purse is of little account, for past experience has taught us that a fancy dress can be created out of practically nothing—the materials that go to its making are cheap and most of the accessories just as inexpensive. The value lies in the novelty of its conception and the manner in which it accords with and enhances each individual personality.

A keen appreciation of your fine points and as expert a knowledge of your weaker ones will do much to make your selection of a costume the success you hope for. And to the girl with ability enough to turn it to good account, the wide variety of novel costumes worn on the screen provides a wealth of inspiration.

If you can wear trousers (that is figuratively speaking), the costume Ginger Rogers wears in *Follow the Fleet* well deserves your attention. The trousers of her suit are of Mediterranean blue satin, cut high above the waist-line and to a peak in the centre front. The tiny fitted blouse is of white satin, the sailor collar and abbreviated sleeves being bordered with blue stripes. A matching blue scarf is tucked into the V-shaped neck-line. With your partner dressed in a Fred Astaire sailor suit, you would present an attractive and matching pair.

There are columbines and columbines. But



For the boyish girl, Elisabeth Bergner's Ganymede costume in "*As You Like It*" is ideal.

if you are small and pretty, in short the type of which columbines are made, take a look at Steffi Duna as she will appear in *Pagliacci*. And if you can fashion a presentable version of it, don't be surprised if you get more than your fair share of masculine admirers and a prize into the bargain.

Norma Shearer's Juliet costume is of an entirely different order. Lovely and flowing, it is the essence of graciousness and charm and demands dignity and poise of its wearer. The long trailing over-dress, the full sleeves caught into the wrist and shirred on the shoulders, and the dainty Juliet cap complete as captivating a costume as you'll find anywhere.

For the boyish girl who likes a rough and tumble, Bergner's Ganymede costume in *As You Like It* is an ideal choice. Not only is it an attractive dress but more likely than most others to emerge in good trim at the end of a hilarious evening. As it is essentially a woodland suit it should be in a soft brown or green colour with long stockings, abbreviated shorts and laced jerkin of the same shade worn over a full-sleeved white blouse. Apart from the quaint boots, which could be hired for the occasions, this costume is as cheap as its effect is fascinating.

Another equally attractive and easily made costume is that worn by Claudette Colbert as Cigarette in *Under Two Flags*. To this goes an ordinary open-necked shirt blouse with rolled-up sleeves and very full trousers caught in below the knee. Tall boots, a gaily coloured cummer-

bund and cunning peaked hat from which depends a short sun veil complete the picture. But if you want to beat your next-door neighbour, add a long flowing cape. It'll make just that much difference.

There's the lovely frock Myrna Loy wears in *The Great Ziegfeld*, a bouffant affair of shaded silk with tight-fitting bodice and rosettes of the same shaded material sewn on the skirt. A pompadour hairdress and patches are the fitting and lovely accompaniment.

If you possess the vibrant personality of a Hepburn, her Mary of Scotland costume should appeal to you. Full skirted with a close-fitting bodice and narrow peplum, the long, tight sleeves are gathered into extreme fullness at the shoulders and slashed to disclose a contrasting silk beneath. The small ruffle should be chin-high, the tammy pulled Scots-wise over one eye.

For the dark-eyed maiden I suggest a transformation into a Southern belle by way of Loretta Young's attractive lace costume in *Ramona*; or if you have a hankering for something really dramatic, that colourful, sharp-shooting personality, Annie Oakley, might be the very inspiration for you. And as a final choice, for the slinky girl I recommend Jessie Matthews' lovely Eastern costume in *It's Love Again* with its slim lines and glowing colour contrasts.

And for your kid sister who will doubtless be demanding a smaller edition of something for herself, here's Shirley Temple's suggestion for an adorable man-about-town—long satin trousers, cutaway satin coat with flying tails and satin covered topper.

And now I commend you to the good offices of your ingenuity, your needle and your enthusiasm—to do your bit towards making the scene a festival of gaiety and colour. And romance, too, for make no mistake a fancy-dress party is as potent as the moon over the sea on a summer's evening. A merry Christmastime my friends. And happy hunting!

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

SHOT BY PHIL LONERGAN

PALM SPRINGS has decided to become a city and thereby hangs a tale!

Admirers of the film celebrities usually believe that Palm Springs merely means the Desert Inn, the Mirador, the Tahquitz, and a few other places where the noted persons stay, in addition to a few cottages owned by the elite of filmdom.

Palm Springs, however, is a fairly large community with drug stores, many eating places, ranging from low prices to very high prices, hotels of low rates and others of high rates. I am told that the restaurants of all types number about fifty or sixty in the town.

So Palm Springs wishes to be a city, and a recent vote sustained its advocates. Such a move means an increase in employees and more officials, with added taxes. So it is quite likely that the picture stars will move further into the desert beyond the city limits.

I recently paid a visit to Palm Springs, so I know whereof I speak. The stars have erected splendid homes, either in Palm Springs or surrounding territory. Harold Lloyd has a beautiful place there, so has his father, and Paul Lukas, Edmund Goulding and other celebrities. The stars will never give up the desert even if they move beyond the confines of the newly incorporated area.

Palm Springs, now a thriving city, owes much to the stars of the kinema.

Memories

John Barrymore and his bride, Elaine Barrie, will live in a home in Beverly Hills, but it will *not* be the abode where John and his former wife, Dolores Costello, resided.

Elaine very sensibly suggested that a new place would be a good idea.

Democratic Garbo

Heretofore, Garbo has always lunched and dined alone.

But when the *Camille* company went on location, the director ordered a Swedish lunch to be served the star in her portable dressing-room high in the Hollywood mountains.

Instead, Garbo asked permission to eat roast beef with the company.

Such is Fame!

For the second time in two months Robert Taylor attempted to enjoy the pleasures of the Ocean Park fun fair, and was baulked by a fan mob.

As Bob and Barbara Stanwyck approached the pleasure pier, they were recognised and the fans took after them. The film couple fled for the roller-coaster and hopped into one of the cars.

They went round once and the crowd increased. They remained on the roller coaster, and bounced around the track nineteen times before the crowd dispersed.

Happy Neighbours

A sound-proof room has been added to the Joan Crawford-Franchot Tone home.

Both Joan and Franchot are accomplished vocalists and enjoy singing at home, but have hesitated to practise for fear of disturbing the neighbours.

With the installation of a sound-proof room, however, the two will be able to sing to their hearts' content.

Welcome Home

Although Irene Dunne slipped into and away from the Pasadena railway station after an extended vacation in the East, she did not avoid a welcoming committee of large proportions.

Gathered at the gateway of her nearly-completed new home in Holmby Hills, the star found her brother, three servants, one gardener, one interior decorator, three building craftsmen, one agent, one lawyer, four news photographers, one passer-by and two dogs!

She craved privacy, and did she get it?
She did *not*!

Out in the Cold

William Powell recently told his real-estate agent to sell his house if he could get a good price for it.

The other morning the star saw several strange people looking over the property. Deciding to keep the place, he telephoned his agent.

"I'm sorry," said the latter, "but those were probably the people who bought the house. Incidentally, you will have to move out by the middle of the month!"

Powell is now looking for a house to rent, but so far he has had no luck.

Anyway, Bill receives a princely salary, so he can live in the Ambassador or the Beverly-Wilshire if he so desires!

An Author's Champion!

Ruby Keeler is an omnivorous reader, but unlike so many Hollywood motion-picture players, refuses to patronise the lending libraries. Instead, she always buys the books she reads.

Al Jolson's charming wife figures that if an author has spent months and sometimes years writing a book that is interesting, the least the public can do by way of appreciation is to reward him by buying his book.

Not a bad idea at that!

Joker de Luxe

Few people know that Sid Grauman, Hollywood's greatest showman, is also a practical joker. And the majority of his tricks have been played in the Coconut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel, where he has lived since the hotel opened.

On one occasion the white-haired impresario came disguised in a false face to fool the head waiter.

But the kindest practical joke of all, if it can be called a joke, was when he went from table to table signing checks of total strangers!

Sad to say, I never was in the Grove when Sid was signing checks.

A Young Lover

Freddie Bartholomew is being called "the sheik" at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, and is he embarrassed!

The reason is that the boy star received a letter from an eleven-year-old girl in Chicago, who said she loved him dearly, having seen him in several of his pictures. She said she thought he was very nice and would like to have one of his pictures. As soon as it was received she would send him one of her own. The letter was signed, "Yours lovingly."

Is Freddie's face red!

Odd Footage

Marie Wilson, who plays "dumb" blondes on the screen, reads such "light works" as Schopenhauer's *Essays* and Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson* for relaxation.

Ruby Keeler is a staunch defender of stockinged legs and a rabid enemy of stockingless ones.



Irene Dunne chose this warm woollen costume of brick colour with dark brown accessories which match her beautiful furs for her wardrobe.



Left: Captain Cutlet with his assistants, the cabin boy (Graham Moffat) and Jerry Harbottle (Moore Marriott). Below: One of the film's highlights is the skit on "Mutiny on the Bounty."

WILL HAY deserts the schoolroom for the high seas as Captain Cutlet, a boastful barge skipper who is involved unexpectedly in barratry, mutiny and cannibal island adventures.



Above: Cast adrift on a raft by the mutineers, Captain Cutlet is cast up on a cannibal island and overawes the natives by means of a wireless set.



Right: The castaways find that desert island life has its compensations. But the girls want to stow away when Cutlet finally sails again for England.





Right
Nora Clitheroe (Barbara Stanwyck) anxiously watches the fighting in the street from her attic window during the memorable Easter week rising.



The PLOUGH and the STARS

Jack Clitheroe (Preston Foster), an ardent Irish patriot and his wife, Nora, run a dingy boarding house in a Dublin tenement district.

THE Radio studio, which produced *The Informer*, offers another story of Ireland during "the troubles" in this screen adaptation of Sean O'Casey's famous play. It offers a fine dramatic role to Barbara Stanwyck, who is supported by Preston Foster and five players from the famous Abbey Theatre, Dublin, who were in the original stage cast. The picture takes its title from the design on the flag under which the citizen army fought in 1915-1916. It was directed by John Ford, who was also responsible for the big Victor McLaglen success.



One of Nora's lodgers is Maggie Glynn (Una O'Connor).



Nora saves her husband when a search party arrives at their home, by hiding his arms and equipment in Mollser's coffin.



A pathetic scene is where Mollser (Bonita Granville), Maggie's consumptive daughter, dies while the fighting is at its height. In the background The Covey (Denis O'Dea) and, right, Peter Fenn (J. M.

Helped by Nora's unit, Jack, though heavily involved in the rising, escapes detection by the military authorities and husband and is reunited.



The Swinging PEARL MYSTERY

JAMES GLEASON and Edna May Oliver have provided us with innumerable laughs in their characters as Inspector Piper and the astute school mistress in *The Penguin Pool Mystery* and its successors. Now ZaSu Pitts has been teamed with Gleason in another of these amusing comedy detective stories. A comparison will be interesting.



Hildegard Withers (ZaSu Pitts) gives orders from her sick bed to her maid (Jean La Fayette).

James Donlan, James Gleason as Inspector Piper, and Ray James indulge in a few polite recriminations on their various powers of detection.



In search of clues. Inspector Piper and his indefatigable companion, Hildegard Withers, investigate the swinging pearl.



Hildegard Withers incurs Inspector Piper's contempt for the umpteenth time but—as usual, she is proved right. Bodil Rosing is seen on the right.

PREVIEWS

Criticisms of the LATEST FILMS

GIRLS' DORMITORY

THE plot to this school-girl romance is so nebulous that it hardly holds the attention to any extent, but there is no doubt that Simone Simon who makes her American debut is exceedingly fascinating and given a worth-while vehicle will make her mark.

She still, however, speaks English very poorly and, while an accent can be fascinating, it is also important that one should understand what is said.

She is cast as a young girl of eighteen, Marie, at a finishing school in Austria presided over by a Dr. Stefan Dominick with whom she is secretly in love.

Incidentally, the school strikes one as being a rather curious place and while the scenery is picturesque the atmosphere is distinctly synthetic.

Also in love with Stefan, who is just on the right side of forty, is Anna Matha one of the mistresses, and she too pursues her passion in secret.

One day a particularly acid mistress finds a love letter in a wastepaper basket which seems to suggest that one of the girls had had an assignment with a young man.

The handwriting of the letter is compared with that of the pupils' and it tallies with Marie's.

A special meeting is called and Marie is taxed with the offence. However, owing to the spirited defence of Anna, who had learnt that the letter was written but never posted to Stefan, and dealt with an entirely imaginary situation, the matter is allowed to rest temporarily.

Marie had heard that her mother was to be sent for and ran away from the school. She is followed by Stefan who brings her back and houses her temporarily in a woodcutter's hut where she discloses her love for him.

Later he asks her to marry him, but her joy is stifled when she overhears the porter talking to Anna and learns from the conversation that the latter had been in love with Stefan for a long time.

Following time-honoured tradition in such matters, she pretends to Stefan that it was all a joke and announces that her cousin, who had come to the school to see her graduate, is her fiancé.

Eventually, Stefan learns the truth and follows her to Paris to claim her as his bride.

The school scenes are quite charming but the psychology does not ring very true and the conflict between the main characters is very sketchy.

Herbert Marshall is inclined to walk through his part in a too restrained manner, he does not make a very convincing school master, but Ruth Chatterton is very good as the love-lorn Anna.

Constance Collier gives point to

the character of the hard spinster who finds the letter and is all for expelling the child, while J. Edward Bromberg is sound as another master who supports the proposal.

Scenic and technical qualities are good but Irving Cummings has not been able to get much real drama out of his artificial situations.

MEN ARE NOT GODS

When your sympathy is not enlisted on behalf of any particular character it is difficult to raise enthusiasm about a picture and particularly when added to this many of the situations are artificial and the comedy element forced.

Here you are introduced to Ann, the secretary of a dramatic critic whose notice on *Othello* she alters to boost an actor, Edmund Davey, whom he had actually roundly condemned.

She does this because his wife (who plays Desdemona) insists that a good notice from that particular critic will make him famous overnight.

Ann gets fired and develops a passion for Davey whose performance she goes to see night after night.

Finally, he asks her to live with him; this apparently on their second meeting, his wife having asked her to tea for some mysterious reason which never transpires.

Later the wife comes to Ann and asks her to send the husband away because she is about to have a baby.

Ann agrees and sends Davey a note to that effect. That night the actor, wrought up in feeling, plans to murder his wife in the death scene in *Othello*. Ann, in the gallery, sensing that something is wrong, shrieks and creates a sensation which stops the play.

She is carried fainting to the star's dressing-room where husband and wife are reconciled and Ann walks

out of their life.

Miriam Hopkins is far from being at her best as Ann. Her comedy moments are overstressed but she does rise to the big dramatic climax.

Sebastian Shaw is sound as the actor from the provinces, who miraculously manages to live in a suite at the Savoy, and puts over the excerpts from *Othello* extremely well.

Gertrude Lawrence is fair as Barbara, but it is a colourless character which gives her few opportunities.

A. E. Matthews, while good in himself, hardly draws a convincing portrait of a dramatic critic.

He lives in a palatial office and dictates his notes without even mentioning the artiste who plays Iago—a rather important omission one would have thought.

Rex Harrington shows to advantage as Tommy, a young journalist, who is in love with Ann.

An air of artificiality pervades the whole proceedings in spite of the fact that it is technically excellent and extremely well set.

MILLIONS

Just for a change Gordon Harker plays a parvenu instead of the usual out and out cockney. It is he who holds the show together by his nice sense of comedy and characterisation and makes this farcical trifle quite fairly amusing.

Otherwise it is rather a scrappy, disjointed affair. It deals with a certain Otto Forbes, astute self-made man who rather fancies his chances in society.

His best hated enemy is Sir Charles Rimmer, who is connected with him in business ventures, and tries to keep him in his place.

When Otto sets out to corner cloves Rimmer, acting on false information, buys heavily only to find that he has been outwitted.

Faced with ruin Rimmer decides to use a weapon in the form of information concerning Otto's son, who is in love with his daughter, which has come into his possession.

The son Jimmy, unable to get an allowance from his father had to flatter the old man's vanity, and pretended to compose some music which Otto has vaingloriously boosted. It had actually been written by a man who had had an affair with Rimmer's parlourmaid.

Rimmer's idea is to give a party and then expose Jimmy.

However Otto learns the truth and is able to outwit his rival again and give his blessing to Jimmy and the now discredited Rimmer's daughter.

Gordon Harker holds the stage most of the time and his facial expressions and fruitfully concealed cockney accent are a delight.

Frank Pettingell is sound as Rimmer and Ellen Pollock is excellent as Otto's "refined" secretary.

Jack Hobbs puts in good work as Jimmy's valet and Jimmy is quite well played by Richard Hearne.

Jane Carr has little to do except be decorative as Rimmer's daughter.

—LIONEL COLLIER.

LAND WITHOUT MUSIC

It has become, happily, the fashion in musical films to have some sort of plot justification for the music; characters no longer burst into song without excuse or warning, and at first sight it would seem that the producers of *Land Without Music* had found a perfect musical vehicle—the story of a European duchy, Lucco, in which the people are so musically inclined that they have no time for working and it takes a royal decree to quieten them; and even that has not the desired effect.

The film opens beautifully with a field in which a ploughman is singing at his work and a shepherd pipes to his flock. They become interested in harmony, and the horses and the sheep are allowed to follow their own devices.

However, when the story comes into the studio it becomes artificial and forced, and its main recommendation lies in the opportunities it affords for Richard Tauber to sing—which he does in his usual superb manner.

Tauber plays a famous singer, Carlini, who returns to his native Lucco to find that, in order to make the people work and produce enough wealth to pay off the National Debt to Austria, the Princess Regent has banned all music from the duchy, and he may not cross the frontier unless he undertakes not to sing.

This he declines to do, but he is smuggled in, with the aid of a visiting American newspaper correspondent and his daughter, and plans a huge secret concert in a robbers' cave, which is to be the signal for a great uprising against the decree.

However, walking in a wood he meets the Princess out riding, falls in love with her and tells her about the concert, and she attends it with soldiers and has him arrested and imprisoned.

At this the revolt takes place, and the Princess is forced to rescind the decree—which she does willingly on realising that Carlini's voice, exploited in opera, will soon fill the national coffers.

As the Princess, Diana Napier has little to do but look regal, and this role she sustains fairly well, except during her quarrels with her ministers, in which she has an unfortunate touch of virago.

Most of the humour is provided by Schnozzle Durante and June Clyde, as the American newspaper man and his daughter, and the latter charmingly sustains most of the romance as well, with Derrick de Marney attractive as her young lover.

Everyone works hard to give us a gay time, but the treatment is inclined to be heavy and the leaven of fantasy might have been more evenly mixed.—E. G. C.



Herbert Marshall, Simone Simon and Ruth Chatterton in a scene from "Girls' Dormitory."

Reviews

by **LIONEL COLLIER**

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

****SWING TIME**

cPOOR LITTLE RICH GIRL**

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***THE FINAL HOUR**

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***M'LISS**

cCALL OF THE PRAIRIE**

What the asterisks mean—

.... An outstanding feature.

... Very good. ... Good.

* Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

**SWING TIME

Radio. American. "U" certificate. Musical comedy. Runs 94 minutes.

FRED ASTAIRE.....Lucky
GINGER ROGERS.....Penny
VICTOR MOORE.....Pop
HELEN BRODERICK.....Mabel
ERIC BLORE.....Gordon
BETTY FURNESS.....Margaret
GEORGES METAXA.....Romero
JOHN HARRINGTON.....Raymond
PIERRE WATKINS.....Simpson
LANDERS STEVENS.....Judge Watson
GERALD HAMER.....Eric
ABE REYNOLDS.....Tailor
FERN EMEETT.....Maid
HOWARD HICKMAN.....1st Minister
FERDINAND MUNIER.....2nd Minister
OLIN FRANCIS.....Tough Mug
Directed by George Stevens. Screen play by Howard Lindsay and Allan Scott. Music by Jerome Kern. Lyrics by Dorothy Fields. Reviewed November 7, 1936.

This does not come up to the high standard set by some of the previous Rogers-Astaire musicals, but in spite of that it provides good entertainment owing mainly to the brilliance of the dance numbers. Astaire in particular does one, *Bo-jangles of Harlem*, which is noteworthy for its clever shadow effects.

The settings are excellent and the staging lavish. Song numbers are well put over, but humour is not strong and the plot is indifferent.

Lucky Garnett, a dancer by profession, but gambler by inclination, has to find 25,000 dollars before he can marry Margaret, a small-town society girl. Accompanied by his pal, Pop Cardetti, a light-fingered gentleman, Lucky comes to New York in search of easy money and, through a spot of four-flushing on the part of Pop, he teams up with Penny, an attractive dance instructor.

While they are making a hit in cabaret, Pop and Penny's girl friend, Mabel, get together, but Lucky, now in love with Penny, cannot bring happiness to the foursome because of his long-standing obligation to Margaret. More complications arise when Romero, a dance-band leader, tries to catch Penny on the rebound but, after deliberately squandering his earnings in order to postpone his return to Margaret, she works the oracle by announcing that she has fallen in love with another.

Both the stars work hard with the material at their command.



Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in "Swing Time."

Victor Moore and Helen Broderick are fair as Pop and Mabel, but Eric Blore is very poorly served with material as Gordon.

Romero is played quite well by Georges Metaxa, who was well known over here as a musical comedy star.

c**POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

Fox. American. "U" certificate. Comedy-drama. Runs 79 minutes.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE.....Barbara Barry
ALICE FAYE.....Jerry Dolan
GLORIA STUART.....Margaret Allen
JACK HALEY.....Jimmy Dolan
MICHAEL WHALEN.....Richard Barry
SARA HADEN.....Collins
JANE DARWELL.....Woodward
CLAUDE GILLINGWATER.....Simon Peck
PAUL STANTON.....George Hathaway
HENRY ARMETTA.....Tony
CHARLES COLEMAN.....Stebbins
ARTHUR HOYT.....Percival Gooch
JOHN KELLY.....Ferguson
JOHN WRAY.....Flagin
TYLER BROOKE.....Dan Ward
MATHILDE COMONT.....Tony's Wife
LEONARD KIBRICK.....Freckles
DICK WEBSTER.....Soloist
BILL RAY.....Announcer
Directed by Irving Cummings. Suggested by stories by Eleanor Gales and Ralph Spence. Reviewed September 26, 1936.

Shirley Temple carries this picture on her own shoulders, and in spite of the fact that she has very indifferent story material, succeeds in providing her admirers with good entertainment.

The songs she has to sing are tuneful and she puts them over with effectiveness, whilst her dancing is excellent. She has one number with Alice Faye and Jack Haley which is particularly noteworthy.

The plot deals simply with the daughter of a wealthy soap manufacturer who walks out into the streets of New York and is found by two radio artists.

They believe she is an orphan and put her into their turn, which proves a tremendous success, and is booked by a rival soap manufacturer.

Later, her father, who had believed she was at school, recognises her voice over the air and gets her back. The child's escapade results in the amalgamation of the rival soap concerns and she sings on the air for both of them.

A slight love interest is introduced between the star's father and his rival's secretary.

As the radio stars who introduce Shirley as part of their turn, Alice Faye and Jack Haley give sound performances; the former sings pleasingly.

As the father, Michael Whalen has little to do, neither has Gloria Stuart, as his rival's secretary, with whom he falls in love.

The best performance, apart from the star, is given by Claude Gillingwater, as the soap manufacturer whom Shirley manages to charm into submissiveness. Her scenes with him are particularly good.

**THE LAW IN HER HANDS

First National. American. "A" Certificate. Crook drama. Runs 58 minutes.

MARGARET LINDSAY.....Mary Wentworth
GLENDA FARRELL.....Dorothy Davis
WARREN HULL.....Robert Mitchell
LYLE TALBOT.....Frank Gordon
EDDIE ACUFF.....Eddie O'Malley
DICK PURCELL.....Marty
AL SHEAN.....Franz
JOSEPH CREHAN.....Thomas Mallon
MATTY FAIR.....Augie Simelli
ADDISON RICHARDS.....William McGuire
MILT KIBBER.....Herman Sturm
EDDIE SHUBERT.....Harry Morton
MABEL COLCORD.....Fishcake Fanny
BILLY WAYNE.....Mug
Directed by William Clemens.

In spite of the fact that the plot is far-fetched even for an American crime story, this picture holds your



Shirley Temple in "Poor Little Rich Girl."

attention by the brightness of its dialogue, its acting and its surprise element. The court scenes are particularly good and keep you on tenterhooks most of the time.

Margaret Lindsay appears to her best advantage as Mary Wentworth, and is ably supported by Glenda Farrell as her friend, who are both admitted to the Bar and find themselves hard up for clients. The lady lawyer appeals to Frank Gordon, the head of a gang by the way her evidence as a witness turned the tables on one of his own henchmen, and he tries to bribe her to team in with him as a defending counsel.

She resists for a time, being in love with the District Attorney, the sworn foe of the crooks. But, stung by his reproaches and being hard up, she engages in Gordon's shady legal work.

She is revolted, however, when she is called upon to help him get out of a charge of polluting the city's milk supplies.

Two of Gordon's victims squeal, and they are murdered. Mary, under penalty of death, concocts an alibi for him, bringing a double into court for the purpose. The climax comes when she proves that the District

Attorney has identified the wrong man.

Then she reveals the truth and Gordon is arrested and convicted. But the tricks and technicalities of the law have proved too much for her, and she is glad finally to accept her lover's offer of marriage.

Lyle Talbot is strongly dramatic as the racketeer, and Warren Hull adequate as the District Attorney.

The broad humour is supplied by Eddie Acuff as a process server.

**MEET NERO WOLFE

Columbia. American. "A" certificate. Murder mystery. Runs 71 minutes.

EDWARD ARNOLD.....Nero Wolfe
LIONEL STANDER.....Archie Goodwin
JOAN PERRY.....Ellen Barstow
VICTOR JORY.....Claude Roberts
NANA BRYANT.....Sarah Barstow
DENNIE MOORE.....Mazie Gray
RUSSELL HARDIE.....Manuel Kimball
WALTER KINGSFORD.....E. K. Kimball
BOYD IRWIN, SEN.....Prof. Barstow
JOHN QUALEN.....Olaf
GENE MORGAN.....O'Grady
RITA CANSINO.....Maria
FRANK CONROY.....Dr. Bradford
Directed by Herbert Biberman. For story, freely based on the film by Marjory Williams, see page 24.

Edward Arnold's acting holds this murder mystery, with its romantic and comedy interludes, together.

He presents a somewhat fascinating addition to suave detective characters as Nero Wolfe and his polished acting and strong personality show to advantage.

He is cast as an eccentric criminologist, who has an insatiable thirst for a particular brand of beer, that brewed by Maria Maringola. When her brother, Carlo, is reported missing, and later dead, she consults Wolfe, and he with his uncanny instinct for sensing mystery, links Carlo's death with that of Professor Barstow, a gentleman who has passed out suddenly on a golf-course.

Wolfe's deductions then lead him to the conclusion that both men had been murdered and by the same method. Finding the culprit is his next task, and after playing each of the many suspects one against the other with the help of his henchman, Archie, he finds the clue to the double murderer in a skeleton in Barstow's cupboard.

As his "Dr. Watson," Lionel Stander is good, and Dennie Moore scores as Mazie Gray—these two provide both the comedy and the love interest.

The remainder of the cast give sound support. There is more dialogue than action, but it is well written. Actually it is necessary to follow it carefully in order to avoid missing the thread of the deduction.

**MISTER CINDERELLA

M.G.M. American. "U" certificate. Farce. Runs 73 minutes.

JACK HALEY.....Joe Jenkins
BETTY FURNESS.....Patricia Randolph
ARTHUR TREACHER.....Watkins
RAYMOND WALBUEN.....Peter Randolph
ROBERT MCWADE.....Gates
ROSINA LAWRENCE.....Mazie
MONROE OWSLEY.....Aloysius Merryweather
KATHLEEN LOCKHART.....Aunt Penelope
EDWARD BROPHY.....Detective McNutt
CHARLOTTE WYNTER.....Martha
TOM DUGAN....."Spike" Nolan
IRIS ADRIAN.....Lil
TOBY WING.....Lulu
MORGAN WALLACE.....Fawcett
ARTHUR AYLESWORTH.....Simpson
JOHN HYAMS.....Mr. Wilberforce
LEILA MCINTYRE.....Mrs. Wilberforce
Directed by Edward Sedgwick, from a story by Jack Jone.

The misadventures of a nervous young barber who is forced to play the role of a millionaire provides good farcical entertainment, although the plot is conventional and its development definitely crazy. However, some new gags are introduced and the cast gives a good example of competent team work.

I cannot say that I particularly appreciate Jack Haley's brand of

hesitant humour, which is better in small doses than large.

He is cast as Joe Jenkins, a timid barber, who lives in his dreams in high society. One day his pet customer, Aloysius Merryweather, a wealthy playboy, is too drunk to pay a social visit to the blue-blooded Randolphs, and he persuades Joe to act as substitute.

After falling for Patricia Randolph Joe discovers that her father, Peter Randolph, needs Aloysius' backing for a new motor enterprise, and following this, Aloysius' wife, Maisie, turns up, closely followed by her gangster brother, out to bump Aloysius off.

The hectic complications very nearly get Joe down, but at the last minute he pulls off a masterly stroke of big business, thereby clearing himself of the charge of deception. Wealth and Patricia are his at the finish, and so his dreams come true.

Betty Furness makes a charming heroine, and amusing comedy characterisations come from Arthur Treacher, Raymond Walburn, Edward Brophy and Monroe Owsley.

Hal Roach, the producer, has really elaborated a two-reel object into feature length, and it is only due to the excellence of the timing and presentation that it succeeds in providing as much entertainment as it does.

c*GUNS OF THE PECOS

Warner. American. "U" certificate. Western drama with music. Runs 56 minutes.

DICK FORAN.....Steve Ainslee
ANNE NAGEL.....Alice Burton
EDDIE ACUFF.....Jeff Carter
ROBERT MIDDLEMASS.....Judge Blake
GABY FAY.....Aunt Carrie
MILTON KIBBEE.....Carlos
BUS OSBORNE.....Jake
MONTE MONTAGUE.....Luke

Directed by Noel Smith. Songs and lyrics by M. K. Jerome and Jack Scholl.

Dick Foran fights and sings his way amiably through this artless Western, which has plenty of action and the necessary sentimental touches and broad comedy.

He is well supported by Anne Nagel and Eddie Acuff, who is quite amusing as his "buddy."

When cattle-rustlers start burning up law-abiding citizens in the Pecos territory, Steve Ainslee, a Texas ranger, and his pal, Jeff Carter, are called in to round up the gang and discover the leader's identity.

Following the murder of Major Burton, a wealthy horse-breeder, Steve suspects Judge Blake, and his eagerness to get his man is increased when he falls for Alice, Burton's

daughter. With Jeff's help he soon proves his suspicions to be correct, and in one glorious culminating scrap justice is served, and romance reigns in place of terrorism.

Picturesque settings and good camera work add polish to the conventional plot.

*THE FINAL HOUR

Columbia. American. "A" certificate. Gangster melodrama. Runs 57 minutes.

RALPH BELLAMY.....John Vickery
MARGUERITE CHURCHILL.....Flo Russell
JOHN GALLAUDET.....Red McLaren
GEORGE MCKAY.....Charlie
ELIZABETH RISDON.....Fortune-teller
MARC LAWRENCE.....Mike Magellan
LINA BASQUETTE.....Belle

Directed by D. Ross Lederman.

Obvious regeneration story, conventional in design and execution. The acting is good but the artistes are handicapped by the weakness of their material.

Ralph Bellamy, for instance, does his best to make the hero convincing, and he succeeds in doing so until the ending, when things lead up to a very far-fetched climax.

He is cast as John Vickery, a brilliant young attorney, who takes to drink when his wife leaves him, but he is rescued from an early grave by Flo Russell, a girl whom he helped to escape from a frame-up.

She is loved by Red McLaren, an ex-gangster, now a café proprietor, and does not reciprocate, and when he squeals on Mike Magellan, a former accomplice, he is bumped off in circumstances that incriminate her. She is sentenced to death, but Vickery, confidant of her innocence, tricks Mike into confessing, and then



Betty Furness in "Mister Cinderella."

marries her, thereby squaring the debt.

Marguerite Churchill graces the part of Flo, and a really excellent character study comes from Marc Laurence as Mike.

*PALM SPRINGS AFFAIR

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Social comedy-drama. Runs 71 minutes.

FRANCES LANGFORD.....Joan Smyth
SIR GUY STANDING.....Major Smyth
ERNEST COSSART.....Starkey
SMITH BALLEW.....Slim
SPRING BYINGTON.....Aunt Letty
DAVID NIVEN.....George Brittel
E. E. CLIVE.....Bruce Morgan
STERLING HOLLOWAY.....Oscar
GRADY SUTTON.....Bud
SARAH EDWARDS.....Miss Pincheon
Directed by Aubrey Scotto. Previewed September 19, 1936.

Song, sex and snobbery served up in a very indifferent manner, in spite of technical polish.

Sir Guy Standing sadly handicapped, does his best in the role of

Major Smyth, an ex-English army officer, who ekes out a modest existence in America by gambling, but hides his questionable occupation from his motherless daughter, Joan. Joan, however, inherits her father's trait, and this leads to her expulsion from finishing school.

Knowing that her father is at Palm Springs, she sets out to join him, but she captivates George Brittel, a wealthy pampered socialite, before she meets her father and learns of his true vocation.

The family's need of money causes her to pose as Lady Sylvia, confident that her masquerade will prompt George to propose, but her father, knowing that she is in love with Slim, a cowboy, refuses to let her make the sacrifice. In the end, it is disclosed that Major Smyth is really an aristocrat by birth, but the



Marguerite Churchill in "The Final Hour."

revelation in no way impairs progress to the happy ending.

Frances Langford as Joan sings tunelessly, but it will take a stronger imagination than mine to believe in her as the daughter of a British army officer.

As the young millionaire, David Niven gives a competent performance, and Ernest Cossart is true to type as the major's valet.

Smith Ballew croons in his role as lover, but does not act so that you would notice it.

*M'LISS

Radio. American. "A" certificate. Small-town melodrama. Runs 64 minutes.

ANNE SHIRLEY.....M'Liss Smith
JOHN BEAL.....Stephen Thorne
GUY KIBBEE.....Washoe Smith
DOUGLAS DRUMBRILLE.....Lou Ellis
MORONI OLSEN.....Jake
FRANK M. THOMAS.....Alf Edwards
RAY MAYER.....Whitey
ARTHUR HOUT.....Morpher
BARBARA PEPPER.....Clytie
MARGARET ARMSTRONG.....Della
WILLIAM BENEDICT.....Archy
JAMES BUSH.....Jack Farlan
LOUIS MASON.....Judge Wiener
ARTHUR LOFT.....Clem Larkin
FERN EMNETT.....Mrs. Larkin
ESTHER HOWARD.....Rose
Directed by George Nicholls, Jun., from a story by Bret Harle.

Old-fashioned in design, and heavily sentimental, this adaptation of Bret Harle's story appeals mainly to the unsophisticated.

Anne Shirley gives a natural performance in the emotional role of M'Liss Smith, the daughter of a dissolute but lovable prospector, who finds herself, together with her father, driven from their home because of his inability to pay his debts. Stephen Thorne, the new



Anne Shirley in "M'Liss."

schoolmaster, sides with M'Liss against her enemies, and when her father dies he gives her courage.

Their friendship ultimately ripens into love, but there is a serious setback when a jealous, undesirable rival stirs up trouble between them, and Stephen is later accused of attempted murder. However, things are eventually straightened out, thanks to the co-operation of sympathetic villagers, and the two misunderstood lovers eventually find belated happiness.

As Stephen, John Beal is adequate, but the best acting comes from such old-timers as Guy Kibbee, Moroni Olsen, Arthur Hoyt and Douglas Drumbrille.

The small-town atmosphere is quite effective, but the dramatic incidents are rather marred in effect by excessive emotionalism.

c CALL OF THE PRAIRIE

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 66 minutes.

WILLIAM BOYD.....Hopalong Cassidy
JIMMY ELLISON.....Johnny Nelson
MURIEL EVANS.....Linda McHenry
GEORGE HAYES.....Shanghai
CHESTER CONKLIN.....Sandy McQueen
ALAN BRIDGE.....Sam Porter
WILLIE FUNG.....Wong
HOWARD LANG.....Buck Peters
HANK MANN.....Tom
AL HILL.....Slade
JIM MASON.....Hoskins
JOHN MERTON.....Arizona
CHILL WILLS AND HIS AVALON BOYS.

Directed by Howard Bretherton. Adapted from "Hopalong Cassidy's Protege" by Doris Schroeder.

Commonplace affair lacking in action and aimless in plot. Its only asset is its robus fights, which may please juveniles.

Johnny Nelson, a wild young cowboy, gets into the clutches of crooks through gambling, and finds himself framed on a charge of robbing his own colleagues.

While discreetly riding out of town, he makes the acquaintance of Linda McHenry, and to complicate matters, she turns out to be the unsuspecting daughter of Shanghai, wily old chief of the crooks.

Following this, wholesale double-crossing takes place, but in the end Johnny is saved from death by his staunch friend, Hopalong Cassidy, in circumstances that establish his innocence. Needless to say, Shanghai gets a break, thereby making it possible for Johnny to marry Linda.

Jimmy Ellison is adequate as Johnny, and Muriel Evans succeeds in looking pretty, which is all she is required to do as Linda.

William Boyd displays his riding ability and little else in the role of Hopalong Cassidy.



Frances Langford and David Niven in "Palm Springs Affair."

CONGRATULATE Paul Robeson! Just for once in a way he's playing neither an African chief nor a Pullman porter who becomes king.

In *Big Fella*, which has been specially written for him, he is a well-known "character" of the docks of Marseilles, who is called in by the police to help them in their search for an English boy who has been kidnapped.

This story is by Fenn Sherie and Ingram d'Abbes, who collaborated in the script of a previous Robeson film, *Song of Freedom*, which, like *Big Fella*, was produced by British Lion at Beaconsfield.

The main dramatic theme of the story revolves round the kidnapped child's friendship with Robeson, and British Lion believe they have got hold of a new child discovery who has the makings of a very successful player.

This boy, Eldon Grant, has been in several films (though I confess I must have been choosing a peanut from my bag when he came on the screen, for I can't remember having seen him), but this is to be his big chance.

Well, we can do with a few more Freddie Bartholomews and Desmond Testers.

Mirth and Melody

Elizabeth Welch is in this (she played Robeson's wife in *Song of Freedom*, you remember), and the rest of the select gathering consists of James Hayter, Eric Cowley, Marcelle Røgez, Tonie Edgar Bruce and Roy Emerton.

These last two get my money every time.

Naturally, we don't have a Robeson film without music and songs—especially songs—and I hear that some very considerable new numbers have been specially written for the genial giant to sing.

Also they have not neglected the humour, and Director Elder Wills is working in some pretty good studies of dock-side workers and loafers.

By the way, in case you're interested in infant prodigies, the kid Grant is fourteen, and the son of a British diplomat. Also he speaks four languages fluently, which should come in handy if he happens to cut his thumb at fretwork, his favourite indoor sport.

He's been spending his leisure in the last few weeks making presents for all his friends.

Whoopee

They were working in a very lurid scene when I looked in—a dockside cafe, all very underworld and boisterous, filled with cosmopolitan crooks and with two pretty girls dancing the can-can, that most over-estimated and over-dressed of all dances.

Negroes, Chinese, Spanish, English, French, American, every known brand of half-caste that would be likely to frequent that particular type of pub in Marseilles.

I counted myself lucky to get away with my watch still on my wrist.

And now, to change the subject, you can't see Jack Hulbert for steam these days.

Not that he's working much harder than usual; as a matter of fact, he was taking life at rather a more leisurely pace than I have been accustomed to seeing him indulge in, on the set.

Just sitting still, having a pleasant little holiday; the steam emanated, not from him, but from the Turkish bath amidst which he was sitting, for the Gaumont-British picture *Take My Tip*, now in full motion at Shepherd's Bush.

And where do you suppose the steam came from? Ah! Wonderful places, those film studios! Each of the big sound-stages at the Shepherd's Bush studios has a series of mains along its walls; these contain electricity, water, air, and steam, and you can simply plug in and draw off any element you want.

The Caster Cast

Harold Huth, who was last seen doing a spot of screen villainy in *The Camels Are Coming*, has become a villain again in *Take My Tip*, playing a confidence trickster who sells Hulbert a fake oil well.

Since *The Camels* he has been casting-director at Shepherd's Bush, but has now relinquished



that post, and this part is his final flutter before he goes.

While I think of it, let no one say that Jack Hulbert doesn't sacrifice himself for his public. When it came time for him to take his cold shower in the Turkish bath sequence, he insisted on a real cold shower "so that the audience can see me shuddering."

And when the icy cold water descended on his back, he shuddered so hard that he joggled the camera, and the scene had to be re-taken.

Talking about Harold Huth's final flutter, several pigeons had their final flutter—at least for some hours—down at Pinewood during shooting of British National's new film, *Interval For Romance*.

Jean de Marguenat, directing, directed that a dozen pigeons should sit on a roof, and a cat should stalk them.

Ever tried to keep pigeons still while you photographed them with a movie camera? Anyway, it didn't beat the Pinewood property men; the resourceful fellows just fed the pigeons so full of corn that they simply couldn't stir for hours.

Interval for digestion—and photography.

Cinderella

Here's a new Walton-on-Thames production, directed by MacLean Rogers; it's called *Farewell to Cinderella*, and the cast consists of Ann Pichon, Arthur Rees, Ivor Barnard, Margaret Damer, John Robinson, Aubrey Mallalieu, Bob Hobbs, Glennis Lorimer (some time since I saw Glennis) and Ena Grossmith.

I hope that title isn't to be taken too literally, or what shall we do for plots?

Down at Worton Hall I found as good a piece of timing as it's been my fortune to see for quite a while.

A longish scene between Doug Fairbanks, jun. and Alan Hale, in *Forever and Ever*, which was born *Jump for Glory*; a tricky scene, with both men moving about, Hale sitting down, playing with some jewellery, talking to a girl, getting up, Junior tying his tie at a mirror, putting on his coat—and all the time the two of them keeping up a running fire of smart dialogue which works

E. G. Cousins
covers the
BRITISH
Studios

up into a quarrel and culminates in one of them knocking the other out.

What's that? Don't I know which? Of course I do—but I'm not here to spoil the scene for you—only to make you look out for it.

The point is that although they did the scene over and over again, it was so beautifully rehearsed and timed and smooth that there was hardly a pin to choose between the takes.

I get a great kick out of watching two troupers who know their job, doing it.

Father and Son

Raoul Walsh, the picturesque American director who wears a black patch over one eye, has tumbled in for rather an unusual assignment.

He directed Doug Fairbanks the father in *The Thief of Baghdad*; now he is directing Doug Fairbanks the son in *Forever and Ever*.

We had a spot of bother with Walsh when he was directing *O.H.M.S.* for Gaumont-British on Salisbury Plain; we photographed him with several groups of British officers, and blow me if this American director, with his patch and his trench-coat and his well set-up figure and his



Dorothy Dare, Marie Cole and Tucker Maguire, schoolgirls all, in "She Got What She Wanted."

back like a ramrod, wasn't the only one who really looked the part of a British Army officer!

By the way, I took Doug. jun. to task about the title, about which I was beefing to you a week or two ago, and he has a watertight alibi.

He tells me that it was the exhibitors who objected to the title *Jump for Glory*; he really has no say in that matter. As to the spelling of the word "Forever," he doesn't think it matters. So there you are.

I still think Doug.—and the exhibitors—are wrong.

Gold

Down at Sound City this week I looked at film production through a golden haze.

That's not usual with me, so I set to work to find out why it was—and discovered that the circus-performer members of the cast of *Make-up* have their legs and arms covered with gold dust, which is sprayed on them as a liquid.

This makes them look fine and dandy, but unfortunately the stuff brushes off and floats about in the air, and as soon as you get on to the set you find yourself taking down good healthy lung-fulls of the precious mineral.

In fact, the studio authorities have had to take steps about it; they have provided copious draughts of milk for anyone who wishes to avail himself of it, as milk is supposed in some mysterious way to be an antidote for gold.

Now two problems have opened themselves up for the studio to cope with; first, the urgent need for some way of mixing seccotine with the gold-dust so that it stays put; and second, the demand by the electricians and carpenters for the use of an alternative spray for which the antidote is beer.

They don't care much for milk.

She Faw Down

This is the film in which Nils Asther (absolutely unrecognisable in a clown's make-up), June Clyde, Judy Kelly, and Kenneth Duncan are

playing the leads. June distinguished herself by falling off a trapeze and giving the whole company heart-failure, but after two or three days in bed she went tripping gaily back to her job, because that's the kind of girl June is.

Judy Kelly informed me, with pride that is not wholly without a touch of pathos, that she is a good girl for once.

"Not spotless, of course," she said. "They'd never let me be that. But the spots don't show. Of course, I don't get the man, though," she added wistfully.

Judy gets better-looking every time I see her; it seems to me there ought to be a big future for that girl in British films. I only hope Hollywood doesn't spot her first.

I Grope

It's such a long time since I was down at Sound City (my alibi being that it's a whale of a long way, and there hasn't been anything of very world-shattering importance there lately) that I found myself completely at sea.

Huge new sound-stages, a labyrinth of roads and corridors, and dozens of new offices and other buildings made the whole place absolutely strange to me; add the fact that there is a new entrance, from a slightly different direction, and you can imagine that I was completely bewildered.

In my gropings I stumbled on the Capitol unit, making the new Tom Walls-Ralph Lynn picture *For Valour*.

This is the story of two old men, one of whom has saved the other's life in the Boer War, and ever afterwards battens on the fact.

The matter is somewhat complicated by the fact that Tom Walls, playing one of the old men, also plays his own son—and so does Ralph Lynn; the danger of this, of course, is that they may find themselves at any moment making a Laurel and Hardy picture.

Puzzling

However, so far they seem to have kept their various personalities reasonably well disentangled, though Walls has a little difficulty in recognising himself in his dressing-room mirror, having shaved off his famous moustache and side-pieces in order to play the old man.

But to play the son, he has to put them back, and in fact be made up to look like himself. All very puzzling.

I am also informed that Lynn will be seen

without his monocle, but this I refuse utterly to believe.

By the way, Walls the Elder also has a cauliflower ear; for valour, doubtless.

That phrase "For valour," in case you are all just a lot of ignoramuses or ignorami, is the motto on the Victoria Cross, which is worth, I believe, about 1s. 7d. intrinsically, and untold gold in real value.

And that brings me neatly to Queen Victoria, at whom Michael Balcon, Alexander Korda and Herbert Wilcox have arrived just as neatly, and absolutely simultaneously.

Panorama

Mind you, they've been coming a long time. Herbert Wilcox has been preparing his story (which he calls *Victoria the Great*, a panorama of the queen's reign from accession to death) for the past two years, with a view to production as soon as the official ban of the Lord Chamberlain was lifted.

Of course, the Lord Chamberlain's ban extends only to stage plays, but the British Board of Film Censors follows suit. Now anyone may make a film bringing in Good Queen Victoria, so long as it isn't shown before June, 1937—and you bet plenty of people are going right ahead to make such a film.

Good Queen Nova

Herbert Wilcox will engage a famous star for the role, and is negotiating for the services of a famous British director now in Hollywood. Gaumont-British may put a film into production with Nova Pilbeam as the Queen in the first three years of her reign.

London Films are sure to do something pretty adequate in honour of the occasion.

Would Queen Victoria, I wonder, have been amused?

Talking of being amused, what about the Palladium Crazy Gang, who are getting really under way at last in Gainsborough's *Okay for Sound* at Islington, and our friend Zasu Pitts playing opposite our other friend Claude Rains?

These two films are going to be interesting—the first as an example of typical British humour, and the second as a combination of British and American.

I'll be seeing them—and I'll be telling you!

There is the true W. W. Jacobs flavour about George Carney and Gordon Harker in "Beauty and the Barge."



The Story of the Film

MEET NERO WOLF

by
Marjory Williams



Freely based on the film, "Meet Nero Wolf," by permission of Columbia Pictures, Ltd. See "On the Screens Now" feature, page 20, for the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

YOU want me to do that? Why, I haven't left the house in seven years. Fresh air kills me; the traffic drives me crazy. And you want me to go and look for Marie because you're too lazy to find her yourself. Bah! . . ."

Nero Wolf, private detective, removed his bulky form from the muslin-curtained window and turned into the room as though anxious to be refreshed after an outlook thoroughly distasteful to him. Two of his major interests in life—orchids and bottled beer—met his gaze. In the orchid house which was his study, occupying a table the long drawer of which was almost overflowing with screw caps from forgotten bottles of his cherished brew, Wolf was in the habit of attending to his third great interest in life—namely, his work.

The young man with crinkly hair and rather an attractive brand of ugliness, summoned thus to stand on the mat, offered excuse.

"I've been to thirty places, Chief. I've looked everywhere."

Except in the right place, Archie. It isn't as if I'd asked you to do the impossible. I only asked you to search New York. Marie Maringola, the best brewer of beer in the world, except her mother, who also brewed it for me, and you can't find her."

"I absolutely guarantee she's nowhere in the city, Chief."

Which solemn declaration was hardly out of Archie's mouth, before a dark young woman walked into the orchid-house-cum-study and carefully closed the door.

"That's right. Cold air's bad for orchids," Wolf approved. "Now, Marie, where have you been?"

"Busy raising money to bring to you. You see, Mr. Wolf, I want you

"While you're asking dizzy questions we'll all get blown up," Archie grumbled.

to find my brother. Something's happened to him."

Wolf nodded and accepted the dollar bills the girl held out. Clients were apt to think him a skinflint, but were obliged to admit him no niggard in the use of brains.

"Archie, another bottle of beer," he ordered. "Now, Marie, what about your brother?"

Well, you see Carlo was out of work and I bought him a ticket to England. He was a metal worker. He made springs for guns. Then the day before he was going to sail he telephoned me saying he was staying in New York after all. He asked me to meet him at a restaurant that night, but he didn't come and he hasn't been heard of at his room—84 Gruver Street."

"Archie, go to 84 Gruver Street and if you see anything that looks unimportant, bring it to me."

"Won't you, please, look for him yourself, Mr. Wolf?"

"Archie is my eyes, my ears, my arms, my legs. He does everything for me, except think. Don't worry, Marie. We'll get your brother back or it won't cost you a penny."

Wolf saw Archie off, accompanied by Maizie the young woman with aspiring eyelashes and hopeful views about marrying Mr. Wolf's assistant. It is only fair to Archie to say that he shared these views, lack of time being the only obstacle to the wedding. Moreover, after matrimony, it was his profound intention thrice-echoed by Maizie to renounce sleuthing in favour of becoming a furniture salesman. To hurry the wished-for event, Archie lost no time in bringing a housemaid from 84 Gruver Street, who informed Wolf that on the morning on which Carlo Maringola had disappeared, he had cut out a long paragraph from a certain newspaper.

Rapidly Wolf earmarked a similar

paragraph in a news sheet before him.

"Professor Barstow of Yale, dies on golf course from heart failure," he read. "You're sure the gap in Mr. Maringola's paper was just there? . . . Thank you, young lady."

"I promised her a couple of dollars for coming along," Archie put in.

"Go ahead and pay her. I didn't promise it, my boy."

"Fancy a mug like Carlo, looking for a job, cutting out a story about an old professor kicking off," Archie observed with added contempt, consequent on unexpectedly having to part with precious cash.

"Not so peculiar, Archie. Give Marie back her money. She's downstairs. We told her we'd find her brother, but we can't. All we can find is his body which, incidentally, will probably be found by the police. Carlo didn't just disappear. He was murdered. Give Marie this extra cash. She'll need it to bury him with."

But, Chief, how d'you work that out? The cut-out from the paper isn't about Carlo. It's about Professor Barstow who died suddenly of heart disease while playing golf with Claude Roberts the pro, and Mr. E. J. Kimball and his son, Manuel."

"Oh! the professor. He didn't drop dead. No. He was murdered, too. My reasons for thinking so I hope are on the way here."

"For you," Olaf, the white-capped cook and somewhat lethargic general factotum, announced.

"A present for me?" Maizie suggested brightly, her face falling as Olaf brought in a bag of golf-clubs.

"So, they've come at last. Bring them in the parlour, Archie. I want to learn how to use them." Archie's amusement at finding his Chief utterly ignorant even of such terms as "club" and "drive" faded when

told to go through the motions of hitting the ball without damage to the furniture.

The process of acting, as Archie said, as if he were a slow-motion cartoon was interrupted by the arrival of police officer Lieutenant O'Grady. "Sorry, O'Grady, but this is very important," Wolf apologised. "If you don't mind I'll concentrate before talking, though I admit the young man looks like a lunatic."

"About the Maringola case," O'Grady said, unable to contain himself any longer. "We found the young man's body outside a telephone box. Case of bad heart. It just quit on him."

Bad heart! I'll bet you a new derby hat any colour you like, that you'll find Carlo Maringola's heart was as sound as a dollar. And so was Professor Barstow's. Have you read the account of his death on the course? . . . No, I thought not. Then you haven't noticed that it expressly stated that the Professor borrowed a driver from a member of the foursome. Apparently he made his shot when he complained that a mosquito had bitten him and fouled his drive. Two minutes later he dropped dead.

"And you think he was murdered? Crazy, Mr. Wolf. Crazy."

"That's not the point. The point is that Carlo was a metal worker. Take this ordinary golf club. Looks like a gun, doesn't it? The shaft is hollow like the barrel of a gun. My theory is that Carlo was told by one of the members of the Professor's foursome to make a gun that would fire a small bullet, maybe snail as a needle, out of a driver. The insert here would be a perfect place for a trigger. A spring in here would turn it into an air rifle. A hole here would let the bullet or needle be fired. Now then, watch me. How's that for a stance, Archie?"

"Pretty good for a beginner."

"Now when I swing down to hit the ball so, the end of this home-made gun is pointing right about my waistline . . . don't chortle, Archie. I know the line's imaginary, like the equator. The ball releases a spring here and the bullet or needle finds its mark here."

"So you've sent for us to make an

autopsy on a guess like that. We wouldn't think of it," the lieutenant negated.

"I know you wouldn't," Wolf smiled. "But I've thought of it for you, so go ahead."

"I suppose you've seen that Lieutenant O'Grady is supposed to have given the police first hint of foul play suspected in the Barstow case," Archie observed at lunch reading a report of the proposed autopsy.

"Never mind him stealing the thunder. My mind's on this delicious onion soup," Wolf said contentedly. "And mine's on getting married after lunch. Archie's promised me," Maizie added.

"You're the one who found out it was murder, Chief," Archie said, ignoring his bride-to-be. "You ought to find the fellow who did it."

"D'you think I solve murders for fun, Archie? Now, if there was a fee . . ."

"But there is. Listen. Mrs. Barstow, widow of the dead man offers fifty thousand dollars reward for apprehension of the murderer if autopsy shows Professor Barstow was victim of foul play."

"Then why this dilly-dallying? Get going and bring me the lady's offer of the reward in writing."

"Shed tears for Maizie Grey, because she's a bride-to-be-that-never-was," Maizie said hysterically as Archie closed the door. Wolf patted her hand. "Maizie, I hope you'll be happily married for fifty years and if you are, an hour or two, more or less, one way or the other won't make a particle of difference," he soothed.

By the end of the afternoon, aided by the exertions of Archie, five persons who might conceivably have had to do with Professor Barstow's disease, visited the orchid room.

The widowed Mrs. Barstow and the doctor who had certified the Professor's death had been due to heart failure, arrived first. Though the former was so "intense" and fatalistically inclined as to border on the peculiar, and the latter was most insistent that autopsy should not be allowed to proceed, Wolf considered neither guilty of murder. A call from the District Attorney establishing the fact that the Professor had been killed by a poisoned needle entering the body above the heart, caused the detective to pay special attention to his three ensuing visitors.

Claude Roberts the good-looking golfing pro, engaged to the Professor's daughter, Ellen Barstow, was frank in stating that the Professor had dropped down dead after making a shot with a borrowed driver. But when Manuel Kimball, the third member of the foursome, was ushered in, Claude seemed in such a hurry to get away that Wolf wondered why.

There was nothing particularly distasteful about Manuel Kimball's appearance to warrant another man's dislike. His jaw, nevertheless, showed marked aggressiveness as he said:

"I want to make it clear, Mr. Wolf, that if any of your insinuations against me or my father, Mr. E. J. Kimball, the Professor's golf partners at the time of his death, get into the papers, we shall sue you."

Accustomed to threats of this type, as soon as he was alone, Wolf despatched Archie to bring in Claude Roberts who had removed

himself from the apparently contaminating influence of Manuel Kimball, no farther than the street below.

Claude, alleging that he disliked Manuel on account of being falsely accused by him of stealing money from a South American golf club, provided the somewhat startling information that Mr. E. J. Kimball, senior, had been tried in Buenos Aires for the murder of his wife, but had been acquitted. A Mr. Henderson, Mrs. Barstow's first husband, had similarly been accused, but had disappeared.

"Archie," Wolf ordered when Claude Roberts had left. "E. J. Kimball is due to arrive from Chicago at the Grand Central station in half an hour. Bring him here. Tell him he'll be arrested for murder if he doesn't want to come." Fortified by another bottle of beer, Wolf subsequently faced an elderly man with nervous brown eyes who maintained with over-emphasis that he hadn't an enemy in the world.

"No? But according to the evidence I have just received from your golf caddy, you lent Professor Barstow the driver which killed him. Mind, I'm not suggesting that you wanted to kill him. I think it far more likely that someone intended to murder you. While you were on your way here from the station with my assistant, Lieutenant O'Grady telephoned me to the effect that the car which was sent to meet you at the station, has been wrecked, and your chauffeur found dead—killed by the bite of a fer de lance, probably the most dangerous snake in the world and very common in the Argentine."

Mr. Kimball's eyes grew haggard. "You say you have no enemies," Wolf pursued. "Now I can name five people who might want to kill you. First, your son, Manuel, who thinks you the possible murderer of his mother. Second, Mrs. Barstow, whose first husband, after being implicated in the murder of your wife, disappeared. She might think you killed him as well as your wife. Three, Ellen Barstow from the same motive of revenge as her mother. Number four, Doctor Bradford who has obviously been paid to bring in a faked certificate of death. Five, Claude Roberts. Motive; his love for Ellen Barstow and the fact that when Claude was in Buenos Aires, your son Manuel falsely accused him of stealing money. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"If you'll take my advice, Mr. Kimball, you'll go quietly to a hotel I shall recommend, register under the name of my assistant, who will go with you there, and stay as your protector . . ."

"Oh! For how long, Chief?"

"A month if necessary, Archie."

"Chief, what will Maizie say?"

"A foregone conclusion. 'When are we going to get married?' Never mind. Do as I tell you. I may need you before then."

For a detective who refuses to leave home, the only hope in solving a murder mystery is to induce his suspects to visit him. By paying Marie to fire an automatic, narrowly missing the person of E. J. Kimball while playing "Monopoly" on the hotel veranda with his son and Archie, Wolf achieved his purpose.

That evening, his pleasant voice, mildly stimulated by good food and beer could be heard greeting his visitors. "Sorry if I've disturbed

your everyday routine ladies and gentlemen." His eye travelled rapidly in turn to Mrs. Barstow, Doctor Bradford, Claude Roberts, Ellen, E. J. Kimball and his son. "But since, by the shots fired at Mr. Kimball this evening, we have conclusive evidence that the murderer of Professor Barstow, Carlo, and the chauffeur is still at large, I thought it best to bring you here. You will each be assigned a safe and comfortable room, for which, of course, you will be charged. Meals will be provided on the same basis and Archie will do the bell-hopping."

Archie, incidentally, owing to the congestion, was obliged to spend what he hoped to have been his wedding night on the kitchen table. Nevertheless, devotion to duty enabled him not only to sustain this outrage, but to register intense excitement the following morning on handing the chief a parcel.

"Wait. Listen. It's ticking. Must be a bomb. Get some water, quick," he ejaculated.

"Keep calm," Wolf admonished. "Let me handle this. After all, it is addressed to me. Sit down, please. I wonder who sent it?"

"While you're asking dizzy questions we'll all get blown up," Archie grumbled.

"No, Archie. Our murderer is too clever to advertise his bomb with a loud tick. He wants us to put it in water right away, but he underestimates us."

"Smells like peaches," Maizie observed, her nose to the brown paper.

"The smell of a certain deadly chemical, my child. . . . Olaf give me that piece of string. I'm tying this thing up exactly as it was. I'm going to my room. Don't let anyone disturb me. I'll see you at twelve o'clock. I've promised to talk about orchids to such of my visitors as care to listen."

In the orchid room, shortly before twelve, Wolf looked with satisfaction at his entire complement of guests apparently interested in the details of orchid growing, though obviously absorbed in their own thoughts and fears. As arranged, Olaf brought in the dangerous-looking paper parcel which emitted a loud tick.

"Look out, Mr. Wolf," Roberts cried. "If it's a time bomb it's

liable to go off at any minute. Put it in water right away."

"Stay where you are, every one of you," Wolf ordered, whipping out an automatic. "None of us has an enemy crude enough to send a bomb which advertises itself and simply asks to be put in water—it's something much more dangerous than that. Let's study the handwriting on the label." Carefully he put down the automatic. Manuel seized it and turned on him. "All right, Mr. Wolf, give me that bomb. You're right about the package being deadly only when it's put into water. You've been right all along. I never meant to kill Professor Barstow. I meant to kill the man who murdered my mother. I had to kill Carlo Maringola because he threatened me with exposure, and I had to kill my father's chauffeur because, thanks to Mr. Archie Goodwin's interference, the fer de lance intended for my father, bit an innocent man. And now, Nero Wolf, you and your assistant are going to die this way."

Followed by a hissing sound and a cloud of dramatic-looking steam, the brown paper parcel was plunged by Manuel into the adjacent water tank. "Get him, Archie," Wolf ordered. "Never mind the gun. I shouldn't have left it out for him if it had been loaded. As for the bomb, we have to thank 118 beer caps, the same alarm clock that Manuel used, and some seidlitz powders—all I had, in fact. Get me some more to-morrow."

"Going to Coney Island for a honeymoon," Wolf observed, smiling across the study table next morning at his assistant, and Maizie, very conscious of a new wedding ring. "Nonsense. You're going to Paris in the bridal suite of the *Ile de France*. My wedding present."

"Swell, chief. What a trip to glean ideas as furniture salesman."

"Marvellous, Archie, but there's something more important than selling furniture I want you to do for me. I've just had a cable from London. Very wealthy gentleman on the last voyage over, who occupied cabin 68 on B deck, is supposed to have committed suicide. I want you to find out what he did every day, who his friends were, what he ate and drank . . . and if anything looks to you unimportant, just cable me."

"You're going to Paris on the bridal suite of the *Ile de France*. My wedding present," said Nero Wolf.



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Be colourful . . . but not painted. The Colour Change Principle available in Tangee lipstick, powder and rouge intensifies your own natural colouring.

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INSIST upon Tangee for all your make-up. Only in Tangee can you obtain the Colour Change Principle. Tangee Powder is 2/6 and 4/6. Rouge, compact or creme, each 3/6. Lipstick is 1/9 and 4/6.

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BLOCK LETTERS P.G.

What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

GARBO—or BERGNER

Can We Decide which is the Greater?

MANY wordy battles have been fought in an effort to distinguish which is the greater actress—Garbo or Bergner. Although they appear to be very different types, it is difficult to find a definite point on which, as actresses, they differ.

They have much in common. Both are undoubtedly great actresses. Both are finely polished in technique, although Bergner's may be the more studied of the two. Both make an intensely spiritual appeal. Both, we feel, can see so poignantly the heartbreak in the heart of things.

And it is in their reactions to this last that the great difference becomes clear. To Garbo the world is a weeping child to be cared for. But Bergner—she is the weeping child.—"M.D.W."



Elisabeth Bergner.

Who Threw Dat "Mata"?

The other day I committed the crime of finding shelter from the showers at a local cinema, and this is how I had to pay for it.

The house was full, and I paddled my way through a row of seats till I found myself deposited between two abnormal personages. What with my wet clothes and the high pressure on my sides, I did undergo a great ordeal.

The picture was well on its way and quite amusing, too, evidently from the roars of laughter at intervals; and at one time Mrs. Smith, my left-hand neighbour, got so excited that she let go her hold on the basket on her lap with disastrous results.

A good many tomatoes rolled down far into the auditorium. A few, I proudly say, were recovered by my help, but again I discovered that some were new-laid eggs badly disfigured.

There was confusion all around us. "Sh! Sh!" sounds, and "Siddowns!" from the impolite; and the reaction on my neighbours' faces would have left even the famous Chaplin guessing.

As a moral I would like to suggest to the shopping patrons not to take in all their personal belongings when visiting the cinema, as it may greatly inconvenience them, to say nothing of others, besides depriving poor Willy of his breakfast.—G. K. Mallore, 137 Ravenslea Road, Balham, S.W.

Queer Film Fowk!

In view of recent reflections on the private lives of screen stars, due to cases before the courts relating to matrimonial infelicity, contract breaking, and other objectionable matters, I think it is useful to insist once again that only the "exceptional," and not the "normal," state of affairs is revealed in such publicity.

There is a Lancashire proverb to the effect that "Theer's nowt so queer as fowk!" The "queerest" thing I know about actors and actresses as a whole is that they are just natural, human people; neither more nor less prone to "kicking over the traces" than other men and women.

For every one who gets in the limelight through moral or legal indiscretions, there are fifty who

do not. Neither bad language nor bad conduct is characteristic of the profession as a whole.

Next time I see columns in the newspaper directing attention to the folly of some particular film star, I will write to the editor, asking him to publish alongside as "hot news" a list of the decent, law-abiding citizens of Hollywood, Elstree, and the other numerous film colonies.—William Newall, 5 Blakehall Road, Carshalton, Surrey, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.

Yesterday's Piffle

It happened during filmdom's halcyon days. I had sat beside a dear old lady in the cinema, and she had politely asked if I would read out the sub-titles to her as her eyesight was none too good. Of course, I proceeded to do so—then found that her hearing was not too good, either.

Soon I was amusing the whole cinema-audience as I bawled forth some of the most sentimental, melodramatic piffle, in the form of sub-titled dialogue, that it has ever been my misfortune to utter. I crept from the cinema, trying to look as though I were not visible.

It's a popular grouse nowadays that screen dialogue is too often made up of inconsequential small-chat. Let the grouse cast their minds back to the days when the villain's wicked "Ah, ah, curse you, Launcelot!" flashed upon the screen . . . and be darned glad that such dialogue has no place in the talking-films of to-day.—L. Turvey, 112 Tennyson Road, Portsmouth, Southampton, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

Father's Problem

Until a short while ago I used to go to the cinema at least twice a week, I had not missed a week for years. When I married it was always our Saturday night out, but now we are happy to have a baby, and, of course, we have to go without our movies.

There are thousands of young couples the same as ourselves; couldn't it be possible for every decent cinema to have a nursery, with a nurse in attendance? How many people have been annoyed by a baby crying during a matinee, also tiny feet kicking the seat, etc. I know it would be a welcome break for a mother to know that her baby was in safe hands and she would enjoy every foot of the film.

Kinema managers complain about bad matinees, here is a remedy! You can obtain your ticket at the box-office for a car park. Why not a baby park?—Leslie H. Mason, 126 Melson Road Central, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk.

For Background Music—

I think the musical accompaniments in "straight" films are quite as important, and often far more enjoyable, than those in "musical" films.

Take *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Captain Blood*, *David Copperfield*, and *Abdul the Damned*, for example. They were all excellent films, and the music running through each contributed in no small measure to their excellence.

It didn't in the least interfere with the action, yet matched each sequence of each story perfectly. Let's have more musical "non-musicals" like those I have mentioned. They are so thoroughly satisfying in every way.—(Miss) A. E. White, 25 Lansdown, Stroud, Glos.

—And Against It

I have just seen the film *Yellow Dust*, and thought it was quite a good picture, if it was not for the fact that there was music where it should not have been.

(Continued on page 28)



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CAN PROTECT ALL OF YOU

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How to give 'ASPRO' to the Kiddies

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: children 3 to 6 years, 1/2 tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1 1/2 tablets. 'ASPRO' like any other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

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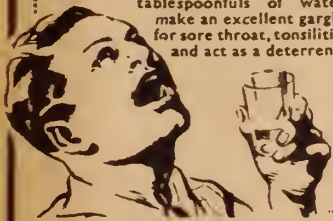
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'ASPRO' and a hot lemon drink will smash up a cold or flu attack in one night



Colds, ills, chills, 'flu and rheumatism are about. Stamp them out at their inception. All you have to do to free yourself quickly from the attacks of these troublesome complaints is to take 'ASPRO' at first symptoms. It is good sound health policy to keep 'ASPRO' tablets always handy during winter months, for the variety of HEALING SERVICES that 'ASPRO' offers you at this time of the year are too numerous to particularise. Quick action on YOUR part will mean quick results on the part of 'ASPRO.' For 'ASPRO' is always ready to do its job of healing. So why not make up your mind to purchase a packet of 'ASPRO' to-day?—even a 3d. packet will be more than sufficient to demonstrate to you that 'ASPRO' will banish a cold or 'flu attack in one night, it will relieve you of your rheumatism, stop your headache in a few minutes, remove your aches and pains and dispel the weak feeling due to feverishness by reducing the temperature. In fact, while dispelling the complaint 'ASPRO' removes the attendant discomforts. Remember that 'ASPRO', after ingestion in the system, is an anti-pyretic or fever-reducer, an internal antiseptic and a solvent of uric acid, so it attacks the fundamental causes of many complaints. We suggest that you act on the 'ASPRO' slogan:

Keep 'ASPRO' handy and keep illness out

Here is definite proof:

KEEPS FREE 'ASPRO' WORKS FROM RHEUMATISM WONDERS FOR AND COLDS FAMILY'S ILLS

Mrs. Whitehead, of 38, Kay Street, Middleton, writes:—Last winter I was never without a cold, which at last turned to rheumatism and I was in bed for weeks. When I started getting up I thought I would try 'ASPRO' as I had taken them for headaches and they had always banished them. I was not long before I was feeling myself again and this winter I am glad to say I have never had one cold. I take two 'ASPRO' tablets every night, and they keep me free from rheumatism and colds. Twelve months ago I thought I would never walk again and now I am better than ever.

Mrs. E. D. writes from Kingston:—“I feel it my duty to write and let you know how wonderful your 'ASPRO' Tablets are for the whole family. I had a bad attack of influenza followed by tonsillitis. I was very bad. I had some 'ASPRO' in the house. I took two every five hours and within three days I was well. They are worth having in everyone's home. I am never without them. I give them to all my family, even my boy of six and a half takes one when he has a headache or earache, and he is all right a quarter of an hour after. It has worked wonders in my home, saved us many a doctor's bill. I always recommend 'ASPRO' to all my friends and family.”

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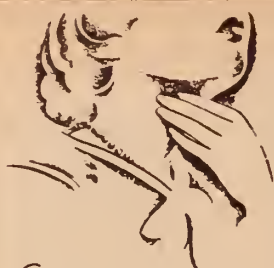
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P.4.

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WHO'S WHO

Patricia Ellis

WAS born in New York on May 20, 1916, and as the step-daughter of Alexander Leftwich, a well-known theatre producer, started her theatrical education almost as soon as she was old enough to toddle backstage.

Patricia began her stage career as soon as she left school and was only 16 when she was spotted by a talent scout while playing on Broadway in *The Royal Family*. Her first important film was *The King's Vacation* and ever since she has been one of the hardest worked ingenues on the screen. Recently she has been on view in *Rhythm on the River*, *All One Night*, *Down the Stretch* and *Postal Inspector*.

She has blue eyes, blonde hair, weighs 8 st. 3 lb., and is 5 ft. 6 in. tall.

James Ellison

AN ex-extra who has made good, Jimmy was born in Valier, Montana, and spent most of his youth on a ranch, which accounts for his excellent horsemanship. He began his stage career in amateur theatricals and after gaining some recognition at Pasadena Community Playhouse, went to Hollywood and entered pictures in crowd work. Finally, he caught the eye of an executive and is now one of the most popular of all the western heroes. His most recent films are *Call of the Prairie*, *Three on a Trail*, *Heart of the West* and *The Plainsman*.

Ellison is in his early twenties, dark haired, and over 6 ft. tall.

Stuart Erwin

BORN February 14, 1905, at Squaw Valley, California, intended, on graduating from the University of California, to become a lawyer. But the college dramatic club interested him

more than the course of law and he eventually joined a Los Angeles stock company, where he played five different parts in one play. A Hollywood talent scout noticed this quick-change artist and gave him a screen test which proved successful, winning him a part in *Mother Knows Best*. That was in 1928, and since then he has played in over a hundred features, the most recent of which are *Absolute Quiet*, *Ceiling Zero*, *Women Are Trouble* and *Country Bumpkin*.

His hair is light brown, his eyes green, his weight 11 stone 6 lb., his height 5 ft. 9 in.

He is married to June Collyer.

Madge Evans

MADGE EVANS has the record of having entered professional work at an earlier age than any other member of the film colony.

When she was only 18 months old, Miss Evans posed as the Child for a painting by George Deforest Brush called "Madonna and Child." When she was two and a half years old she was the subject of a "Baby Book" illustrated by Will Cotton.

Miss Evans started her film career at the age of six. She played child roles for seven years and was by way of being the Shirley Temple of her day.

Growing up, Miss Evans made a name on Broadway and attracted the attention of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials who gave her the lead opposite Ramon Navarro in *Son of India*.

She immediately settled down to a steady popularity that shows no signs of waning. Her latest is *Piccadilly Jim*.

Madge was born in New York, July 1, 1909, of English parentage, has light brown hair and blue eyes, is 5 ft. 4 in. tall and weighs 8 st. 4 lb.

What Do You Think?—Cont.

Take the scene where Richard Dix put the girl in a strait-jacket and took her through the mountains; they were in the middle of a pass when suddenly music came up from goodness knows where.

Why can't we have something a little more realistic? We know it's only pictures, but why push in music where it is out of place?

In another film the same thing happened—*Love on a Bet*. Gene Raymond and Wendy Barrie are out riding in a car; they stop the car, then music seems to come out of the air and they start dancing.

I have often seen films like this, and hope in future they will make things a little more natural.—(Miss) Cathie Gartshore, 5 Milngavie Road, Bearsden, Scotland.

Stars' Signature Tunes

If film stars were subject to signature tunes, I think the following would be very appropriate to one or two:—

Greta Garbo—"All Alone."

Shirley Temple—"Ain't She Sweet?"

Mae Mix—"Streamline Strut."

Maureen O'Sullivan—"Laughing Irish Eyes."

George Arliss—"A Fine Old English Gentleman."

Charlie Chaplin—"If Those Lips Could Only Speak."

Warner Oland—"Chinatown, My Chinatown."

Boris Karloff—"Hush, Hush, Here Comes the Bogey Man."

Tom Mix—"I'm an Old Cow-Hand."

G. A. Cummings, 5 Cook Street, New Seaham, Co. Durham.

Broadcasting Boosts

I have been listening recently, via my short-wave set, to various broadcasts from American film centres, and have come to the conclusion that the British Broadcasting Corporation could take a tip from the American broadcasting companies with regard to boosting the film industry.

For example, why not broadcast a series devoted to film matters? Famous British stars and producers could be interviewed, excerpts from forthcoming productions could be given, and so on.

It may be objected that this would be advertising, but no more so than the present broadcasting of records, with makes and numbers, or the current excerpts from the theatres.

If each company had the same opportunities, there would be no unfairness.

Anyway, it would not be nearly so blatant as the series of musical programmes recently presented by a well-known musical director, which consisted entirely of tunes taken from films which his own company produced, which was frequently mentioned during the broadcasts.—C. E. Taylor, 60 Revelon Road, Brockley, S.E.4.

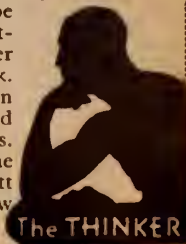
Misleading "Historicals"

I am fifteen years old, and have seen both *Tudor Rose* and *Mary of Scotland*. I enjoyed them both, but in history lessons afterwards, I wished that I had never been to see them, for they had not kept to the really true history which they were showing, and I found myself becoming very muddled as to what was real, or what was just "made up" to fit the film.—*Muddled Schoolgirl*.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What do you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 ts. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.



The THINKER

Let GEORGE DO IT!

OWING to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

KEITH AND STEVENS CRAZY (N.7).—(1) Ian Keith b. Feb. 27, 1899, Boston, U.S.A.; 6 ft. 2 in., grey eyes, brown hair; married (a) Blanche Yurka (mar. dis.), (b) Ethel Clayton. Latest film, *The White Legion*, with Tala Birell. (2) Onslow Stevens b. Mar. 29, 1902, Los Angeles; 6 ft. 2 in., brown hair and eyes; married Anne Buchanan, 1936. Latest films, *Three on a Trail* and *Born to Gamble*.

MOSCOW NIGHTS.—(1) Laurence Olivier plays with Penelope Dudley Ward in *Moscow Nights*. Latest film, *Fire Over England*.

BOB CRAZY (Cardiff).—(1) We have no details of a Robert Taylor fan club. (2) Robert Taylor is scheduled for *Adventure for Three*, with Luise Rainer, *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, and *Tell it to the Marines*, with Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy.

EDDY FAN (West Bromwich).—Nelson Eddy was born Providence, Rhode Island, June 29, 1909, is 6 ft. tall, and has blonde hair and blue eyes, his latest films include *Maytime*, with Jeanette MacDonald, and they are scheduled for *The Silent Night* together.

A READER would like to obtain a copy of the PICTUREGOER, December 24, 1932 (now out of print), containing a centre spread of *The Good Companions*. If anybody has a copy of this issue, would they get into touch with Miss Margaret F. Jeans, 28 West Hill Avenue, Epsom, Surrey?

A REGULAR READER (Devon).—Ray Milland took the part of Tommy Abbott in *Next Time We Live*, and he was born in Ireland. His real name is Jack Millane; he is 5 ft. 11 in. tall, has dark hair and eyes; married Muriel Weber.

J. C. (N. Ireland).—(1) *Wife Versus Secretary* was released Sept. 14, 1936. (2) Clark Gable's films since 1933 include *The White Sister*, *Hold Your Man*, *Night Flight*, *Dancing Lady*, *It Happened One Night*, *Manhattan Melodrama*, *Men In White*, *Chained*, *For-saking All Others*, *After Office Hours*, *The Call of the Wild*, *China Seas*, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, *San Francisco*, *Wife Versus Secretary*, *Cain and Abel*, *Love on the Run*, *Parnell*. Mr. Gable is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures, Ltd.

FILMGOER.—We published a centre spread of *Dark Journey* in the Dec. 5, 1936, issue of this magazine.

GABLE AND MYRNA FAN.—(1) Myrna Loy has auburn hair. (2) Clark Gable was born Feb. 1, 1901, Cadiz, Ohio. He is 6 ft. 1 in. tall, and weighs 190 lb.; he has brown hair and grey eyes. Married (a) Josephine Dillon (mar. dis.), (b) Rhea Langham (sep.). At present making *Parnell* with Myrna Loy.

C. T. (Holloway).—Sally Eilers was married to Hoot Gibson in June, 1930. This marriage was dissolved and Miss Eilers married Harry Joe Brown in Oct., 1933. They have a son, Harry Joe, Jun., about two years old.

H. P. (North Wales).—Latest and scheduled films:—Robert Taylor: *Camille*, with Greta Garbo; *Adventure for Three* with

Luise Rainer; *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*; *Tell it to the Marines*, with Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy. Franchot Tone: *Love on the Run*, with Joan Crawford and Clark Gable; *They Gave Him a Gun*, with Spencer Tracy and Gladys George. Clark Gable: *Love on the Run*; *Parnell*, with Myrna Loy; *A Swell Defence*, with Joan Crawford. Ginger Rogers: *Mother Carey's Chickens*; *Stepping Toes*, with Fred Astaire; *Perfect Harmony*, with Charles Boyer; and *Vivacious Lady*. Marlene Dietrich: *Knight Without Armour*, with Robert Donat; *The Angel*, with Herbert Marshall. Robert Donat: *Knight Without Armour*; *Clementina*. Greta Garbo: *Camille*; *Beloved*, with Charles Boyer. Merle Oberon: *Beloved Enemy*, with Brian Aherne; *I, Claudius*, with Charles Laughton. Robert Montgomery: *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*. Robert Young: *Stowaway*, with Alice Faye and Shirley Temple. Conrad Veidt: *Dark Journey* with Vivien Leigh; *Under the Red Rose*.

L. C. (Kent).—Fred MacMurray was born Aug. 30, 1909, Kankakee, Illinois. He is 6 ft. 3 in. tall and has brown hair and eyes; was married to Lilian Lamonte in Aug., 1936. His latest films are *Champagne Waltz*, with Gladys Swarthout; *Maid of Salem*, with Claudette Colbert; *Morning, Noon and Night*, with Carole Lombard, and is scheduled for another musical, *To Have and To Hold*, with Gladys Swarthout. (2) John Loder was born Jan. 3, 1898, London; is 6 ft. 3 in. tall; has brown hair and blue eyes, and is married to Micheline Cheirel. His latest films include *Sabotage*, with Sylvia Sydney; *King Solomon's Mines*, with Anne Lee.

D. B. (London).—Dick Powell's latest film is *Stage Struck*, to be released May 3, 1937, *Gold Diggers of 1937*, with Joan Blondell, and he is to make *On the Avenue*, with Madeleine Carroll. Your request has been passed on to the Editor.

E. K. (Southend).—Dolly Haas, b. April 29, no year given, Hamburg. She has grey eyes and auburn hair; her favourite hobby is horse riding. Latest film is *Spy of Napoleon*, with Richard Barthelmess. (2) Emlyn Williams was born Nov. 25, 1905, Wales; married Molly O'Shaun.

J. B. (Lincs.).—(1) Mary Ellis, Jeanne Stuart, Cedric Hardwicke, John Stuart appeared in *Bella Donna* with Conrad Veidt.

J. K. (Leicester).—Jack Cooper sang "We're Tops on Saturday Night," and Donald Stewart sang "South American Joe" in the film *Soft Lights and Sweet Music*. (2) The present personnel of Nat Gonella's Georgians is Nat Gonella, Pat Smuts, Jimmy Messina, Harold Hood, Bob Dryden and Charlie Winters.

LOY X FAN (Barnsley).—Tony Martin and Phyllis Brooks play the chief roles in *Foolish Hearts*. (2) Myrna Loy is playing opposite Clarke Gable in *Parnell*. Miss Loy's films since *Whisper* include *Petticoat Fever*, *To Mary With Love*, *Wife Versus Secretary*, *The Great Ziegfeld* and *Libelled Lady*.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

A very pleasant time was spent by THE BRIAN LAWRENCE FAN CLUB on Saturday, Nov. 28, at Bill Watts' Restaurant in Charing Cross Road. Brian himself, accompanied by his secretary, Mr. Barker, was present and added to the general enjoyment. The evening finished with a visit to the Holborn Empire to see Renee Houston in *Merrily We Go*. All inquiries about this club should be addressed to the Secretary, Miss Barbara Williams, 5 Fen Pond Road, Igham, near Sevenoaks, Kent.

THE FRANCIS LEDERER CLUB OF LONDON, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO, invites applications for membership. Members receive a quarterly magazine, "The Ledererian," which the secretary hopes to issue bi-monthly some time next year, and a photograph of Francis Lederer. All inquiries should be addressed to The Secretary, 67 Hodford Road, London, N.W.11.

THE ALL-BRITISH FILM FAN CLUB has pleasure in announcing that in future there will be no club subscription, and that new members will only be asked to pay a small club entrance fee to cover postage cost, etc.

Film fans who reside in London are especially invited to join. Theatre parties, etc., are arranged each month, and all inquiries should be addressed to Fred Morrey, 58 Market Street, Maidenhead, Berks.

It is always advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply.

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December 26, 1936.

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Adv. Offices: 57 Long Acre, W.C.2.
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Leave IT to ANNE

WITH dances and other festivities ahead of you, I am sure you have a beauty problem that needs a solution. Send it to me accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope and address it to ANNE c/o "THE PICTUREGOER," Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

A THOUSAND years ago women were giving themselves beauty treatment in the form of packs and masks. To-day women rely upon the same remedy for a quick and effective skin beautifier.

The clay or mud pack is a popular form of beauty mask. The treatment takes only 20 minutes, and in that time wrinkles are smoothed out, discoloration bleached away, pores are cleansed and muscles are lifted. For this reason a pack is the best of all beauty aids when you are getting ready for a party.

Packs are used not only for faces, but for "old" necks, arms and hands that are discoloured, and ankles that are tired and swollen. The clay is put up quite conveniently in pots and tubes. You can even buy a 6d. trial tube. In this form it is ready mixed to a cream.

This is the way to give yourself a pack. First of all wash with warm water and a good mild soap. Then take a small soft towel and wring it out of hot water—as hot as the hands can stand. Wrap this round the neck and lower part of the face. When it cools repeat the treatment.

Then with the finger tips or a small soft brush spread the cream all over the skin, making a mask over the entire face up to the hair line, leaving only the eyes.

The mask is of greater benefit if a little more trouble is taken in its preparation, by squeezing some of it into a saucer and mixing it to a paste with a little milk. It is then worked over the face with a clean shaving brush.

Allow the mask to remain until it is quite dry. Lie down and relax for the 15 minutes that this takes. As it dries you will feel it stimulating the skin and drawing the blood to the surface.

When dry the pack is removed with warm water and a soft cloth. Let the water soak the pack so that it comes off easily. When all has been removed dry the skin and massage with cold cream.

If your skin tends to be very dry, massage with cold cream before the pack as well as afterwards.

If the skin is very discoloured, or you still have the remains of an unwanted sun tan, use a lemon cream and a lemon magnesia pack.

Don't stop short at your chin. Give your throat a beauty treatment too.

Home Made Masks

There are a number of masks that may be concocted at home from quite simple ingredients, all of them having some special purpose. There is for instance, the yeast mask, which is a good beautifier for a tired skin.

Get 2 ozs. of yeast from your baker. This must be mixed to a thick cream. If your skin has blackheads and open pores, mix it with equal parts of milk and peroxide of hydrogen. If your skin is rather dry, mix the yeast with almond oil.

Spread it as before from under the chin to the hair line and lie down while it dries. Remove with warm water, rinse with cold water, and finally give ten minutes with your patten and a skin tonic.

A mask of hot oil is good for dry skins that do not respond to other packs. Prepare the skin with warm towels as described above, and while they are taking effect warm some turtle oil by standing the bottle in hot water.

Cut some butter muslin into a mask with holes for eyes, mouth and nostrils. Pour out some of the warm oil into a saucer, soak the front of the mask in this and spread it over

the face. Rest for 20 minutes. Wipe the face with a tissue, and finally give the skin ten minutes with a patten and a skin tonic.

Here is a pack that dries up a really oily skin and helps to close open pores.

Take equal parts of peroxide and witch-hazel and make into a paste with Fullers earth. Apply this to a perfectly clean prepared skin. Allow it to remain for ten to fifteen minutes, take off with warm water, rinse with cold water, and finish by patting in a skin tonic made from 2 parts witch-hazel, one part rosewater, and one part distilled water.

White of egg is strongly astringent, and if ever on the eve of some festivity you are completely disgusted with the tired crepeyness of your skin, try this. I don't advise its repetition too often, however. Wash with warm water and massage in some skin food. Remove surplus cream with a tissue.

Beat up the white of a new-laid egg until it is stiff. Paint it on the face with a clean soft brush. Leave it for 15 minutes and remove with warm water. Apply skin tonic.

Egg and oil mixed is a splendid beauty treatment for an elderly skin. Take the yolk only of a new laid egg, and mix with a similar quantity of almond oil. Prepare the face with warm towels and then pat the mixture on with a soft brush. Leave for 15 minutes, and remove with warm water. Finish by patting in the skin tonic suggested above.

Answers to Correspondents

Poppy (King's Heath, Birmingham).—Let me have your full address and I can suggest something that will help you.

C. F. (Nottingham).—Anything that improves your circulation will help the red nose. Wear extra clothes of light weight. Do not sit too near the fire and never soak for a long time in a hot bath. Give yourself friction with a loofah in the bath and a rub down with a Turkish towel afterwards. Apply your powder over a thick protective cream tinted to match your natural complexion.

M. W.—Severely plucked eyebrows are no longer fashionable. Keep untidy straggling hair down and groom the others by regular brushing with an eyebrow brush. Use a pair of automatic tweezers. The black marks are broken hairs. You probably pulled them in the opposite direction to which they grow, consequently they snapped off short.

E. Holdgate.—Please send stamped addressed envelope for reply by post.

D. M. (Brighton).—An ordinary rubber nail brush, softened by soaking in hot soapy water, is excellent for massaging cream into the face. Use it with a firm but gentle rotary movement. Cleansing cream may be applied in the same way.

Swimmer.—You need a waterproof foundation cream for swimming. This may be obtained in white and several tints, including sun bronze.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to William Poole, 36, Rayleigh Street, Paley Road, Bradford, for:—

Love
The Most Perfect Thing in Life
Love on the Dole
Crime and Punishment

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to: E. Haining (staff), Royal Infirmary, Bolton, for:—

A Woman Commands
First a Girl
Strike Me Pink
It's a Boy

Miss D. Poole, 36, Farley Road, Selsdon, South Croydon, Surrey, for:—

Without Children
Ourselves Alone
Absolute Quiet
A Perfect Week-end

Mrs. V. Dawney, 39, Courtenay Gardens, Upminster, Essex, for:—

Housewife
She Made Her Bed
Shock
Flying Fleas

Mrs. Gladys C. Hardingham, 79, Rohsart Street, Brixton, S.W.9, for:—

The Three Maxims
Don't Gamble With Love
Don't Bet on Blondes
Don't Be Jealous

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story. There is no entrance fee and there are no other rules, except that I must insist that your "titles" be submitted on a post card.

GUY BEACON.



Don't miss it! - THE FILM THRILL OF THE YEAR

HURRY—just in time for the holidays!—100 PAGE CHRISTMAS FILM THRILL IS SELLING OUT FAST

CHRISTMAS Eve . . . CHRISTMAS DAY . . . and for days after, wonderful entertainment will be yours with a copy of the glorious "Picturegoer" Xmas Annual, now on sale. But you haven't a moment to lose—get your copy NOW, there are only a few copies left. It's the most exciting film event of the year . . . a HUNDRED-page wonder book packed from cover to cover with all the glamour of the silver screen . . . the glorious romance of its stars. Every big glowing photograph page will make you gasp with amazement . . . send delicious thrills of delight through you. In the list below you'll get just a peep . . . a mere glimpse . . . of the hours of wonderful entertainment in "Picturegoer" XMAS ANNUAL. Think of it! Over 100 lovely pictures, real-life romances, studio gossip, a review of 1936, the prospects of 1937, criticisms of new releases, of new films in the making, etc., etc. . . . a Christmas treat indeed which no film lover should miss.

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How the Leg-Weary Are Being Made Nimble and Active by this Wonderful New Biological Remedy

LEG TROUBLES soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon disappear, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, piles are cured, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical: it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

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